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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Appeal for Bostick.

The case of Ralph Farris, alias John Haynes, alias John Bostick, and the good Lord knows how many other false names, illustrates an infirmity of mind against which government, upon whatever principle it may be established, must be forever upon its guard. Here is a man who at the age of twenty-four commits one calculated crime after another, culminating in murder—this as a sequel to previous crimes, with an incidental service in two reform schools between whites. Yet because this creature has a father and a mother who are naturally grieved for his misdeeds and at the plight to which they have brought him, there are those who would break down the laws in his behalf. Women by the scores are pleading for him, and even a considerable number of men have joined in a movement looking to mitigation of the sentence which a prompt and righteous justice has imposed upon him.

The incident is in effect an indictment of the stupid and reckless emotionalism which pervades society to an unusual degree at this time, and which gives support and a certain power to popular movements ranging all

the way from holy-rollerism in religion to socialism in politics. Here is a man who in calculation and cold blood has committed not only one crime but many, including murder. He may plead neither the irresponsibility of youth, the precipitancy of passion, nor the extremity of necessity. His offenses are flagrant and many. Yet in spite of the facts, in the face of the law, in contempt of every motive founded in sober judgment and in righteous social resentment, we find those who would obstruct the course of justice upon a maudlin theory of ill-conceived and misplaced sympathy—sympathy with a creature who though entirely capable of living by honest means, free from the pressure of responsibility for others, has chosen to live by crime rather than by industry, who has scrupled not to shoot down in cold blood one who would not yield to his demands.

It is inconceivable that Governor Johnson can be induced to interpose in behalf of a creature so obviously undeserving. We have faith that the governor will permit the law to take its course. But what is to be said for a state of the public mind which permits, even encourages, an agitation so ill-founded in any just sentiment, so stupid in its unreason, and so tending to social disintegration? The incident is among many of the time which lead thoughtful men to wonder if we have not lost something of the fundamental moral quality in which our system was founded and upon which it has rested these many years.

The very first essential of civic freedom—in other words, of government by law as distinct from government by authority—is that there shall be universal respect for the law. Civic freedom, upon whatever basis it may be established, never lasts for long among peoples whose mental and moral temper does not sustain the law. Where emotionalism governs, as in the so-called Latin and Celtic countries, systems of government by law have again and again been set up, only to break down for lack of the support which can only be found in respect for the law. This truth of history is worth remembering at a time when many Americans appear to have forgotten the lessons so profoundly understood and so gravely declared for the guidance of future generations by the founders of the republic. If our system is to sustain itself it must be through a firm and devoted support of the law. It can not last under a practice which permits every wave of emotionalism to suspend the law. Such practice must speedily corrupt the foundations of government and let fall the props from under it.

In itself this foolish movement in behalf of a peculiarly depraved criminal would imply little or nothing—merely that there are a lot of stupid and silly people in California. But as an indication of the state of the public mind, of its loose ways of thinking, of its mushy sentimentalism, and of its curious disregard of the elementary forces upon which free government depends, it is amazing and disheartening.

A Man Who "Aint Afeard."

Señor Enrique Gorostieta, named as successor to Huerta in the provisional presidency of Mexico, appears to have been selected with express reference to the scruples of President Wilson. His record appears admirably innocuous. He is vouched for as possessing all the virtues. We think it probable that he is the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and no doubt he speaks with a lisp. A modest and industrious lawyer in a provincial town, he was summoned to the capital for service in the supreme court. It was found more convenient to employ him in an executive capacity, therefore he was shunted over to the cabinet, where he has worked in cooperation with Huerta. We may easily believe that a man thus adaptable and bidable will answer Huerta's obvious purpose to put into the provisional presidency a man of non-military type, free from any objection to the moral censor at

Washington, and at the same time loyally subject to Huerta's general plan of operations. The move is of course a ruse; but it is a clever one, exhibiting Huerta in the field of diplomacy as at least a match for Mr. Wilson. For by this move Huerta meets the demand for self-elimination without really getting out of the game. He abandons the presidency, not to run away under the reproach of retreat or cowardice, but to meet his enemies and those of his government in warfare. His course bears all the outward marks of patriotic self-sacrifice, even though we may feel assured that in reality it is an adroit bit of calculated, even melodramatic diplomacy.

President Wilson should thank his stars for the opportunity which this move gives him and make haste to escape from an untenable, ridiculous, and mischievous position. It is true that Huerta is not to be "eliminated"; but would Mr. Wilson deny even to a man who does not come up to his own superfine standards the privilege of fighting in behalf of his country? Are militant rights in Mexico to be reserved to the ultra-virtuous? Is Mexico to be held in a state of chaos, subject to multiplied forms of outrage, because a man whom the President of another country has chosen without trial to convict of moral enormities, insists upon fighting for the cause of his choice? Is the provisional president to be denied recognition because he has been in association with a former provisional president whom Mr. Wilson dislikes? These questions require no answer. Gorostieta will come into office by means entirely regular under the Mexican law. The purposes, the diplomacies—the scheming if you please—back of his selection may be matters of universal interest, but they are not subject to review by the President of the United States. It should be enough for the government at Washington, even under its own theories, to know that a man of respectable character has come by orderly and legitimate methods into authority as the *de facto* head of Mexican affairs, in possession of the capital and in command of the administrative and military forces of the government. In other words, there is nothing for Mr. Wilson to do under the dictates of common sense and under the rules of international practice but to accord to the new provisional president such species of recognition as will enable him and his associates to go about the business of pacifying Mexico without the hindrances which were placed in the way of Huerta.

We believe that the greater number of Americans will admire the adroitness of Huerta in maintaining for himself a manly and heroic attitude even while yielding to the demands of the Washington government. The Argonaut certainly wishes him good fortune in his war against Carranza, Villa, William R. Hearst, and the other northern insurrectionists, Mexican and American, and will be more than pleased to see him return victorious to the capital and again take over the presidency upon whatever terms and by whatever means may be necessary under conditions as they exist in Mexico. Huerta may not in all ways be an admirable figure, but something is due him as a man who has met a terrible situation with nerve, who has faced a determined interference without quailing, and who has found his way out of an involved situation without flying the white flag or trailing the white feather. "Lord how I do love a man who aint afeard!" said Davy Crockett. Huerta may possibly be a murderer, even as the President's friends Carranza and Villa are murderers. To be sure ex-Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson says that he is not a murderer, but on the other hand an intelligent, kindly, and patriotic man. But be that as it may, General Huerta comes of the royal line of men who "aint afeard." Luck and success to him!

The Movement Toward "Democracy."

In other times the Speaker of the House of Representatives has been able through a discreet use of

the powers of his office to interpose a wholesome check upon tendencies to extravagance in the appropriation of public money. As the dispenser of committee assignments he has been an authoritative figure in every committee room in the Capitol building. If the zeal or generosity of any committee has shown a tendency to go to undue lengths, the Speaker has had merely to summon the chairman to an audience and give him a word of warning. But under the new arrangement by which committee assignments are arranged independently of the Speaker, there is no such wholesome check. Each committee has become a law unto itself theoretically, and in practice each undertakes to promote the plans of its members, however extravagant, by reciprocal bargaining all down the line.

Thus it occurs that an administration pledged to economy tends to become the most extravagant of any in the history of the country. Speaker Clark sees the danger and is doing his best to avert it. His latest effort to this end was in the form of a general conference of committee chairmen. To this conference Mr. Clark preached the virtues of prudence and threatened the vengeance of popular resentment. It was all very well meant, but there is no indication that any good will come of it. Moral suasion is a delicately padded club when it comes to dealing with hungry politicians; and it is to be feared that Mr. Clark will find mere admonition on the part of an official with no real powers of restraint impotent and ineffective.

It is worth noting that in connection with the practical decline in the powers of the Speaker of the House there has come a practical augmentation of the powers of the presidency. Once the Speaker was ironically styled "The Czar." Nobody would think of applying that term now to an official whose practical authority is limited to the business of presiding over a disorderly assemblage. The powers which used to control legislation in the House have passed from the Speaker and have been taken over, though in quite another form, by the President. It is the White House and not the Speaker's Room whence now comes the word of authority. Curious indeed are the processes by which representative government under the hand of those who cry for democracy knocks down and sets up masters and rulers. Here we see among the first steps toward a fondly cherished democratic ideal, a practical breakdown of the autonomy of one of the great departments of the government with a practical passing on of its powers to another department. The movement is curiously analogous to that which turned the republic of Rome into a monarchy. Now as then those who fatuously imagined that they were sustaining and amplifying the powers of the republican system were doing most to annihilate them.

The movement toward democracy, in and out of Congress, is in effect a movement toward autocracy. It has been so in every age and in every country where it has been observed. And it must in the nature of things always be so. Democratic like other systems must act through executive agents—and there was never an executive agent of democracy who in emergencies did not expand into a tyrant.

The Bartlett Bill.

The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill and its clause forbidding the use of a certain specified fund for the prosecution of labor unions under the Sherman act is still within the public memory. The pleas entered in defense of that measure and the virtual apologies of the President for signing it will also be remembered. It was urged that the "rider" in question related to one small fund only, that there were other funds unaffected by the bill, that prosecutions of labor unions under the Sherman act would be in no way hampered, and that nothing in the shape of a precedent would be created by what was no more than a harmless concession to sentiment. There is no need to remind any one that this same bill had been indignantly vetoed by President Taft, who regarded it as a peculiarly flagrant piece of class legislation. In the more compliant hands of President Wilson it was promptly signed in the face of the amazed protests of his own friends.

The logical results of this indefensible business are now in front of us in the shape of the Bartlett bill, which has reached the House Committee on Judiciary.

Sundry Appropriation bill forbade the use of a small fund for the prosecution of labor unions under the Sherman act. The Bartlett bill drives in and reaches the same nail by forbidding the use of any

fund at all for such a purpose. It asserts frankly that labor unions are not amenable to the Sherman act under any circumstances and that they are henceforth immune from its operations. The Sherman act is to apply to the whole population of the United States, high and low, rich and poor—except labor unions. Any one infringing its provisions is guilty of a crime and is to be treated as a criminal—except labor unions. A crime, in other words, ceases to be a crime if its perpetrator can but produce a union card.

But why stop at the Sherman act? Why not include the whole criminal law? Why not extend the principle of immunity to the entire code? If labor unions are to receive a specific franchise to break one law why not frankly allow them to break all laws? It would be merely a legal registration of a practice already largely prevalent in communities such as San Francisco, where labor unions are tacitly held to be superior to the government. It seems a pity to take so many bites at the cherry.

Mr. Gompers pleads for the Bartlett bill on the ground that labor unions are in danger of "an enforced dissolution" by the Sherman act. A good many other concerns at one time and another have been faced by the same difficulty. But there is no conceivable reason why there should be an enforced dissolution of labor unions, a consummation that no one desires. If the present activities of labor unions constitute a violation of the law, of the Sherman law or any other, let those activities be modified so as to legalize them. It is the intention of law to embarrass those who violate it, and the fact of such embarrassment is certainly a strange reason for its abrogation. But that it should be abrogated in favor of one small section of the community and rigidly enforced against all others would be a proceeding so sinister as to be calamitous.

The Cat in the Bag.

The secret is out at last. It appears on the printed page of the *Atlantic Monthly*, although it is hard even to guess how that bold and piratical journal succeeded in such a "scoop." We have long had a deeply inner conviction that there is more in the feminist movement than meets the eye or than ought to meet the eye, at least of the unchaperoned male, and now our worst suspicions are confirmed. There it is set forth in the *Atlantic* in cold, cruel, implacable type, and the male cheek is therefore suffused with the ready and responsive blush. Henceforth the *Atlantic* must be classed among the journals unsuited to men who wish to be good and to retain their virtue. It must be labeled "for women only."

The disclosure is made by Mr. W. L. George, who is described as a prominent spokesman of the feminist movement in England and therefore, we may assume, a person of some authority in spite of his misguided sex, of which he is doubtless heartily ashamed. And Mr. George consents to tell us exactly what it is that women want, although it must be admitted that women have never been backward in stating this for themselves and with an admirable energy and precision. And so Mr. George asks if women actually want to vote, and he obligingly replies to his own question in the negative. The demand for the vote may gratify the credulities of the rank and file, but the leaders are made of sterner stuff than this. Voting, indeed, is far too mechanical a process for a feminine mind that so rarely has the faintest idea why a sewing-machine sews or a typewriter writes. No, women care nothing at all about voting. Of all conceivable methods to get one's own way voting is surely the last on the list, and women know it well. A woman's conception of political power is the same as her conception of domestic power, which is authority on the one side and instant and abject obedience on the other. The plea for the vote, says Mr. George, is good enough as a blinder for male eyes. It has its uses for campaign purposes and for revenue, but what women really want is matrimony.

Now here we are upon delicate ground. The knowledge that these words may be read by men brings with it a sense of responsibility. Heaven forbid that we should bring a blush to the cheek of innocence or illicit knowledge to the mind that now knows no evil beyond the vagaries of the market or the stock exchange. For when Mr. George talks of matrimony he uses the word from what may be called the feminist point of view, and it is a point of view embarrassing to male modesties. It seems that the finely utilitarian instinct of women have at last been aroused to the fact that "after the

child's birth the husband becomes a mere excrescence." The husband is useful, but he is not decorative, and even his utility is circumscribed by physiological limitations of which he should now be peremptorily reminded. He is not even a handy thing to have around the house and he should be dispensed with at once. Pay him off and let him go. He no longer has any excuse for obtruding himself. Perchance, if his eugenist record is all that it should be, he may find another job. And if the "wife" should at any time desire a further enlargement of her domestic responsibilities she has the whole field before her. Let her select the particular kind of excrescence that finds favor in her eyes and so make a fresh start. Now the legal institution of marriage is a bar to this idyllic and pastoral—one might say stock-ranch—freedom for which women yearn. Therefore the success of the "movement" means the abolition of marriage from the legal point of view, a new feminine franchise of freedom to "marry" early and often. Mr. George says he knows of various ladies who have already contracted "alliances" of this sort and with excrescences who fully understand that they are to be discarded as soon as they have played their simple and unpretentious parts.

Now it may be that Mr. George has been misinformed. But the probabilities are in his favor. At least he has been permitted to set forth his revelations in the hasty pages of the *Atlantic*, and this, in editorial parlance, may be considered as a "guaranty of good faith."

The Montessori Method.

The series of lectures just delivered in this country by Dr. Maria Montessori will doubtless awaken a new interest in the scholastic methods associated with her name. The first reports of Dr. Montessori's successes in Italy were received with something like enthusiasm in America. Her theories were widely adopted either in whole or in part, but it was recently said with some authority that they had not proved so effective as had been hoped and that they had generally been discarded. Italian children and American children are not necessarily amenable to the same treatment, since there must be certain inherited fundamental ideas that must have their inevitable weight. But no doubt we shall hear more about this.

Any system, educational or otherwise, that can plead for itself on the score of liberty is assured of a sympathetic hearing in America, and it is right that it should be so. At the same time it is well to guard against misdirection by a sentiment, and to walk with peculiar wariness in matters relating to the management of children. Even the most beneficent of general principles may lead us into a sorry mess when applied indiscriminately to the young. No one, for example, is quite so foolish as to suggest that children should be allowed to choose their own diet, or to be allowed complete liberty in matters of dress and toilet. It is generally conceded that here at least there are laws that must be enforced by others until the period of self-enforcement shall arrive. Is it unreasonable to suppose that there are also laws of the mind that must likewise be enforced by external authority? It is one of the peculiarities of the day that we are extraordinarily observant of natural law in the domain of the body, in matters of health and hygiene, but apparently indifferent to the fact that natural law must be equally dominant over mind. In other words there must be a right and a wrong way to learn and to think, just as there is a right and a wrong way to eat and to dress.

Now it may be true that Dr. Montessori's Italian pupils have learned their lessons with unusual rapidity. Indeed the evidence to that effect is quite positive and reliable. But we may reasonably doubt if the mere acquisition of information is the be-all and the end-all of school life. Certainly the whole trend of modern scholastic thought is opposed to such a theory. We are being told today, and with increasing emphasis, that true education should be a process of character forming, and that the child who has acquired a love for learning and a power of self-control is quite safe, educationally speaking, however meagre may be its acquisition of mere facts. Now we may doubt if any child ever yet acquired the faculty of self-control without preliminary subjection to the will of another, and it may be said incidentally that the word liberty is a mere mockery, and a peculiarly dangerous mockery, unless it is accompanied with self-control. Indeed in the intimate concerns of the human mind there can be no such thing as liberty at all, since every human being must be a slave either to his conscience or to his pas-

sions, and the man who is a slave to his passions must also be a slave to his fellow-men. Now in the case of the young child it is evident that conscience is still undeveloped, and the teacher and the parent must take its place. That is to say the teacher and the parent must furnish that absolute authority—even a despotic authority—that will eventually be exercised by conscience when the time shall come for it to assert itself. The child who has been taught implicitly to obey an external authority will be likely to yield the same obedience to its own higher nature, while the child that has never known an unswerving restraint from without is not likely to be deferential to restraint from within.

The Montessori system may have many excellent features that we shall do well to study and to adopt, but let us be careful not to be misled by a mere use of the word freedom unless we are also prepared to extend the same freedom to matters of diet, and in that case we know very well that education of any sort will be superfluous, since the child will be dead. In the case of defective and abnormal children it is easy to see the possible advantages of the system, but here again we must be careful that our schools are not graded down to a lower level in order to meet the needs of a small minority. We may also remember advantageously that novelty is not necessarily synonymous with value, and that in matters of education it is easy to make mistakes that life itself will not be long enough to correct.

An Embarrassing Letter.

Just as the name of Mr. George Fred Williams, the well-known Massachusetts Democrat, had been passed to the Senate as the President's nominee for the ministership to Greece, there has come to light a letter written some two years ago by said Williams to Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota. This letter deals with the possibility of Mr. Wilson's nomination for the presidency. "I have been shocked," says Mr. Williams in this letter, "at the reading of his (Wilson's) fifth volume of his 'History of the American People.' It is toryism of the blackest type; it is not a history of the American people, but a statement of Woodrow Wilson's admiration for everything which the radical democracy now seeks to change and a series of sneers and insults to every class of men who have sought to alleviate the injustice of capitalism. I think Senator Aldrich would have written with more charity and less bitterness. * * * I dislike to call in question Mr. Wilson's application for a Carnegie pension; but I can not understand how a real Democrat could touch such money. * * * No man could ask a pension from such a millionaire without contemplating some service in return. * * * Mr. Wilson presents himself for the presidential nomination without any apology for his past, except concerning direct legislation. But this is popular and vote-getting. He has done no penance and served no apprenticeship to real democracy just espoused. * * * I yield to no one in charity for a man who has been wrong and has been converted, but charity must yield to the mighty importance of our presidential legislation to a hundred million people."

And now everybody at Washington is wondering if the President knew of Mr. Williams's letter when he nominated him for the Greek mission. A common opinion is that he did not. There are too many evidences that his disposition in such matter is not over-charitable. And many are suggesting that a way will be found to bring about rejection of Williams's nomination by the Senate without any apparent action in the matter on the part of the President. On top of the criticism developed in connection with the Carabao Club matter the President will hardly wish to raise another personal issue at this time.

Editorial Notes.

If Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, was actually deported from Calumet because of his activities in connection with the Christmas Eve disaster, or for any other reason, then there can be no doubt that an impudent crime was committed, and one that ought to be drastically punished. It does not matter what Mr. Moyer was doing nor how obnoxious he may have made himself to a section of the citizens. There is only one power that can restrain a man's liberties or dictate his place of residence, and that power is the law. Any self-constituted authority that usurps the functions of the law is guilty of crime, no matter what its numerical superiority or social status. The indignation of Mr. Moyer and his friends is entirely justified, although it might perhaps

be tempered by the realization that they themselves have appealed to force and violence upon innumerable occasions and even to those forms of force and violence that are infinitely more serious than forcible deportation. But our consciousness of the wrongs that we commit and of those that are committed against us are very different things, and no doubt Mr. Moyer's pity for himself is infinitely greater than any pity that he has ever allowed himself to feel for the innumerable victims of dynamite, bullet, and bludgeon that litter the path of labor-union progress.

President Wilson is to be called upon to determine a question which is profoundly stirring the social waters of Washington. This question is as to the rule of precedence on social occasions as related to senators and cabinet officials. Members of the Cabinet hold to the theory that as executive officers, sharing the authority of the President, they outrank senators. Members of the Senate, on the other hand, regard themselves as representing a coordinate branch of the government; and they draw a special argument from the fact that the consent and approval of the Senate is essential to the making of a cabinet officer. The President is said to have gasped when this important matter was laid before him, and he has not yet spoken. In the meantime the country awaits the determination of this most important matter in a fever of anxiety.

Mayor Mitchel of New York has found the hardihood to take a stand calling for resolution and courage. It is obviously impossible, he says, to fill the duties of an "after-dinner mayor" and an "after-breakfast mayor." No man can dine at a banquet and make a set speech five nights in the week and give to the duties of the mayor's office the kind of energy which they call for. With all due respect he must therefore decline to be dined and wined upon any and every occasion great or small. "I shall," says Mayor Mitchel, "be unable to fill many of the engagements that have already been made for me and I have decided to bestow my energies where my highest obligation lies." This announcement by Mayor Mitchel, taken in connection with President Wilson's evasion of the traditional New Year's reception at the White House, would seem to indicate a new development of wholesome common sense on the part of highly placed officials.

Protest in New York City against the insanities and inanities of the annual New Year riot has taken the wholesome form of a movement to substitute a celebration whose features are to be patriotic music, the popular singing of hymns, etc. A volunteer committee headed by Dr. David H. Greer, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Felix Adler, Charles S. Whitman, Dr. Stephen Wise, Jacob Riis, and other similarly public-spirited men has taken the matter in hand and the result of their efforts is an arranged programme in Madison Square for the last hour of the old year. The popular singing is to be under the leadership of a monster band and the whole scheme of exercises is to be similarly subject to wholesome leadership. The reform is one quite worth while and the methods of its enforcement commend themselves to common sense.

How much is the "Mona Lisa" worth? An ingenious mathematician has figured it out in dollars and cents. As the foundation of his calculation he takes the sum of \$9200, the price paid for the picture by Francis I of France in 1504—409 years ago. At three per cent compound interest the original investment would double itself in a little less than twenty-three and one-half years; and by the easy process of continuing the calculation upon this basis it is figured out that the value of the picture in cash in 1913 is \$1,629,558,064. Carrying this idea further, it is figured that the interest-carrying charge of the picture, upon the basis already set forth, at three per cent, is now \$4,000,000 per month, \$135,724 per day, \$5658 per hour, and \$94.30 per minute. A more definite suggestion of the value of the "Mona Lisa," however, is afforded by the offer once made by the British government for its National Gallery of \$5,000,000. The value of the picture, of course, is almost wholly historical and sentimental; and even its experience during the past year will distinctly add to its interest and in a sense to its value.

The Library of Congress has purchased in London the Dobell collection of 1500 privately printed books and pamphlets, gathered during a period of forty years.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Speaker Clark Makes Futile Appeal to Committee Chairmen for Economy—The Old-Type Statesman and the New Order of Things.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 27, 1913.

Within the past month two things of importance have happened. Because of the great increase in appropriations Champ Clark has finally called the chairmen of the various appropriations committees into conference, and has impressed upon them the necessity of keeping the Democratic pledge of economy. The other thing that has happened is the movement that has come from several directions to make Elihu Root of New York the candidate for the presidency in 1916.

Since the Speaker was stripped of the power to make committee appointments centralized authority over expenditures has not been in evidence. The members of the House would not be human if they did not try to make the best showing possible in their own districts in the matter of appropriations. If a congressman can get a postoffice he is considered a more powerful politician and he can make a stronger appeal for votes than if he stood for general economy and made lofty speeches. Naturally, the members try to get all they can for their constituents.

In calling the heads of the various committees together Speaker Clark has taken the only way that now suggests itself in keeping down the appropriations. It is not likely that his advice will have much weight. Certainly it will not have the same weight it would have had if he had the power to combine all the committees. Under the old system the committee chairmen knew that they were responsible to the Speaker. They knew that they would be held responsible by him for any extravagance. However, some of the men who now class themselves as progressives started a movement in the House to revise the rules and curtail the power of the Speaker. Joseph G. Cannon was then in charge of the destinies of the House and he had failed to put men like Murdock and Norris of Nebraska on the important committees. They waited their opportunity and started their cry against Cannon, whom they called a "Czar."

This fight over the rules of the House was really the beginning of the so-called "Progressive" movement. It was the factor that led Roosevelt to hope that he might be able to gather the disgruntled elements of the Republican party about him if he ran as a third candidate for the presidency.

There was no basis for the assumption that the centralization of power in the Speaker worked any injustice. The old system was the very essence of representative government. The members of the House exercised their free will in electing the Speaker. The party in power elected its strongest man. They could elect him or reject him. In this way the sentiment of the whole country was expressed. Under the present system the power is centred in the Ways and Means Committee. The numerous members of this body have troubles of their own. They must look after many other things besides appointments. One man may be anxious for economy; another may be so engaged in looking after the affairs of his own district that he can not find time to check up the chairmen of committees and get them to keep down appropriations. There is no way to fix responsibility for extravagances. The affairs of the House can not be controlled by the fourteen Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee any more than a ship could be run in a satisfactory manner by fourteen captains. No one is really responsible and no one man can threaten to displace the committee chairman if he does not keep down appropriations. There is no way to fix responsibility for extravagance, and the cost of every session of Congress is climbing upwards.

The direct election of senators was another reform that was held forth as a panacea for many of our ills. There were some bribery scandals in some of the state legislatures. By the peculiar system of reasoning that prevails among certain classes of reformers it seems to have been argued that since members of the legislatures were elected directly by the people and the legislators in turned named the members of the United States Senate it would be better to change the system so that the United States senators might also be elected by the people. It might have been argued with much more logic that the people had been electing members of the legislatures with scandals resulting, while the legislators, acting circumspectly under the white light of publicity, were electing to the United States Senate men who never brought reproach upon their home states.

There has never been a single bribery scandal in the United States Senate under the old system of indirect elections. Senator Root, upon whom the Nobel peace prize for 1913 was conferred, can scarcely help feeling gratified at the encomiums heaped upon him by the foremost men of the world. President Roosevelt described Root as "the brainiest man in public life today." Andrew Carnegie echoes the sentiment and says Root should be President of the United States. James Bryce, former ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, pays a high compliment to the ability shown by Mr. Root when he was Secretary of State.

The question that now arises is what is the new

reforms will have on a man like Mr. Root. Such men are not likely to take to the hustings or engage in bitter political controversies in order to win election to public office. Root has never fought for a public office, and usually he has been persuaded against his will to accept a public position. When he was elected to the Senate it was after he had become certain that he was wanted by a majority of the New York legislature; after the members had convinced him that he could perform a useful public service. Under the new law providing for the direct election of senators, Mr. Root, if he wants to be returned to his seat, will have to match his intellectual conservatism against the more popular brand of oratory that seeks to be all things to all men; and will have to take part in a general scramble. Will he be willing to do this?

Formerly the office sought the man, but this system will become obsolete under the direct election law. There will be plenty of men to seek office, but it is doubtful whether men like Root, who, in the past, have been drafted for public service, will consent to enter the scramble.

Now, under the influence of Bryan, the Democratic administration proposes government ownership as a new reform. Some of the railroads insist that if they do not obtain the desired increase of five per cent in freight rates for which they have to appeal to the government under the present supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission the government might just as well take over the railroads altogether. The Secretary of the Navy proposes the establishment of an armor-plate factory, the purchase of oil wells, and finally the purchase of telegraph and telephone systems. An experiment along similar lines in England has brought about an industrial crisis of which the recent threat of the postal employees to strike was a mere indication. In France the economic and service failure of government ownership was aggravated by a colossal strike several years ago which only a great standing army was able to break.

If the government carried out the ownership plans which are now suggested the dominant political party would dole out jobs greater in number than half the legal voters in the United States. This would mean that the party in power could easily control every election. If the government employees should organize a strike for higher wages the increases would have to be awarded, or else the army might have to be called upon to put down the strike. Other more plausible reforms have not worked satisfactorily. There is no indication at all that government ownership would do anybody any good, but on the contrary the whole plan suggests inevitable disaster.

IRA E. BENNETT.

Famous buildings are included in the greatest land deal ever made in England, the sale of the Covent Garden estate in London by the Duke of Bedford to Harry Mallahydeley. Nineteen acres are included in the transfer, and, roughly speaking, the estate stretches east and west from Kingsway to St. Martin's Lane near Trafalgar Square, and north and south from Long-acre to the Strand. It includes the Royal Opera, the Drury Lane, the Aldwych, the Strand, and the Lyceum theatres, several hotels, Covent Garden market, Bow Street police court, the National Sporting Club, and a number of great printing establishments. Much of the history of London has been enacted within this area. The ground has been in the possession of the Bedford family since 1540, when it was granted to them by King Henry VIII at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Catholic religious communities and the confiscation of their property. The income from the estate in recent years is known to have been greater than that of some of the principalities of Europe. Covent Garden market alone brought the duke \$85,000 yearly.

The fur trade in the far north is still on very much the same basis as when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knickknacks with the wandering chiefs at Quebec. A million and a half dollars' worth of merchandise goes north from Edmonton, Canada, every spring to be exchanged for the two and a half millions of fur that come back in midsummer and autumn. So far as the fur trade in America is concerned, the traders claim that there is no perceptible falling off as yet: that, in fact, more fur is being brought to market each year. But in Russia, Germany, Japan, and Australia there is a general decrease in the supply. In the past twenty years the world's catch of the twelve most important furs has fallen off from five per cent to seven hundred per cent, while the demand for the more expensive varieties has multiplied enormously. The ceaseless effort to satisfy this demand can have but one end, and it is only logical to expect that even the great game preserves of the Canadian North and Alaska will in time be hunted bare.

There are nearly 2000 Mohammedans resident in London, the majority, of course, being natives of India, who are merchants or law students, though some are Britons, and it is intended to erect a new and splendid mosque, modelled on that of Delhi, which will cost not less than \$500,000.

In a final report just submitted to Congress the War Department that the raising of the *Albatross* in Havana harbor cost the United States \$100,000.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* has a pertinent suggestion to make on the subject of the equality of the sexes and the best way to remove the discussion from the region of noisy clamor to that of practical test. It is pointed out that there are now considerable numbers of women who are practicing medicine, dentistry, and the law, not to mention such minor activities as music, art, and chiropody. Let those women who believe that sex is merely a physical accident resolve henceforth to employ only women wherever the alternative is offered to them. Let them also employ women cooks and women dressmakers. The man doctor and the woman doctor have received precisely the same training. In such a matter as the healing art the preference, if any, should surely rest with the woman. And yet not one woman in a thousand, even among suffragettes, would prefer the medical aid of a woman to that of a man. The majority of suffragettes would prefer that a man should make their dresses, and they are quite willing to pay additional wages for the sake of having a man cook. Now if the assertors of sex equality have the courage of their convictions let them put those opinions into practice. Let them employ women doctors, lawyers, cooks, and dressmakers.

Lord Rosebery, in the course of a recent public speech at Glasgow, expressed himself as gravely anxious on account of the scarcity of babies. He said that the annual supply in Great Britain was about half a million short of what it should be, and he said he was unable to see a compensating factor anywhere. Even the promises of the eugenists failed to bring solace to his soul. He much preferred 499,999 ordinary babies to one artificial little monster horn in hygiene and reared in prophylactics—although Lord Rosebery did not express himself in quite this way. Now there seems to be nothing so wholly unreasonable as these laments over a falling birth rate. Europe, by universal admission, is overpopulated. It is obvious enough that if things were to go on as in years past there must soon come a time when the pressure of population must press a lot of people into the water. The great cities everywhere are veritable warrens of congestion, and yet when a kindly nature comes to our aid and lowers the birth rate for us we break out into lamentations as though some mishap had befallen us. There are already thousands of babies that are a shame and a disgrace to humanity, thousands of babies that no one wants. Why, then, in the name of fortune should he profess to want more. Is there anywhere an individual who has an unsatisfied desire for a baby?

Socialism, we are told, will abolish armaments. We have the same assurances about the suffrage. Half a dozen other quackeries are recommended to the same end. In fact it is the fashion to advocate whatever may be the favorite panacea of the moment on the ground that the lion and the lamb will forthwith seek each other's society with fraternal intent. Now at this particular moment France has a Socialist government, a government that is described as even more Socialist than any of its predecessors. France has also just extended its term of military service at an enormous cost of money and, of course, a still more enormous cost in human social embarrassment. And the new Socialist government is decidedly in favor of this particular advance in militarism. A government composed wholly of women would probably be still more enthusiastic for armaments and uniforms, and especially for uniforms. This latter is, of course, a conjecture, but it is one born of a somewhat long list of disappointments. And since this is a day when almost any form of craze is sure of a foothold, let us hope that there may presently be a craze for keeping the Ten Commandments, not for compelling other people to keep them by means of laws, but for keeping them ourselves and by means of an unobtrusive self-restraint. We may then find that we have solved the armaments problem as well as a good many others that now seem to be quite insoluble.

Speaking of republics, there seems now to be only one in the world at which no finger of reproach can be leveled. The president of the Swiss republic is elected every year and he has neither uniform nor privilege. No one ever hears of him, nor, for the matter of that, of the government of which he is the head. A correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* says that he was once dining with a party of Swiss men and the talk turned on the government. "The president! I asked his name. Not one of those alert men could tell me the name of the head of the government. Then one man called the waiter. The waiter was the only man in the room who knew the name of the president. And he knew it only because the Swiss president happened to be his uncle." Here, in very truth, is a democracy. But where shall we find another?

The fact that suits of ancient armor are usually of small size has been made to support a theory that human stature has increased since the days of mail. But this theory is now impugned by one of the chief living authorities on the subject, who suggests that armor was often cut down to meet the needs of the rising generation. It was easy to reduce the size of a suit of mail, but by no means easy to enlarge it again, and so as a result we usually find that these suits are of quite a small size. Even if the men of the middle ages were smaller than we are it seems likely that they were stronger, since this cumbersome steel equipment would tax the strength of the best of us nowadays. And as for the hews that they used with such deadly effect it is hard to believe that they were actually drawn by human arms.

Who is that consumes all the opium imported into the United States? Most of us are under the comfortable delusion that none is consumed, thanks to the laws that pro-

hibit its importation. But Dr. Keister, speaking as a specialist to specialists, helps to dispel this delusion. He tells us that the United States is now second to China and ahead of every other country in the world in its use of opium. Dr. Keister says that we are in danger of degenerating back to something worse than monkeydom. He tells us that 400,000 pounds of opium are imported into America every year, that is to say fifteen times as much as is consumed in Austria, Germany, and Italy combined, and that only twenty per cent of this is used for legitimate medical practice. The rest is sold for "drugging a nation." Now this makes curious reading and suggests reflections to reflective minds. Let the average law-abiding citizen try to procure a little opium for some legitimate purpose and he will find it practically impossible. But it is evidently quite easy for the drug fiend to get it. He can get it by the ton. The law does not reach him at all, and the same is true of a good many other laws. It is only the peaceful citizen who is deterred by the law from carrying a revolver for purposes of self-protection. The hurglar is not in the least deterred. It would seem that we have now quite thoroughly reversed the old maxim to the effect that the law is a terror to evil-doers. A great many laws are not in the least a terror to evil-doers. They are a terror only to the doers of good.

Apparently we are to hear something more of Dr. Friedmann, as indeed we fully expected to do. A report now comes from Germany to the effect that the whole Friedmann treatment has been placed at the disposal of the profession and that as a result it has received a "new and more favorable hearing." Professor Kraus of the Charité Hospital says now that it is evident that "something surprising" is before the medical world and that in the case of experiments already made there was "an unusually rapid decline" of the symptoms. He has "never seen such results with tuberculin," and much more to the same effect. Now comes Dr. Simon Baruch of New York, who says that "German physicians seem to have withdrawn their opposition," and he adds that if Friedmann had not acted in so eccentric a manner while in America he would have made a more favorable impression upon his colleagues here. Now there is a distinctly ugly sound about all this. Are we to understand that a medical discovery is to be received or rejected on the strength of the "manner" of the discoverer, and that thousands of sufferers are to be debarred from its possible benefits because a certain number of doctors resent a personal eccentricity. We were told at the time that full tests had been made of the Friedmann remedy and that it was found to be ineffective. In fact we were told that it was positively harmful. Now it seems that German physicians are amazed at the successful results of this same treatment. Whom are we to believe?

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* remarks briefly and pertinently, "One million two hundred thousand motor-cars in the United States and only 425,000 income-tax payers."

Now that the Mona Lisa has been recovered we can once more find an excuse to discuss the meaning of her smile. Nothing is more enigmatic than a smile. It may be peculiarly true of the smile that we see in it a reflection of ourselves, and so we are reminded of the description of Voltaire's smile that is given by Joseph de Mairieu, who says: "See this abject hrow to which shame never brought a blush, these two extinct craters where lust and hate seem still to ferment, this mouth—I speak evil, perhaps, but it is not my fault—this frightful rictus, running from one ear to the other, and these lips pinched in by cruel malice like a spring ready on its release to shoot forth blasphemy or sarcasm." Now who else is able to read all this from the countenance of Voltaire, a countenance that is certainly unlovely, but yet not devilish.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* presents us with three expert opinions on the sex fad. Augustus Thomas, dean of dramatists, said to the American immortals: "There is too much sex in life. But God did that. I am not to blame." Meredith Nicholson told the same audience: "The sex fad is unhealthy, unwholesome, and un-American." But the comment of the Chicago *Tribune* is the best of all: "The sex literature is poor stuff, not because it has to do with the sex motive, but because it is poor stuff." That is precisely what it is—poor stuff, from Brieux down, an appeal to pruriency on behalf of the purse.

Speaking of sex literature, it would seem appropriate to administer some sort of public reproof to Mr. Le Gallienne, who appears to be a dangerous reactionary of the kind that ought to be suppressed. Mr. Le Gallienne says that a man ought not to confine his reading exclusively to Shaw, Sudermann, and Brieux, and that an occasional dip into Gibbon, Scott, Horace, Dickens, and Thackeray has much to recommend it. There can be no reprobation too strong for such a worn-out heresy as this, and we have grave fears that Mr. Le Gallienne is no better than he should be. If we were a suffragette we should say that Mr. Le Gallienne is evidently in the pay of the higher-ups of the white slave trade. It should now be distinctly understood that any man, woman, or child who allows his or her thoughts to wander, even inadvertently, from the sex problem is a traitor to his or her age and country.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

In the big cities of the Old World the highest value seems to belong to a property in Rome. Here is where a value of \$450 a square foot is found, and the land is not used for an income-producing building, but includes the property of the German embassy to Italy. Business property in Rome does not bring nearly this high price. In the principal centres of offices and shops values do not amount much above \$200 a square foot.

THE ROB ROY RAID.

Before the Rebel Army Took Chihuahua.

Bigby sprang to his feet and listened. There was no mistaking the sound. A galloping horse was climbing the frozen grade.

"That fool Irishman!" he ejaculated. "Drunk as a lord, I suppose, and winding the finest piece of horse-flesh in the country." He stepped to the door and out on the porch, his brow corrugated with annoyance.

From behind the mill at the mouth of the tunnel raced McCann, lying low on the horse's neck and rising in his stirrups with each forward lunge of the animal beneath him. This was no drunken rider.

Snatching a blanket from the porch rail, Bigby ran out into the road to meet his foreman.

"Great guns, Mike, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Ribels," answered McCann. "They ben't tin minutes behind me. Took Santa Eulalia this mornin'."

They threw the blanket over the steaming horse and McCann removed the bit. Bigby ran up the steps.

"Perhaps we can hold them off or dicker with them for a few hours, and I'll telegraph for troops," Bigby called out.

"Can't tel-e-gruf," said McCann. "Th' wires is cut twixt here and Santa Eulalia, and twixt Santa Eulalia an' Chihuahua, where th' troops is. An' if ye could tel-e-gruf it wouldn't be doin' ye anny good, 'cause they've wrecked th' thrain. Sure, I seen thim doin' it."

"Did they have any trouble taking the town?"

"No. There wasn't annybody to resist 'em but th' polis'. Th' ribels shot a coople av thim, an' are kapin' th' rest fur to shoot tomorra."

"How many rebels are there?"

"About forty, I should say. There's mebbe twenty a-coomin' up here. Th' others is to kape an eye on th' town. There's th' blitherin' iggits now."

Bigby turned to see a disorderly group of horsemen, in motley array, coming round the mill. Some slept in their saddles, others sang in drunken bravado, but those who rode to the fore were grim and intent.

Bigby spoke to McCann. "Blow the whistle, Mike, and get the men out of the mine. There's no telling what these devils will do."

McCann obeyed, and as the men emerged from the tunnel and caught sight of the rebels they scattered into the hills like so many leaves before an October gale.

The rebels rode up to the company's office, which also was Bigby's home. Bigby spoke in Spanish from the steps.

"Welcome, señor," he said to an individual in an old gray army coat to which several odds and ends of gold braid were pinned, and who appeared to be the leader.

"Viva, viva la republica!" responded the leader, and his followers echoed him.

The men then dispersed to plunder the company's property. Returning, they dumped armfuls of clothing, blankets, and various stores into the road. The American superintendent and the rebel general chatted pleasantly about the weather and discussed the merits of Bigby's blanketed mare.

The general concluded his remarks with, "These tough Mexican ponies, though, are the right kind for the sort of work we have to do. That kind of horse is first rate for a parade, but give me a bronco right off the range for steady wear."

Bigby agreed with the general. He was most fervently hoping his mount would not meet with the general's approval.

The door opened and Bigby's wife, a bride of six weeks, came forward; she was slight and girlish, with hair like the copper her husband mined and eyes like the blue of a placid sea.

"Why, Alex!" she exclaimed. "What's all this?"

The general's eyes glittered as he surveyed her. "A Gringo woman," he muttered under his breath.

"My dear," replied Bigby, "a rebel general and his comrades are paying us a call."

"Oh!" and she nodded comprehendingly.

Bigby turned to the general. "My wife," he said, lifting his sombrero.

"Viva, viva la republica!" was the general's acknowledgment of the introduction as his sombrero was also lifted with sweeping gallantry.

A brawl started in the road, the rich, rolling profanity of McCann and Mexican gibberish unpleasantly mingled. McCann started for the office.

"Th' dirty devils have took me dead baby's pictur', and won't give it back," he shouted as he ran up the steps and into the house before Bigby could stop him, to reappear with a Mauser leveled from his shoulder.

A shot and puff of smoke from the group in the road. McCann plunged headlong down the steps and lay still. The dead silence which followed was broken by shouts of "Viva, viva la republica!"

"This is unfortunate," said the rebel leader, glancing towards the prostrate form, "very unfortunate indeed, but we can not have our rights disputed, señor."

"Certainly not," acquiesced Bigby lightly, but he turned sick at the thought of the woman beside him. Some of his men approached the general and a low-voiced conversation took place. The general turned to Bigby.

"Señor, my men tell me," he said, "that they have found no money anywhere about the premises. Have you any? Any of your own or the company's?"

"I have not," answered Bigby.

"That also is unfortunate, very unfortunate indeed," continued the general. "This stuff," waving his hand

toward the plunder in the road, "is all very well, but we can not carry on a revolution without money. We will have to search your house and office, señor."

"Very well," said Bigby, "you will find no money there." And knowing that he spoke the truth and naturally anxious to be rid of him, Bigby handed the rebel leader the keys to the company's safe.

The house and office were ransacked. Alice Bigby's wedding silver and a few jewels being added to the loot. Her wedding ring was forcibly drawn from her finger when Bigby gave up his watch. Then the general and his men, disappointed at finding no money, held another whispered conversation.

"Señor, it is necessary that we have money," said the leader to Bigby, "and we expected to find some in this camp."

"I am sorry I have not been able to accommodate you," replied Bigby.

"But you may be able to yet, señor. How much do you think your neck would be worth to your company?" questioned the Mexican.

"I have no idea," replied Bigby.

"Well, we shall see," came the quick retort, followed by a sharp command.

Bigby was seized by a dozen hands, mounted on a bronco, his hands tied behind him and his feet under the pony's belly.

"Now, señor," said the general, the last cord securely knotted, "if your company sends tomorrow five thousand, American, to my headquarters in Santa Eulalia, you will be given your liberty. If they do not, you will be shot at sunset."

"But how is my company to be informed of your demand?" coolly asked Bigby. "Have you forgotten that the train is wrecked and all ways of communication are cut between me and my company's headquarters in Chihuahua?"

"No, señor, we have not forgotten that. Neither have we forgotten that you have a wife and that she has a good horse. It is only forty-five miles to Chihuahua. We look to the señora to save your hide and replenish our exchequer."

Bigby and Alice looked long and steadily into each other's eyes.

The general turned to Alice. "Señora," he said, "I warn you to return alone or accompanied only by whomever the company may send with the money. As long as your husband remains in our hands any action on the part of the federal government will mean his instant death."

As Alice continued to stare white-faced and wide-eyed at Bigby the general interrupted his directions to ask: "Do you understand, señora?"

"Si," she breathed.

"The road, part of the way, between here and Chihuahua," her director continued, "is patrolled by Yaqui Indians. They are a savage lot, but as they are a part of my force they will let you pass unharmed, señora, if you explain your errand."

The general again removed his sombrero and bent his pudgy form low over the pommel of his saddle.

"Buenos noches, señora. I wish you success."

Alice Bigby stood like a graven image until the last horseman was out of sight, then crumpled to a senseless heap.

Darkness came, and with it frozen sleet and driving wind. Stung to life again by the icy missiles, Alice dragged herself into the house and out into the kitchen, where she heated herself a glass of milk. Then she led the horse around to the back steps, where she mixed a bucket of steaming bran. From the wall she took her husband's polaina and sweater, and putting them on, tightened his cartridge-belt and six-shooter about her waist. Next came her own riding boots, coat and fleece cap. Then she faced the night and the storm.

She took a trail down the opposite side of the mountain from that which the rebels had taken. It was steep and perilous, but she knew it well, and it cut the distance to Chihuahua some ten miles. Besides, in going this way she would avoid passing through Santa Eulalia and, she hoped, the Yaqui lines, for she presumed they would be drawn close about the town.

The sleet became a pelting rain as they reached the lower levels, and a dense, warm mist as they emerged on the valley road. The road, though muddy, was broad and straight, and here Alice made good time. As she galloped along she raced abreast a raging torrent which crossed the valley a hundred feet below. It seemed to her that the river in its might and fearlessness, roared from its abyss a friendly Godspeed.

A fiendish yell split the night. A grotesque figure leaped from the darkness, reaching for the horse's head. The horse reared, plunged, lost its footing, and with its helpless rider rolled over the embankment. Neighing, struggling for a foothold, it slid to the flood. Many figures now crowded the road, the fire of their rifles streaking the opaque gloom, the night hideous with their yells. Alice had not avoided the Yaquis.

Losing its last footing, bruised and bleeding, the horse went into the river. A mile or so further on it clambered on a sand bar and in the first, faint gray of dawn stood, riderless.

In the official chamber on the second floor of the two-storied adobe jail and town hall of Santa Eulalia Bigby and the general sat talking. Against the door-jam, snoring, leaned a guard, a long cheroot sagging listlessly from the corner of his mouth.

Bigby and the general sat at a bare deal-table, one on either side. The general drummed nervously with his stubby fingers, glancing often out the window at the declining sun, the last slant rays of which reddened the room. Bigby was unnaturally calm, but his gray eyes narrowed to slits, which a more observant man than the rebel general might have noted with considerable concern.

"You see, señor," the smaller man was saying, "the government's men are fighting for pay. We are fighting from principle; there is a great difference, señor, and we have never known defeat. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain, therefore we stop at nothing."

"Then why don't you go down and take Chihuahua?" asked Bigby.

"That I would do tonight, señor," answered the general, "if I had five hundred rounds of ammunition, but they will not sell us that much at a time."

"Who's 'they'?" from Bigby.

The general raised his brows in surprise, then laughed. "The government of course, señor."

"Do you mean to tell me that the federal government is supplying you with the ammunition to carry on this rebellion?"

"Ah, señor, you Gringos are so—er—pardon me, señor, plain-speaking. Not exactly that, señor. You see, since the United States has forbidden the sale of firearms or ammunition to the rebels, federal government officials will sometimes supply us if the consideration is sufficient."

"I see," said Bigby, "and was it for such a purpose that my ransom was to have been used?"

"It was, señor." The general glanced out the window the last time and arose. "I am very sorry, señor, that your company has not communicated with me. I shall regret deeply signing the order for your execution, but I must do as I say or my threats would never avail me anything."

Bigby also arose, leaning heavily on the table.

"Oh, sit down a minute, general. I have something I want to say to you."

"Certainly, señor. A last request is it?"

As the general spoke he stooped to draw his chair under him again, and as he did so the table, thrown upwards by the whole weight of Bigby's body, struck him a smashing blow under the chin and he fell unconscious to the floor.

The guard awoke with a start, but at the sight of Bigby's steady hand and calculating eye behind the general's appropriated six-shooter he turned and fled, shouting loudly for help. Bigby ran to the window.

A roadster in which were seated a man and a woman and across the back of which was printed, "Rob Roy Mining Co., Chihuahua," stopped with a lurch and a whirl before the jail. In an instant the saloons were emptied and the car and its occupants surrounded by a curious and eager crowd. The woman was bundled to the ears in an auto robe and her features veiled, but Bigby recognized her. In another moment he held his wife in his arms, and she cried for joy at sight of him.

And well she might, even though the flashes from the Yaqui rifles had left her unscathed. As her horse had lost his last footing and gone into the river she had thrown her arms about a clump of brush and clung to the river's brink. Then step by step in the pitch blackness, cowering under the brush and overhanging crags, or wading in the river to her armpits, she had made her way through the Yaqui lines. After hours of terror, and taxed almost to the limit of her physical endurance, she had dared to take to the road again when she reached that stretch in the river's course where it widens out on a barren and sandy plain. Then a mile or so of trudging and she came upon her horse in the gray dawn. The remaining part of the ride she had made in a coma of fear and exhaustion. A friend had seen her riding aimlessly about the streets of Chihuahua and taken her to the home of Daniel Gillman.

Daniel Gillman, the company's president, stood up, a small canvas sack in his hand.

"Here, you vermin, here's your money," he shouted. "Who'll I give this to. Where's your leader?"

Bigby, unhindered, climbed into the car and slipped into the driver's seat beside his wife. Still Daniel Gillman waited.

At last a man with uplifted sabre shouldered his way through the crowd toward the car.

"Here, señor," he called, "I'll take that money," and upon reaching the Americans he saluted awkwardly. "The general has been hurt, señor, and can not come in person, señor, but he sends his compliments, señor, and hopes you enjoyed your trip from Chihuahua. Here is a receipt, señor. When our republic is established we will repay this little loan. I will count the money, señor," and he reached for the canvas sack.

Bigby's foot moved. The roadster leaped forward. The general's aid was knocked off his feet, and it was only Bigby's strong left arm that saved Daniel Gillman and his five thousand, American, a plunge over the wheel guard. In an instant the car had plowed through the parting throng, dived behind the railroad sheds and was skimming merrily down the grade to Chihuahua.

The army of the republic stood agape with astonishment, staring helplessly after their departed prisoner and the swiftly vanishing ransom.

LUCY FROMM, N. Y.
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1913.

PICTURES WITHOUT PAINT.

The Old Masters Portrayed by Modern Mistresses.

Not strictly speaking without paint, of course. For there is paint and paint. What Shakespeare meant by saying "Let her paint an inch thick" or the Bible by declaring of a certain lady that "She painted her face and tired her head" must not be interpreted in the language of the studios. These be mysteries for the sterner sex, unless they pry into the corners of toilet tables or try to unravel the secrets of the fashion papers. Even then the blundering male mind can not hope to become an expert in skin foods, cream of stephanotis, or oxygenated complexion charms. Mere man knows nothing of the cause; he beholds the effect in the form of lovely faces that have a radiance that never was on sea or land, accepts it as one of the joys of life, and pays the bills. But he has a shrewd suspicion there is paint somewhere, though it be called rouge.

What is meant, then, by the above veracious title is not that all kinds of paint were excluded from the pictures seen in the Albert Hall the other night, but that the pictures were not indebted to the kind of pigment used by common artists as a covering for common canvas. All the same those pictures owed their existence to the aforesaid artists. For it was the night of the Picture Ball, whereat innumerable modern mistresses did their best to look like the portraits and family pieces of the old masters. This was the latest excuse for aiding the cause of sweet charity. And it was as successful as any hitherto devised. Most fêtes of that kind have stopped short at the combination of charity and pleasure; the Picture Ball added the element of education. For the most inobservant spectator must have left that vast building more learned in the history of the world's art than he had ever been before.

A difficult and costly place to decorate is the Albert Hall. Its enormous spaces swallow up a prodigious amount of material, while its circular form is a handicap to a consistent scheme. But the organizers of the Picture Ball happily bethought themselves that the best setting for paintings is a gold frame, consequently the tiers of boxes were draped with yellow sateen. The sixteen huge arc lamps, too, were so manipulated as to flood the building with a mellow light in harmony with the golden tint of the draperies. The solitary exception in this note of color was provided by the treatment of the great organ, which was hidden by a vast screen of purple velvet, a highly effective background for the tableaux which formed the chief attraction of the ball. In front of that screen was a spacious platform, and on that platform were the five golden frames in which the pictures were to be exhibited.

At stated intervals through the night the dancing was suspended in favor of the tableaux, the subjects of which ranged from a scene in old Egypt to the freaks of the Futurist school. The tableaux thus constituted a panoramic view of the history of art. At first it seemed as though one was back in the Egyptian and Assyrian galleries of the British Museum, with the difference that the statues of Cheops and Khafra and Thothemes and the friezes of Ashur-nasir-pal and his lords and ladies had suddenly become alive. Then came an Etruscan frieze of strange charm, to be succeeded by a Roman group representing the Conversion of Constantine, an Indian galaxy studied from rare old miniatures, a Persian troop illustrating a line from Omar, a Chinese band depicting a picture of the Earthly Paradise, and other tableaux carrying the history of art through the Italian and Flemish and Spanish and French and English schools.

If the Egyptian and Assyrian groups touched no familiar memories and had to depend for their effect upon their quaintness and unusual costumes and colors, and if the Chinese Earthly Paradise and the Japanese Flower-Lesson were alien from cockney taste, the copies of the Italian and later schools must have been familiar to all who have ever spent half an hour in the National Gallery or the Wallace Collection. Why, there was Botticelli's Primavera, and Ghirlandajo's St. Michael, and Lippo Lippi's Gabriel, and Da Vinci's long-lost Monna Lisa, and Holbein's Duchess of Milan, and Terborg's Girl with a Necklace, and Velasquez's Maria Theresa, and Lawrence's Mrs. Siddons, and Romney's Lady Hamilton, and Reynolds's Nellie O'Brien, with a whole host of other portraits out of their frames.

And all the dresses worn by these substitutes of famous ladies of the past had been minutely copied in every detail. The replica of Vandyck's Henrietta Maria was a faithful transcript in white satin, with the square-cut bodice of the Stuart style; the impersonator of Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire had omitted no trick of fashion; the copy of Holbein's Jane Seymour was correct down to the slightest particular of that queen's broadened cloth of gold and richly jeweled head-dress. Nor were the male imitations less meticulous. The much-married Henry VIII was presented to the life; Hals's irritating Laughing Cavalier looked as radiant with self-satisfaction as the original; the pompous Philip IV of Spain might have been the actual model of Velasquez; the facsimile of Boucher's Cardinal Richelieu was superb in its mimicry. To the student of the French school only one thing was lacking. Remembering Pragonard's Swing and Grenze's mature and Boucher's scantily clad models, he was disappointed with the replicas of those somewhat audacious pictures. But the censor of morals have prohibited such realism even in the cause of charity.

Tableaux, however, were only a part of the entertainment. The dazzling scene in the hall of "dear Albert" took on its most brilliant effect when the floor was given over to the dancers. What a medley it was! And what anachronisms greeted the sight at every turn! A Botticelli maiden of diaphanous garb in the arms of a Vandyck cavalier, an Assyrian priestess of Ishtar embraced by a Roman soldier, the Duchess of Milan footing it with the Laughing Cavalier, Cardinal Richelieu sporting with Nellie O'Brien, Henry VIII ogling a Cosway miniature, Philip of Spain flirting with a Japanese Geisha. All the nations of the world, of all ages from the dawn of history to Victorian times, blending and mingling in a glittering throng, as if the trump of the resurrection had sounded and roused the dead in their best attire. Barbaric splendor and delicate elegance, the artificiality of one age jostling with the individuality of another; hues of light and dark, purples and blacks and yellows and whites, the lustre of pearls and the flashing of diamonds; East and West, times ancient and mediæval and modern, the crudeness of Egypt and the subtleties of Italy and France—all combined to form a kaleidoscope of almost unendurable radiance. What if many a fair dancer had painted her face and tired her head? What if skin foods and occult creams had contributed to many of those charms? It was all for charity; and if we did not foster our illusions how could we enjoy life at all?

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 9, 1913.

Shamrock IV, whose keel was recently cast, will be the first yacht ever built in England under the American rule of measurement. With this sea-bird Sir Thomas Lipton will make a final effort to win the *America's* cup. Mr. Charles Nicholson, the designer of the *Shamrock IV*, has been most successful under the European rules. His yachts in the fifteen-metre class, the *Istria*, the *Pancla*, and the *Paula III*, are exemplifications of this, but these craft are sometimes called freaks. Nevertheless they win races. Consequently one has to look for a so-called freak in the *Shamrock IV*. All the previous *Shamrock* cup challengers were ninety-footers. The new yacht will be a seventy-five-footer, and yet when she makes her appearance under canvas next spring she will undoubtedly be regarded with a feeling of wonderment by many seasoned yachtsmen. The *Britannia*, one of the most successful of English ninety-footers, carried a little over ten thousand feet of canvas. Since the *Britannia's* palmy days something has been learned of how to crowd sail onto a craft, hence there is much curiosity as to the amount the *Shamrock IV* will hoist. Apart from the design, interest centres in the fact that the *Shamrock IV* will be sailed by an amateur, Mr. N. P. Burton, who has for many years been recognized as one of the cleverest helmsmen in England.

The postoffice was first established for the principal, and in some countries for the exclusive purpose of carrying official correspondence by mail. Later, in France, Great Britain, and the United States, because of the great expansion and commercialization of the postal system, the free carriage of mail matter came to be regarded as a privilege, and this privilege was claimed by persons in official position. In England the House of Commons claimed the privilege as early as 1660. It was abolished in Great Britain, however, by the passage of Rowland's cheap postage measure in 1839. In the United States the first appearance of the franking privilege is traceable to the action of the Continental Congress assuming control of the postoffice in January, 1776. It is interesting to learn that it was then granted to all private soldiers actually in service for all letters they might write or that might be written to them. In the early years of the United States government the privilege was granted widely, but it soon became necessary to restrict it. An act of March 3, 1845, limited the privilege to the President, the Vice-President, members and delegates in Congress, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, and all postmasters. Other offices were directed to keep quarterly accounts of postage.

Things are wonderful principally by comparison. There are sixty or more lofty mountains in California rising more than 13,000 feet above sea level which are not considered sufficiently noteworthy among all the surrounding wealth of mountain scenery to have even received names, according to the United States Geological Survey. Any one of these mountain peaks, if situated in the eastern part of the United States, would be visited by thousands of people yearly. But California has seventy additional mountain peaks more than 13,000 feet high which have been named, or 130 in all, as well as a dozen rising above 14,000 feet.

After a most exhaustive search, covering a period of several years, both in this country and Europe, the American Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company has awarded to a German firm the contract for the largest single electric steel furnace for the refining of steel ever built in the world. It will be installed at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and will have a refining capacity of from 400 to 800 tons daily. The product will be rolled into billets on the new mill now in course of construction for use in the manufacture of bars, nuts and bolts, spikes, and other products of the company's factories.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Waking Year.

A lady red upon the hill
Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field
In placid lily sleeps!

The tidy breezes with their hrooms
Sweep vale, and hill, and tree!
Prithee, my pretty housewives!
Who may expected he?

The neighbors do not yet suspect!
The woods exchange a smile,—
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird,
In such a little while!

And yet how still the landscape stands,
How nonchalant the wood,
As if the resurrection
Were nothing very odd!—Emily Dickinson.

The Nun.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show;
What! you become a nun, my dear,
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,
The hishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a-dying,
The water turn to wine;
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they'll be mine.

—Leigh Hunt.

"Those Evening Bells."

Those evening bells; those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other hearts shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—Thomas Moore.

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale:
The ringdove huddles and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The hallet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall hind me to my native vale!

—Samuel Rogers.

Home, Sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

—John Howard Payne.

Rome's venerable Appian Way, with its countless associations of a magnificent past, will now be disfigured by the desecrating rails of a modern tramway. In the interior of the city streets are being torn up and ancient squares sacrificed to projected enlargements. This road, the oldest and most famous of Roman roads, was begun in 312 B. C., and is from fourteen to eighteen feet wide, paved with large stone blocks.

Tin of good quality is regarded as a nuisance in some parts of Alaska, where it is thrown aside by the gold miners. In the richest spots as much as half a pound of tin to the pan is reported, which at the present price of the ore would give the gravels a value, not allowing for costs of mining or transportation, of \$18 to \$20 a yard, according to assay.

A TRAVELER AT FORTY.

Mr. Dreiser Pays a First Visit to Europe and Gives an Animated Description of His Experiences.

It is a little surprising to find that a novelist with the varied attainments of Mr. Theodore Dreiser should have waited until forty years of age to make his first trip across the Atlantic. Indeed we may believe that the experience would have been postponed even longer but for the managerial interference of an English friend known as Barfleur—the monocled type of Englishman—who made all arrangements, took all responsibilities, and left to his victim no other duty than that of obedience. And so Mr. Dreiser found himself on an Atlantic liner, in custody, so to speak, and with everything done that should be done to make the trip comfortable without show or fuss. He was told exactly how he should comport himself on the ship, what he should wear, the table etiquette that should be observed, and the correct compliments that should be paid to the captain. Barfleur knew everything that ought to be known and, still more important, he knew every one with whom it was desirable to be acquainted. And among the latter was Miss X., an actress and “as discreet and charming a bit of English femininity as one would care to set eyes on.” We hear a good deal of Miss X. during the voyage, and it may be well to give a specimen of her conversation and her views:

“And, oh, the life!” said Miss X. at one point. “Americans don’t know how to live. They are all engaged in doing something. They are such beginners. They are only interested in money. They don’t know. I see them in Paris now and then.” She lifted her hand. “Here in Europe people understand life better. They know. They know before they begin how much it will take to do the things that they want to do and they start out to make that much—not a fortune—just enough to do the things that they want to do. When they get that they retire and live.”

“And what do they do when they live?” I asked. “What do they call living?”

“Oh, having a nice country house within a short traveling distance of London or Paris, and being able to dine at the best restaurants and visit the best theatres once or twice a week; to go to Paris or Monte Carlo or Scheveningen or Ostend two or three or four, or as many times a year as they please; to wear good clothes and to be thoroughly comfortable.”

“That is not a bad standard,” I said, and then I added, “And what else do they do?”

“And what else should they do? Isn’t that enough?”

The courtesy of the European servants seems to have made a most favorable impression upon Mr. Dreiser’s mind. They behaved properly, they did not stare, nor make audible remarks behind one’s back, nor criticize one’s fellow-passengers, and yet they were neither abject nor servile:

But as to manners: Heaven save the mark! These people are civil. They are nice. They are willing. “Have you a porter, sir? Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! This way, sir! No trouble about that, sir! In a moment, sir! Certainly, sir! Very well, sir!” I heard these things on all sides, and they were like balm to a fevered brain. Life didn’t seem so strenuous with these people about. They were actually trying to help me along. I was led; I was shown; I was explained to. I got under way without the least distress and I began actually to feel as though I was being coddled. Why, I thought, these people are going to spoil me. I’m going to like them. And I had rather decided that I wouldn’t like the English. Why, I don’t know; for I never read a great English novel that I didn’t more or less like all of the characters in it. Hardy’s lovely country people have warmed the cockles of my heart; George Moore’s English characters have appealed to me. And here was Barfleur. But the way the train employees bundled me into my seat and got my bags in after or before me, and said, “We shall be starting now in a few minutes, sir,” and called quietly and pleadingly—not yelling, mind you—“Take your seats, please,” delighted me.

Mr. Dreiser’s experiences of London were so numerous and so varied that it is difficult to make a representative selection. He devotes a chapter to “Lilly: A Girl of the Streets,” whom he met after the manner of such meetings in Piccadilly and whom he accompanied to her room for purposes of social study. Lilly was good enough to dine with him and to introduce him to some aspects of the underworld of London, a world not to be reformed by talking, a world that is old and sustained by passions that do not seem to grow old:

After buying her a large box of candy I hailed a taxi and took my little girl home to her shabby room and left her. She was very gay. She had been made quite a little of since we started from the region of rented rooms. Her purse was now the richer by three pounds. Her opinion had been asked, her advice taken, she had been allowed to order. I had tried to make her feel that I admired her a little and that I was sorry for her a little. At her door, in the rain, I told her I might use some of this experience in a book some time. She said, “Send me a copy of your book. Will I be in it?”

“Yes.”

“Send it to me, will you?”

“If you’re here.”

“Oh, I’ll be here. I don’t move often.”

Poor little Welsh waif! I thought how long, how long, will she be “here” before she goes down before the grim shapes that lurk in her dreary path—disease, despair, death?

The tour as arranged managerially by Barfleur was to include France and Italy, and so we have some delightful chapters about Paris. Curiously enough, Mr. Dreiser says that when he reached France, although he did not speak the language, he felt as though he had returned to America:

It is curious how one feels about France, or at least how I feel about it. For all of six weeks I had been rejoicing in the charm and the virtues of the English. London is a great city—splendid—the intellectual capital of the world. Manchester and the north represent as forceful a manufacturing realm as the world holds, there is no doubt of that. The quaintness and sweetness of English country life is not to be surpassed for charm and beauty. But France has fifty times the spirit and enthusiasm of England. After London and the

English country it seems strangely young and vital. France is often spoken of as decadent—but I said to myself, “Good Lord, let us get some of this decadence, and take it home with us. It is such a cheerful thing to have around.” I would commend it to the English particularly.

Mr. Dreiser says that his friend Barfleur was an essentially clean-minded man who studied the underworld of Paris with a clear vision of its unrealities and yet with a certain admiration of its art and tragedy and pathos:

Nevertheless he has an innate horror of the purely physical when it descends to inartistic brutality. There is much of that in Paris; and these guides advertise it; but it is filth especially arranged for the stranger. I fancy the average Parisian knows nothing about it; and if he does, he has a profound contempt for it. So has the well-intentioned stranger, but there is always an audience for this sort of thing. So when this guide approached us with the proposition to show us a selected line of vice, Barfleur took him genially in hand. “Stop a moment, now,” he said, with his high hat on the back of his head, his fur coat expansively open, and his monocled eye fixing the intruder with an inquiring gaze, “tell me one thing—have you a mother?”

The small Jew who was the industrious salesman for this particular type of ware looked his astonishment.

They are used to all sorts of set-backs—these particular guides—for they encounter all sorts of people, severely moral and the reverse; and I fancy on occasion they would be soundly trounced if it were not for the police, who stand in with them and receive a modicum for their protection. They certainly learn to understand something of the type of man who will listen to their proposition; for I have never seen them more than ignored and I have frequently seen them talked to in an off-hand way, though I was pleased to note that their customers were few.

This particular little Jew had a quizzical, screwed-up expression on his face, and did not care to answer the question at first; but resumed his announcement of his various delights and the price it would all cost.

“Wait, wait, wait,” insisted Barfleur, “answer my question. Have you a mother?”

“What has that got to do with it?” asked the guide. “Of course I have mother.”

“Where is she?” demanded Barfleur authoritatively.

“She’s at home,” replied the guide, with an air of mingled astonishment, irritation and a desire not to lose a customer.

“Does she know that you are out here on the streets of Paris doing what you are doing tonight?” he continued with a very noble air.

The man swore under his breath.

“Answer me,” persisted Barfleur, still fixing him solemnly through his monocle. “Does she?”

“Why, no, of course she doesn’t,” replied the Jew sheepishly.

“Would you want her to know?” This in sepulchral tones.

“No, I don’t think so.”

Mr. Dreiser gives us a vivid picture of Monte Carlo, a picture painted often before, but one that always arrests the attention. He himself ventured a small sum, doubtless only to acquire experience, but he confesses to the thought “Great God! Suppose I was to win a thousand pounds with my fifteen I should stay in Europe an entire year”:

In despair I went to see what Scorp was doing. He had three or four stacks of gold coin in front of him, at a certain table, all of five hundred dollars. He was risking these in small stacks of ten and fifteen louis and made no sign when he won or lost. On several occasions I thought he was certain to win a great sum, so lavishly were gold louis thrown him by the croupier, but on others I felt equally sure he was to be disposed of, so freely were his gold pieces scraped away from him.

“How are you making out?” I asked.

“I think I’ve lost eight hundred francs. If I should win this though, I’ll risk a bee-a.”

“What’s a bee-a?”

“A thousand franc note.”

My poor little three louis seemed suddenly insignificant. A lady sitting next to him, a woman of perhaps fifty, with a cool, calculating face, had perhaps as much as two thousand dollars in gold and notes piled up before her. All around the table were these piles of gold, silver, and notes. It was a fascinating scene.

“There, that ends me,” observed Scorp, all at once, his stock of gold on certain numbers disappearing with the rake of the croupier. “Now I’m done. We might walk out in the lobby and watch the crowd.” All his good gold so quietly raked in by the croupier was lingering painfully in my memory. I was beginning to see plainly that I would not make a good gambler. Such a loss distressed me.

The superstitions of the gambler never fail to interest the observer, probably because the observer is usually superstitious himself or at least recognizes that he might easily become so:

If you are of a mathematical or calculating turn of mind you can amuse yourself infinitely by attempting to solve the strange puzzle of chance—how numbers fall and why. It leads off at last, I know, into the abstrusities of chemistry and physics. The esoteric realms of the mystical are not more subtle than the strange abnormalities of psychology that are here indulged in. Certain people are supposed to have a chemical and physical attraction for numbers or cards. Dreams are of great importance. It is bad to sit by a losing person, good to sit by a winning one. Every conceivable eccentricity of thought in relation to personality is here indulged in; and when all is said and done, in spite of the wonders of their cobwebby calculations, it comes to about the same old thing—they win and lose, win and lose, win and lose.

Mr. Dreiser’s visit to Rome naturally included a reception at the Vatican, and here the author seems to allow himself some slight suggestion of frivolity. At least he describes the frivolity of others. Every now and then, he says, a thrill of expectancy would pass over the assembled company and then in the disappointment of weariness there would be some jesting:

Finally the sixth or seventh thrill of expectation produced the Holy Father, the guards and several prelates making a sort of aisle of honor before the door. All whispering ceased. There was a rustle of garments as each settled into a final sanctimonious attitude. He came in, a very tired-looking old man in white wool cassock and white skull cap, a great necklace of white beads about his neck and red shoes on his feet. He was stout, close knit, with small shrewd eyes, a low forehead, a high crown, a small, shapely chin. He had soft, slightly wrinkled hands, the left one graced by the papal ring. As he came in he uttered something in Italian and then starting on the far side opposite the door he had entered came about to each one, proffering the hand which some merely kissed and some seized on and cried over, as if it were

the solution of a great woe or the realization of a too great happiness. The mother superior did this and one of the Italian ladies from Venice. The brown monks laid their foreheads on it and the official next to me touched it as though it were an object of great value.

The author says he was interested to see how the Supreme Pontiff—the Pontifex Maximus of all the monuments—viewed all this:

He looked benignly but rather wearily down on each one, though occasionally he turned his head away, or, slightly interested, said something. To the woman whose tears fell on his hands he said nothing. With one of the women from Venice he exchanged a few words. Now and then he murmured something. I could not tell whether he was interested but very tired, or whether he was slightly bored. Beyond him lay room after room crowded with pilgrims in which this performance had to be repeated. Acquainted with my newspaper correspondent, he gave no sign. At me he scarcely looked at all, realizing no doubt my critical unworthiness. At the prime severe American woman he looked quizzically. Then he stood in the center of the room and having uttered a long, soft prayer, which my friend W. informed me was very beautiful, departed. The crowd arose. We had to wait until all the other chambers were visited by him and until he returned guarded on all sides by his soldiers and disappeared. There was much conversation, approval, and smiling satisfaction. I saw him once more, passing quickly between two long lines of inquisitive, reverential people, his head up, his glance straight ahead, and then he was gone.

Mr. Dreiser’s visit to Germany was mainly actuated by the desire to find the original home of his family, but incidentally he tells us something about conscription. It seems to be a mistake to suppose that the people are in any way “groaning” under the imposition of military obligations, and of course it is always rather pleasant to picture other people as “groaning”:

As the train pulled into one small station, Metternich by name, I saw a tall, raw-boned yokel lounging on the platform. He was a mere boy, nineteen or twenty, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, horny-handed, and with as vacuous a face as it is possible for an individual to possess. A cheap, wide-brimmed, soft hat, offensively new, and of a dusty mud color, sat low over one ear; and around it, to my astonishment, was twined a slim garland of flowers and leaves which, interwoven and chained, hung ridiculously down his back. He was all alone, gazing sheepishly about him and yet doing his best to wear his astounding honors with an air of bravado. I was looking at his collarless shirt, his big feet and hands and his bow legs, when I heard a German in the next seat remark to his neighbor, “He won’t look like that long.”

“Three months—he’ll be fine.”

The yokel was a conscript and at the next station there were five more surrounded by a bevy of girls. Evidently the occasion was a sort of festivity and the youths were already regarded as budding heroes:

I paused in amazement at this trick of statecraft which could make of the drawing for so difficult and compulsory a thing as service in the army a gala occasion. For scarcely any compensation—a few cents a day—these yokels and village men are seized upon and made to do almost heroic duty for two years, whether they will or no. I did not know then, quite, how intensely proud Germany is of her army, how perfectly willing the vast majority are to serve, how certain the great majority of Germans are that Germany is called of God to rule—*beherrschen* is their vigorous word—the world. Before I was out of Frankfurt and Berlin, I could well realize how intensely proud the average boy is to be drawn. He is really a man then: he is permitted to wear a uniform and carry a gun; the citizens from then on, at least so long as he is in the service, respect him as a soldier. By good fortune or ability he may become a petty officer. So they crown him with flowers, and the girls gather round him in admiring groups. What a clever custom thus to sugarcoat the compulsory pill. And, in a way, what a travesty.

Mr. Dreiser eventually discovered the home of his family, a little town called Mayen that no one seemed ever to have heard of before. In the churchyard he found the graves of his father’s brother and of some other Dreisers, but none of them dated earlier than 1800. The rather primitive nature of the little community may be judged from the author’s description of the “restaurant” whose quaint atmosphere, he says, charmed him:

My arrival here with a quiet request for food put a sort of panic into the breast of my small but stout host, who, when I came in, was playing checkers with another middle-aged Mayener, but who, when I asked for food, gave over his pleasure for the time being and bustled out to find his wife. He looked not a little like a fat sparrow.

“Why, yes, yes,” he remarked briskly, “what will you have?”

“What can I have?”

On the instant he put his little fat hand to his semi-bald pate and rubbed it ruminatively. “A steak, perhaps. Some veal? Some sausage?”

“I will have a steak if you don’t mind, and a cup of black coffee.”

He bustled out and when he came back I threw a new bomb into his camp. “May I wash my hands?”

“Certainly, certainly,” he replied, “in a minute.” And he bounded upstairs. “Katrina! Katrina! Katrina!” I heard him call, “have Anna make the washroom ready. He wishes to wash his hands. Where are the towels? Where is the soap?”

There was much clattering of feet overhead. I heard a door being opened and things being moved. Presently I heard him call, “Katrina, in God’s name, where is the soap?” More clattering of feet, and finally he came down, red and puffing. “Now, mein herr, you can go up.”

Mr. Dreiser seems to have been glad to get home again. Nothing can compensate for the blood affinity, the intimacy, that come from years and years of familiarity. These things, and such as these, are the true values of life, measurable not by mind but by sentiment.

Many books have been written about European travel and we could easily—even gladly—spare ninety-nine out of every hundred among them. But Mr. Dreiser has done something exceptional. He has a certain microscopic vision that enables him to see the small things that are important, and the really important things are always small. And, above all, he has the gift of humor conjoined with a wide and tolerant benevolence.

A TRAVELER AT FORTY. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The Century Company; \$1.80 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Van Cleve

If Mrs. Watts should fail of a triumphant success with her new novel it will be because the public taste has been vitiated by the pyrotechnic writers who are always so amazingly "clever" and often so amazingly improper. "Van Cleve" is as distinctive a piece of fiction as the world has seen for a quarter of a century, and we shall have to look through the best sellers a long time before we find anything so artistic. For Mrs. Watts is quite content with common people for her heroes and heroines. She could easily fit out her stage complete from any middle-class street. We have an intimate acquaintance with every one of her characters, and some of them live next door, but until she has properly introduced them to us we had no idea what astonishingly interesting people they are nor that the finest of dramas is set forth in the lives of every one of them. The story is one of modern Cincinnati and of a quite ordinary boy who finds the load of a family upon his shoulders. He grows up to be a strong but not a decorative man, and through a misunderstanding that every one can see through except the characters themselves he waits for ten long years for the reward that every right-minded boy has pictured to himself as the greatest and the best of all rewards. What are called the problems of life are not among the author's stock in trade. She deals neither with the weird, the eccentric, or the misshapen. She seeks neither climaxes—although there is one unforgettable climax—nor sensations. In the confidential and intimate manner that belongs to her she invites you to look at an ordinary family and to behold of what marvelous human forces it is made up. She is realistic, but it is not the realism of the vivisector nor of the torturer. It is the realism of everyday life and of plain people. And for these reasons it is a work of genuine art.

VAN CLEVE. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Facts of Socialism.

Dr. Jessie Wallace Hughan says of her book on Socialism that it is an attempt to supply the facts of the movement undimmed by the smoke of controversy. None the less it is a frank plea for Socialism, a fair and honest plea, but none the less partisan from cover to cover. In her effort to find some standard of authority as to what is and what is not Socialism the author decides upon those who have been elected by vote of the membership to offices of trust and responsibility. She thus has a hodge of about a hundred persons in America who may be said to represent Socialism, and it is to this representative body that she refers the inconsistencies and the contradictions that have so often been urged against the movement. Her most important chapters are on "The Ultimate Goal of Socialism" and "The Immediate Demands," both of them couched in terms of studious moderation as indeed is the whole book. There is an index which seems to be so faulty as to be almost useless.

THE FACTS OF SOCIALISM. By Jessie Wallace Hughan. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

Pity the Poor Blind.

Mr. Bashford chooses a somewhat original plot for his story, but unfortunately originality is not necessarily synonymous with merit. The novelist who would depict for us the conversion of a clergyman may easily fail to be either convincing or interesting. In this case Mr. Bashford succeeds in being moderately interesting—his fine style helps him here—but he hardly persuades us that his story is worth telling. His hero is an intensely selfish young clergyman who is called to a country parish where his glib speech and unctuous mannerism are easily mistaken for piety. But at last he meets the inevitable girl, whose sincerity of life convinces him of his own unworthiness and leads him to the self-analysis that ends in conversion. And of course the girl is converted, too, and with the happiest results. It is mingling of piety and love that must depend for a welcome upon individual taste. Personally we prefer them kept apart.

PITY THE POOR BLIND. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Door That Has No Key.

Although we had observed Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's name on the title page we were tempted to look back more than once to make sure that this story was not, after all, written by a woman. For certainly its hero is so rare a type of man as to be practically nonexistent. He is the kind of man that some women imagine their men folk to be and that they never are. The son of aristocratic parents in England, John Scorrer decides that he will go in for law and politics, and so he receives a parting admonition from his father and mother not to be too honest. It seems that he carries honesty to excess and that it is all certainly a detriment in a career where honesty is the best policy only in strict theory. And indeed John is far too strict for this world. He is not only honest, but of a surpassing simplicity. Not soon shall

we forget the scene in the London hotel when the fair temptress next door begs John to come into her room in order to hold her head as a measure of relief from headache, she being in bed, and he robed in purity and pajamas. And he never suspects, not even when she tells him that he may extinguish the light if he wishes to. The author apparently desires to show that nowadays no man can be successful if he keeps his honor and his purity. The reader will dissent from that view, or rather he will amend it. He will say that no man can be successful if he is a fool, and John Scorrer comes perilously near to being an intellectual fool. Mr. Hamilton knows how to tell a story. In this case he seems to have had a difficulty in knowing what story to tell.

THE DOOR THAT HAS NO KEY. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Jane Austen.

This latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series is as satisfactory as any of its predecessors, as indeed it could hardly fail to be in the competent hands of Mr. Francis Warre Cornish. The biographical sketch to which he devotes fifty-four pages is as full as it need be, since nothing ever happened to Jane Austen in the narrow circle in which she lived. The chapter on her letters might perhaps have been longer, but here, too, the author was hampered by a lack of material, most of her letters having been destroyed, and those that were saved being among the least important. Some of these letters are in language which, says the author, might be termed cynical or heartless, as, for example, the following: "Mrs. Hall of Sherborne was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected. I supposed she happened unawares to look at her husband." And again: "Dr. Hall is in such very deep mourning that either his mother, his wife, or himself must be dead." Jane Austen gives her own rule for letter-writing when she says: "I have now attained the true art of letter-writing, which we are always told is to express on paper exactly what one would say to the same person by word of mouth." The author's survey of Jane Austen's novels, to which she gives eight chapters, is of an unvarying excellence.

JANE AUSTEN. By Francis Warre Cornish. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.

Great Books.

A certain natural pugnacity is aroused by every attempt to indicate the greatest books in the world. Inevitably the eye of the critic detects commissions and omissions and he hastens to rectify the list in accordance with his own preferences. But in this case it is to be noted that while the author names her volume "The Greatest Books in the World" she does not say that her own selections are the greatest, but rather that they are among the greatest. And here she is fairly safe from criticism, since she chooses "The Odyssey," "The Divine Comedy," "Faust," "Arabian Nights," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Book of Job," and "Don Quixote." No one will question that these are among the greatest of the world's literature. They have stood the test of age and of the unanimity of human judgment, and we may reasonably believe that in this respect human judgment will not change.

The author has written an undeniably interesting book. With all her verdicts we may not agree, and we may even believe that we can detect an occasional religious bias, but she none the less gives us an adequate presentation of seven great books and of the reasons why they are great. Moreover, she adds a thoroughly valuable chapter of suggestions for further study, and her qualifications as literary counsellor are obvious on every page that she writes.

THE GREATEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD. By Laura Spencer Portor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Behind the Beyond.

Mr. Stephen Leacock has already won his place as a humorist, and this latest volume of sketches from his pen will enhance his reputation. He tells us of all sorts of experiences, with the photographer, with the dentist, with the barber, and in Paris. Sometimes he is only funny, but in his "Homer and Humbug" his humor is of the finest kind. And it may be said of the illustrations that they illustrate, a virtue exceeding rare with illustrations.

BEHIND THE BEYOND AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

The Nest.

Those who enjoyed "Tante" will turn with some curiosity to this volume of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. There are five of them, all written with distinctive intensity, but perhaps not so satisfying as the author's larger works. The story from which the volume takes its name concerns a young wife who has allowed herself to fall in love with another man and who then experiences a revulsion of feeling on learning that her husband has a fatal disease. Then comes another revulsion on the discovery that the

diagnosis was a wrong one and that her husband has nothing the matter with him. We feel a little out of patience with both these young people. Then there is "The Suicide," which relates how a young girl proposes to kill herself because she has failed to win the love of a man who does not even know of the interest that he has awakened. She writes him a letter to be read after her death, and as soon as we see her mail the letter we know very well that she will think better of her suicidal intent and that there will be complications as soon as the letter is received. The idea is a grim one and we are inclined to resent the atmosphere almost of farce in which the story ends. The stories are of fairly uniform quality.

THE NEST. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Princeton University Press has republished the address delivered by Grover Cleveland nineteen years ago on "The Venezuelan Boundary Commission." It need hardly be said that the speech is a public document of the first importance, the history of an epoch by the man who made that history. The price is \$1 net.

Crowell's Handy Information Series now contains a "Handy Book of Proverbs," arranged alphabetically for ready reference by writers and speakers by Joseph Walker. In addition to the alphabetical arrangement there is also an index to authors and sources quoted from, so that it becomes an easy matter to find whatever proverb may be needed at the moment.

"Ice-Boating" is the title of a new volume in the Outing Handbooks. It is edited by Herbert L. Stone and published by the Outing Publishing Company. Its chapters are contributed by various authorities, and while ice-boating can hardly be considered as a typically California sport, the volume may prove of interest to those who take their vacations in far fields.

"Addison Broadhurst," by Edward Mott Woolley (Doughleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25), is a narrative of adventure in business. From a country boy to the head of a successful department store Broadhurst goes through a series of experiences that keep the reader constantly interested. The word success has been sadly misused, but in the character of the hero there are certain moral elements that perhaps justify its use.

"Disease and Its Causes" is among the later additions to the Home University Library now in course of issue by Henry Holt & Co. (50 cents net per volume), a library that should be extensively known and extensively used. Dr. Councilman writes for the layman rather than for the doctor, and while it can not be said that he has produced an enlivening book, we can at least admire the scientific spirit in which it is written.

Dr. Conan Doyle has told many better stories than "The Poison Belt," now published by the George H. Doran Company (\$1.20 net). The story is based on the idea that the earth passes suddenly through a belt of poisonous gas which causes an instant cessation of life. To all intent it is the end of the world, or at least it would be the end of the world if

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

the author had not taken pity upon us in his concluding chapters and substituted suspended animation for death. Any story by Dr. Doyle is interesting, even stories of prizefighting, but we shall expect better things than this before his particular shelf is closed.

Henry Beach Needham is among the latest to tell us how to give up smoking. He calls his little book "Divorcing Lady Nicotine," or "Getting the Better of the Smoking Habit." It may seem that the best way to give up tobacco is to give it up, but if there are those who can be aided by a humorous little sketch they will find it here. The book is published by Forbes & Co. Price, 35 cents.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Mark Twain memorial which is now finished and awaiting unveiling in the spring stands on a hill above Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain and his band used to romp. Albert Bigelow Paine, author of "Mark Twain: A Biography," tells of one exploit there which came near resulting disastrously. The boys amused themselves by rolling huge stones down a hill to frighten Sunday churchgoers. One big boulder "the size of an omnibus" took many days' labor to dislodge, and when it did start its momentum was so great that the boys were horrified to see a negro in a cart directly in its path. They stood holding their breath and mouths open. Suddenly it struck a projection and with a mighty bound sailed over the negro and his mule, landing just beyond.

Dr. Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynne," is being put into type for the use of the blind, and will soon be issued by the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Pittsburgh.

"In Freedom's Birthplace," which was announced for fall publication by the Houghton Mifflin Company, will appear this month. In this book Mr. John Daniels presents a sketch of the social, economic, moral, and religious development of the negro in Boston.

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprintings the following books: "Pictures of Polly," by Mary King Courtney; "The Nerve of Foley," by F. H. Spearman; "The Girl Proposition," "People You Know," and "Breaking Into Society," by George Ade; "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," "The Vultures," by Henry Seton Merriman; and the eight volumes comprised in the series, Tales of the Frontier—viz, "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach; "Cardigan," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Heritage of the Desert," by Zane Grey; "The Squaw Man," by J. O. Faversham and E. M. Royle; "The Settler," by Herman Whitaker; "Santa Fe's Partner," by Thomas A. Janvier, and "Judith of the Plains," by Marie Manning.

Dr. Edward E. Barnard, who as an astronomer has achieved an enviable reputation for photographic meteorological phenomena, edited the terms in astronomy for the New Standard Dictionary, just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Century Company reports new printings of Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular "T. Tembaron" (the third), of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel of the Civil War, "Westways" (the fourth), of Jack London's "John Barleycorn," of Ruth McEnery Stuart's book of negro folklore songs, "Daddy Do-Funny."

The work of making the New Standard Dictionary, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company involved the handling in the editorial rooms of the work of 380 specialists and other scholars. Four thousand and ten reams of paper, weighing 380,785 pounds, were used, and from fourteen to eighteen printing presses were run continuously for four and a half months to print the first edition of 20,000 copies. Independent of these was the lithographer's work, which occupied several additional presses for a like period of time. To which may be added the fact that more than 40,000 copies of the work were ordered in advance of publication.

Little, Brown & Co. will resume book publishing today, January 3, when they will introduce to the American reading public another new English author, Arthur F. Wallis, who has written "Idonia: A Romance of Old London."

There seems to be a renewed interest in the works of Oscar Wilde. At the Annual New York Exhibit of Books of the Year a number of editions of his poems were on view. "The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales," just issued by Stokes, were written shortly after his marriage during what was perhaps the happiest and most carefree period of his life.

The translation from the German of "The Education of Karl Witte" has been completed by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University, and the book is down for publication at an early date by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

New impressions announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company are interesting in the variety of subjects represented. Three books published within the last few weeks and now in their second printing are "The Wolf of Gubbio," Josephine Preston Peabody's new comedy; "Our Common Road," a collection of short essays by Agnes Edwards, and Milton C. Work's latest auction book, "Auction Developments." "Mother Carey's Chickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is now in its third printing.

Miss Eliza Rubamah Scidmore, author of "Java: The Garden of the East," "China: The Long-Lived Empire," "Winter India," and other books of travel, is on her way to Japan via Vancouver.

The author of "Historic Adventures," Rupert S. Holland, is a methodical worker. As soon as he has the synopsis of a new book

outlined he devotes a certain number of hours to his writing each day. He revises each chapter carefully as soon as he has finished it, and when the book is completed subjects the entire manuscript to another revision and often to considerable rewriting before he is ready to send it to the publisher. He believes that better work is done by the writer who trains himself to routine than by the one who works only under high pressure when the inspiration takes him.

Anatole France, the French novelist whose "The Gods Are Athirst" was recently published by the John Lane Company in this country, at a luncheon given him by the Foreign Press Association in London proclaimed himself a journalist. "Journalism taught me a great part of the art of writing. The great writers have learned from journalism how to write easily and simply."

Clarence Budington Kelland, the author of two autumn books, "Mark Tidd" and "Thirty Pieces of Silver," says that his own birthplace, Portland, Michigan, is the scene of Mark Tidd's youthful adventures. Mr. Kelland's own first chronicled exploit occurred at the age of six, when he accompanied his mother to a country church social. "Michigan in March is mushy," Mr. Kelland relates. "To add to the terrors of the day I wore a brand-new chinchilla overcoat. Arriving at the farm, I slipped the leash and went out to investigate the live stock which, being mostly pork on the hoof, doted on the muddiness. I mounted the wall of the sty and tickled the pigs with a lath. It was engrossing—so engrossing that I lost sight of the law of gravitation and descended on the flat of my back into the midst of pork and mud. Eighteen ladies spent the day scraping me off and then made me ride home on the top of the 'bus where the wind could blow on me."

ANDRE ART MUSEUM OPENED.

Work of a Lifetime Given to the Institute—Some of the Priceless Treasures.

The French people may feel a splendid pride in the bequest of Mme. André to the nation, for generous as have been art collectors, no European nation in modern times has received a more important benefaction, with the exception, perhaps, of the gift of Chantilly to France and Hertford House to England. Not only did Mme. André bequeath her art collections and the house in which she lived to the French Institute, but to insure the upkeep left \$1,000,000 for that expressed purpose. The new museum, called the Musée Jacquemart, on the Boulevard Haussmann, has just been opened to the public, alterations having been necessary to the house, but at last the work is finished, and all Paris is in acclaim.

But this is not all that France has fallen heir to in the death of Mme. André, inasmuch as her Châalis country home, with its wonderful park, the first in France, it is said, to be created on the English model, is also left to the Institute, with another million for its care.

But the paintings, as well as the manner in which they were collected, are of chief interest to the world at large, which, despite its materialistic tendencies, now and then balts to admire the handiwork of genius and acknowledges that private wealth may be the means of giving to an entire people a lasting delight. For over fifty years Parisian art and social circles knew Mme. André well. Mme. Nelie Jacquemart, born in 1840, devoted herself to art, and from 1863 she exhibited in the Salon for years, but celebrity came to her as a painter of portraits. She married M. Edouard André, himself a collector, and thereafter they devoted themselves—possessing great wealth—to the collection of art objects. The André collection was already of the first rank in Italian and French jewels of the sixteenth century, in gold and other snuff-boxes painted with miniatures by Hall, Fragonard, Blarenbergh, and others; in ancient bronzes, in Limoges enamels by the Penicauts, in majolica, tapestries, in Chinese, Japanese, and Sèvres porcelain, and in sculpture from Donatello to Clodion. The death of M. André twenty years ago had no retarding effect, for his widow constantly added to the collection until shortly before her own demise.

The gallery is especially representative of the early Italian masters. Three canvases are ascribed to Mantegna—an "Ecce Homo," the Madonna between St. Louis and St. Jerome, from the Reiset and Bobt de Tausia collections, and a triptych with scenes from the life of St. Catharine. The latter has been identified by Mr. Seymour de Ricci as the picture which was in the house of Contarini at Venice in 1543, and described by one who saw it there in that year as "de man del detto Mantegna, molto bella operetta."

Bernardina del Conti is represented by a fine portrait of a man, signed and dated 1500, Domenico Boroni by a Madonna behind a parapet, and Schiavone by a Madonna enthroned between St. Peter and St. Anthony of Padua.

The Florentine painters include a Bronzino portrait of Sleanor of Toledo, bought from Messrs. Colnaghi of London; a Madonna in a landscape by Baldovinetti; St. George and the Dragon, by Paolo Uccello; a Madonna

and Angels adoring the Child, by Rossetti; and three examples of Botticini.

Other Italian artists are also represented—Signorelli by a beautiful tondo with the Holy Family and St. John, and Titian by a replica of the Madrid picture of a man with dog.

Of unusual interest is the fact that only a few months before her death Mme. André added in one afternoon at the Haro sale seven early Italian pictures to her collection. Among the later Italian pictures, Mme. André's house is famous for examples of Tiepolo—"les tableaux le Tiepolo," says Mometti in his great book on this artist, "mettent leur note joyeuse" to her house. The ceilings of three salons are decorated with the works of this artist—works which once adorned the Villa Contarini near Venice, famous in history for the visit of Henri III of France in 1574, and commemorated long afterwards in Tiepolo's pictures. Guardi and Canaletto are other later Italians represented in this collection.

The Flemish and Dutch painters are also well represented by a number of important works. A pair of portraits of a gentleman and his wife are by Rubens; a portrait of a "Syndic," formerly attributed to Jordaens, but now, on Dr. Bode's authority, restored to Van Dyck.

The famous Van Dyck, "Time Clipping the Wings of Love," purchased at the Duke of Marlborough's sale in 1886 by Messrs. Agnew for Sir John E. Millais and at Millais's sale in 1898 by Messrs. Colnaghi, and by them sold to Mme. André.

Dutch artists are in evidence by a score or more of fine paintings. There are three important Rembrandts—an early work, "Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus," painted about 1629, which came from the Burgomaster Six sale in 1734, and for which Edouard André paid the sum of 3000 francs about 1875; the portrait of Saskia van Uijlenburgh of 1632, with broad lace collar and pearl necklace (Bode, 149), from the Reiset sale of 1870, in addition to many more which may not be equally well known.

Besides the pictures there is a rich collection of sculpture in which the Italian renaissance is well represented. There are three arabesques with marble doorways and exquisite arabesques, where are works by Donatello, Luca Della Robbia, and Carpaccio.

Kuprin, Russia's most talented novelist since the death of Tolstoy, does not look his part. He is a stout, bearded, bourgeois type, who, judged by his looks, ought to be selling butter instead of writing passionate stories and living a passionate life. For two and twenty years he has been writing stories and living them. But not until the revolutionary year, 1903, did Kuprin spring into fame as author of "The Duel." When "The Duel" came out Russia first learned that Kuprin was an ex-officer, that he already had written ten unread stories, and that he was a jolly, violent, generous fellow with high contempt for the literary pedants, psychopaths, and drones who make poor Russia the dreary land she is. "The Duel" reveals the tiresome, sordid sides of army life and handles the problem of the army in its social relations, its moral prejudices, its disintegrating effect on individual personality. Naturally "The Duel" caused trouble. In some towns the stage version was forbidden.

A portrait by Robert Vonnoh of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her daughters will be accurately reproduced in full colors as a frontispiece in the January Century. This interesting canvas, which was painted at Cornish, New Hampshire, this summer, is now on exhibition in New York for the first time. An unpublished letter by James Russell Lowell, dated "Elmwood, 25th Jan'y, 1872," will also appear in the January Century.

Of the sixteen novels included in the New York Times list of 100 Best Books of the Year, only ten are by American authors, and only one of these ten is from that justly famous state of letters, Indiana.

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"LITTLE WOMEN."

It was a very different audience from the usual Court Theatre first-nighters on last Monday evening. The people composing it were of all ages. There were gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers, who in youth had read "Little Women" to their children; there were girls galore, weeping and laughing by turns, and a goodly proportion of the audience was composed of bright-eyed, expectant children. It was an easy audience to play to. The older members had come with the expectation of reviving the ardently enjoyed impressions of youth. The younger ones had not reached the critical age. Practically all, no doubt, had read the book and the play was to them merely a visualizing of the familiar and well-loved figures of the quartet of sisters and their loving seniors. The rapture with which the well-remembered incidents in the lives of the Marches was received would, no doubt, puzzle a spectator who had never read "Little Women," and was therefore not in the secret of the thing. For each figure, each incident, had its halo of memories to glorify it.

And the charm still holds. In spite of the flood of sentimental or hectic literature that spreads in a shallow flow over the country, "Little Women" is still a very popular story with the present generation of children. It is also widely known and read all over England. No doubt the very young do not pause to analyze, but, aside from the simple, cozy homeliness of this and other of Miss Alcott's stories, it preserves the atmosphere of Americanism: the old, simpler Americanism preceding the time of gigantic fortunes, nationwide graft, and white slavery. It gives us a picture of the times when men went to battle to fight for the establishment of a principle in ethics, and children as well as grown people can feel nobility of thought as they read and joy in its presence.

There are many little preachments in Miss Alcott's stories, but they are always mingled so pleasantly and genially, and even humorously, with the scenes and incidents in which they are placed that even the pill-detesting child-mind swallows them willingly. So "Little Women" was received on Monday night, with rapture, laughter, and tears. It is the sort of play in which audiences almost play the star part, so prominent a feature are they in the performance. They know the jokes by heart, and laugh in advance. They weep, oh, how luxuriously they weep, when Beth dies a prolonged and rather talkative death. Beth is played by a very young actress who has an appropriately soft and feeble voice, and his gentle note was occasionally submerged under a loud, pluvial snort from some soft-hearted grandfather, or a dampened huckle nose surprised out of another teary male. Young girls cried with the luxurious abandon of youth, and there were many women who wept quietly and refreshingly. There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there.

But the hearts of these Rachels mourning for their children were vaguely comforted by the atmosphere of resurrected youth and cherished memories which the play succeeds so thoroughly in evoking.

I believe in plays like "Little Women," for, since adolescence is seen in great numbers at our theatres, it is comforting to see an occasional play adapted to its needs; one can scarcely say its tastes and standards, for they are largely vitiated by the failure of theatrical managers to exploit the rich field of child drama. So the unfortunate youngsters see adult drama, and, as it is very easy to corrupt and make precocious the adolescent mind, they learn to exact enjoyments unsuited to their age.

As to the play: the author, Marian de Forest, has first presented the sisters in their childhood, carrying them on by natural gradations through Jo's literary ambitions and triumphs, and Aunt March's crankisms and generosity, and the beginnings of young loves and courtships down to Jo's simultaneous possession of Plumfield and her German professor's heart. The child atmosphere is very brief, for it seems that sentiment must rule even in a juvenile or semi-juvenile play. The love episodes are very, very youthful, and the play ends with everybody but Hannah pairing off in the old, traditional way. It seemed to me an approximately complete and satisfactory condensation, and yet something was lacking; and that something I diagnose as a failure on the part of the players to imper-

sonate the characters in any hut a purely superficial and mechanical style, arising, I should judge, from the very receptive attitude of their audiences. Their work is too easy for them, for, as they are all selected with an eye to their physical fitness, and they looked their parts almost to perfection. Miss Alcott did the rest, or at least they allowed her to. Or no; I shouldn't say that either of Jane Marbury's Jo, or Robert Fischer's Professor Bhaer. Also Donald Gallaher, the actor who plays the part of Laurie, tried to get down a little below the surface into the roots of Laurie's nature. But the others were very automatic. They struck me as second-class players: I say second-class from the point of view of intelligence and artistic instinct, as well as achievement.

Ida St. Leon from her knees up is a perfect Amy, golden-haired, pink-cheeked, the child that Louisa Alcott drew. With that Ida St. Leon is content. For the rest her Amy is a little mannikin, moving in a series of mechanical jerks. She weeps unconvincingly over Beth's death, and she accepts Laurie without a trace of the tender emotion of the maiden wooed. Jean Brae's Meg is a homnie young thing, and much more acceptable; but nature she holds at arm's length. Mr. March is merely a stage automaton. Old Mr. Lawrence does very well. So do several others. But that is surely damning with faint praise. In fact the standard of the acting is too theatrical. It goes, therefore it is accepted.

But why can not a simple, wholesome story like "Little Women" be played in a genuine, unaffected spirit? Why can not some of that wholesome sweetness, that warm-hearted, family atmosphere be wafted over the footlights with the delicacy of the artist's touch? Why can not the players, ignoring the reader's laughter and tears of the uncritical, try to give these characters with simple, modern realism, thus aiming to satisfy their more exacting auditors?

Well, perhaps it is all a matter of stage directorship. Perhaps the standards of the producers were lowered because the task was so easy. Perhaps the Eastern companies were of truer fibre and did their work better.

But "Little Women" is a classic in its way. It was the happiest of thoughts to resurrect these four merry, wholesome girls and introduce them to the hobbleskirted, high-heeled sisterhood of the twentieth century. And I, for one, am sorry it was not done in the spirit of modern art. Reverence for the book there is, in large measure; and reverence, too, for traditions. But since Miss Alcott herself was so sincere and poured out her heart in the book that enshrined the recollections of her childhood, girlhood, and family affections, it was worth while to place its dramatized presentation in a frame that would make it a more durable work of art. Of course in juvenile drama, for even in its more adult manifestations that is what "Little Women" is, one can not expect to have a series of tense emotional scenes; nor do we ask it. But it is a story of family life, and there are four young girls with their hopes, dreams, aspirations, heart-burnings, and woes. There are suitors, a divided allegiance; there is sickness, dread, death, and birth.

Now to answer those indignant enjoyers who demand, "What does this unreasonable being want?" I say that I want the play and the players to convey all this rich family sentiment, to delicately yet tenderly and warmly convey it by the acting of the spirit instead of the external mechanics of the art. To avoid the banal and the obvious, and to rigorously strike out all the effects that any mindless human beings on two legs can make.

In "Little Women" there was a steady series of exits and entrances that were artificial. There were stage portraits, such as that of Aunt March for instance, that are enshrined in musty tradition. A loquacious deathbed is a thing to be avoided. It should belong to the "has beens." This idea of people pairing off at the finale in a stock stage attitude is exploded; imagine the healthy, practical, jolly young American couples that you know all lining up in mechanically embracing pairs at the end of a family festivity!

These banalities and artificialities detract from the simplicity and genuineness of the effect and will tend to give Miss de Forest's play an ephemeral quality that greater sincerity of treatment would prevent. For there is a future for juvenile drama, and when it comes "Little Women" should play a big part in it.

"A WIDOW BY PROXY."

Jolly May Irwin is with us again, and we find that she does not change. Her good spirits are perennial. So is her middle-aged comeliness. So is her comfortable rotundity, at which she aims so many irreverent jests.

When an audience views that large, fair presence, sees again that little curling smile roguishly lifting the corners of her lips, hears that rich, indigenous, genuine, unaffectedly American speech, watches the twinkle come and go in those merry eyes, it settles itself contentedly in its aggregation of seats, heaves a sigh of satisfaction, fastens its composite

orbs on the ample, magnetic figure, and prepares to be utterly and completely oblivious of dull care for two and one-half hours stuffed with mirth.

And is all this because May Irwin stands so high as a comedienne? Not altogether. It is partly because May Irwin is so simply and satisfyingly herself. Clever as she is, a woman undoubtedly of mental gifts, of shrewdly divining judgment, and of a peculiarly individual talent, yet we must say what players—some of them—hate to hear. And that is that part of her fame and popularity is founded upon—forgive us, oh hater of journealese, for falling back upon the stereotyped—her "delightful personality."

Well, isn't it delightful? What else can we call it? It is, to attempt to analyze it, partly compounded of a natural wholesomeness of nature, partly of an incorrigible tendency to punch holes in shams, partly of a rooted irreverence, partly of a sort of "folksiness" toward her audience, and no doubt in private life toward her friends, and partly of an ever-welling fountain of spontaneous, bubbling humor. And all these traits are welded into the one constituting her greatest asset. There is one quality that we humans, with all our carefully prepared conventions and numerous little hypocrisies, cling to, and love, and rest on, unless the inner core of us has been quite withered away in an atmosphere of artificiality, and that is genuineness.

The posur, or the elegante, or the intellectualist may dazzle, or arouse admiration, or awaken awe, but the being who is genuine—not affecting it, mind you, and wearing it as a huff, crackling garment, with wounding points to its folds—is one who inspires delight on the stage and in real life a constant, reposeful affection.

I have not the pleasure of May Irwin's acquaintance, but I would be willing to lay a wager that off the stage she is much the same sort of person that she is on, a merry, irreverent individual, with a quick eye for the ridiculous and ready tongue for bringing it to view; an instinctive divination in sensing the false, or the incongruous, or the pretentious, and a quick, mellow, laughing humor in holding it up to the kind of ridicule that does not prick or wound. In fact I don't in the least doubt, when May Irwin is rehearsing a new piece, that numerous quips and quirks jump out of her ready lips into the dialogue of the play and stick there. Not that she perpetrates actual witticisms; possibly she couldn't fabricate an epigram to save her; but she says the comical, the ridiculous, the really humorous thing in a really humorous way, and she refreshes us all the time by that same halm of her genuine humor and her humorous genuineness.

"A Widow by Proxy" is, of course, written all around that jolly, likable, attractive individuality. All of May Irwin's plays are. I have never seen her in a really brilliant play. It is, indeed, quite unnecessary that she should have one, although I must confess that I should prefer to see such a delightful comedienne—no, that won't do; we'll have to fall back again on that much frayed expression, personality—well, then, such a delightful personality enshrined in a more substantial setting. For I do not agree with Miss Irwin in her estimate of "A Widow by Proxy," which seems to me rather flimsy stuff. Sub-tract from it May Irwin and read it in cold blood and you would find that much of the funny dialogue reads like pure drivel. Take it in a large, generous dose, with your eyes closed up with laughter while May Irwin administers it in heaping spoonfuls, and you discover that it adds materially to the gayety of nations.

"A Widow by Proxy," however, has the great advantage of providing numerous comic situations of the sort which give May Irwin the sort of opportunities appropriate to her special brand of humor. One can laugh reminiscently over one of these comic moments for several days after; when the rest of the play itself, indeed, has faded away from the mind. How ridiculous and unexpected was that cry of the proxy widow confronted by the news of her putative spouse's resurrection. Some one exclaims, "Jack is alive." Under her bridal veil the supposed widow lets out a wild scream of "Jack who?" Now that absurd "who" is not at all funny quoted, but coming from May Irwin it was immensely, irresistibly funny. In fact it is so thoroughly in character with certain of her comical irrelevancies that I feel convinced that it was originally a May Irwin gag.

There is, indeed, hardly a quotable joke in the whole piece. One night's sleep banishes it from your memory, yet when you awake the next morning there jumps to the mind immediately a vision of the big, cozy, jolly blonde, with her baby-fair skin, her clean, fresh, wholesome look, her flaxen hair, openly and unashamedly bleached, her comfortable, well-corseted curves, her deep, mellow voice, which has a range of about four and a half notes, but which captures you completely, steeping you in that honey kind of enjoyment never inspired by the vocalism of the showy singer.

May Irwin doesn't show off. She keeps a wary finger on the pulse of her audience, and occasionally—very rarely—one may see the

dart of her quick, shrewd Scotch orbs, but all the same she is enjoying herself. At times she has absented herself for awhile from stage life; no doubt because the fountain of enjoyment has ceased to flow. When the waters of delight in her work begin to well again back she comes to her constant public, as fair, as fresh, as jolly, and chuckle-inspiring as ever. It's an old theory of hers that we can only do well what we enjoy doing.

The play, or farce, that is her present vehicle is too much a syllabus of absurdity to call for any description; the title tells enough. It is sufficient to say that May Irwin rang all the changes in the way of irreverent allusions to the departed, that her mourning was a wonderful and fearful mixture of seas of black and rivers of white, that her "widow" successfully broke the ice in a frost-bound New England household, that her company manifestly is obliged to maintain the professional gravity of farce only by the most strenuous exertions, when May Irwin is fully launched, and that her audiences deliver themselves over unreservedly to the god of mirth.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Pump and the Flood

When a farmer owned a tract of land a few years ago in one of the river regions he lived in constant fear of flood. Every winter he faced it, and when the levee broke and his land lay deep under water he felt as though the end of the world had come—almost. To get rid of the water was a gigantic task. In those days he depended on a wheezy steam engine, and anybody who has ever had any experience with one of these machines knows how indispensable it can be. First, there was fuel to buy and haul and stack up. That meant men, teams, and many aggravating delays. At best the steam engine threw a small stream and was an age in pumping the land dry.

It was the same in reclamation work, and the wonder is that as much land was reclaimed by that means as statistics show.

But there is a big difference today. Since electric power came into use for this purpose and huge electric-driven pumps have been put to work, a flood loses much of its terrors, while reclamation work goes on with a certainty that is based on actual knowledge of pump capacity. There is no longer any guesswork about it with an electric pump humming away. The man with a flood on his hands passes his problem up to the engineering department of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which gets to work, carefully investigates the case, and from a knowledge born of long practical experience plans the campaign, without cost—for its services are free to men with power problems on their hands—and enables the puzzled one to go ahead with his pumping at the minimum of expense. The company's electric wires form a network over the country, and kinemen string them wherever desired. When all is in readiness a lever turns on the "juice" and the pumps run day and night without a hitch.

As an example of the advantages of electric power in reclamation work, a contract has been entered into with the trustees of Reclamation District No. 108, in Colusa and Yolo counties, for supplying power for a 3000-horsepower reclamation pumping plant which is being erected on the Sacramento River at Rough and Ready Landing. The plant is being installed by C. C. Moore & Co. and the area drained by this pumping plant is approximately 55,000 acres, being the largest reclamation project in California.

In the days of the old steam engine pump such an undertaking would have been practically an impossibility. Probably the present company would not have considered reclaiming this great tract of land at all had not electric power come into the field and demonstrated how practically unlimited is its scope, without being attended by the many forms of expense attached to the old steam-engine pumping plant. Some day, not far distant, all these 55,000 acres will be under cultivation, producing vast wealth, for the reclaimed land of California is the richest in the world. It may be that these broad acres will be divided into many farms, whereon many happy homes will be established, populating the area with a colony of cheerful, happy, prosperous people. And in this great work "Pacific Service" will be able to take pardonable pride, realizing that the millions of dollars which are being expended in enlarging and perfecting its power plants and carrying its wires to every remote hamlet are assisting in the most practical manner possible in upbuilding California, for after all is said and done, the nation depends on the farmer. Whatever lightens his burden and adds to his tillable soil also adds to the greater prosperity of the country at large.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week another splendid and novel bill with six new acts. A sensational and perplexing feature will be Horace Goldin, the Royal Illusionist, who will present in three series the most stupendous exposition of magic ever witnessed on any stage. The first is entitled "A Revue of Conjuring," from the fifteenth to the twentieth century. For a finale he gives his latest and greatest creation, a pantomimic spectacular production, "The Tiger God," a weird and awe-inspiring story of Eastern mystery reminiscent of all the wonderful legends of "The Land of Islam," culminating with a bewildering and incomprehensible illusion with a living tiger.

Maude Muller, the American eccentric comedienne and the possessor of a fine voice, and Ed Stanley, a comedian of versatility and popularity, will indulge in song and story blended in an attractive way.

Those sterling legitimate actors, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Allen, will appear in an amusing sketch entitled, "She Had to Tell Him."

The Boudini Brothers, accordeon virtuosi, who have given to their instrument the dignity of the violin, will render the most difficult selections and also popular airs and folklore songs.

Joe Shriner and Doll Richards, in "Bits of Nonsense," will sing, chat, and dance.

If canine graduates were awarded degrees, Hector, the calculating marvel who enjoys prominence with Tryon's Dogs, would have as many letters after his name as the most eminent of our quidnuncs.

Next week will be the last of the Five Sullys and Lillian Herlein in her singing novelty, which is proving a great hit.

Gaiety Adds to Its Talent.

The appearance tonight and hereafter in the Gaiety production, "The Girl at the Gate," of Bickel and Watson as chief fun-makers is being looked forward to with enthusiasm. The announcement that these two comedians, generally known as one of the funniest combinations in two hemispheres, has been secured by the Gaiety was received with approval, and the enterprise of the management in inducing them to forego a contract of thirty-two weeks elsewhere shows that the policy inaugurated by the O'Farrell Street house with "The Candy Shop" is being just as faithfully adhered to as a pleased public could hope. Bickel and Watson will be remembered for the hit they registered here in Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1910."

In many other respects the new Gaiety show has been materially and agreeably strengthened since its opening.

In addition to the essentially Franklesque

song numbers that Irene Franklin contributes, that popular comedienne is now displaying some wonderful new Paris creations that represent the last word in style.

Otis Skinner in "Kismet" Coming to Columbia.

The Columbia Theatre will be dark during the week of Monday, January 5, the musical production, "A Broadway Honeymoon," which was to have appeared, having closed its tour in Chicago.

On Monday, January 12, the first presentation in the West of the great attraction, Otis Skinner in "Kismet," will take place at the Columbia Theatre. Klaw & Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske's production of "Kismet" brings forward Otis Skinner in a rôle unlike any that he has played before, but that includes in its requirements almost every style and quality of acting of which Mr. Skinner is master. Hajji, the beggar of Bagdad, runs the entire gamut of emotion in the course of the play, and the rôle could not possibly be played by an actor of less than the widest experience. To such a one the rôle is a delight, and Mr. Skinner has made it his masterpiece.

Mail orders for the Otis Skinner engagement will not be accepted by the management unless they are accompanied by the necessary funds and self-addressed, stamped envelope. This precaution is made necessary by the hundreds of requests for seats made, and those who follow out the above request will be given every attention.

The sale of seats will begin on Tuesday morning, January 6, two days in advance of the regular advance sale date. The management of the Columbia has decided upon this owing to the unusual demand that has been made for reservations.

"Little Women" Remains Another Week.

Plays of merit are not always taken up by the stars. Truth to tell, the contrary has been the rule in recent years, and there seems to be a growing element in the theatre-going community of this country which is satisfied to recognize merit in the work itself without being attracted by the glamour of any individual author's name. A token of this is presented in "Little Women," which, owing to its tremendous success, will remain over for a second week at the Cort Theatre.

"Little Women," which has made a most pronounced hit here, tells a simple story in a sympathetic manner and with a newness which makes it at once welcome and gratifying. There is in "Little Women" that sincerity of purpose which would command attention even though its human qualities were less marked.

Extra matinees will be given on Tuesday and Thursday, in addition to the regular ones of Wednesday and Saturday.

Antony and Cleopatra at Savoy.

Lovers of history, students of literature, photo-drama enthusiasts, and all classes of society to whom art and beauty have an appeal, will take peculiar interest in the announcement that George Kleine's latest triumph, the Cines photo-drama of "Antony and Cleopatra," will receive its first production anywhere at the Savoy Theatre Monday afternoon. The Cines are the master producers of the world, and state that in "Antony and Cleopatra" they have even eclipsed their achievements with "Quo Vadis," which created such a sensation at the Columbia Theatre during the summer. They have taken the story of Antony and Cleopatra from the first moment of the Roman's fascination by the Egyptian beauty, through the vicissitudes of his career as her consort on the throne to the final episodes where Antony dies defending her against his Roman compatriots, and Cleopatra kills herself by the sting of an asp. It is all presented with a dramatic strength that is difficult to attain upon the screen and that can only be accomplished by such masters of suppression and pantomime as the Italian school creates. "Antony and Cleopatra" will be given twice daily at the Savoy Theatre, at half-past two in the afternoon and eight-thirty at night.

The last performance of the jolly musical comedy, "Mutt and Jeff in Panama," will take place at the Savoy Theatre tomorrow afternoon and evening.

Gaby Deslys Plays Return Engagement.

Gaby Deslys returns to the Cort Theatre for a special engagement tomorrow (Sunday). A matinee and evening performance of "The Little Parisienne" will be given.

"Within the Law," Bayard Veiller's powerful American drama, in the star rôle of which Margaret Illington is credited with having achieved her greatest triumph, will be the attraction at the Cort following "Little Women." "Within the Law" has for its central character an appealing young woman, convicted of a crime of which she is innocent, who, upon her release from prison, is forced into warfare with the authorities, matching her wits and courage against police brutality and adroitly avoiding the clutches of the law, although she preys upon society at will.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Bachaus in Sunday Concert.

Tomorrow afternoon, January 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Manager Greenbaum will introduce Wilhelm Bachaus, a young piano virtuoso who has won the very highest encomiums from the critics of Europe and the East. The programme on this occasion will include masterpieces by Brahms, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, and others. The only evening concert is announced for Thursday night, January 8, when Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Schumann's "Papillons," the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella," and works by Mendelssohn and Chopin are on the list; for the farewell concert on Saturday afternoon, January 10, a particularly fine programme has been arranged, the special features of which will be the rarely played "Wanderer Fantasy," by Schubert, a group of seven Chopin gems, and works by Gluck-Saint-Saëns, Rachaminoff, and Liszt.

Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the hall.

Kathleen Parlow and Symphony Orchestra.

By far the most pretentious programmes ever given by a symphony orchestra in San Francisco will be those of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the second half of its 1913-1914 season. Friday afternoon, January 9, will find the first symphony concert of the New Year ushered in with a programme that bids fair to prove one of "greatness."

Assisting the orchestra in the capacity of soloist will be Kathleen Parlow, a young violinist in whom San Francisco takes particular pride. At the age of fifteen Miss Parlow went to London and gave a recital. She then played with the London Symphony Orchestra, after which she was commanded to appear before the queen. Miss Parlow's reappearance in the United States was with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in 1910. Since then she has led the life of a virtuoso and returns to San Francisco at the height of her career. Miss Parlow will play the Saint-Saëns Concerto in B minor for violin and orchestra, and a group consisting of Tchaikovsky's serenade, "Melancholique," and Wienawski's carnival, "Russe." Cesar Franck's joyous symphony in D minor, the performance of which gave such pleasure to those who attended the first concert, will be repeated by request.

Henry Hadley's Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," which won the prize of \$1000 offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs for the best American composition, will be given at this concert for the first time in San Francisco. The work has found representation, on the programmes of all the great symphony orchestras of this country and Europe.

Parlow Concert Programmes.

Kathleen Parlow will make her first appearance on the Pacific Coast since she left here a mere child Sunday afternoon, January 11, at the new Native Sons' Hall, on Mason Street, near Geary, almost diagonally opposite the Columbia Theatre. Kathleen Parlow is now one of the greatest of the women violinists.

At her first concert Miss Parlow, assisted by the eminent English accompanist, Charlton Keither, will play the "Concerto" by Tchaikowsky, the "Sonata" in E major by Handel, and works by Goldmark, Mozart, Tartini-Kreisler, Chopin, Brahms-Joachim, and Wieniawski.

The second concert will be given at the Cort Theatre on Thursday afternoon, January 15, at 3:15 o'clock, for the benefit of the building fund of the First Congregational Church. The programme will include the "Concerto" in D minor by Vieuxtemps, the "Chaconne" by Bach, "Menuett" by Debussy, and numbers of Kreisler and Sarasate.

The farewell concert of Miss Parlow will be given Saturday afternoon, January 17, and again at Native Sons' Hall, when the programme will include Paganini's "Concerto" in D major, the beautiful Variations on "La Folia" by Corelli, and numbers by Sarasate, Brahms, Wieniawski, Lalo, and Professor Auer's transcription of Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet."

The sale of seats for all three events will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Date Set for Only Paderewski Concert.

Mail orders are now being accepted for the concert to be given at Dreamland Rink on Sunday afternoon, January 18, by Paderewski. Manager Will Greenbaum desires to announce that this will be positively the only concert by Paderewski here this season, and that the only other opportunity of hearing him will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, on Tuesday afternoon, January 20.

The Pavlowa Sea on Near at Hand.

With a big company including the pick of the dancers trained at the Marienski Institute, the national school of the Russian empire, her own magnificent symphony orchestra of forty, gorgeous costumes and beautiful sets of scenery designed and painted by the

great artists Leon Bakst, Boris Anisfeld, and others, the incomparable Anna Pavlowa will again visit this city under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum, and with her assisting star, M. Novikoff, of the Imperial Opera House at Moscow, give a series of performances at the Valencia Theatre, the like of which has never before been witnessed in this country. With the stage mechanics, electricians, etc., there will be one hundred and ten people connected with the performances.

The season will open Monday night, January 19, and last one week with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, January 24 and 25.

Manager Greenbaum will now accept mail orders for any of the performances, and these must be accompanied with check or money order, and should be mailed to him at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the box-office will be opened on Tuesday, January 14. Special street-car service has been arranged for, and the Valencia will be well heated and put in first-class condition for this most auspicious engagement.

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AMUSEMENTS

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HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR

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SOLOIST-KATHLEEN PARLOW (Violinist)

Tickets, 75c to \$2; box, loge seats, \$3. Seats on sale Monday at box-offices, Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, Cort Theatre.

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

THE PINNACLE OF VAUDEVILLE

HORACE GOLDIN, the Royal Illusionist, presenting in three series "The Old and the New - And a Tiger God Too"; MAUDE MULLER and ED STANLEY, Comic Opera Fun-Makers; MR. and MRS. FREDERICK ALLEN in their new comedy, "She Had to Tell Him"; BOUDINI BROTHERS, Masters of the Accordeon; JOE SHRINER and DOLL RICHARDS, "Bits of Nonsense"; TRYON'S DOGS, featuring "Hector," the Calculating Marvel; THE FIVE SULLYS; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; Last Week, LILLIAN HERLEIN in a Song Novelty.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone-Douglas 70.

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Sun. Mat. and Night Only-GABY DESLYS Starting Monday Night-Second week of William A. Brady's production of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story

LITTLE WOMEN

Dramatized by Marian de Forest

Mats. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday

Prices, nights and mats, 25c to \$1.50.

Next-Sunday, January 11, MARGARET ILLINGTON in "WITHIN THE LAW."

SAVOY THEATRE McALLISTER ST.

Near Market Phone Market 130

This and tomorrow aft. and eve.-Last times of "MUTT AND JEFF IN PANAMA."

Com. Mon., Jan. 5-Twice daily, 2:30 and 8:30

Mr. George Kleine presents

Antony and Cleopatra

The Most Wondrous of All Spectacular Productions, in 8 parts

All seats reserved, 25c and 50c

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Another \$2 Worth for \$1

Prices-Nights, Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c to \$1. Thursday matinee, 25c and 75c.

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Pianist Extraordinary
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
This Sunday aft. - - Jan. 4
Thursday eve, Jan. 8, and Saturday aft. Jan. 10
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Baldwin Piano used.

Kathleen PARLOW
VIOLINIST
NATIVE SONS' HALL
Mason St., above Geary
Sunday aft. Jan. 11, and Saturday aft. Jan. 17
and a SPECIAL CONCERT at
CORT THEATRE, Thursday aft. Jan. 15, at 3:15
for Benefit of Building Fund of
First Congregational Church.
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Wednesday at
Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
Baldwin Piano used.

Paderewski

ONCE ONLY-DREAMLAND, Sunday, Jan. 18
IN OAKLAND-Tuesday aft. Jan. 20

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PAVLOWA
Assisted by M. NOVIKOFF
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Imperial Russian Ballet
and
Symphony Orchestra
100 People

VALENCIA THEATRE
ONE WEEK-Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 19
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Prices-Boxes, 10 seats, \$10; 8 seats, \$32. Orchestra and 2 rows Dress Circle, \$5; other rows Dress Circle, \$2. Balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.
MAIL ORDERS NOW RECEIVED
Address Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny, enclosing check or money order. Special attention to out-of-town orders.
Box-office opens Tuesday, Jan. 13, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
Coming-CLARA BUTT and MR. RUMFORD.

VANITY FAIR.

It is an ancient and time-honored male custom to carry one or two pins in the southwest corner of the waistcoat. It is quite possible to ingratiate one's self permanently with a lady by the opportune supply of a pin at a psychological moment of need, although there was one painful occasion when the fair one refused to accept the aid on the ground that she never took pins from men, as there was no knowing where the nasty creatures got them from. Probably this was intended as a reflection on our morals.

But henceforth we shall carry no more pins. It is a mistake to burden one's self with incriminating evidence. We have no desire to hear a policeman testify against us that upon our arrest we were found to be in possession of a pin. Even a spotless reputation could hardly prevail against that. Henceforth the man who carries a pin will do so at his own peril, although there are one or two cases already upon record where the absence of a pin on the prisoner has been held to show a subtle and artful disposition as well as a felonious intent.

Now the foregoing pious resolution for the New Year is induced by a perusal of the following facts, among others. It seems that a young girl of eighteen while riding on a New York subway train was observed suddenly to grasp the hand of a male passenger. It was not a demonstration of affection, for the young person loudly informed her fellow-travelers that her prisoner had stabbed her with a poisoned pin. Of course there was only one thing to do, since the girl was distinctly pretty, and there was an instant demand that the wretch be lynched. But as a railroad train rarely carries facilities for lynching it was decided to hold him and hand him over to the police at the next station, which was about fifteen seconds away. The man and the girl were both taken to the station, and there the girl explained that she had been stabbed in the right arm with a poisoned pin and that already she felt faint. A doctor was sent for who was so ungallant, so lacking in the true sentiments of suffragetteism and the new womanhood, as to declare that the girl had not been stabbed or even pricked, and that her lily-white arm was undefaced. No doubt he was a white slaver himself. Must have been, or he would not have disagreed with a lady. And here the young woman so far recovered from her faintness as to take a part in the proceedings. She turned to the assembled reporters and told them that if they would go to her address they would be supplied with photographs of herself that could be used to embellish the story. Noting a certain lack of enthusiasm upon their part she said, "After all, you won't need pictures. The story will be a good enough advertisement for me."

Now what do you suppose the police would do in a case of that kind? Five years ago they would have packed that young woman off to the hysteria ward of the hospital, and made their apologies to her victim. But—*nous avons changé tout cela*. Those policemen did not propose to have Dr. Anna Howard Shaw camping on their trail. The policeman's life is not a happy one in any case. It would be rendered unendurable if they should show a lack of enthusiasm for the fairy stories of a demented girl. So they locked that young man up in a cell so that he might be brought before the magistrates in the morning and publicly tried on a charge of white slavery. Now what do you think of that? If he should live to be one hundred and forty years of age there will still be some one to whisper behind his back that he was once tried for white slavery. And the draggle-tailed slut that accused him will get the advertisement for which her dirty little soul was yearning. Therefore no pins in ours from this day forth. We will mend our suspenders in some other way.

They are having high times in Indianapolis in consequence of an ordinance for the better regulation of improper dances. It seems that a horrid rumor reached the ears of the ladies of the city. It was to the effect that some poor people whose morals were very properly under suspicion on account of their lack of wealth had been indulging in dances that were not in accord with the good, the beautiful, and the true as associated with the loftier circles of society. It was a state of affairs that had to be rectified, and it promptly was rectified in the feminine way. That is to say a law was passed, and laws, as we all know, have the magical effect of turning improper poverty into a sedate and proper poverty, although they are without effect upon the poverty itself, which, as we all know, is a dispensation of Providence. The law was to the effect that henceforth there must be no dances except under the supervision of a matron, who was to be appointed by the police superintendent and who must be paid in advance a fee of \$2. Nothing was said in the law about the division of the \$2, but no doubt that was taken for granted, as well as the past political services of the aforesaid matron. The fee was not a large one, but doubtless there were ways to supplement it,

as the people to be mulcted—shopgirls and the like—were quite poor and therefore without any definite rights against the wealthy people who wanted to do them good. The law further provided that the matron should have the power to eject any dancer who in her opinion was offending the proprieties of "dress, actions, or language." It was a beautiful law.

But it had a defect. It contained an oversight. The law neglected specifically to state that it was to be directed only against poor people. Of course the objection was based merely upon a quibble, since every one knows that all laws intended to regulate private lives are intended for the improvement of the morals of poverty and not of wealth. And so the society of Indianapolis found itself suddenly confronted with the necessity for the presence of a police matron at its most sacred functions, and a matron with powers to eject any one whose hair was of an improper color or whose nose was of an undesirable shape. So a committee of "prominent" women was quickly organized to wait upon the mayor and protest, but the ordinance was already signed and the mayor had no further power in the matter.

Of course the thing will right itself at once. There will be no trouble about that. It is quite understood by modern jurisprudence that the mere fact that prominent women object to any particular law renders that law null and void automatically. But the incident shows how careful we ought to be to state quite specifically that all laws for the regulation of morals are to be understood as referring only to the morals of the poor. Even the sovereign powers of the nation may well hesitate before a task of such magnitude as the reform of the morals of the rich. There are limits.

"One phase of the notions department business that would strike a casual observer as peculiar is the number of men who buy thimbles," said the girl behind the notion counter, as reported by the *New York Times*. "The first time I sold a thimble to a man I was almost convulsed with curiosity, and he was in the same condition with bashfulness. He tried to make me think at first that he was buying the thimble for his sister, but he worried so over the size that I suspected there was something back of the anxiety. At last I said:

"'Can't you give me some idea of the size of your sister's finger? Is it as large as mine?' and I held up the middle finger of my right hand for inspection.

"'Oh, yes,' said he, 'it is larger than that—much larger. It is almost as large as mine.'"

"And then I laughed, and presently he laughed and told me all about it.

"The fact is," he said, "I have no sister. I'm roughing it in bachelor quarters, and I have to do so much mending and sewing on buttons and the like that I find a thimble indispensable. I suppose my ability in that line is nothing to be ashamed of, but somehow I rather shrunk from letting on that I was buying a thimble for myself. I thought it would make me seem effeminate."

"But that happened two or three years ago," the girl added. "Nowadays they march right up and buy needles and thread and darning cotton and even hand sewing-machines without a tremor, just as women buy their own rifles and rowboats and other sporting goods. Most of the men who buy thimbles have the nicest tapering fingers imaginable. I suppose most of them work in offices or stores and don't do anything to soil their hands. They are very particular about the fit of their thimbles. They always want them as tight as beeswax. A woman likes a thimble loose enough to permit of circulation, but the men say they can't do anything with the thimble slipping off all the time.

"Men buy good thimbles, too, much better than the average woman buys. It is no unusual thing for them to ask for gold ones. Then I have to send them to the jewelry department. Last year I gave several young men nice thimbles for Christmas presents. They all said I couldn't have given them anything that wouldn't have been so useful and acceptable. It is a wonder to me why more girls don't give their men friends thimbles instead of fancy handkerchief cases and necktie boxes. I am sure they would appreciate them more."

Manila will erect the largest and most modern theatre in the entire Far Eastern country. The government of the islands has leased to the Oriental Theatrical Company an ample site adjoining the Botanical Gardens, and on a central and attractive boulevard, upon which it will construct at once a modern theatre, to cost about \$175,000. Machinery and equipment for it will cost \$75,000 more. The new structure is to have a roof garden and a modern grill room. The stage is to be capable of presenting the most modern productions. The auditorium will seat 1500 and will be cooled by chilled air from the government ice plant.

Bix—My wife is never happy when I am out of her sight. Dix—My wife doesn't trust me, either.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Marion came to the breakfast-table late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother. "Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?" "Now, mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Blue Rock to hear me sing?"

The nightwatchman of a large hotel saw an apparition in white moving along the hall at two a. m. He hastened his steps and tapped on the shoulder what proved to be a man. "Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the watchman. The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I am a somnambulist." "Well," said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night dressed like this, no matter what your religion is."

A noted Sunday-school worker, living in Kansas, was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday-school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause and wears a hit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said, "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?" There was no reply for a moment; then a childish little voice in the rear of the room piped out, "'Cause this is a prohibition town."

To the great god Buddha came the representatives of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish denominations to pay him homage. Buddha, very flattered, told each of them that they would express a wish it would be fulfilled. "What do you wish?" he asked the Catholic. The answer was "Glory." "You shall have it," said Buddha, and turning to the Protestant, "What do you wish?" "Money," "You shall have it." "And you?" he said to the Jew. "I do not want much," replied he; "give me the Protestant's address."

In a Southern city Mrs. Ebenezer toiled in the sun over her washtubs, while Mr. Ebenezer sat on the woodpile and gazed into space. At last, unable to bear his inactivity in silence, at least, his wife asked: "Why can you clumb down off'n dat air woodpile an' hep me wif dis heah washin'?" He lazily shifted his gaze and directed it upon his laboring spouse. "Ah kaint, 'cause Ah'm lazy husy," he drawled. "Busy!" she snapped. "Whut doin', Ah'd lake to know?" "Busy thinkin'," he retorted. "Thinkin'?" he repeated scornfully. "Whut yo' got to tink wif?"

A group of navvies was proceeding along a street, all convulsed with laughter. Every now and then they would stop and slap each other on the back. A policeman seeing them, wished to share in the joke, and going up to them asked: "What's the game?" This occasioned another fresh outburst from the navvies, and then they explained. "You know that high building at the end of the street? Well, that was on fire. Not a blessed stair was left, and old Bill 'e was on the top, and dancing abaht like a hantam. So I yells to 'em, 'Bill, jump, an' we'll catch yer in a blanket,' an' 'e jumped, hut we 'adn't got no bloomin' blanket!"

A jarvey was driving with an English visitor on a bitterly cold day in December through the wilds of Connemara. They became quite sociable on the way, and the native, in a burst of confidence, pointed out a shebeen where the "hest potheen in Connaught" might be obtained. The Englishman, only too glad to get an opportunity of warming himself, offered refreshment, which offer was readily accepted. "'Tis a very cold day in these parts, Pat," observed the tourist. "'Tis, yer honor," replied Pat. He raised his glass, and he contents speedily vanished. "And there's ruth in the old sayin'," he suggestively added, smacking his lips, "wan swallow niver made a summer."

Once during some army manoeuvres in a country district Prince Arthur of Connaught and some brother officers lunched on top of a haystack. Presently the farmer appeared, and as he drew near he could be heard expressing some forcible opinions on the subject of his haystack being used as a mess-room. An orderly hurried up and explained who the officers were, and in an undertone he added that one of them was Prince Arthur, King George's cousin. The indignant farmer flatly refused to believe him. "Anyway, prince or no prince, they've got to come off my stack," he declared, and, turning to the amused officers, he added: "Dash it all, from the looks of you, the next thing you'd do with the stack would be to eat it!"

A certain blue-blooded family in whose household there had been something in the way of a strike were a short time ago perturbed to receive an intimation, at a very

short notice, that they were to receive a visit from some most distinguished people whose acquaintance they had long sought. With great pluckiness two of the three pretty daughters of the house turned to and cooked the luncheon, and the third, disguised in a cap and apron, posed as parlor maid. Weeks after, at a function in town, both families met, and the head of the distinguished branch expressed to the third sister his regret that she had not been at home on the occasion of his visit. "Ah! but I was at home," the little rogue admitted. "It was I who smacked your face when you tried to kiss me behind the hall door!"

After a closely contested election a dorky told how a Republican worker had come to him and said: "See here, Sam, you got four sons that can vote and your vote will make five. Now, you all vote the Republican ticket, and here are eleven dollars for you." "All right, hoss," said Sam with a grin, taking the money. "We'll all be on han', suah." Then the Democratic heeler found Sam and said, "Sam, you and your hoys all vote the Democratic ticket, and here are seven dollars for you. But, mind you, you be on hand." "Yass, suh," said Sam as he pocketed the boodle, "we'll vote all right, cunnel." After the election, being asked how he had voted, he said he had voted the Democratic ticket. "But," said the other, "didn't the Republicans give you eleven dollars to vote their way, while the Democrats gave you only seven? You ought to have voted for the party that gave you the most money." "No, sah," said Sam. "You see, de 'Publicans offer de mos' money, an' dey is de mos' corrupter. I votes for de least corrupter."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Gourmet's Love Song.

As is the mint sauce to the lamb,
As is the fried egg to the ham,
As is the 'possum to the yam,
Are you to me!
Like pork without the apple sauce,
Like hot cross buns without the cross,
Without you, love, a total loss
My life would be!

Like apple pie without the cheese,
Or juicy lamb without the peas,
Or lemon ice that will not freeze,
Would be my life.
You are the syrup to my cakes,
You are the mushrooms to my steaks,
And so I beg for both our sakes,
Oh, be my wife!

I love you with my heart and soul,
More than young squab en casserole,
More than French dressing in the bowl,
Oh, do be mine!
What? No? My future thus you spoil!
My salad you deprive of oil!
Farewell! But still the pot will boil!
I go to—dine!—*New York Globe.*

Cruise of the Piffle.

This is the story told to me,
A tale of the wild departmental sea,
As told by a dub from the Carabao Club,
And he vouched for its verity.

It was the good ship *Piffle*
That sailed the stormy main
Where diplomats and Democrats
Steer by the weather vane.
The captain brave, on bridge stood he
And gazed at the foam about;
The first mate bold, in the forward hold,
With a crown of thorns and a cross of gold,
Was dopping a lecture out.

The fair breeze blew, the *Piffle* flew
For the Philippines away;
From turrets run, each well-spiked gun,
Lowered forth in stern array.
The captain donned his monocle
And up the mainmast shinned;
The first mate clung where the rudder hung,
With heaving chest and mighty lung,
And filled the sails with wind.

"What think you of our gallant craft?"
The captain bellowed low,
To the sojers gruff and the sailors rough
Of the Club of the Carabao.
"What think you of our flossy ship?"
The first mate did remark,
As he raised his hand with a gesture bland,
As though upon a Chautauqua stand,
Where cheering thousands hark.

But dark the brow of the captain grew,
And the first mate frowned to see
The sojers gruff and the sailors rough
Bellow in bursts of glee;
"What think we of your gallant ship?"
What think we of your tub?
This *Piffle* junk, on the seas of bunk—
If you will have it, we think it punk,"
Answered the Carabao Club.

"What ho!" the captain shouted then—
For the first mate's face was blank—
"Now rope 'em fast to mirzen mast,
Till we make 'em walk the plank.
I'd have 'em know, when they talk to us,
They'd better belay their lip,
Or ready be to say to me
That our *Piffle* ship on our piffle sea,
Is a right little, tight little ship!"

They locked them up in a grape juice tank—
And this is the tale told me
By a sad-eyed dub of the Carabao Club,
Just as they made him walk the plank,
Ere he plunged in the sea of bunk and sank—
And he vouched for its verity.
—Dean Collins, in *Portland Oregonian.*



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Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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SIG. GREENEBAUM.....Chairman of the Board
WASHINGTON DODGE.....Vice-President
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June 30th, 1913:
Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

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Capital.....\$1,000,000
Total Assets..... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders..... 3,266,021

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Thomas Gardiner of Oakland announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Marjorie Gardiner, to Lieutenant W. C. Harrison, U. S. A. Lieutenant Harrison is a cousin of Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in June.

The wedding of Miss Maud Murray of Philadelphia and Mr. Alden Ames took place Saturday in Redwood City. Mr. Ames is a brother of Mr. Worthington Ames of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Ames will return to New York, where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Calvin and Mr. George D. Lawrence took place Saturday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin. The Misses Nellie and Erminie Calvin were their sister's only attendants. Mr. Milton Grosh was Mr. Lawrence's best man. After a trip through Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence will go to Salt Lake City, where they will reside.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at an egg-nog party Christmas day at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner Christmas evening in their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Clinton La Montagne was host at a theatre and supper party Saturday evening. The affair was in honor of Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster entertained the friends of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Tuesday evening at a dance at her home on Scott Street.

Mrs. Harriet Miller was hostess at a dinner-dance Saturday evening at her home in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of her son, Mr. Earl Miller, who has come home from New Haven to spend the holidays.

Brigadier-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a reception New Year's Day at their home at Fort Mason. Mrs. Murray was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Maxwell Murray and Miss Sadie Murray.

Another tea on New Year's Day was given by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace entertained the young friends of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, at a dance Friday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Marian Doe was hostess at a tea New Year's Day in honor of Miss Erminie Calvin, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin.

Miss Eliza McMullin and her fiancée, Mr. John Gallois, were the guests of honor Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. Raphael Weill in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. About thirty guests enjoyed Mr. Weill's hospitality.

Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw have issued invitations to a bridge party and tea Monday, January 6. The affair is in honor of Miss Martha Brevoort.

Among those who were entertained at dinner at their homes Christmas evening were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Winkle, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greer gave a children's Christmas tree party Thursday morning at their home on Washington Street.

Miss Maye Colburn was hostess at a tea Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson gave a dinner Christmas evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris gave an egg-nog party Christmas afternoon at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained their friends at an informal dance Monday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a dance at their new home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Helen Stone and Mr. Grayson Hineckley, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Dr. Florence Ward gave a dance Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of the young people who are home from their various schools for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dance Monday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Grant's residence in Burlingame. There were a number of house parties for those who went down from the city to attend.

Miss Miriam Beaver, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, was hostess at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at the home of her parents on Webster Street.

Mrs. F. H. Allen was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Washington Street. The Thursday Bridge Club met New Year's Day at the home of Mrs. Percy Haslett.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan have issued invitations to a rag party the middle of January at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick entertained a number of congenial friends at dinner Tuesday evening.

Miss Doris Wilshire was hostess at a thé d'anté Christmas afternoon at the home on Walnut Street of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus. The affair was in honor of Miss Helen Stone.

Miss Mary Eyre gave a dance last week at the Hotel Monroe in honor of her niece, Miss Elena Eyre.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee was hostess at a luncheon and theatre party Saturday, when she entertained about thirty young people in honor of her four children.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenent Harrington gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis

in honor of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Harrington. Accompanied by their guests, they later attended the Junior Assembly Dance at Scottish Rite Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Monday evening.

Miss Edith Sneyd-Kennersley entertained a number of friends Friday at a thé d'anté at her home on Jones Street.

Judge Harry Manville and Mrs. Wright gave a dinner New Year's Eve at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby were at home to their friends Christmas afternoon.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman have issued invitations to a dance Wednesday evening, January 7, at their home on Broadway. The affair will be in honor of their niece, Miss Amy Morrison of Redlands.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a dance Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Sproule's daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Locust Street.

Word comes that previous to his departure for London Mr. Rollo Peters, Jr., who was lately in Munich, held an exhibition of his drawings and paintings on December 15 in Mrs. Chamberlain's drawing-rooms, 108 rue de Bac, in Paris. Many artists as well as people from the American colony were there and Mr. Peters's work was greatly admired.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Hannah Hobart left last week for New York, accompanied by her children, Miss Ruth and Master Walter Hobart, Jr., whom she will place in Eastern schools. Mrs. Hobart's elder daughter, Miss Hannah Hobart, returned to school in September after having spent the summer vacation in Burlingame, where Mrs. Hobart has been occupying the Crossways' cottage. It is the intention of Mrs. Hobart to spend the next few months in Europe.

Mr. Earl Miller arrived last week from Yale and has joined his mother, Mrs. Harriet Miller, at their home, Earlton Lodge, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children have been spending the past week in Monterey. Among others who went down for the New Year holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Miss Virginia Loffie.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan will sail January 28 for Honolulu, where they will spend a month. They will be accompanied by Miss Francis Pierce.

Mrs. John Polhemus and her children have moved to the Hotel Monroe to remain until Mrs. Polhemus's departure for New York, where she will meet her husband, who is en route home from Guatemala. Mr. and Mrs. Polhemus will spend several months in the East before returning home and during their absence their children will reside with Mrs. Polhemus's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Mrs. William Matson and her daughter, Miss Lurline Matson, have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. Earl Graham is recovering from an operation for appendicitis, which was performed in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dr. Charles Miner Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall are temporarily located at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain until their future home on Pacific Avenue and Buchanan Street is ready for occupancy.

Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., has returned from the Harvard Law School and is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. Luther J. Holton returned to his home in Santa Barbara yesterday after having spent a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard are established for the winter in their new home on Union Street.

Miss Sarah Redington of Santa Barbara sailed recently for Naples, taking the Mediterranean trip and stopping en route at Gibraltar and Algiers.

Mrs. Dibblee and her daughter, Miss Anita Dibblee, of Santa Barbara, have been spending the past week in Ross as the guests of Miss Anita Dibblee.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Miss Helen Clark, and Mr. Edward Clark, Jr., came from New York to spend the holidays with Mrs. Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mr. John Stubbs and his sister, Miss Ruth Stubbs, are visiting their mother, Mrs. J. E. Stubbs, in Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Walton Hedges came from Santa Barbara to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Emma Butler. Before returning home Mrs. Hedges will visit her sister, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, in Burlingame.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from an extended visit in Europe.

Mr. Loring P. Rixford has returned from Victoria, B. C., where he has been visiting his father, Mr. G. P. Rixford.

Miss Katherine Strickler will leave shortly for Albuquerque, where she will remain indefinitely with her father, Mr. Willard Strickler. Miss Strickler has been spending several months with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marinier, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow have returned to their home in Fresno after having spent the holidays at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Parker Whitney of Rocklin has been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George Armshy will leave in a few days for a brief visit in the East.

Sir Robert Balfour arrived last week from London and joined Lady Balfour at the Fairmont Hotel. They spent Christmas in Burlingame with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low have

returned to town after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis and the latter's sons, Masters Gaston and Farragut Ashe, are spending a few days at their ranch near Hollister.

The Messrs. William, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis returned Monday from Bakersfield, where they spent the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Tevis will remain south a few days longer, when she will return to her home in San Mateo.

Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have been spending the past week in Pleasanton.

Rear-Admiral Uriel Schree, U. S. N. (retired), of Coronado, has been spending the past few days at the Palace Hotel.

Naval Constructor Laurence S. Adams, U. S. N., is expected to be named head of the bull division at Mare Island, succeeding to the billet made vacant by the death of Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, U. S. N. Lieutenant Adams has recently had inspection duty at the ship-building yards at Bath, Maine.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Bishop Soule, U. S. N., and Mrs. Soule will spend this month in Santa Barbara, returning early in February to Sausalito.

Commander William P. Cronan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cronan have recently established themselves in Washington, D. C., where the former has been given an important position in naval affairs.

Mrs. Earl Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller) will leave January 15 for Coronado, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Shipp, U. S. N., who is attached to the *Paul Jones*.

Lieutenant B. D. Foulis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foulis are at the Hotel del Coronado. Lieutenant Foulis is on duty with the Army Aviation School.

Captain Alden Trotter, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Caswell, North Carolina, and has joined his wife at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schweitzer. They expect to leave the middle of January for Winona, Mississippi.

Colonel George W. McIvor, U. S. A., Mrs. McIvor, the Misses Frances and Cora McIvor, and Masters Alexander and Renwick McIvor are en route home from Manila, where they have been residing for the past two years. After a brief visit with Mrs. McIvor's mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, they will go to Washington, D. C., where Colonel McIvor will assume his duties in the adjutant-general's office. Their eldest son Mr. Wilcox McIvor, is attending the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

Lieutenant F. L. Simpson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simpson have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home in the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur W. Yates, U. S. A., Quartermaster Corps, now at Portland, will come to this city for temporary duty and will later proceed to Manila.

Major K. J. Hampton, U. S. A., will sail Monday for the Philippines, where he will be indefinitely. Major Hampton has been chief quartermaster at the Presidio for several years.

Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., will arrive January 15 from the Philippines, where he has been on sick leave.

Brigadier-General Pershing, U. S. A., who is on the same transport, will take command of the Eighth Brigade at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur W. Yates, U. S. A., Quartermaster Corps, will arrive shortly from Portland, having been ordered to this city for temporary duty. He will later sail for the Philippine Islands.

Colonel H. H. Ludlow, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Stevens, Oregon.

Army Relief Society Benefit.

The work of the Army Relief Society extends throughout the United States and beyond, to the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Panama, and is concentrated in aid and relief to the widows and orphans of enlisted men of the army who have been killed in action or who have died as result of wounds and sickness. Last year the Sixteenth Infantry gave a country dance at the Presidio Club, with the result that Mrs. Cornelius Gardener, then president of the Sixteenth Infantry section, sent \$515 to New York. This year the Sixteenth Infantry section, of which Mrs. George Bell, Jr., is president, hopes to raise a larger sum by means of the thé d'anté to be given at the Hotel St. Francis January 15, 1914.

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UNION SQUARE

M. MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON
The World's Greatest Rhythmic Dancers

Who gave the Tango its vogue in Paris, London and New York, will give exhibitions for local society in the Rose Room, during supper, commencing January 12th

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street, Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1914. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after January 2, 1914.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1, 1914. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

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Suits and overcoats worth up to \$60, now for \$33

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Celestin Demblon, whose books endeavor to prove that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written by Lord Rutland, will come to this country in the spring to lecture on his theory. He is a Deputy and professor of literature at Brussels University.

Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, who succeeded his father on the throne of Siam, is modern in his ideas and plans. He is literary, writes poetry, and has so far forsaken the ways of his ancestors that he travels by automobile, having in his court equipage a number of fine cars.

The German crown prince, living up to Hohenzollern tradition, is now a tradesman, having adopted the handicraft of a master turner. A complete turner's workshop has been erected for his royal highness at his villa at Langfuhr, and he is assiduously working at his new trade under the instruction of a Dantzig master at the craft.

William J. Calhoun, on whom the president of China has conferred the Chia-ho decoration of the first class, is former minister of this country to China. He took the post in 1909. The recipient of this honor was born in Pittsburgh in 1848. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1875. President McKinley appointed him special commissioner to Cuba in 1897, and in 1905 President Roosevelt sent him in a similar capacity to Venezuela.

The Rev. Thomas Nicol, D. D., the next moderator of the Church of Scotland, is professor of biblical criticism in the University of Aberdeen. He is a native of Kincardineshire. At Aberdeen University he took the foremost places in Greek, Latin, logic, moral philosophy, and Christian evidences. He carried off the Simpson Greek prize, the Hutton prize, and achieved the very unusual combination of first-class honors at graduation both in classics and philosophy.

Joseph F. Dennis, mayor of Bellecentre, Ohio, undoubtedly the oldest city head in this country, is in his eighty-seventh year. He was first elected mayor in 1870, and served off and on until 1890. Defeated in that election, he waited twenty-one years before again entering the lists. Then he was elected, and has since been returned to office. He is a man of unusual stamina, and avows that he expects to take an active part in the affairs of town and state for some years to come.

Morrison Comegys Boyd, to whom the Pennsylvania committee has just awarded the Rhodes scholarship, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1913. He is the third University of Pennsylvania man to win the scholarship, and landed the honors in open competition. Mr. Boyd was graduated from the Central High School in 1909. While a university student he won the Greek composition prize, the Greek sight reading prize, and the George Allen memorial prizes in both Greek and Latin. Sophomore and senior honors were awarded to him.

Lord Burnham, the "grand old man of the British press," who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, was presented in honor of the occasion with a birthday address signed not only by the leading English newspaper men, but also by representatives of the American, European, Canadian, Australian, South African, and East Indian press. In private life he is Edward Levy Lawson, having taken the name Lawson by royal license in 1875, under the terms of the will of his uncle, Lionel Lawson. He was high sheriff for Bucks in 1885, and a year later was elected president of the Royal Institute of Journalists. Lord Burnham, despite his age, is mentally and physically alert, and is active in his control of the *Daily Telegraph*.

William C. Smith, whose resignation as president of the New York Central lines went into effect on the first of the year, began his railroad career at the age of sixteen as a

section hand in Illinois. In his spare time he helped the station agent at Thompson, who in return instructed him in telegraphy. In February, 1902, he was made vice-president in charge of operation and maintenance of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; in February, 1905, vice-president in charge of operation and maintenance of all the railroads comprising the New York Central lines, and on June 1, 1906, senior vice-president in charge of all departments of the same companies. His final promotion to the presidency came in February, 1909.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Look.

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

—Sara Teasdale, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Incredulous Sally.

Sally says there are no fairies;
Sally lives in town,
Sally has a white face,
My face is brown;
People in the town are clever,
Country folk are slow.
Sally don't believe in fairies,—
Townpeople know.

Sally says if flowers were growing
Where the children play,
Harebells on the hillside,
Red poppies gay,
Daisies white in greenest meadows,
Buttercups of gold,—
They'd be tied in penny bunches
And quickly sold.

Sally says there are no linnets
Singing on the tree,
Cages are for song birds,
Not liberty;
All a pack o' country nonsense
Skylarks on the wing—
Sally says we have no music,
Town birds can sing.

Sally says the wind don't whisper
Stories of delight,
Wonder-tales of old-time,
Goblin and sprite;
Never hint of wreck and iceberg
Comes on winter gust;
Sally says the wind just freezes
Or chokes with dust.

Sally don't believe in fairies,
Sally lives in town,
Sally has a white face,
My face is brown;
People in the town are clever,
Country folk are slow,—
Ah! but Sally, let me teach you
The things I know.
—*Westminster Gazette*.

A Mountain Gateway.

I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep with shade it lies,
A mighty cleft in the green bosoming hills,
A cool, dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut; here and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness—
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scared by a thousand winters and untamed.
The road winds in from the broad riverlands,
Luring the happy traveler turn by turn,
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods the mountain stream
Comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks
hang,
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.

There, light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills,
And in my cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leaved beaches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening hymn—
So undisturbed, so rapturous, so pure,
It well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The scraps singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.
—Bliss Carman, in the *Smart Set*.

The present transcontinental tour of "Milestones," the interesting play of three generations by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, has been successful in a theatrical season when successes are not particularly numerous. The members of the all English company have been highly praised. "Milestones" will be seen in the East for a few weeks more and then begins the long tour through the South, out to the Pacific Coast and back.



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The first year of operation of the Municipal Railway on Geary Street has been completed, the running of cars having been commenced on December 28, 1912. There are now thirty-nine cars in regular service on the line. The accounts of the road place the receipts to and including December 27 last at \$439,157.18. The average fares now are about \$1700 a day. The running expenses for the year are set down at \$218,186.

John W. McDermott, receiving teller of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, was run down and killed by a recklessly driven automobile on Market Street, near Fourth, at 1:50 a. m. Christmas morning. Louis Kantor, a professional chauffeur, is under arrest. For thirty-two years McDermott, who was forty-eight years old, had been engaged in banking. He was one of the organizers and a past president of the San Francisco chapter of the American Institute of Bankers. The funeral was held on Saturday morning.

Walter A. McCreery, who escaped from his guardian and fled to England, has been declared mentally competent to handle his large estate by Dr. Bruce Porter, president of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and physician extraordinary to his majesty, King George V; Dr. Robert P. Smith, doctor of medicine at the University of London, and Dr. Charles A. Mercier, fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.

On Monday the board of supervisors passed to print a substitute cemetery removal ordinance to take the place of that already finally passed and in the hands of the mayor. Under its provisions the six months originally allowed lot-owners as individuals to remove their dead is increased to fourteen months, and the two years and nine months allowed the cemetery associations to complete the general removal after three months' notice has been given them by the board of health is increased to three and one-half years.

Four suits, which aggregate more than \$161,000, representing the money embezzled by Charles F. Baker, former assistant cashier of the Crocker National Bank, and lost by him in stock speculation, have been filed in the superior court against Hutton & Co., Byrne & McDonald, and J. C. Wilson & Co. The suits were brought by the bank on behalf of Lloyds of London.

Colonel Charles Mason Kinne, a Civil War veteran, and for more than thirty years identified with insurance business in San Francisco, died suddenly on Thursday last of heart failure at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Clark Burnham, Bushnell Place, Berkeley. He had been prominently identified with the early history of California and had been a member of the "California Hundred," which joined the Second Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry. With this brigade he had served as adjutant-general throughout the war. Colonel Kinne had been commander-in-chief in California of the Loyal Legion and for thirty years its treasurer. The funeral was held on Sunday.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Marian—Yer man wears his hair awful short, don't he? I'fren—Yes, the coward!—Judge.

Innocent Old Lady (to grocer)—I hear a great deal about this tango tea nowadays. How much is it a pound?—Life.

"What's the most liable to get broke about your automobile?" "The owner," replied Mr. Chuggins.—Livingston Lance.

Wife (in city hotel, as the sugar is passed)—Use the tongs, William. Bill (from the country)—Taint 'ot, is it?—Tit-Bits.

Golfer—Any one out ahead of us, caddie? Caddie—Yessur—a gentleman wif a caddie and a man carryin' for 'isself.—Punch.

"Let me introduce you to the most honest young man I have ever known." "But mamma doesn't want me to meet any poor young men."—Houston Post.

"Come, Ikey, let's go to walk in Central Park." "No, Rachel, don't ask me. It makes me so angry whenever I dink of all dot real estate going to waste."—Life.

Agent—I am selling mining stock; couldn't I interest you? Farmer—You sure could; I've allers wanted to see a sure enough bunco steerer.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Why did the great pianist refuse to play?" "Temperament. He got mad because his name was printed in smaller type on the programme than the name of the piano on which he was to perform."—Puck.

"My son, it is a great deal harder to spend money with good judgment than it is to make it." "Well, father, let me take half the burden off your hands. You make it and I'll spend it."—Boston Transcript.

Father—Jane, are that young man's intentions serious? Daughter—I think so, pa; he says our carriage shed could be easily transformed into a garage and the attic would make a dandy billiard-room and bowling alley.—Houston Post.

"Well, well," said Dr. Bigbill, as he met a former patient on the street, "I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brown. How are you this morning?" "First, doctor," said Mr. Brown cautiously, "does it cost anything to tell you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Briggs—What! Are you going to Mawker's funeral? I thought you made it a rule to associate only with superlatively happy people? Griggs—That's why I am going. You see, Mawker left a lot of money to his relatives.—Town Topics.

"Whut means dis heah p'litical 'conomy?" asked Rastus, who was endeavoring to wade through a paper. "Frum de way de politicians down ouah wahid is actin'," answered Rufus, "I s'spects it means de mos' votes fob de least money."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid Society)—Now, what can we do for the poor boys at the front? Mrs. Gillis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipe for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck's Quarterly.

An attorney was cross-examining a witness. "You say you left Boston on the 16th?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "And returned on the 28th?" "Yes, sir." "What were you doing in the interim?" "I never was in such a place," he replied, indignantly, with heightened color.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I have come to consult you," she said to the prominent lawyer. "What is the trouble?" "I have received three proposals of marriage, and I do not know which to accept." "Which man has the most money?" "Do you imagine," she asked, "that if I knew I would consult you or any other lawyer?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Progressive Slate.

After many postponements and many conferences, and not without some obvious internal dissensions, all to the end of keeping the party from breaking to pieces, two names have been written definitely upon the Progressive slate for the coming campaign. Governor Johnson will be a candidate to succeed himself. Mr. F. J. Heney will be a candidate for the senatorship. What will happen in the case of conflicting candidacies hitherto announced, does not yet appear. It is a practical assurance that Mr. Eshleman, prominently in view either for the senatorship or the governorship, will retire; and it is surmised that Mr. Rowell, who has been in the running for the senatorship, will do likewise. Mr. Webb declares that he will not run for senator, and Mr. Wheeler declares that he is "not a candidate."

It is no secret that the arrangement by which Mr. Johnson again seeks the governorship is a forced one. Mr. Johnson preferred to run for the Senate; he wanted Mr. Eshleman to run for the governorship. He would have liked to do something for Rowell, but could not convince himself that Rowell possessed vote-getting

qualities. He would have liked to send Heney to purgatory or even to a warmer place if his powers had been equal to the job.

It was Heney who broke the slate. He would, he said, run either for the senatorship or the governorship. Mr. Johnson might choose either candidacy, but he could not have both. He could not push Mr. Heney to one side in favor of Eshleman or Rowell or anybody else. Mr. Heney was "sot" on this point, and when he gets in this mood you might as well plead with a mad dog. Mr. Heney now says that he entered the contest with Governor Johnson's "specific approval"; to which Governor Johnson replies that Mr. Heney's statement "should be corrected." Here there would appear to be the elements of a rumpus in low life.

In the meantime the Progressive part of California, definitely organized a month ago, is doing fairly well in the registrations. More Progressives have registered in Alameda County than Republicans. In San Francisco the figures run the other way. It is too soon to concede an even break between Progressive and Republican parties, but it is evident that there is in California a Progressive party of very considerable importance at the point of numbers. The Progressive leaders claim that they do not expect a majority in the registrations. "Give us," they say, "one-third of the registrations of either of the old parties and we will win." This is a good deal of a brag, but it may serve to sustain campaign hopes and to nullify discouragement.

The logic of the situation points just one way—to the success of the Democrats in the November elections. For with the old Republican party divided into two groups, and the Democratic party intact, the case is similar to that which in the national sphere resulted last year in the election of President Wilson.

The Democratic party will enter the coming campaign in California under several advantages. There is, first, the division of its enemies. Then there is the prestige of national control, which counts for something, with the influences of the national administration, which ought to count for a good deal. Then there is an obvious revival of party spirit certain to be reflected in campaign activity. On top of all, there will no doubt be many Republicans to give their support to Democratic nominees at the polls as a means of making effective their resentment against Johnson and their fears of Heney.

The Creed of Socialism.

There has been in session this week at Fresno a convention of Socialists called to nominate a candidate for Congress in the San Joaquin Valley district, and incidentally to promote the "cause" in its political and other aspects. Some two hundred delegates representing seven counties were officially in attendance; also several more or less distinguished members of the Socialistic party of California, including J. Stitt Wilson, late mayor of Berkeley. The proceedings included among other things an open meeting in Woodmen's Hall addressed by the leading lights of the movement and calculated as a means of winning recruits. Concurrently there is in progress at San Francisco an organized movement which advertises itself as a "crusade" for Socialism.

The Socialist propaganda, like every other movement seeking to make its way by conviction and persuasion, understands the trick of putting its best foot foremost. So if we listen to the talk of those who are set to work upon the public, we hear only the things calculated to please and to invite, nothing of the things tending to disgust and repulsion. Listen to the propagandists, swallow without mastication what they have to offer, and you will see in the "Social State" an Utopia in which all the virtues of our system are sustained and improved, and all its ills dispersed or corrected.

But it is not to the spielers for recruits, nei-

ther to the street-corner orators nor the Stitt Wilsons, that we must go to learn the tendencies and purposes of the Socialistic philosophy. These are revealed indeed in the expressions of the leaders of the movement, of those leaders who speak from a broader basis and a more reckless acceptance of the implications and tendencies of the Socialistic scheme.

The attitude of the Socialistic movement towards the state finds interesting exposition at the hands of those who speak by authority of what may be called the "higher-ups" of the movement. The *Call* of New York, recognized national organ of the Socialistic party, speaking editorially of the refusal on the part of the Socialists of the State of Washington to allow the Stars and Stripes to float with the red flag over a hall in which they were holding a convention, remarked in its issue of February 10 last:

To hell with your flag! * * * When the red flag flies above our homes and our nation we shall honor it and love it, but until it does we refuse to recognize or respect any flag which is merely the symbol of and protects some national section of international capitalism. Down with the Stars and Stripes! Up with the red flag of humanity!

In the same Socialistic journal of June 11, 1912, there appears an article from which we copy as follows:

Let us acknowledge the truth frankly and say that we care not a peanut for the ethical aspects of the question; let us admit that our sole concern is the acquisition of political power in order to enable ourselves to win full economic power. Let us admit if crime (as defined by capitalist law) and violence are calculated to further the movement, we are prepared and willing to use them.

Again, the *Appeal to Reason*, official organ to Eugene Debs, three times candidate for the presidency as the Socialist nominee, declared just before the trial of the McNamara brothers:

The fight at the polls this fall will centre around the adoption of the initiative, referendum, and recall amendments to the constitution. Under the provisions of the recall amendment the judges of the Supreme Court of California can be retired. These are men who will decide the fate of the kidnapped workers. Don't you see what it means, comrades, to have in the hands of an intelligent, militant working class the power to recall the present capitalist judges and put on the bench our own men? Was there ever such an opportunity for effective work? No, not since Socialism first raised its crimson banner on the shores of Morgan's country. The election for governor and state officers of California does not occur until 1914, but with the recall at our command we can put our men in office without waiting for a regular election.

Up to now there has been but one member of Congress elected on the Socialist ticket, the late Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee. In the Socialist National Convention of 1908 Mr. Berger said:

I do not know how this question (of Socialism) is going to be solved. I have no doubt that in the last analysis we must shoot, and when it comes to shooting, Wisconsin will be there. We always make good.

At a later time, in the columns of the *Social-Democratic-Herald* of July 21, 1912, Mr. Berger said:

Therefore I say that each of the 500,000 Socialists and of the 2,000,000 workmen who instinctively incline our way, should, besides doing much reading and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home, and be prepared to back up his halloo with his bullet, if necessary.

We turn now from Socialism as it relates to the state to its attitude towards religion. Here again we overlook the more immediate agents of the political propaganda to consult higher and more generally accepted authorities. William D. Haywood, a well-known leader of the Socialist party of the United States, recently declared in his public speech that "real Socialists will not attempt to deny that Socialism is a peril both to the church and to the state." He said:

We are opposed to what we have heard of the church and what we know of it. We were told that up in Lowell, Massachusetts, we marched under a banner that said "No God and no master." It is true that there was a

banner in the parade at Lawrence. I hope the time will come some day when every man of the working class will march under the banner that says "No God and no master."

We come now to consider the attitude of Socialism towards the family and in relation to what we may call domestic morality. Franklin H. Wentworth, a well-known Socialistic leader of Boston, says:

All social laws are but the reflex and consequence of economic conditions. The present form of marriage can not escape this classification. Woman has been private property and the laws which bulwark conventional marriage bear ample testimony to prove this immoral fact.

Engel, a celebrated Socialist leader and writer, in a book styled "The Origin of the Family" says:

With the transformation of the means of production into collective property, the monogamous family ceases to be the economic unit of society; the private household changes to a social industry; the care and education of children becomes a public matter; society cares equally for all children, legal and illegal.

Bebel, one of the highest authorities of Socialism in Europe, whose recent death is widely lamented wherever Socialism has spread, some time ago wrote a book entitled "Woman and Socialism," which in its American edition bears the endorsement of the "National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of the United States," from which we make this excerpt in relation to the question of "sex relationship":

Under the proviso that he inflict injury upon none, the individual shall himself oversee the satisfaction of his own instincts. The satisfaction of the sexual instinct is as much a private concern as the satisfaction of any other natural instinct. None is, therefore, accountable to others, and no unsolicited judge may interfere. How I shall eat, how I shall drink, how I shall sleep, how I shall clothe myself, is my private affair—exactly so my intercourse with a person of the opposite sex.

A more refined expounder of intellectual Socialism, Mr. H. G. Wells, dealing with this phase of Socialism in a letter to the *New York Independent*, says:

Socialism involves the responsible citizenship of women, their independence of men, and all the personal freedom that follows; it intervenes between the children and the parents, claiming to support them, protect them, and educate them for its ampler purpose. Socialism, in fact, is the state family. The old family of the private individual must vanish before it, just as the old water works of private enterprise and the old gas company. They are incompatible with it. Socialism assails the triumphant system of the family today, just as Christianity did in its earlier and more vital centuries. So far as English Socialism is concerned, and the thing is still more the case in America, I must confess that the assault has displayed quite an extraordinary instinct for taking cover, but it is a question of tactics, rather than of essential antagonism.

It would be easy to multiply many times over expressions like these from the national and international leaders of the politico-Socialist movement. Socialism, commonly interpreted as aiming at common ownership of property, has in fact much broader motives and purposes. It does, indeed, propose a distribution of property by any means through which it may be brought about. It proposes further to break down the family and to destroy the state. Civilization itself as it stands reflected in the manifold forms of social and political life could not survive the shock of the changes which it proposes.

It is well to understand these things—to understand that a movement which presents itself under the guise of humanitarianism, claiming for itself the sanctions of a broad morality and so making effective appeal to the emotional and the light-minded, is in fact a crusade to subvert every principle fundamental in that organization of life which the race has been developing through slowly advancing forms for unnumbered centuries. Those who in meetings like that at Fresno and elsewhere would seduce the unwary by appeals to humanitarian sentiment do not tell the whole story. Probably they do not comprehend it. None the less the effect of their efforts, in so far as they may be effective, must be to demoralize social and political thinking and to degrade the standards alike of social life and of politics.

That the Socialistic movement finds a certain approval and acceptance is evidenced by many circumstances in our own state. The election of a Socialistic mayor at Berkeley three years ago very significantly exhibited the fact. The growing figures of the Socialistic vote from year to year is another significant fact. Yet there are explanations in both cases. At Berkeley there was a political situation so confused that multitudes of voters turned in resentment from the old parties and from all factions to cast their votes

with the Socialists, not so much in support of Socialism as in rebuke of existing aggravations. Something of this reckless spirit controls the action of voters throughout the state at every election. In late years there have been conditions tending to resentment and disgust on the part of many right-minded citizens. Unwilling to support either Republican or Democrat or Progressive, likewise reluctant to abandon the citizen's privilege and duty to attend the polls, many have given their votes for Socialist candidates in sheer spleen. A very considerable element of the Socialistic voting has been in this spirit—the same spirit which a few years ago led many dissatisfied citizens to vote the Prohibition ticket, not because they were for prohibition, but because they were disgusted with the established parties and their policies.

That this is a whimsical and vicious practice goes without saying. It becomes especially so in view of the citations made above—citations which exhibit the Socialistic movement in its destructive aspects. And this is its true character. It has no constructive plan. It has, indeed, an ideal, a set of Utopian suggestions, but no working scheme. On the other hand its tendencies are wholly destructive, for as we have shown out of the mouths of its own promoters, it looks to nothing less than the breakdown of the state, the elimination of religion, and the disruption of the family. It would put in the place of organized society the chaos of a practical nihilism—a status minus authority of God or man, minus the ties and sentiments of domestic life, minus the conventional and the essential virtues upon which our civilization rests.

Morgan & Co. and the Interlocking System.

The system of "interlocking directorates" about which we have heard so much of late is one of the developments of modern business the significance of which has been a good deal over-emphasized. Yet it remains to be said that it is a system under which abuses are possible. Take, for example, that alleged aggregation of iniquities styled Wall Street. Suppose for the sake of illustration that it is made up of twenty or forty or more great financial institutions—banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and other owners or handlers of capital. Let there be among these institutions a general or fairly general interchange of directors, to the end that each stands in immediate and sympathetic touch with all the others. A borrower for any purpose whose proposals are rejected by any one of these institutions may be rejected by them all; and not always for legitimate reasons. Assume that a borrower represents an entirely proper attempt to organize a telephone enterprise. He may not be able to get money for this enterprise, not because his project is illegitimate or ill-calculated, but because Wall Street has already large capital invested in existing companies which shy at competition. In such a case legitimate enterprise would be throttled, not because it proposes something outside the lines of legitimacy, but because the interlocked interests have a motive for protecting investments which might be harmed by the projected competition.

In this supposititious case we have presented the matter in its most obviously mischievous form. None the less the instance does not go beyond the bounds of possibility, probably not beyond the bounds of occasional practice. The illustration does make plain the fact that there is a basis for the widespread sentiment adverse to the concentration of the country's capital at a single centre in which there is a close inter-relationship under the interlocking system between different and nominally rival financial institutions. This is the money trust, in so far as there is such a thing, of which the country has heard so much in recent years, and which the government has been endeavoring to regulate—how successfully we shall know later on, when the newly enacted currency bill shall have been brought to the test of practical operation.

None the less the mischiefs of the money trust are far more imaginary than real. If there is indeed a basis for the recent widespread suspicion and ill-will, the condition is less serious than excited publicists and radical politicians would have us believe. The financial men of New York City are precisely the same type of men that we find in San Francisco, in Stockton, or Red Bluff. Now and again there may be among them a crook, an extortioner, or a pirate, as in all other avenues of life. But broadly speaking your banker is a careful, conscientious, straight, and helpful man. Every mother's son of them deals largely with

other people's money, and this is only another way of saying that they are trusted men. If they were not careful, conscientious, straight, and helpful men they would not be so trusted.

Practically the withdrawal of the members of the firm of Morgan & Co. from the interlocking system means not very much. Things will go on at New York very much as before; and again this is only a way of saying that they will go on under an intelligent and serious effort to get the best results for capital, the best results for industry, the best results for material and social progress. But it does signify much in another sense, since it exhibits the fact that capital, even in its larger aggregations, is not indifferent to public opinion, not disposed to stand out against the universal sense of what is proper and right. The withdrawal of Morgan & Co. from the interlocking system has been widely advertised as a surrender; and in a sense it is just this. It is a reform in practice—a surrender if the word be preferred—calculated and frankly acknowledged as a concession to a public opinion which sees not only the actual mischiefs in a coöperative organization of capital, but a good many mischiefs which are not really involved in it. For be it remembered that if the interlocking system has now and again blocked certain worthy projects, it has in a vastly greater number of instances served to promote important and worthy enterprises.

Morgan & Co. have done an eminently prudent and we think it just to say an eminently patriotic thing in readjusting their practice to meet the criticism and the fears of those who feel that the old system is fraught with possibilities of injustice and therefore must be held a menace to the stability of institutions which rest fundamentally upon a sense of the justice of things in the economic as well as in the political sphere.

Beggars on Horseback.

The current spell of bad financial weather with its attendant distresses is finding some unexpected and very curious leaks in the housings of our social structure. At other times we have had to meet the stress of both immediate and chronic necessity; but now we have not merely the problems of poverty, but these problems allied with amazing arrogance. At other times the beneficiaries of movements for relief were grateful for free food, free clothing, and for work provided at rates of pay calculated to tide over the necessities to a time of better conditions.

But times have changed, and with a vengeance. Our municipal charter, as a sop to organized labor, contains a provision that no work shall be done for the municipality on a lower wage basis than \$3 per day for eight hours' labor. Last week, by way of relieving the necessities of the unemployed, the municipality provided work for some thousand or more men at the official rate. Whereupon, as soon as the fact became known, as it speedily did through the newspapers, all the hoboes in the country began marching upon San Francisco. Worse still, many men busy in ordinary employment where the rate of wages is less than that prescribed by the charter, abandoned their occupations and flocked to the municipal employment office. Perfunctory work under easy-going political bosses at \$3 per day of eight hours, plus the excitements of a Socialistic campaign, was a veritable picnic to multitudes hitherto content with work under ordinary conditions. From a few hundred the unemployed group quickly rose to an army approaching the five-thousand mark, with a constantly rising tide.

The spectacle of some thousands of men massing themselves in the streets near the governor's residence and peremptorily demanding work at \$3 per day of eight hours, under threat of "making themselves heard" if the conditions were not promptly complied with, is something new in the social and economic history of California at least.

But there is another phase of this interesting situation. Local beneficence having provided free board and lodging for the unemployed, there has developed a boycott because, forsooth, the employees of the relief camp were not selected from certain exclusive unions and paid the rate provided by the charter for municipal labor. The hungry and the houseless decline to be fed and sheltered except upon terms defined by unionism as its rule for the operation of ordinary and prosperous industry. What is called the Thorn faction of the unemployed has withdrawn its patronage from the free hotel and avows that it will not return to its regimen of soup, stew, mush, and coffee until its formal de-

mands are complied with. Among them, if we may believe the orators of the movement, are porterhouse steaks. The alternative is that Thorn and his followers shall appear in overwhelming numbers at regularly established hotels, restaurants, and lodging-houses and enforce accommodation with clubs and brickbats.

Here is a situation which tries not only the generosity but the patience of society. Necessity appeals not merely for relief, but for largess. It must not only have the means of living, but have it upon terms which the politicians have yielded to insistent unionism. And the bill-of-fare, as one soap-box orator put it with applause, must include the "same food supplied at the St. Francis Hotel." Not only must there be charity, but charity combined with concession to the requirements of organized labor in its aggressive and beligerent moods. It is a case where society is being held up not so much by suppliants for favor as by a body of robbers; not by the merely hungry, but by those who demand luxurious fare.

Mayor Rolph has dealt with this menacing army with his customary weakness. Answer their demands he can not, since he has neither the authority nor the money which it would require. But he has assured the mobs gathered to meet him of his high consideration and eminent esteem, smiled after the manner of the professional smiler, and left them in hopes. Not one word did he have the hardihood to say to them in characterization of the unreasonableness and the criminality of their demands. Be it said to his credit, Governor Johnson has dealt with the situation in a manlier way. Responding to a summons, he told the assembling "army" in plain terms that there was no authority in the state to meet their demands and that he would not convene the legislature in special session. They must look to relief to private charity, and seek their own welfare by such methods as are open to all. He might, if his backbone had been a little stronger, with propriety have gone further and added that men who come to beg have no right to name the terms of the charity for which they have asked or to define the conditions and circumstances under which it should be given.

Honest poverty is one thing, but insolent poverty defining impossible conditions and insisting upon gross demands merits stern rebuke. This in one form or another must be given unless San Francisco is to crown the stupidities and weaknesses of its government by concessions as shameless as the demands made upon it.

Elsewhere similar conditions of necessity are being met in manlier spirit. At Portland, where the arrogance of unionism has not so debased the necessitous multitude or so intimidated the responsible elements, there has been provided a temporary outdoor workshop in which men in immediate need may earn the wherewithal to live from day to day without imposing upon the public rates of pay or conditions of work which make charity not merely an oppression, but a corrupting influence. At Los Angeles, where large numbers are in distress, means of relief have been provided in similar spirit. It is only at San Francisco that the appeal for charity takes the form of a demand for the conditions of luxury, and where the experience of mob domination in politics has overridden all restraints of modesty and reason. Here at San Francisco we are reaping consequences logically resulting from a spineless timidity. Our concessions and coddlings have turned upside down all ideas of social obligation. Cowardice and policy have made heroes of the indolent and improvident and victims of the industrious and prudent.

"At Their Mercy."

The tyrannies inflicted by men over the sex that was once described as gentle seem to be unending. It is a sorrowful confession, but it is the fact. Every day brings its own quota to the tale of oppression, and now at last the cup seems filled to overflowing. A lady writes to a daily newspaper in New York to complain of the despotism of fashion, a despotism that she rightly says is created and sustained by men. And women, she says, are "at their mercy."

It is a true bill. The indictment is correct in every detail. There is no room even for a plea in extenuation. Nothing remains but for the guilty men to throw themselves upon the mercy of the court and to promise amendment and reform. It is undeniably the fact that men not only devise and invent the feminine fashions, but they actually make the garments with their own hands and compel women to buy them and to wear them. There are now women so inured to the chains of slavery that they think nothing of trying on a dress

in the presence of a man tailor, who appraises them with an apparently cold and sexless eye while making those mysterious chalk marks that are the guaranty of a fit to which no woman worker can ever aspire through her constitutional incapacity to recognize any measurement less than a quarter of an inch. How long will women submit to a male domination as exacting as it is humiliating? There are thousands of husbands who will aid and applaud them in the great work of self-emancipation. Let them not think that they stand friendless in this matter.

Fortunately there are not wanting statistics of the extent to which this odious tyranny has been carried. It is a matter upon which it would be hardly possible to have too much light. What tales could be unfolded by the great leaders of the feminist movement like Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Boissevain if they could only be persuaded to disclose the shameful details. For they themselves have not been exempt. Even their proud souls have been bent beneath the yoke of the male creator of fashions. Now it is only to be expected that this sort of male despotism should have run riot in the days of Josephine, Empress of the French, when the glorious sun of feminine emancipation had not yet risen, but none the less it makes our blood boil—as Dr. Anna Shaw would say—to learn that Josephine was compelled, actually compelled, to spend \$220,000 a year in dress in order to satisfy the exactions of the male mind. How her proud soul must have suffered. And still there is no sign that the shackles have been broken or that male dominance in this matter is on the wane. Miss Ida Tarbell tells us of an American woman who went last year to effete Europe, where the condition of women is well known to be abject, and who bought six nightdresses at a cost of one thousand dollars each. Now was it for her own gratification that she bought those nightdresses? We fear not. Was it for the satisfaction of her own aesthetic eye that she incurred that expenditure? Once more, we fear not. Heaven forbid that we should plunge too deeply into mysteries that are beyond our ken, but we are forced to the suspicion that some malefic influence was in evidence here and that it was a depraved male taste in nightdresses that was thus compulsorily catered for. And there was another woman of whom Miss Tarbell speaks who spent over \$3000 for "corsets and lingerie." We have only a vague idea derived from the reticences and modesties of our shop windows as to the precise range of articles comprised in the term lingerie, but once more we suspect an exacting male tyranny against which every man with a spark of gallantry and an experience of matrimony will protest. All that lingerie was not intended to be lost forever to every eye but that of its owner. Its delights were to be shared. In such matters women are not exclusive. Once more we detect a male coercion, possibly indirect, but none the less real. Evidently it is time to champion a suffering womanhood in its gallant struggle toward the light of freedom. A tyranny such as this should be resisted by every man who has the love of liberty in his soul. Even married men might help.

There is no need to harrow our souls with revelations that are merely wanton. It is not pleasant to look upon human suffering. Therefore we will make no comment upon that other poor victim of male oppression of whom Miss Tarbell speaks and who recently arrived in New York with \$100,000 worth of dresses and who was actually compelled to make a like pilgrimage year after year and year after year, and with no hope of release. But it is well that these things should be known. There is no remedy like publicity. Now is the time for women to make a concerted effort to shake off the bondage of men. It ought not to be possible in this day of enlightenment to say that women are "at their mercy."

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Worcester, former Secretary of the Interior in the Philippine government, is in accord with every other authority on Philippine affairs from ex-Governor-General (and ex-President) Taft down the line. The work of administration in the Philippines calls for knowledge of the country and experience in dealing with the people. It should, too, be continuous. The shifting from one system to another and from one set of officials to another is not only wasteful economically, but in a moral sense ruinous. The policies of the past few months have tended to undo much of the good work that has been achieved under American occupation. It has added to the cost. It has increased the sense of uncertainty and it has stimulated out of time and out of reason the hopes of the politically ambitious

class of Filipinos. This politically ambitious class is very far from representing either the best capacity or the best patriotism of the country. It is made up largely of native politicians whose hope it is to find position and wealth in the political leadership of the Filipino people. It is not the Filipinos in the mass who are clamoring for an untimely independence, but a group of professional agitators seeking for the privileges and the profits of exploiting the country and its people.

One secret of England's successful colonial policy has been its continuity under definitely framed and accepted purposes. By whatever methods England has come into authority in any land, its course in administration has been persistent and straightforward. So, in a field wherein practically every other country has failed, England has been uniformly successful. Wherever her authority has gone it has carried with it certain marked benefits. That we can duplicate this record would seem, in the light of experience rather more than doubtful. Most certainly we did not make a success of Alaska either during the long period in which we abandoned the country to chaos, or in the succeeding period (not yet ended) in which we have tied the hands of local enterprise without providing compensatory advantages. Nowhere have our territorial governments been sufficiently successful to give satisfaction to their people. Now when we are operating in wider spheres we find politicalism working its customary mischiefs. We are applying in the Philippines a scheme of policy bound in the nature of things to confuse the Filipinos, to disturb their progress, and to break down their respect for American authority.

While General Murray is developing the roads and walks of the Presidio reservation in respect of the coming exposition, he would accommodate and please many by making a series of bridle-paths or trails through the forests and along the cliff-sides which overlook Baker's Beach and the Golden Gate.

MOVING PICTURES IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" Describes the Suppression of White Slave Films and the Indignation of the Reformers.

New York passes with the agility of an acrobat from one sensation to another. The midnight restaurant scandal gives place to the police scandal. Then comes the appalling Sulzer to eclipse them both. And now we have the moving-picture white slave scandal, which would be no more than an ordinary police case of criminal obscenity but for the efforts of certain unpleasant women to identify themselves with any and everything that will justify the reporters in describing them as prominent. And prominent they certainly are, prominent to the olfactory organs as well as to the visual.

The name of the particular theatre does not matter. Nor need there be any description of the moving pictures that were displayed for the purpose of illustrating aspects of the white slave trade that may reasonably be said to have no existence except in the prurient imagination of sex maniacs. Every man of the world knows the kind of picture that could be produced for such a purpose as this. There need be no limit whatever to the shameless portrayal. Nothing so easy as to let bestiality run riot. Also nothing so profitable, as is well known to the furtive wretches who gain a perilous livelihood by the sale of filthy picture cards in dark corners. And how these same wretches must envy the moving-picture man who is clever enough to prate about the moral law and so to throw his net over the whole demented sisterhood of reform and to sell his dirty pictures in the name of God.

Under normal circumstances, say a dozen years ago, the police would have raided this theatre immediately after the first performance. They would have arrested the producers and burned their products, and no one would have given the thing a thought except to congratulate themselves that such offal had been hustled out of sight. But that was before the day when unmarried ladies, and newly married ladies, and ladies at "the dangerous age" had recognized the opportunities to be "prominent" that were afforded by their curious pathological state. Nowadays it is well to walk warily. Men, individually and collectively, hate a scene. A certain chivalry disposes them to be tolerant of aberrations that they well understand. But at last the thing grew to be intolerable. Filthy plays produced before semi-private audiences were bad enough in all conscience, but there was a general feeling that if women yearn for obscenity they will get it somewhere. But the moving-picture show was quite another matter. Here was a general invitation to a promiscuous crowd of the street to take their fill of abominable depictions that were wholly imaginary, that represented nothing upon earth except the evil imaginations of their creators, and that were unrestrained by even the most elementary conceptions of decency. Imagine the

upon young people and children. Imagine the results of this deliberate stirring of the basest human passions. Obviously it was time to interfere, and the police did interfere. They ordered the discontinuance of the show.

Then the clamor broke out. One frantic woman who is said to be associated with some benevolent organization rose in her seat, denounced the police for their action, and expressed the wish that every child in New York could be brought to see the horrid display. Its promoters hastened to weep tears of self pity and to explain to the world that the production "is the child of an earnest desire to improve the morals of the town." It may be said incidentally that this same theatre has now announced that it will devote itself henceforth to moving pictures of turf and racing scenes. If it can not "improve the morals of the town" in one way it will do so in another. A true benevolence can not be suppressed. The "prominent" women of society joined the chorus, hurled accusations of white slavery right and left, and threatened all the terrors at their command. But the police were rigid and they were sustained by the courts, who were quickly called upon to settle the matter.

Justice Gavegan was the judge to whom the whole horrid mess was submitted, and it may be said to his credit that he made short work of it. He said that the show was not "for the uplift of public morals, but for private gain." He held that the police were right in suppressing exhibitions "which would tend to the corruption of the morals of youths or others," and that this was unquestionably an exhibition of this kind. He said, furthermore, that the action of the police would never have been challenged but for the idea that the force was so unpopular that public opinion would sustain the challenge. Theatre managers in general were not to blame, he said, "because of exhibitions of depravity and inordinate greed for gain on the part of some among them." And then Justice Gavegan turned his attention to those who had applauded and sustained these "exhibitions of depravity." He said: "It might be possible to find individuals of such morbid curiosity that they would be willing to pay an admission price to see the inside workings of a sewer, and others of such an avaricious enterprise that they would be ready to capitalize such morbid curiosity and furnish the exhibition for a price, and still others among the well-meaning and unwary who would lend their sanction and privilege to the idea in the belief that such an exhibition might tend to improve the habits of cleanliness of some in the audience and that the public ought to know about it in any event." The application for an injunction against the police was therefore refused.

And so for the moment the scandal has been abated. But unfortunately the hysteria remains, and so does the itch for notoriety. Mrs. Belmont's unfortunate craving for publicity must be satisfied in some way, and so long as it remains unsatisfied we may suspect that there are other troubles ahead. Mrs. Belmont is firmly resolved to be perpetually "discovered" in the act of saving the nation and of championing the cause of non-existent sufferers, and if there are any to whom her beneficences are inaudible it must be because they are extremely deaf. But in the meantime there are a good many sane people who are trying to picture what sort of a saturnalia there would be in New York if Mrs. Belmont and her wealthy and aristocratic satellites were actually allowed to have their own way. Even the far-famed statue of purity would be observed to blush. But it may be said that the average women of New York are coldly scornful of Mrs. Belmont and of all her works. If she were actually representative of her sex it might be necessary to invoke the aid of Tammany to protect the virtue of the metropolis and to save the young people of the city from the influence of the new womanhood. FLANEUR.

New York, January 2, 1914.

On a wave-swept rock between the Casquets and Guernsey is an uninhabited lighthouse, whose lamps shed their warning rays in clear weather and are aided by a powerful fog signal when the fogs are heavy. It was built by Edinburgh engineers and is the first of its kind. The light is derived from acetylene, two steel cylinders containing dissolved acetylene supplying sufficient light for two months. The burner is attached to the top of one of the air tanks. The light is turned on and off each day by means of a clock. An important consideration was the need for a powerful fog signal to be worked from the shore. During a fog power is transmitted from the shore station through a heavily armored cable over a mile in length. By means of this air is compressed into three tanks erected on the summit of the tower. A clock, automatically wound by compressed air, regulates the action, allowing a blast to pass every ninety seconds through a siren and horn. So powerful is the blast that it has been heard to a distance of twenty-six miles. Electrically each blast is signaled to the engine house on shore.

Founded in 1831, the Baldwin locomotive works is now, with the exception of the Krupp gun works, the largest employer of labor among manufacturing concerns in the world. It has had as many as 19,260 men on its weekly payroll, but even with its present great number of employees it requires a regular force of 11,000 men and thirty-six extra helpers to put up the weekly payroll and distribute the money. The weekly payroll ranges between \$230,000 and \$250,000.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A report from Rome says that the Vatican authorities have experienced some slight sense of a decorous relief at the death of Cardinal Oreglia. It is said that for forty years the deceased churchman never moved by the breadth of a hair from the rigid conservatism that forbade him to recognize the new order in Italian affairs. Ceaselessly on the watch for concessions or compromises, he never failed to enter his vigorous protest against any relaxation of the Vatican tradition, and sometimes he carried these protests so far as to be embarrassing. He found one such opportunity in the dinner given by Mr. Henry White when that gentleman was American ambassador to the Quirinal. Mr. White had invited his personal friend, Archbishop Ireland, to be present on the occasion, and also some ladies from the Italian court. It was a strictly private function, but Cardinal Oreglia was quick to hear of it and to enter his protest against any recognition of the "usurpers." The venerable cardinal had been in practical retirement for some years, but he continued to be an obstacle in the way of liberality.

The *British Review* has been lamenting the mischievous results of what it calls the new "superficial culture." Every Tom, Dick, and Harry, we are told, now claims the ridiculous right to sit in judgment on the constitution of society, the principles of right and wrong, and the origin and destiny of the universe. That is unquestionably true, but since these precious lucubrations are mainly confined to debating societies and parlor meetings they may be considered as comparatively harmless. Now in America they are not quite so harmless, since it is so much easier to pass laws in America than it is in England. It is quite within the capacity of the young people of "superficial culture" on this side of the Atlantic to read some nonsensical magazine article on Monday, let us say, and to get its ideas enacted into law by the following Friday. And the first that we ever hear about it is a four-line news paragraph from the capital enumerating the daily dozen or so of new laws that have come from the hopper.

It seems that the verdict in the Russian ritual murder trial was not quite such a triumph of sanity as was supposed. The first question was as to the actual guilt of the prisoner, and upon this point the jury was equally divided, but only after one of the jurors had suddenly changed from guilty to innocent. The second question was as to the existence of ritual murder, and in this case the same juror returned to the reactionary fold. A divided jury in Russia implies the acquittal of the prisoner, but his escape was certainly a narrow one, while the practice of murder for ritual purposes was actually affirmed. We may therefore expect another effort to find a victim, and a further attempt on the part of the Czar to please the saints by persecuting a Jew.

Some of the navy men in Washington are much concerned to find that Japan has now ten dreadnoughts, while the United States has but twelve. This is certainly a large relative expansion of the naval power of Japan, but it is to be remembered that the new ships are being built in accordance with a programme laid down by Japan some years ago, and there is no indication that there will be a new programme of the same kind, nor indeed is the money for such a programme anywhere in sight. Whether the facts are sufficiently serious to justify the building of four new dreadnoughts instead of two as now contemplated is, of course, a matter for decision by Congress, but in the meantime we may comment upon an international imbecility that grows more conspicuous every year. There is not a statesman in the world who does not deplore, and quite sincerely, the competition of armaments, and there is not a statesman in the world who seems to have the ability to "start something" that will stop it. A hutch of guinea pigs confronted with a guinea pig problem of the same sort would solve it in ten minutes.

Speaking of war, we may comment with some interest upon a survey of the situation by Major Stewart L. Murray of the Gordon Highlanders and one of the best-known British authorities on the economics of war. Major Stewart asks the public to realize for themselves the meaning of a conflict with Germany. He says that even with the British fleet in command of the seas the price of food would be at the famine notch. Those who could afford to pay that price would get food and those who could not afford to pay that price would get no food. The latter class will include about 10,000,000 people, and they "will not starve quietly." Indeed they will probably starve quite noisily, even more noisily than they now sing their patriotic songs and long for the day when they can measure swords with the Kaiser. We may reasonably ask if there was ever such a display of human imbecility as this. Here are ten million people who must inevitably starve under even the most favorable conditions of war, and it is precisely these people whose aggressive temper is always the most dangerous force in the national quarrels. There are probably another ten million people in Germany who also would starve in about a week after a declaration of war, and it is these twenty millions of people, foredoomed to inglorious suffering from hunger and disease, who by their clamor will produce whatever war may be upon the knees of the gods.

The Association of Swiss Printers have carried a series of resolutions embodying their ideas of a clean press. They demand the exclusion of all court news unless it has historical importance, of all personal gossip, of all sensational news, such as reports of suicides, and of all news circulated in the interests of a party. In conclusion the association invites the co-operation of the public in support of these conditions. Let us hope that the public will respond, but we

have our doubts. Swiss newspaper readers may be of an exalted purity unknown elsewhere, but we rather suspect that some daring newspaper man who does not belong to the association will print a sheet of the old evil kind and in that case we may hazard a guess at what the public will do. It will unctuously commend the righteous newspapers, but it will covertly buy the unrighteous one, and none other. But perhaps an adverse experience has embittered us.

A German officer has been compulsorily retired on the curious ground that he lacked "decision of character." First of all he announced that he had conscientious objections to the duel. Then he withdrew his protest under pressure, but on the following morning he suffered from a relapse and announced that conscience was once more on deck. The authorities are very careful to state that his objections to dueling had nothing to do with their action, but they feel that a man who can change his mind with such extraordinary rapidity has not the kind of mind that is useful to the army. Certainly it seems a little strange that a man who chooses the military profession should have any conscientious objections to dueling, seeing that war is no more than a duel on a gigantic scale. Of course there are the usual platitudes about defending one's country, but they can hardly be considered to count. In the vast military systems of Europe a man chooses the career of arms for precisely the same reasons that his brother chooses to be a cheesemonger or a preacher. There is no more patriotism in the one case than in the other. And the German duel is usually a quite innocent form of physical exercise and not nearly so deadly as football.

A correspondent of the *London Daily Chronicle* tells of a militant cousin who—after an eight months' absence—turned up in a state of indignation against the Postmaster-General. She complained that he had been abstracting suffragettes' correspondence from the post. Some of them had not received their notices duly. "Abominable!" The complainant's absence had been due to a sentence of eight months' imprisonment for setting fire to letter-boxes and destroying other people's correspondence.

Dr. O. Laurent has given to the French Academy of Medicine some curious information on the effects of bullet wounds during the Balkan war. He says that in modern war where the soldier is fighting from trenches he is usually hit in the head or on the left hand. The right hand is protected by the rifle, and so Dr. Laurent suggests the use of a metallic shield to protect the head and another to protect the hand. A third shield might be placed over the heart. He says that many soldiers were saved by the chance presence in their pockets of papers and even of cigarette cases, which shows the importance of cigarette smoking. Shrapnel wounds were more likely than rifle wounds to produce infection, but the number of wounds cured without any complications at all was about 75 per cent, certainly a very creditable showing for the medical service. Shrapnel bullets had a much less penetrative power than rifle bullets, the former being often found embedded in the clothes, but the latter never.

Mr. Mellen, taking us frankly into his confidence, tells us that \$30,000 a year is as much as any official is worth, and now comes the British lord high chancellor with a similar assurance that no government official is worth more than \$25,000 a year. This seems to be the day for searchings of heart in the matter of salaries, since it is only recently that Mr. Burns contributed his share to the salary discussion. Mr. Burns is of opinion that nobody earns more than \$2500 a year, but it may be noted that Mr. Mellen, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Burns are in receipt of salaries very much higher than their own limits. And we may further believe that all three would be in what may be described as a receptive mood toward an increase. But what actually do we mean when we say that no man is worth more than a certain salary? Presumably salaries are governed by supply and demand like everything else. There is an old saying that among the blind the one-eyed man is king, and it would seem that a man's services are worth just what he can get for them in the open competitive market.

The *London Daily Chronicle* says that the late Sir Robert Ball, a keen humorist, was never loth to recount a joke at his own expense. He was dining with some friends at Stratford, and on the bill being presented he said to the landlady: "Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. In 25,000,000 years all things must return to their original condition. We shall all be here again eating a dinner precisely identical. Will you give us credit until we come back?" "Well," replied the landlady, "you were here 25,000,000 years ago, and you left without paying the bill then. Settle that account, and I will trust you for what you have had today."

Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain and Mrs. Belmont have placed themselves upon record as heartily approving of the "white slave" moving-picture films as shown before general and mixed audiences. Mrs. Belmont believes, or says that she believes, that these displays, now suppressed by the police, have rendered a "mighty service" of which "future generations will reap the benefit." Other people, sane people, are of a contrary opinion. They believe that these exhibitions will result in an appalling wave of immorality and resulting prostitution. The views of these extraordinary women are of course of no interest to any one, but at the same time they may be noted as illustrating the capacity for government that they possess. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

German pencil manufacturers are looking to California incense cedar for pencil wood. The establishment of a pencil factory in California is not improbable.

THE SHADOW OF THE CRUCIFIX,

Perfect Peace that Came in the Night.

Beautiful indeed is the site of La Villa de Los Angeles, for it rests in a tiny valley far up in the Mexican Sierras—those great, majestic mountains, grand and worshipful. Tall pines dot the valley, and winding in and out among them are acequias filled with slow-moving water taken from the stream above and giving solace to the fields of growing maize that stretch away even to the very mountains. Leading off to the westward is a mighty gorge through which, in the late afternoon, the sinking sun sends long golden beams of light across the beauty of the fields and into the heavy foliage of the pines; and later, a golden glory of red spreads across the west and high in the gray-blue sky shoot scintillating rays that bathe any passing cloud in liquid fire; and then—all fades gradually away until the very last, when rests on the eastern mountains a tinge of rosy light.

It is a little town—this La Villa de Los Angeles—only a cluster of ten or twenty adobe houses, grayish-brown in tone, built not around a plaza as is customary in that fair Mexican land, but grouped irregularly about a tiny ruined church—the Church of the Holy Crucifix—a church whose once rich façade of carved stone is now defaced by great cracks and crevices. The niches, wherein stood beautifully sculptured statues of the saints, are all but vacant, their shattered tenants lying scattered about the doorway; and, too, a part of the roof is gone, and through the opening the sunlight pours into the gloomy interior, at times casting a halo around the walls of the sacred edifice, seemingly sanctifying holy memories of the past that live on therein. In the summer the rains—those heavy tropical rains—come and almost flood the little building; and yet, through it all, the altar, on which rests a life-size figure of the Christ nailed to the Cross, has remained unharmed for years and years, and is the one pride of the easy-going, dreamy descendants of the race of Montezuma who inhabit the village. Should you ask of these simple-hearted folk why they do not repair the little chapel, they will reply with gentle voice, as they reverently cross themselves: "It was the will of the good God that it is so; so be it," and then, should you care to listen, they will tell you a strange tale of the past, of the far back time when Don Carlos Martinez owned all the land thereabout, as well as the once great mines of El Carmen that lie, now abandoned, up in a rocky cañon some few miles to the north.

A hard master was Don Carlos, and there were few, very few, of the people who labored for him who were not kept continually in his debt—bonded to him—by fair means or foul, and many a poor creature found himself after months of labor only a slave to the master. Now it happened in this far back time that Pablo Duran, with his pretty young wife, wandered from the distant city of Durango up into La Villa de Los Angeles. Pablo was very poor, so poor that he possessed but two burros and just what these patient brutes carried into the valley on their backs—Pablo and his wife themselves had walked all the long miles over the mountains—and this consisted only of bedding, a box of clothes, some earthenware pots to cook in, a coop of chickens, and a bag or two of maize and frijoles.

Pablo was not young, being nearly fifty, more than twice the age of his wife; but then this did not trouble him, for he knew that she, his Juana, loved him, and all that he desired in the world was to make a home for her. And so, after a while, he leased a little plot of land and built him a house—a tiny house of adobe—and very pretty it looked when the springtime came and the passion vines clung in dense masses about the veranda and climbed up over the roof—so pretty and quiet that the birds came and built their nests there.

The days came and sped happily away, and with them they brought a great joy to Pablo and Juana, for a little daughter was born to them; but shortly after there came to Pablo the sorrow of his life, for his Juana passed hence, down into the Valley of the Shadow. He laid her to rest under a great spreading pine that grew near their home, and in the time that followed he would take, on certain sunny afternoons, his motherless little girl and sit by the grave and mourn for hours for his lost love; and great thrills of mortal agony would come into his lonely heart as he gazed on the mite, so like herself, whom she had left him. Afterward when the padre—good Padre Antonio—came, he carried her to the church and placed her in the arms of the priest, and the sainted man touched her brow with holy water, murmured a prayer, and named her Juanita—little Juana.

The months slipped silently away and were lost in the depths of the passing years, and with them Juanita grew on into girlhood, living a life only of peace and happiness. Pablo, grizzled and gray and his form bent by age, still tilled his little plot of ground, and Juanita herself helped him in his work, going about barefooted in the wet soil, and with a clumsy hoe turning the water from the acequia into the little ditches that led it out over the whole field until the thirsty land was all refreshed. Then, when evening came, and after supper, she would climb on her father's knee, and, pillowing her head on his shoulder, pass her hand gently through his curly gray beard while she talked to him.

During the years of her childhood, Juanita had of all the children of the village but one playmate, and this was Ramon, the son of Pablo's old friend and neighbor,

who farmed the land adjoining. Together the children had grown up, and it had been decided even while yet they were playing and building little houses of fallen cones out under the pines, that they should marry; and with this end in view, the two old men began to hoard and save that they might give the children a start in life; but, then, saving with them was a very difficult matter, and it was only a few, a very few, pesos a year that they could manage to put aside, and some years, when the harvest was bad, none at all.

When Juanita was seventeen—she was to have been married in the late autumn of that year—a great storm swept over the valley, laying in waste the fields of growing maize, and there was no harvest; and worse, all the little sum, the savings of years, the marriage portion, passed for rent into the hands of Don Carlos.

Ramon, in the bitterness of his disappointment, for his marriage to Juanita was postponed for a year, tried with the little he himself had saved to recoup their fortune by gambling, and lost all, and when the annual fiesta came around he had sold himself to Don Carlos; not all at once, to be sure, but little by little, five pesos' worth of him going at one time, ten pesos' worth at another, and with his losses, more, until he found himself bonded for nearly one hundred pesos.

The day of settlement came at last, and in the late afternoon Don Carlos rode up to Pablo's home. He did not dismount at once, but sat gazing at a picture before him, for there in the doorway, amid the heavy festoons of the passion vines, stood Juanita. She was clad in a loose garment of bright red manta, her dark hair piled high on her head, and with her great brown eyes filled with a look of mingled sorrow and fear. He wondered how it was that he had never noticed the great beauty of the girl before. Then, dismounting, he addressed her, "*Buenos dias, señorita. I am come to see thy father. Is he about?*"

"*Si, señor,*" she answered, as she slowly walked toward him. "He is here," and, reaching his side, she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and pointing off to where a man lay face downward on a grassy mound out under the pines, and said: "There, señor; there he is. He has been there all day, bidding her—my mother—farewell."

A look of scorn covered the dark face of Don Carlos; still he bowed his head and walked slowly away. Reaching his horse, he turned and gazed at the girl so intently and for so long that she dropped her eyes and the hot blood rose to her face. Then he said: "Thou art very beautiful, my little one. Tell me, hast thou no lovers?—for surely thy beauty would tempt the saints."

The girl stood with clasped hands and bowed head, and a great sob swelled up from her breast as she softly murmured: "*Si, señor;* Ramon, our neighbor's son—I was to have been his wife last year, but the trouble came—and even now—oh, I know not—" and, bursting into tears, she turned and entered the house.

And Don Carlos? He mounted and rode away, deep in thought. With him, to think was to act, and that very night Juanita and hers felt the weight of his hand, and it bowed them down with grief, for Ramon on the morrow was to leave for the far-off hacienda of Don Carlos in the State of Chihuahua, there to remain and work out his indebtedness—if he ever could.

The parting between Ramon and Juanita was sad, for it was for the first time and was to be, perhaps, forever. At the last moment, even after he had left her sobbing in the arms of her father, he turned back and, reaching out his hands, cried: "Come to me once again, my Juanita—come to me, my little heart, for I love thee so, I do love thee so! Come to my arms; ah! that is right. Now let me hold thee close and kiss thy eyelids, so; and thy lips. Juanita *mia*, dost thou remember when we were children, how I would call thee my little wife? And thou wilt be, my Juanita, for I love thee so, I love thee so! Nestle close in my arms, sweetheart, and tell me of thy love and that thou wilt wait, my little one, wait, for I will return to thee."

And Juanita clung to him to the very last, sobbing out her love as he pressed his farewell kisses to her lips.

He was gone, and all was dreary misery to Juanita; and to her it seemed that she was deserted even by the Blessed Lady.

The following day Don Carlos came again, and Pablo, meeting him at the door, bade him enter and asked what was his will.

"I am come, Pablo," Don Carlos replied, "to make thee an offer. Do what I desire, and I will free thee from debt and give to thee the land without rent hereafter. Thou hast a daughter, Pablo, and she is very beautiful," and, placing his hand on the other's shoulder, he whispered: "Give her to me!"

"Señor! To thee! Señor, thou art already married."

"Married! Who said anything about marriage, thou fool?" and Don Carlos threw his head back and broke into laughter.

The old man gazed at him for a moment, then his face grew ashen and his head fell forward on his breast as he moaned, "Sainted Mother, has it come to this? My Juanita—my little daughter! Oh, God!" Then he arose, his form becoming almost straight as he drew himself up, and, trembling with anger, he cried, "Go thou! Go before I kill thee! Go, thou accur—"

"*Caramba, hombre!*" cried Don Carlos, springing to his feet. "Thou hast forgotten! It is I who shall say 'Go thou!'—and go thou wilt to where'er it pleases me

to send thee, and without thy daughter, too. Think well of what I have offered, for tonight I will send for thee, and when I do, thou—wilt come! *Adios!*" and he left the house.

Pablo sank back in his seat and bowed his head in his hands, sobbing out in his grief. And there Juanita found him. Gently she fell on her knees at his side and, wrapping her arms around his neck, drew his face down to her, and he told her all.

That evening the two men, Don Carlos and Pablo, sat talking at a table in the corner of the village store; a queer little store in which a few shelves served to carry the meagre stock of goods it contained, while from the beams above hung great strings of onions and red peppers and slabs of dried beef. It was very faintly lighted by a few crude tallow dips that sputtered and flickered as they burned, throwing fantastic, quivering shadows across the earthen floor and on the rough adobe walls.

Outside the rain was falling in sheets, and every now and then a distant flash of lightning would cast through the open door a glare that for the instant would dispel the gloom and bring out in bold relief the faces of the men. A bottle of tequila was on the table, and Don Carlos, taking it up, filled a glass with the liquor and pushed it toward Pablo, saying: "Come, man, drink, it will do thee good. And now listen, for I have decided I will give thee a chance, a great chance—with the dice. If I win, thou owest me nothing and can have the land rent free, but—Juanita is mine! Shouldst thou win, I will recall Ramon, and he and Juanita shall marry, and neither thou nor he will owe me anything. Refuse, and thou shalt labor in the mines, and thy daughter—well, she— Come, what sayest thou? Wilt thou throw?"

The old man bowed his head on his arms, and his whole body quivered. After a time he raised his head and, stretching out his trembling hand, grasped the glass of liquor on the table before him, drank it, and sat gazing out through the open door into the blackness of the night and beyond, even through the thick walls of the little church, to where he seemed to see his daughter kneeling in prayer before the Holy Crucifix; and vaguely he knew it must be Juanita, for she had told him that she was going there to pray.

His reverie was broken by Don Carlos exclaiming: "Come man, come! Here are the dice—wilt thou throw?"

Pablo took the box as though dazed and without a word, and, as he slowly shook it, great beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. Then he threw—eleven! With trembling hands he gathered up the dice, placed them in the box, and threw again—fifteen! Once more, and for the last time, he turned the box down on the table—nine! Thirty-five in all. He sank back in his chair, and through his dry, parched lips breathed a prayer while he watched Don Carlos carelessly sweep the dice back into the box and throw—ten! Again—seventeen! And again, and when the box was lifted, two fours and a six rested on the table.

The old man arose, muttering: "Two fours and a six!—two fours and a six!" Then, realizing that he had lost, he grasped at the table for support, and cried out in agony: "Juanita! Oh, Juana!—my Juana in heaven!—save her!—and forgive!"

Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly the whole heavens were filled with a blinding light, and amid the roar of the thunder that followed could be heard the crash of falling timbers; then all was silent. But after a moment from without came a cry: "Mother of God! The church is struck!"

Pablo heard, and through his throbbing brain it passed—"The church is struck!" What did he care?—for now he must go home to Juanita and tell her that she—oh, God! how could he! And as he thought, some one seemed to be crying out to him, "The church is struck!" and as he tottered out through the door into the night, the very wind seemed to moan, "The church is struck, the church is struck!" Then it came to him that Juanita must be there. Yes, he remembered now; she had gone there to pray—to pray for what? Oh, the mockery of it!

Slowly he groped his way through the darkness toward the little house of God, and reaching the door, which stood open, he passed in. No light was there, save a faint flame on the altar that had burned on and on, day after day, night after night, from far back in the years. He hesitated a moment, then called "Juanita! *Chiquita mia!* Juanita!" No answer came, and, moving on toward the altar, he stumbled over a pile of broken beams and earth. Why, he did not know, but he dropped on his knees and groped about the debris—and he found her.

Gently he drew her forth and gathered her to his breast, holding her there all unmindful of the rain that dripped down on them through a great gap in the roof. Vaguely he knew that she was with her mother in heaven, and he bent to kiss her brow. A sudden pain grasped his heart with fingers of steel and he moaned in agony; then a sweet drowsiness stole over him; into his ears came a ringing as of music, and he seemed to fall asleep.

There early next morning they were found—she clasped close in her father's arms, with his lips resting on her hair. Peace had come to them at last, for their spirits, leaving poor earthly love and sorrow behind, had passed hence into the perfect love of heaven—to perfect and eternal rest.

GEORGE WARREN STOUT

TERENCE UP TO DATE.

Queen Elizabeth Still "Commands" Theatrical Performances.

Neither David Belasco nor Charles Frohman would give a dollar bill for a play which was certain to run only three days. Yet a dramatic "season" of that length is the chief event of the eye of London's Christmas-tide. There is nothing which arouses so keen a competition for seats, not even a first night at His Majesty's or a "command" performance at Drury Lane, as the Westminster play. And there are extenuating circumstances about that play which might impel Mr. Belasco or Mr. Frohman to regard it with favor. There are no author's royalties to pay, the theatre is provided free of rent, the actors do not clamor for "Treasury Day," no advertising is necessary, and the scenery and costumes were paid for years and years ago. Here is a case, then, in which a three days' run is all profit.

For the Westminster play is an amateur performance, the annual recreation of the king's scholars of the school of that name. It is also a tradition more honored in the observance than in the breach. In brief it owes its persistence to the dead hand of Queen Elizabeth. For when that Fair Vestal of the West ruled England and Englishmen in her autocratic way she enacted that, "in order that the youth may spend Christmas time with most profit and may gain a better knowledge of gesture and pronunciation," the headmaster of Westminster was to see to it that his scholars acted "one play in Latin" at the peril of a fine of ten shillings. Considerable as was such a sum to a dominie whose yearly salary only amounted to ten pounds, it was no doubt the royal command more than the ten shillings penalty which insured obedience to Elizabeth's ordinance. Besides, to stage a play in Latin was equal to coating the pill with sugar. Boys who hated "*Mensa*, a table," or who would rather take a caning than decline "*Amo*, to love," would tackle Terence with gusto when proficiency in his fine Roman style gave them the right to strut their hour on the stage. A crafty lady was Queen Elizabeth. Yet how slow are our pedagogues to learn from her example that to make a pleasure of lessons is to make lessons a pleasure.

So Westminster was all agog again the other night. The play was the "thing." Lessons were over for the year. Christmas was in sight, and the theatre had been set in the long dormitory. Not the oldest part of the venerable school is that long dormitory, for it dates back no further than the beginning of the eighteenth century, but in its two hundred years it has gathered many a notable association from the generations of famous boys who have slept beneath its roof. Some of their names, now inscribed on the roll of fame, are carved or painted on the walls, a great cloud of witnesses to inspire Westminsterers of these and other days. And for the rest it makes an admirable scene for the annual play. The far end is divided off for the stage on which the king's scholars are to disport themselves as Romans of old, and behind the curtain, as all old boys are aware, have been set in order those scenes and properties which replaced more than half a century ago the equipments designed by Garrick.

First came Prologue, impersonated by the captain of the school, who in faultless Latin told us the story of the dying year. He hoped the audience was well; of his own health there was no need to inquire, for the school is the temple of Æsculapius; and that accounted for the fact that so many Westminsterers, after serving their country in distant lands, had come home for a ripe old age. From that exordium it was a natural transition to the death-roll of old boys and a eulogy of the school's services in providing the makers of history in far-off India.

Then the curtain rose upon the first scene of Terence's "*Andria*," the favorite of all the Terentian repertory with the pupils of the royal school of Westminster. And soon we were in the thick of the fun, carried out with all the zest of schoolboys on the eve of breaking-up. There was Simo, the dignified father of Pamphilus, and his wealthy friend Chremes, whose little scheme for the union of their houses by the marriage of the son of the one to the daughter of the other was in danger of catastrophe through the folly of Pamphilus in falling in love with the impossible Glycerium, a beautiful but penniless maiden of Andria. There have been such compromising goings-on between those two that Chremes doubts whether such a wild-oats youth as Pamphilus is a fit match for his immaculate daughter. Simo, however, is so eloquent in his son's praise that his friend relents, and everything is promising fair when there comes the staggering news that Glycerium is about to present Pamphilus with an indubitable pledge of their affection.

So the way is paved for the entrance of the inevitable baby of comedy. This was the climax of the play. Davus, the scheming slave, brought it forward with a delightfully embarrassed air, much as though he were the guilty party, and when Mysis kissed the inanimate bundle with a ludicrous blend of great circumspection and a resolve to do the correct thing the old dormitory resounded with laughter and applause, which were renewed a moment later as Chremes nearly trod on the unfortunate brat and then prodded it with his stick. At that crisis it looked as though the play must fail to end, for such an obstacle as Glycerium's baby was a stubborn fact to be explained away by Simo's eloquence. But this is where Terence springs his little

surprise on the audience by bringing on that old friend of Chremes, who informs him that Glycerium is none other than his own long-lost elder daughter.

A thin plot, in the opinion of the blasé modern theatre-goer, but when you set a group of merry school-boys to tackle it and give them a free hand for all kinds of farce even such a plot holds a rich entertainment. Learned Latinists have tried to bamboozle us with all kinds of theories as to the occult purposes Terence had in view in writing his comedies, but so far as the "*Andria*" is concerned we have his own authority for the statement that his sole object was to "please the public." If he could have foreseen how the Westminsterers were to handle the play he would have been more than content with his laudable ambition. His reward for writing amusing dialogue in the best style is that his plays have become the text-books and recreations of our schools.

But if Terence was not "getting at" his esteemed contemporaries, his exponents at Westminster can not be absolved from such a charge. For a Terentian play is nothing without its Epilogue, a newly written skit or *revue* of the political and social events of the year. The author is always anonymous, but he never fails to acquit himself right nobly. For the twelvemonths just ending the epilogist had a wealth of enviable material, ranging from radical investments in Marconi shares to the latest Tango rage, and it so happened that there is a striking likeness between the name of the characters of the "*Andria*" and those of the two politicians who figured in the wireless gamble. Thus Simo is almost a Hebraic equivalent of Sir Rufus Isaacs, while Davus is near of kin to the David of Wales. When the curtain rose for the Epilogue, Simo and Davus were seen drinking success to their Marconi investments in the costliest wines, the waiter being a rustic who refused to believe that pheasants live on mangold-wurzels. The latter aside on natural history was a tribute to Mr. Lloyd George's recent discovery that the pheasants which provide wicked landlords with so much sport are nurtured on the root crops of the distressed farmer. In the most adroit manner were introduced other figures prominent in British public opinion, including the latest agitator and the violent suffragette.

So was Terence brought up to date. Not with the satire of a Juvenal, but with the urbanity of a Horace. There were Radicals as well as Tories in the audience, justices and bishops, heads of Oxford colleges and members of both houses of Parliament; but they all enjoyed the fun and shared in the plaudits. For in London's dramatic season there is nothing comparable to the Westminster play commanded by the Virgin Queen.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 22, 1913.

Omsk, Siberia, has become the outfitting point for an extraordinary migration, estimated at 2,000,000 people annually, which pours into the country bordering on Mongolia. Nothing in Europe or Asia has ever been quite so like the springing up of the great cities of the American Middle West as is the growth today of new towns in Siberia. Except that the tide is moving east instead of west the movement has many parallels to the wonderful migration which won the West for America. There are, however, two striking differences. The first is that the pioneering is comparatively luxurious compared to the American movement, while the natives instead of being swept aside are being absorbed by intermarriage with the settler. The ten-day journey up the Irtysh River from Omsk into the promised land is made by steamboats which are the last word in the luxury and convenience of river traffic. It is by no means a monotonous journey, as the river banks swarm with wild fowl and four-footed game, while the scenery in many places is wonderful. That Omsk intends to become a modern city as soon as possible is indicated by the condition of her streets. In the business sections of the town sewers, gas mains, and underground telegraph and telephone wires are being installed, while street-car track layers are working over the heads of the diggers. Similar work is being done in many other of the new Siberian towns.

In ten years Louisiana has risen to a position giving that state a practical monopoly on the production of sulphur in this country. Imports from Sicily are growing steadily less each year. In 1904 the Frasch process for the recovery of sulphur from beds underlying a heavy cover of quicksand was put into operation by the Union Sulphur Company of Sulphur City, near Lake Charles, in Calcasieu Parish. Since that time approximately 2,330,000 tons of refined sulphur have been recovered from the Louisiana deposits. Louisiana is also an important producer of rock salt, in which it ranks second among the states. The salt mines underlie so-called islands, which are really mounds rising above the marsh lands along the gulf shore in Iberia Parish. The Petite Anse mines, on Avery Island, were operated during the Civil War, having been developed in a small way in 1862.

Java, now furnishing the bulk of the world's quinine supply, finds a great market for the preparation in India, which already consumes one-sixth of all the quinine produced. Ceylon, once a large exporter, has fallen off in the product until the quantity sent out each year is quite negligible. India, however, in an effort to become a great quinine-producing country, has planted thousands of acres to the cinchona tree.

OLD FAVORITES.

It Is a Question Endless That We Chase.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of his mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

* * * * *
My love has talked with rocks and trees;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crowned;
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—
I looked on these, and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, she sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep.
Though rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrills the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold; she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A withered violet is her bliss;
She knows not what his greatness is;
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and can not move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
"I can not understand: I love."
—From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

The House By the Side of the Road.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night,
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.
—Sam Waller Foss.

City postmen in the British Isles have long had a great reputation as stair-climbers, but some may be surprised to learn that an investigation shows that a postman in Glasgow has to climb on an average 210 flights of stairs a day, which works out 8400 steps a day, going up and coming down. Another postman has to ascend and descend 51,400 steps during one week, the daily average being 9560, and the daily work of a third necessitates his walking fourteen and three-fourth miles on the level and a total "stair" rise of 3266 feet.

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

Algar Labouchere Thorold Writes a Biography of the Celebrated English Politician and Wit.

Henry Labouchere died in 1912, and now, in less than two years, we have his biography from the competent pen of Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold. Perhaps it is well that such a work, if it come at all, should come quickly. Labouchere's figure was a distinctly interesting one, but we may doubt if it will occupy a very large place in the general memory. His was not a constructive force, although the author gives him credit for playing a striking and original part in the democratization of England which has now, he says, been definitely achieved. Doubtless he did play a part and played it with sincerity, but it was not the part of a leader. He lacked both the capacity and the inclination to combine with others in pursuit of a political end, since combination means always some concession and some compromise, and Labouchere had no taste for either. Probably he always felt some detachment from the core of English public life, since he himself was a Frenchman, French by birth, and French in his outlook on life. Eminently French was his comment upon another public man to the effect that the mere denial of the existence of God did not entitle a man's opinion to be taken without scrutiny on matters of greater importance. No "mere" Englishman, says the author, could have said that. In short Labouchere appeals to us as a wit, a raconteur, and a guerilla fighter rather than as a constructive statesman, and this is compatible with a full recognition of his sincerity as a politician.

Labouchere in his youth seems to have had a partiality for ladies of the circus. His early adventures in Mexico included an association with a traveling show, one of the performers being the attraction. Later on, when he was an attaché at Washington, he seems to have had a similar adventure, although possibly it may have been the same one in more authentic garb. Sir Aubrey Gosling says that he noticed on Labouchere's wall a large playbill and asked him what it was:

"It's a funny story," replied Labouchere; "I will tell you about it. When attaché at Washington I was in the habit of attending almost nightly a circus, standing often at the artists' entrance to the ring. The proprietor had often scowled at me, and one night asked me what I meant by trespassing on sacred ground. I told him I had formed an honorable attachment for one of his ladies, and simply stood in the passage to kiss the hem of her robe as she passed by. 'Get out of this, you d—d loafer,' he said. And I got out. A few months later I pointed out to my chief notices in the New York press of a certain American sparkling wine called, under the district where it was grown, 'Kitawber.' I told him I thought a report should be made on this new vintage, and volunteered to draw up a report for the Foreign Office. He seemed surprised by my assiduity and very unusual zeal (for I never did a stroke of work), and said: 'By all means go—that is a capital idea of yours.' The truth was my circus had removed to Kitawber and with it my fair lady of the *haute école*, so thither I proceeded. I presented myself to the proprietor, my rude friend, and told him I wished for an engagement with his troupe without salary. He asked me what my line was, and I told him standing jumps. Some obstacles were placed in the ring, over which I jumped with great success, and my name figures on the playbill you see hanging there as the 'Bounding Buck of Babylon.' I wore pink tights, with a fillet round by head. My adorable one said I looked a dear."

Labouchere's opinion of the diplomatic service was not a high one. While at Washington he worked assiduously, although a cynical friend assured him that he would soon discover the error of imagining that he would get on by hard work. It would be far better for him if he could prove that some relative of his was sixteenth cousin to the porter at the Foreign Office:

It was the fate of Henry Labouchere, wherever he went, to create an atmosphere of unconventionality, which formed a fitting background for the numberless stories which seem still to collect and grow round his name as time goes on. During one of Mr. Crampton's absences from the legation, he had an opportunity of exercising the official reserve and discretion for which the English diplomats have always been so famous. An American citizen called one morning to see Mr. Crampton. "I want to see the boss," he said. "You can't—he is out," replied Labouchere. "But you can see me." "You are no good," replied the American. "I must see the boss. I'll wait." "Very well," calmly said the attaché, and went on with his letter-writing. The visitor sat down and waited for a considerable time. At last he said: "I've been fooling round here two hours; has the chief come in yet?" "No; you will see him drive up to the front door when he returns." "How long do you reckon he will be before he comes?" "Well," said Labouchere, "he went to Canada yesterday; I should say he'll be here in about six weeks."

It seems that Bismarck also had a similar idea of diplomacy and diplomatists. He regarded the whole thing as useless and stupid. "Send me," he said, "your village schoolmaster or road inspector, clean washed and combed; they will make just as good diplomatists as these":

Labouchere wrote in 1889: "If all Foreign Office telegrams were published, they would be curious reading. Years ago I was an attaché at Stockholm. The present queen, then Duchess of Ostrogotha, had a baby, and a telegram came from the Foreign Office desiring that her majesty's congratulations should be offered, and that she should be informed how the mother and child were. The minister was away, so off I went to the palace to convey the message and to inquire about the health of the pair. A solemn gentleman received me. I informed him of my orders, and requested him to say what I was to reply. 'Her royal highness,' he replied, 'is as well as can be expected, but his royal highness is suffering a little internally, and it is thought that this is due to the milk of the wet nurse having been slightly sour yesterday evening.' I telegraphed this to the Foreign Office."

Speaking in the House of Commons on the Foreign Office vote, Labouchere said, referring in particular to

Foreign Office messengers, that very often these gentlemen were sent abroad, at a very large cost to the country, for no practical object whatever. They went on a certain route, and the business was made up for them as they went:

He had had the honor to serve at one time under Sir Henry Bulwer at Constantinople. Now Sir Henry Bulwer was always ill; and on one occasion he remembered making a calculation that a box of pills Sir Henry was anxious to obtain, and which was sent out by a Foreign Office messenger, cost the country from £200 to £300. Probably the pills did Sir Henry good, and pills were much more useful than a good deal of the stuff sent out by the Foreign Office. He went on to tell the House that he had himself been in the diplomatic service for ten years, and he had spent a great deal of his time in ciphering and deciphering telegrams, and that he could not remember half a dozen of them that any man, woman, or child in the whole world would have taken any trouble to decipher for any information that could have been derived from them.

Labouchere did not think much of Russians. He used to say that they were like monkeys, eager to copy the manners of civilized Europe, and making rather a failure of the attempt. When they copied Frenchmen they were too much like dancing masters, and when they were copying Englishmen they were too much like grooms. On one occasion the emperor stood beside him while he was playing cards. It was Labouchere's deal. "Now," said the emperor, "let us see if you can turn up the king." Labouchere dealt, and then held out the turn-up card, observing: "Your orders have been obeyed, sir." It was a trifling example of the luck, or its reverse, says the author, that seemed to be forever crossing and recrossing Labouchere's path:

A popular anecdote of his Petersburg days is the following: A fussy German nobleman pushed his way into the Chancellerie, where Labouchere was working, asking to see the ambassador. "Please take a chair," said the secretary; "he will be here soon." "But, young man," blustered the German, "do you know who I am?" And he poured out a string of imposing titles. Labouchere looked up in well-simulated awe. "Pray take two chairs," he remarked quietly, and went on writing.

Labouchere tells a diplomatic story that seems to suggest that the game is not always so humdrum and unadventurous as he himself would suggest. It occurred while he was connected with the service in St. Petersburg:

Labouchere used to tell a good story of how he got at the secrets of the Russian government. His laundress was a handsome woman, and having made friends with her on other than professional grounds, she happened to mention that her husband was a compositor in the government printing office. The minutes of the cabinet councils were printed in French, of which the printers, of course, understood nothing. Labouchere persuaded her for a consideration to obtain from her husband the loose sheets from which the minutes had been printed. They were brought to him by the faithful woman every week, concealed among his starched shirts and collars. As soon as Lord John Russell discovered the source of the interesting information that reached him from Petersburg, he put a stop to the simple intrigue. Labouchere would always wind up his narrative of this episode with the words: "For what reason, I wonder, did Russell imagine diplomacy was invented?"

Labouchere was in Florence at the time of the flight of the grand ducal family. He said that when the party was well upon the road they found that they had not a pocket handkerchief between them. Fortunately the Grand Duchess had on a white petticoat with very ample frills, so she went round to each of the grand-ducal family in turn and wiped their eyes and noses for them. But he admitted that the story was probably not true, although it was just the kind of thing that royalties would do:

He was also very fond of telling a story about an outrageous compliment he paid to a lady belonging to the Court of the Grand Duchess, which, if true, showed that at least one of the resolutions he made in the inn at Quotla di Amalpas had been carried into successful practice: "The Grand Duchess of Tuscany had a venerable maid of honor above seventy years of age. She had piercing black eyes, and looked like an old postchaise, painted up and with new lamps. 'How old do you think I am?' she once asked me, with a simpering smile that caused my blood to run cold. I hesitated, and then said 'Twenty.' 'Flatterer,' she replied, tapping me with her fan, 'I am twenty-five.'"

Labouchere's connection with the diplomatic service could hardly have been a long one in any case, but it was brought to an abrupt conclusion by an impertinence offered to Lord Russell, at that time Foreign Secretary. Labouchere received a communication to the effect that he had been promoted to be second secretary in the diplomatic service at Buenos Ayres:

Labouchere is said to have replied as follows: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's dispatch, informing me of my promotion as second secretary to her majesty's legation at Buenos Ayres. I beg to state that, if residing at Baden-Baden I can fulfill those duties, I shall be pleased to accept the appointment." As this was the second joke he had played on Lord Russell, he was politely told that there was no further use for his services.

The author makes various references to Labouchere's gambling propensities. He was not only a gambler, but a successful gambler, and perhaps this is another example of the luck that seems to have followed him all his life. He himself said that he went to Homburg every year to take the waters and that he always paid the expenses of his trip from his winnings at the tables. It may have been luck or it may have been system, but he believed that it was system:

"I used to write the following figures on a piece of paper: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. My stake was always the top and bottom figure added together. If I won, I scratched out these figures; if I lost, I wrote down the stake at the bottom of the figures, and I went on playing until all the figures on my piece of paper were erased. Thus my first stake (and I play indifferently on red or black) would be ten. If I won it, I scratched out three and seven. My next stake would be ten again, as four and six make ten. If I lost it, I wrote down ten at the bottom of my list of figures, and played fourteen, being the addition

of the first and last figure on the list, viz. fourteen. The basis of the 'system' was this. Before reaching the maximum I could play a series of even chances for about two hours, and if during these two hours I won one-quarter as many times as the bank, plus five, all my figures were erased. During these two hours an even chance would be produced two hundred times. If, therefore, I won fifty-five times, and the bank won one hundred and forty-five times, I was the winner of twenty-five napoleons, florins, or whatever was my unit. Now let any one produce an even chance by tossing up a coin and always crying 'heads,' he will find that he may go on until Doomsday before the 'tails' exceed the 'heads,' or the 'heads' exceed the 'tails,' by ninety-five. I found this system in a letter from Condorcet to a friend, which I read in a book that I purchased at a stall on the 'Quai' at Paris. It may have been, as I have said, only luck; but all I can say is, that whenever I played it I invariably won."

The first parliamentary contest in which Labouchere engaged as a candidate was in 1868, and he was defeated by Lord George Hamilton. It was then the custom for both candidates to appear upon the hustings after the polls and to thank their supporters. Labouchere traveled down to Middlesex for this purpose, and Henry Irving accompanied him in the rôle of sympathetic friend:

On the morning of the day when I had to perform this function, Irving called upon me, and I invited him to accompany me. Down we drove. I made an inaudible speech to a mob, and we reentered our carriage to return to London. In a large constituency like Middlesex few know the candidates by sight. Irving felt it his duty to assume a *mine de circonstance*. He folded his arms, pressed his hat over his brows and was every inch the baffled politician—defeated, sad, but yet sternly resigned to his fate. In this character he was so impressive that the crowd came to the conclusion that he was the defeated candidate. So woe-begone, and so solemnly dignified, did he look that they were overcome with emotion, and, to show their sympathy, they took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it back to London. When they left us I got up to thank them, but this did not dispel the illusion. "Poor fellow," I heard them say, as they watched Irving, "his feelings are too much for him," and they patted him, shook hands with him, and thanked him.

The celebrated Parnell trial owed many of its dramatic features to Labouchere, who was selected by Pigott for the confession of forgery that brought the legal proceedings to a practical close. Labouchere, of course, insisted upon the presence of a witness, and the veteran journalist, George Augustus Sala, was asked to act in that capacity. Mr. Sala himself described the interview and the amazing admissions of Pigott:

When he had come to the end of his statement Mr. Labouchere left the library for a few minutes to obtain a little refreshment. It was a great relief to me when he came back, for, when Pigott and I were left together, there came over me a vague dread that he might disclose his complicity with the Rye House Plot, or that he would admit that he had been the executioner of King Charles I. The situation was rather embarrassing; the time might have been tided over by whistling, but unfortunately I never learned to whistle. It would have been rude to read a book; and besides, to do so would have necessitated my taking my eyes off Mr. Pigott, and I never took them off him. We did get into conversation, but our talk was curt and trite. He remarked, first taking up that so-called *Times*, that the London papers were inconveniently large. This, being a self-evident proposition, met with no response from me, but on his proceeding to say, in quite a friendly manner, that I must have found the afternoon's interview rather stupid work, I replied that, on the contrary, so far as I was concerned, I had found it equally amusing and instructive. Then the frugal Mr. Labouchere coming back with his mouth full, we went to business again.

Pigott's one weak spot was his love for his children, who seemed likely to be left penniless in the event of their father's imprisonment. Under the circumstances it was obviously impossible for Labouchere to make him any promises in this respect, but Sala says it was easy for Pigott to see the extraordinary tenderness that Labouchere could never conceal whenever there was any question of suffering to be saved to a child. And, as a matter of fact, he made it his business to see that the children were cared for as soon as the wretched forger had ended his own life:

In his examination by Sir Charles Russell Mr. Labouchere had said: "Pigott said to me, 'I shall go to prison, but perhaps I am better there than anywhere else; the only thing I regret is the position of my children, who will starve.' I said: 'Well, I think they won't starve, or anything of that sort, but if you want me to make any terms about your children, you must not expect it from me.' Poor puzzled Pigott! He had done everything he could to please every one round him, and yet he could get no one at this crisis to do the one thing that would have set his fluttering mind at ease. No one would promise to befriend the four little boys at Kingstown. Truly, as he had told Mr. Labouchere, he was in a terrible mess."

A concluding example of Labouchere's wit is already well known, but it may as well be repeated in the authoritative form in which it here appears:

Mr. Labouchere's jest about Mr. Gladstone laying upon Providence the responsibility of always placing the ace of trumps up his sleeve was a good one. In one of his private letters I find the quip worded a little more pungently. "Who can not refrain," he says, referring to the then prime minister, "from perpetually bringing an ace down his sleeve, even when he has only to play fair to win the trick." Clearly in the case of the exclusion of Mr. Labouchere from his cabinet, Mr. Gladstone had only to play a simple and straightforward game for the trick to be his. In fact it was his with the queen. There was no necessity for any further ruse, and the matter would have ended.

Labouchere was over eighty years of age when he died, and his almost unbroken luck attended him to the end. He took to his bed like a child that is tired of play and so died peacefully and painlessly. Mr. Thorold has done his biographical work with great skill, and in such a way as to present a picture that seems to be also a portrait.

THE LIFE OF HENRY LABOUCHERE. By ALGAR LABOUCHERE THOROLD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Here Are Ladies.

If Mr. James Stephens should continue as he has begun he may find that he has set for himself an inconveniently high standard of excellence. His "Crock of Gold" was surprising in its humor and its imagery, and now we have a volume of sketches that it would be hard to characterize without incurring the suspicion of exaggeration. Most of the scenes depicted by Mr. Stephens are related to marriage, we might almost say directed against marriage, and in the cynical but not unkindly vein of the misogynist. There is the picture of the man who breaks into insane rebellion against the gentle restraints of the domestic wife that are slowly eating into his soul. There is the other man who laws down the law to his wife and who finds himself hested in every encounter. And there is that other inimitable picture of the man who dreads marriage because he will have to converse and to keep on conversing all his life. What is there, what can there be, to talk about? And yet the world is so full of things that it ought not to be difficult:

As he sat in the train beside his wife the silence which he so dreaded came upon them. Emptiness buzzed in his head. He sought diligently for something to speak about—the characteristics of objects! There were objects and to spare, but he could not say—"that window is square, it is made of glass," or, "the roof of this carriage is flat, it is made of wood."

Suddenly his wife buried her face in her muff, and her shoulders were convulsed. . . . Love and contrition possessed him on the instant. He eased his husky throat, and the dreaded, interminable conversation began—"What are you crying for, my dear?" said he. Her voice, smothered by the fur, replied: "I am not crying, darling," said she, "I am only laughing."

To say that Mr. Stephens is a humorist of the first water is to praise too faintly his extraordinary gift. But there is pathos, too, and it is as excellent as his humor. His book is a pure delight from the first page to the last.

HERE ARE LADIES. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Camilla.

It is evident that the author loves her heroine, but she hardly succeeds in persuading her reader to do the same. Camilla is introduced to us as a little Italian girl who shows her superiority over her companions by a certain dramatic instinct that leads her always to assume the pose of superiority. Then Camilla is thrown upon the world, and for nearly five hundred pages we watch the vicissitudes of a girl who is beautiful and clever, but who suggests a sort of second-hand Becky Sharp, hard, shrewd, and cunning. We are inclined to wonder if Camilla is worth while, but there need be no hesitation in saying that the intimate picture of Italian life is well worth while. Nothing of its kind more convincing and more exact is available in the form of fiction. But in spite of a hearty desire to love Camilla we fail to do so.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CAMILLA. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

The Gardener.

Mr. Rabindranath Tagore is already so visible in the literary firmament that it is unnecessary to point out the arrival of a new and a great poet. It is hard to say if his work has lost much by translation, but if so, the original must be of surpassing beauty too Mr. Tagore is not only a poet, but a mystic, and with an unsurpassed faculty for the dainty expression of profound truth. Of this we may take as an example the following:

Why did the flower fade?
I pressed it to my heart with anxious love, that
is why the flower faded.
Why did the stream dry up?
I put a dam across it to have it for my use, that
is why the stream dried up.
Why did the harp-string break?
I tried to force a note that was beyond its power,
that is why the harp-string is broken.

Mr. Tagore's poems are a pure delight to read. Conception, imagery, and expression are alike faultless, and so we are inclined to wonder if he may be regarded as a presage of a literary awakening in India and if the smoldering ashes of the Orient may possibly break out once more into flame.

THE GARDENER. By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated by the author from the original Bengali. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

From the St. Lawrence to Virginia.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's travel books are now so well known and their utility has been so often tested that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce a new and attractive volume under the title of "From the St. Lawrence to Virginia." The author shows a peculiar skill both here and in his earlier volumes of getting at the heart of his subject and of displaying a far more intimate picture of the country and its people than can readily be obtained elsewhere. Perhaps this is because he knows the people, and the right people, to ask for themselves, and to talk in the most natural and illuminating way. The author

himself is always willing to stand in the background, which is, after all, the most effective of all possible positions. His volume includes chapters on the characteristic regions of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and a chapter on Washington and vicinity. Tourist and automobile routes are appended to each chapter.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE TO VIRGINIA. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A letter from India recently received by a New York publisher acknowledges: "Your Booklet which had given me a brief description of 7 volumes (best) wonderful life of 'Charlotte Bronte best novels,' such as the Judgment House, Auction Bridge, Desert Gold, Guide to wild flowers, etc., containing various instructions of the above quoted by you in the list, with many thanks. Sir, the cost of each best wonderful novels are too much high." The Indian correspondent continues: "I have heard the Harper's Magazine or North American Review one of the most circulation in the world."

Mrs. Corra Harris, author of "In Search of a Husband" has left her haunt at Pine Log, Georgia, to go to New York to engage in literary work for the winter. Mrs. Harris takes great joy in her country home at Pine Log, and speaks tenderly of it. "There are a hundred acres of forest and a hundred acres of meadow," she says. "At night there is a lonely, very dim little star that shines above the meadow as if it had a tear in its eye. That is mine, too. It goes with the place."

Harper & Brothers announce the reprinting of two of the volumes in Harper's Library of Living Thought: "The Teaching of Jesus," by Leo Tolstoi, and "Paul and Jesus," by Professor Johannes Weiss.

Henry Holt & Co. are sending to press and hope to issue early this month a rather novel book for lovers and students of the drama, "The Continental Drama of Today—Outlines for Its Study," by Barrett H. Clark, who recently successfully translated Hervieu's "The Labarynth" (Huebsch).

The John Lane Company announces the following books for January: "The Greatest House at Chelsea," by Randall Davies; "English Travelers of the Renaissance," by Clare Howard; "A Motor Tour Through Canada," by Thomas W. Wilby; "Across Siberia Alone," by Mrs. John Clarence Lee; "Boy-cotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler; "The Flying Inn," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "The Irresistible Intruder," by William Caine; "Garden Oats," by Alice Herbert; "The Hat Shop," by Mrs. C. S. Peel.

Mrs. John Clarence Lee, the Philadelphia clubwoman and author of "Across Siberia Alone," was educated in Paris for the stage, but chose marriage instead of a career. She lived for a short time in the West, and as a lark toured the frontier country in the famous "Western Ideals" company, which played in towns which had had no entertainment of any sort for twenty years. Their dressing-room was often the general store and their stage the church or school platform.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, professor of English literature at Princeton University, and the author of many remarkable poems, edited the poetical terminology of Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, just published.

Rabindranath Tagore is not the only Nobel prize-winner who has a new book out. It will be remembered that a few years ago Theodore Roosevelt won the Nobel prize, not for literature to be sure, but for services equally important to the good of mankind. Mr. Roosevelt's "Autobiography," which recently came from the Macmillan press, tells all about the Nobel Peace Prize as well as the other interesting events in a remarkable career.

According to Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, who has just published his new book, "A Man of Egypt," Egypt is a land full of contrasts, contradictions, paradoxes, and discordant ideas. Just as one thinks that he has discovered the "Man of Egypt" this person gracefully eludes him, taking exactly the opposite course from that which the Westerner's experience would lead him to believe that a human being would naturally follow. The book is published by the George H. Doran Company.

In a voting contest conducted among the 1500 Sunday-school students of the Elm Park Methodist Church of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "Little Women" was pronounced the best book the students had read. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "The Shepherd of the Hills" were second and third in the list. All three stories have been dramatized, but "Little Women" has brought its producer, William A. Brady, the greatest profits.

Jules Guerin's "Housetops of Nazareth," recently awarded the Charles W. Beck, Jr., prize of \$100, the one award made each year at the annual water-color show at the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, was reproduced in the colors of the original canvas in

the Century Magazine of May, 1910, and later was made one of the eighteen pages in color in "The Holy Land" in its book form—a work on which Jules Guerin and Robert Hichens collaborated.

J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," relates that one evening at dinner with Holt, a brother publisher, "the conversation turned on the respective merits of Wil-

liam E. Norris and Thomas Hardy, and Holt expressed the opinion that Norris was the coming man. I stood out for Hardy, and Holt turned to me and generously offered to exchange authors—he having published for Hardy and we for Norris. I accepted his proposition, and from that time on we have published all of Hardy's novels." "A Changed Man," just published, probably completes this list of Hardy's fiction.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

—OF—

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1913

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$5,050,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof (\$5,867,275.00), of the State of New York (\$951,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$12,398,440.52
2—CASH IN VAULT: U. S. Gold and Silver Coin.....	\$2,778,507.92
Checks	30,723.56—
2,809,231.48	
3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS (\$5,408,000.00) the actual value of which is	5,419,229.33
	\$20,626,901.33

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$340,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$120,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$6,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,400,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$535,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	34,041,389.99
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The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	484,780.00
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The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) REAL ESTATE situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,936,214.49), and in the County of Santa Clara (\$12,647.44), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	1,948,861.93
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(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its office, the actual value of which is.....	983,288.50
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The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS—Uncollected and accrued....	213,580.10
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TOTAL ASSETS

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$54,474,351.04
(Number of Depositors, 85,185; Average Amount of Deposits, \$639.48).	

2—CONTINGENT FUNDS—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds	\$ 213,580.10
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3—RESERVE FUND—Actual Value.....	3,610,870.61—
3,824,450.71	

TOTAL LIABILITIES

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
City and County of San Francisco } ss.
CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1914.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Aladdin from Broadway.

It seems that Mohammedan law forbids a divorced wife to be remarried to her husband until she has been married a second time and a second time divorced. These repentances must be somewhat numerous, since they have given rise to an institution called a *mustahall*, or husband of convenience, whose function it is to marry the divorced woman and then at once to divorce her in his turn in order that she may be remarried to her first husband. We are not prepared to vouch for this summary of Mohammedan law, but Mr. Isham uses it to good effect in his new story "Aladdin from Broadway," and even quotes the Koran in support of his plot. He introduces us to a dervish who for a consideration allows himself to act as a *mustahall* and who then finds that the very beautiful lady to whom he has been temporarily married does not wish for the second divorce nor to return to her first husband, and that she is willing to pay him substantially to assert his rights. When we recognize that the dervish is an American in disguise we perceive that there are some interesting developments ahead of us, and certainly there are. We may doubt if any white man could successfully disguise himself as a dervish, at least under such circumstances as these, but with the novelist all things are possible. At least the story makes good reading, and he must indeed be exacting who demands probabilities nowadays.

ALADDIN FROM BROADWAY. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Autograph Land.

The autograph collector is rightly considered to be a nuisance, and usually an impertinent nuisance, but Mr. Joline shows us that it is possible to collect autographs as a serious intellectual study and to treasure them not merely as pieces of paper bearing distinguished names, but as expressions of great individualities. Possibly Mr. Joline never intended that his book should be published. We are told that the manuscript was found among his posthumous papers, but it is certainly worth publication. It is not only written with a certain delicate enthusiasm for books and their authors, but it has itself a marked literary value. The editor tells us that it was the human document that interested Joline, and the rare edition, the priceless autograph, were only the outward and visible signs of an underlying spirit. A book or a manuscript meant to him personality,

and he possessed the happy faculty of both discerning it for himself and of making it visible to others. He writes a delightful chapter on unread books, another on facsimiles and forgeries, and a dozen other chapters on the art of collecting and of the men whose autographs give an additional value to their volumes. A large number of portrait and facsimile illustrations help to make a volume of unusual interest.

RAMBLES IN AUTOGRAPH LAND. By Adrian H. Joline. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

General John Reagan.

The name of G. A. Birmingham on a title-page is guaranty of a capital story of Irish life, and certainly we have just such a story here. There can hardly be said to be a plot, unless it is to be found in the efforts of an American gentleman to infuse some life into the town of Ballymoy by persuading its people to erect a statue to their famous townsman, that great Bolivian general and patriot, John Reagan. As the American visitor promises to give \$500 to this laudable end he finds it quite easy to arouse enthusiasm, since \$500 is a good deal of money, and the low prices now ruling for second-hand or misfit statues promise a margin of profit for local enterprise. Not until the lord lieutenant has undertaken to come to Ballymoy and unveil the statue is it discovered that there was no such man as General John Reagan and that the whole project is due to the recognition of the American gentleman that "this town kind of cries to be wakened up a bit."

The whole story is an admirable piece of humor, but it is also something more. To understand the political problems of a people we must understand the people themselves, and as we read Mr. Birmingham's delightful sketches we realize gradually that at last we are beginning to understand Irish politics and the futilities of centuries of agitation.

GENERAL JOHN REAGAN. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Miracles of Science.

In the course of an interesting and substantial volume the author traces for us some of the achievements of modern science in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, and applied mechanics. His volume is intended for the intelligent layman who wishes for a concise statement of fact rather than for elaborate demonstrations, and it seems to be admirably adapted to such a purpose. Perhaps the author shows a tendency here and there to be somewhat over-enthusiastic and to accept theories as demonstrated facts, but

then that is a general failing of scientific books intended for lay readers.

MIRACLES OF SCIENCE. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Mosaics of Truth in Nature," by Etta Merrick Graves (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net) is a series of well-intentioned little essays intended to draw moral conclusions from the facts of nature.

"The Rainy Day Railroad War," by Holman Day (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is a story for young readers of a contest between lumber barons and the builders of a little six-mile railroad. It is told with skill and energy and may be confidently recommended for the boy's library.

The American Book Company has published a "French Prose Composition," by C. Fontaine, intended, so we are told, to teach students to translate live English into live French. The exercises are graduated and the book concludes with a competent vocabulary. Price, 35 cents.

Every one knows Walt Mason and therefore every one should be glad to get a collection of his inimitable rhymes in handy volume form. In ordering it is only necessary to state the title of the book, which is: "Rippling Rhymes to Suit the Times, All Sorts of Themes Embracing, Some Gay, Some Sad, Some Not So Bad as Written by Walt Mason." It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (\$1.25 net).

Among later additions to Everyman's Library, edited by Ernest Rhys, is "Life in Mexico," by Mme. Calderon de la Barca (E. P. Dutton & Co.). There is no need to recommend so well-known a classic as this, which should now have a new lease of popularity, not only because it appears in a library so deservedly popular as this, but because recent events have given a new importance to Mexican affairs.

There are many descriptions of the Holy Land, and most of them are dull reading. In this case the author of "A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land" has followed a somewhat novel plan. After a short preliminary sketch he fills his book with 100 photographs without accompanying letterpress except a reference to the biblical passages which the picture is intended to illustrate. The photographs are of large size and they are well chosen. Mr. Elmendorf is certainly a good photographer and with a keen eye for the pic-

The White House

January Book Sale

Our annual January book sale is now under way, affording buyers a rare opportunity to procure the best at a very substantial reduction.

All the books of the year past, in addition to hosts of others, in this month's special selling.

Mail orders promptly filled while the sale lasts.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

turesque and the important. The volume is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$3 net.

High praise is deserved by the new edition of "The Arabian Night's Entertainment" that has just been issued by Henry Holt & Co. (\$1.50 net). The issue is based on a translation from the Arabic by Edward William Lane, selected, edited, and arranged for young people by Frances Jenkins Olcott. It seems a little unorthodox nowadays to suggest that children's reading needs any censorship at all, but for the sake of old-fashioned folk it is well that the work of editors should be done so competently as it is here. There are fifteen full-page illustrations by Monro S. Orr.

The New York City Federation of Women's Clubs is coöperating with the John Lane Company to extend knowledge of Richard Le Gallienne's latest book, "The Lonely Dancer," as "one of the fine examples of modern verse."

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

Robertson's
222 STOCKTON ST.
Union Square San Francisco

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

UNION SQUARE

M. MAURICE AND FLORENCE WALTON

who gave the Tango its vogue, will entertain in the

ROSE RESTAURANT

DURING AFTER -THE -THEATRE SUPPER

Commencing January Twelfth

The Geary Street entrance will be found of convenience, or admission may be had from the hotel office.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JAMES WOODS



AT THE ORPHEUM.

There are no actual celebrities at the Orpheum this week, yet the work goes just as merrily on. The fact is the Orpheum habitué has the vaudeville habit, and of the thousands of people ministering to his tastes by working up new vaudeville stunts there are always plenty of experienced entertainers who are clever enough to fill up an extremely amusing or entertaining programme, with not a celebrity in sight.

Thus it is at the Orpheum just now. There are several turns that win the noisiest plaudits. An outburst of whistles added to the usual applause means eventual profit for the lucky performer whose act "goes big."

That is the good fortune that falls to the Boudini Brothers, "masters of the accordion," whose success shows up again the unexpectedness of vaudeville audiences. For, preceding them by several numbers on the programme, was Lillian Herlein, "the prima donna beautiful." Lillian provided the audience with the ever-welcome sight of a handsome woman in gorgeously appointed raiment, affording fine views of numerous areas of well-shaped flesh. Lillian sang in a big, rich, untrained voice. Like Gaby Deslys, she changed her clothes at the drop of the hat, and in her short turn appeared in three costly and beautiful costumes. She gave popular operatic numbers, linked together by vocalized dialogue in a stage Italian accent. Lillian worked like a horse, and eventually she got there. But all the same the applause she wrested from the audience did not compare either in volume or enthusiasm with that which fairly hurled itself at the Boudini brothers, two cheerful-looking young men who merely played their accordions.

The other numbers that stand out particularly are the Allens in their one-act comedy, and Horace Goldin, who fills a considerable portion of the bill with a mélange of conjuring tricks, imitations, moving pictures, and picturesquely mounted and costumed pantomimic play. A tigress, a wicked-looking beast that inhabits a cage in a Moorish mosque, and is worshiped as a god, adds the last touch of costliness to this extensively populated composition gotten up by the versatile magician. Mr. Goldin calls himself "the whirlwind illusionist," and undoubtedly he has earned the right to the title. The whole affair whirls by with incredible speed, the tempo being maintained so consistently throughout the hour allotted to Mr. Goldin's act that our sensibilities finally became half stunned.

Mr. Frederick Allen's playlet, "She Had to Tell Him," pleasantly absorbed the audience for some twenty minutes. They felt intimate with that stout, bald, jolly, soft-hearted, poker-playing, cocktail-absorbing, money-producing citizen who served as its hero. Slightly sentimentalized and made Americanishly chivalric toward women, the portrait of this "middle-aged plunger" appealed to the sentimental side of a vaudeville audience, because to many of them he seemed a plausibly idealized version of themselves. Mr. Allen certainly knows the trick.

There are, of course, several of the inevitable and ever-popular song-and-dance couples, including among them Maude Muller of the volcanic voice and the repartee that comes forth like a series of deafening explosions. For that is her special trick, and it also "goes big."

There was wise little Hector, who, after sinking into innumerable canine reveries, invariably produced the correct solution to the arithmetical combinations propounded to him by his master.

There were the five Sullys in a string of lively nonsense, and there were some exceedingly inept Mutt and Jeff moving pictures from which a number of the audience had the good sense instantaneously to rise and flee.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

The whole world, both gentle and simple, is getting the film-play habit. Those who are regular habitués know the picture-play stars by sight, and feel refreshed when they see the unknown and unrecognized faces of players in the film-plays gotten up in Europe.

At the Savoy this week they are running a *Le Kleine*—he who got up "Quo Vadis" and "The Last Days of Pompeii"—production of "Antony and Cleopatra," which, so they say, is having its "first presentation in the world."

Great prodigality of numbers and effects is displayed in the production of "Antony and Cleopatra." The well-known Novelli—the son of his famous father—who impersonated the young hero of "Quo Vadis," plays Antony, somewhat resembling, by the way, Faversham, whom recently we saw make such an imposing appearance in the part. The most difficult thing to compass, in these ancient stories revived, is the face of a player that can part with its modernness. Whether it is that in the actual drama the magnetism of the players affects our judgment and compels our satisfaction I can not say, but in these film plays of ancient times the enlarged views of the individual players are frequently disturbing to illusion. Or, at least, such is my experience. Cleopatra, for instance; to see her on the billboards is to feel that they have made a good selection of the actress impersonating the royal enchantress. But a more prolonged acquaintance with the features and general physiognomy of Jeane Ferribili causes one to perceive that we must classify the handsome Italian actress with those massive, full-bodied, well-corseted, fashionably dressed materialists that we see at cafés lingering over their beer and caviare sandwiches. In other words, she can not entirely draw our imagination back into the centuries, in spite of her voluptuous smiles and amorous embraces. She has none of the mystery of the instinctive enchantress.

But what the individual players can not always succeed in doing the imposingness of the general effects can. There is an infinity of detail in the pictures, which, combined with the extent of territory and quantity of figures employed, creates wonderful effects.

Brushing aside the triviality of the Charman part of the story—which nevertheless will make the yokels stare—and recurring to the finer and grander effects, we find ourselves recalling with keen pleasure the wonderfully beautiful and impressive pictures of the Roman vanguard preceding the legions led by Octavius to Egypt. There are Roman galleys of antique form, transporting Octavius's legions across intervening seas; there are long stretches of sea-beach, over which, in the dim moonshine, we see striding along the characteristically Roman figures of the soldiery. The scene shifts, and from some unseen height we find ourselves gazing far down upon hundreds of marching figures, which pass in narrow file over gleaming sands, or spread out like a huge fan over grassy hillsides. And between while, as the vanguard marches on like resistless fate, we are afforded glimpses of the amorous Antony dallying in the arms of the fatal enchantress or seated on the throne indolently witnessing splendid pageants gotten up in his honor, or joining in "the foolish sports" with which the wily queen sapped away his warrior's fibre.

Following Antony's death comes that of the bereaved queen, who first experiments with various poisons upon her slaves to choose the easiest death. Truly, a gallery of beautiful pictures afforded us by this most modern type of artist!

SAN FRANCISCO'S FRENCH THEATRE.

In the summer of 1912 a wave of excitement passed over the French colony of San Francisco. A rumor went the rounds, which also reached American students of the French language, that a French theatre was about to be opened here in which players from Paris would interpret to our unaccustomed ears some of the famous classics of French dramatic literature. The rumor turned out to be true.

The initiator of the enterprise, Mons. André Ferrier, formerly of the Opéra Comique, Paris, and later first comic-opera tenor in the unlucky Paris Grand Opera Company, had been advised earnestly both by prominent members of the French colony and by a number of Americans acquainted with the French tongue, to carry out an idea so gratifying to their tastes and sympathies.

The project took shape, and has now been under way for about a year and a half. Mons. Ferrier has been aided by his wife, known on the French stage as Mlle. Jeanne Gustin. Several of Mons. Ferrier's fellow-artists who were in San Francisco at the time formed a part of his initial group of players; among them Mons. Hubert Dolez and Mlle. Jeanne Farnese, both of the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, and equally accomplished and versatile players.

Mons. Ferrier and his wife—the latter a mezzo-soprano singer who took the first prize when studying at the Conservatoire at Paris—planned their monthly performances at the French theatre in connection with classes they formed which were devoted to the study of French literature and drama. The professional standing in theatre Paris of the projectors of the enterprise, and the prospect of hearing French masterpieces given by professionals in pure Parisian French, awakened the liveliest interest among Mons. Ferrier's compatriots, and in August of 1912 the first performance of "Le Théâtre Français de San Francisco" took place under the happiest auspices. The season thus inaugurated continued through June of last year, with, how-

ever, only monthly performances, there not being a large enough clientèle to warrant more frequent ones.

During the year Mons. Ferrier succeeded in interesting the educated portion of the French colony and its ramifications. The local branch of "L'Alliance Française," the drama-loving portion of the congregation of the French church, the members of the "Cercle Français"—a French-speaking club of the University of California devoted to the study of French literature—instructors of the French language in our two universities, and quite an appreciable number of Americans who are acquainted with the French language have joined in supporting the infant enterprise.

During the 1912-13 season there were a dozen performances, the programmes of which included comedy, operettas, and serious drama.

And very happily Mons. Ferrier in his choice of plays, while not wholly restricting himself to the classics, has wisely avoided those plays of advanced tone characteristic of present-day French drama.

A group of young people, some teachers of French, some members of the "Cercle Français" of Berkeley, and a number of talented amateurs are gradually being transformed through this unique experiment of Mons. Ferrier's into semi-professionals. Some thirty people have undertaken rôles during the year on the stage of the Théâtre Français, and it is a matter of remark that the Gallic vivacity of the French and an entire absence of the Anglo-Saxon "mauvaise honte" renders them peculiarly ductile material in the hands of a skilled instructor; for Mons. Ferrier is an exacting coacher, and, like another Flaubert, will see to it that his pupils in the dramatic art will polish an unsatisfactory phrase seventy and seven times rather than fail to reach his standard. Mme. de Tesson, one of the Verdier family of local prominence, and an amateur actress of considerable experience, has been one of the most admired of these volunteers.

Among the professionals who have added éclat to these French performances may be mentioned Mlle. Yvonne Michele, a former pupil of Mounet-Sully in the art of acting, and a dainty little coloratura soprano who has pleased European audiences. M. G. Mascall and Mlle. A. Tarny, originally seen here as Herod and his consort in "Hérodiade," gave their principal scene from that opera in the June performance of the "Théâtre Français," thereby shedding an operatic lustre on that closing performance of 1913.

The opening of the second season of the Théâtre Français took place on the evening of November 13, the bill being Jules Sandeau's "Mlle. de la Seiglière" and on December 4 the double bill for the second performance included Meilhac and Halévy's "L'été de la Saint Martin" and "Mariage aux lanternes." During this season Mons. Ferrier aims at presenting plays with a similar diversity of character, although he has discovered that the major part of the audiences prefer comedy, and therefore comedy it shall be in larger measure. We shall thus have the opportunity of seeing Molière's "La Malade Imaginaire" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules," Rostand's roguish "Les Romanesques," Erkmann-Chartrain's charming pastoral "L'ami Fritz," Halévy's "L'abbé Constantin," and "Le cœur a ses raisons," by that inseparable pair of modern collaborators, Cailhava and De Flers. There will also be seen Massenot's "Le Portrait de Manon," an opéra comique to which Mons. Ferrier possesses the exclusive American rights.

It is quite possible that the major part of the audiences at the Théâtre Français are utterly unaware of how many difficulties hamper Mons. Ferrier in an enterprise so gratifying to the national pride of the local French. He is obliged, for one thing, to present these theatrical performances in a hall, as it is impossible to engage a theatre for only once in two or three weeks. It is regrettable, with such an incentive, that the French do not emulate the example of the Germans and join together in the enterprise of constructing a French House, or recreation centre. Few of the regular patrons of the Théâtre Français have stopped to realize that the expenses for a one-night representation are very much the same as they would be for a run of a week or so. Scenery is painted for one performance, and used no more. Costumes, scenery, printing, mailing, advertising, all these items foot up to the same total for one representation as for many. Some of the performances fail to tally on the balance sheet. Others fall considerably below the mark. The first year's receipts only balanced expenses, leaving no profit. The second year was begun unprofitably on account of the dull times, and the energetic Frenchman is already carrying on his work at a loss. If Mons. Ferrier were a business man pure and simple, he would probably relinquish his financially precarious enterprise. But he is an artist, and hope and enthusiasm beckon him on. He is man possessed by a beautiful vision, and dreams of grafting French literature and drama on American soil.

An enterprise of such an uncertain, even precarious nature, can never be crowned with

actual prosperity. But it is to be hoped that those who have hitherto been interested will continue to feed the flame, so that San Francisco, during the year of the great fair, may still have the unique distinction of being the only city in the United States that has a regularly established French theatre. It is doubtful, however, if that distinction will continue. To maintain it the rich members of the French colony—and they are few—and such of our American wealthy class as are genuinely interested in art and literature would have to back up the enterprise financially; that is, as the San Francisco Symphony Association has been backed up. Quite a number have signified their willingness to do so, and it remains to be seen whether a leader will come forward and engineer a project which will place under that graceful little temple of French art erected with such pains by Mons. Ferrier and his associates a solid foundation, however small, of American dollars.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Miss Helen Keller, after speaking with her teacher, Mrs. Macy, several times in and near New York, has started West on an itinerary which takes her all over the South, West, Middle West, and many cities in Canada. In these lectures Mrs. Macy speaks about three-quarters of an hour and Miss Keller for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the audience is usually given an opportunity to ask questions, which are passed on to Miss Keller through Mrs. Macy.

Better California Homes

In the "good old days" which are lovingly referred to by some in an effort to show how much better people fared and how much better satisfied they were, they probably didn't have as many worries as the present generation, nor did they live as well or possess half as many comforts. Dissatisfaction, realization that there must be a better way of doing certain things, coupled with a determination to find out how certain things can be done better and on a larger scale, have led to many of the great discoveries.

Take a simple thing like ice. In the "good old days" they had ice to be sure, but depended on nature for it. If nature didn't happen to be in a freezing mood at the right time the ice crop was mighty slim. Result—well, people had to get along as best they could. Private homes suffered hardships in common company with semi-public and public institutions. In the rural districts ice was practically unknown for domestic purposes, though the country people often were half frozen in winter as they went about their work. They took the summer heat, drank water of varying degrees of temperature, ate food that knew no icebox, took it all as a kind of natural order of things.

Today conditions have changed. The family living in the country is not quietly taking things as a matter of course. They are taking advantage of scientific discoveries to make work easier and home more enjoyable. Ice can easily be made, regardless of season, and the icebox keeps the food cold and sweet, while cooling beverages add zest to the hottest summer days.

Electricity does it, and wherever the electric wire extends ice can be made at small cost and with very little trouble. Owners of country homes are coming to appreciate the new method of ice-making, especially as the new refrigerating process is not dependent on ammonia, which is more or less dangerous, but is made with the aid of a gas confined in a hermetically sealed condenser. The ice-making machine itself is now made in various sizes, suitable for use not only in the home, but in the dairy, and all kinds of shops. It has a capacity ranging from ten pounds an hour up to 160 pounds an hour, the smallest machine taking a one-half horsepower motor. This machine operates successfully and is proving very valuable to consumers of "Pacific Service" who are taking power at the regular power-rate. As "Pacific Service" wires now network the state from San Jose north, and are being extended wherever there is indication that business is likely to be produced, it is enabling private residences and business houses, where natural ice is not easily obtainable, to install these machines, adding to the general pleasure and comfort. Especially is this true in the more remote sections, and in small country towns where the ice business would not be a paying institution. It is an easy matter to obtain the necessary electric power, for the manager for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for that particular district is always ready and willing to extend a wire to Smith's ranch or Brown's dairy or Jones's place of business. The motor cost is small and operating expenses are most reasonable, and once Smith, Brown, or Jones sees the advantages of electric power actually demonstrated at his place, he will find numerous uses for it that never before entered his head, and "Pacific Service" experts are always glad to figure out his power problems without cost.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Kismet" at the Columbia Theatre.

Otis Skinner in Klaw & Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske's production of "Kismet" comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, January 12, for a two weeks' engagement. The play, by Edward Knoblauch, has had the widest success in a short period of any work from the pen of an American dramatist. It was first produced three seasons ago in London, where it won instant favor and ran for many months. This is Mr. Skinner's third season in the play in America, and it would seem that were he so minded he might continue to play Hajj with profit to the end of his career.

The story of the play is founded upon "The Arabian Nights," though it is not a direct dramatization of any one of the tales. In the character of the picturesque beggar, Hajj, Mr. Skinner has won the highest laurels of his career. Associated with Mr. Skinner are such well-known players as George Gaul, Willard Webster, Owen Meech, Richard Scott, Daniel Jarrett, Charles Newsom, William Lorenz, Harry Sothern, Harold Skinner, Ernest Leeman, Merle Maddern, Grace Hampton, Genevieve Dolaro, Nannie Palmer, and Rosa Coates.

Owing to the length of the performance the curtain will rise at eight o'clock in the evening and at two o'clock at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Margaret Illington in "Within the Law."

On Sunday evening, January 11, the Cort Theatre comes forward with one of the most impressive offerings of the season, the attraction being Margaret Illington in Bayard Veiller's gripping new human interest play of modern American life, "Within the Law," which is the dramatic sensation of the year both in New York and London.

In this play Miss Illington appears to fine advantage as a quick-witted young woman who is falsely accused and wrongfully convicted of stealing goods from her employer. She serves three years in prison, comes out determined to "go straight," is betrayed time and again by the police, and finally is forced to abandon the effort to honestly earn a livelihood, and lives by her wits. She prospers by the use of many ingenious devices and preys upon society at will as a lawbreaker, but remains herself always "within the law." At last she avenges herself upon the man who had sent her to prison unjustly by luring her son into marriage. And then, of course, she falls in love with him.

The cast supporting Miss Illington is one of the most carefully selected and evenly balanced acting organizations gathered in many seasons.

"Little Women" will be seen for the last time Saturday night.

New Talent Helps "The Girl at the Gate."

The introduction of new business, new songs, and new comedians has given a new lease of life to "The Girl at the Gate" at the Gaiety, and in consequence business has increased in the same measure as popular appreciation has grown of the efforts to make this a thoroughly entertaining show. Much of this emphatic commendation on the part of the public is undoubtedly due to Bickel and

Watson, whose comedy work in the piece is always the signal for an outbreak of irrepressible mirth which never lets up until these unique laughter-makers disappear temporarily from view.

San Francisco will not have much longer to enjoy the performances of the favorite comedienne, Irene Franklin, for the course of "The Girl at the Gate" will steer her away from O'Farrell Street very shortly, so that those who have not yet heard Miss Franklin's new numbers at the Gaiety will be well advised if they rectify their omission before it is too late.

The Gaiety's new production, starring Marie Dressler, is well on its way to completion, and though no definite date has been yet announced for its opening the probabilities are that it will take place some time during the present month.

"Lord of the Jungles" at the Tivoli.

In "Thor, Lord of the Jungles," which will be seen at the Tivoli for the week commencing Sunday, the spectator will be taken back to the days of his childhood and given every thrill that goes with the advent of the big, white circus tents.

The gripping story takes place on two continents, sweeping from the primeval jungles of wildest Africa to the busy haunts of men and the crowds that go with the three rings of the "greatest aggregation in the world." It is a big sentimental story of remarkable adventures with savage beasts and strange men, the trapping of a huge, roaring, rampant, black-maned African lion being only one of the stirring incidents of the production. "Thor" is the name of the African lion, and his affection for Gene Brant, the daughter of an African farmer, who leaves her native land to follow a circus owner to America, is wonderfully displayed in a series of thrilling adventures.

A supplementary picture of exceptional interest will be "A Waif of the Plains," a drama of frontier life in three reels, while a Keystone comedy will furnish diversity to the bill.

"The Third Degree," the filmatization of Charles Klein's great play of the same name, will be shown at the Tivoli for the last time this, Saturday, evening.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its joint headline attractions Maurice and Florence Walton, dancers, the rage of Paris, London, and New York, and the distinguished American actress, Nance O'Neil, and her company in the one-act play, "In Self Defense" or "The Second Ash Tray," by Gaston Mervale. Miss O'Neil's engagement will be for one week only. Maurice and Walton will include in their programme "Valse Classique," "Argentine Tango," "Hesitation Waltz," and "Maurice Walk."

Bert Fitzgibbon, the original Daffy Dill, whose droll, whimsical, farcical, and burlesque ability never fails to hit the bullseye of comedy, will give the audience fifteen minutes of genuine enjoyment.

Martin E. Johnson, the only white man to make the entire voyage of the South Sea Islands with Jack London in his little forty-five-foot yacht, the *Suark*, will show his own motion pictures of life in the far-off and little known South Pacific Islands.

Daisy Leon, the little prima donna, recently with Clifton Crawford in "The Three Twins," "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," and other musical comedy hits, will contribute a fascinating turn.

Roberto, the famous European juggler, will, with the assistance of Bea Verera, an excellent vocalist, furnish a unique and altogether entertaining performance.

Next week will be the last of Maude Muller and Ed Stanley and also of Horace Goldin in his series of illusions, "The Old and the New and a Tiger God, Too."

Antony and Cleopatra at Savoy.

George Kleine's latest production, the Cines photo-drama, "Antony and Cleopatra," has been a great attraction at the Savoy Theatre, and will commence the second week of a most successful engagement on Monday afternoon. Nothing approaching it has ever been revealed upon the screen since the art of motion photography was first discovered.

That glorious and overpowering love story of the great Roman conqueror, Marc Antony, and the dazzling, royal Egyptian beauty, Cleopatra, is related photo-dramatically with a truth, realism, and impressive power that would hardly be expected in silent drama, and the pictorial features are a revelation of artistic beauty and artistic joy. The embarkation of the Roman army for Egypt, the Roman Senate in session, and Cleopatra at her court are but a few of the big scenes in which over a thousand people participate.

Matinees of "Antony and Cleopatra" are given daily at half-past two, with evening performances at 8:30, and the delightful incidental music given by Hans Koenig and his picked musicians makes the entertainment doubly pleasing.

When E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe come to the Cort Theatre for two weeks, be-

ginning Monday, January 26, following the engagement of "Within the Law," they will be seen in a repertory of seven Shakespearean plays, as well as Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic drama, "If I Were King." During the first week of their engagement they will offer a change of bill each night and at the matinees.

Monday night the second performance of "Within the Law" will be given for the benefit of the "Recreation Club for Girls Who Work." All of the boxes and the entire lower floor were disposed of several days ago, and a goodly sum will be realized toward the building fund of the club.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Farewell Bachaus Concert.

The last of the three concerts by Wilhelm Bachaus will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this, Saturday, afternoon, January 10, with the following brilliant programme: Caprice on airs from Gluck's "Alceste"; "The Wanderer," Saint-Saëns; "Fantasie," Schubert; "Prelude," Rachmaninoff; a group of seven Chopin gems; the rarely played "Ballade," by Liszt, and the same composer's "Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2," and transcription of Schumann's "Liedeslied." Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, as well as at the door one hour before the concert.

Kathleen Parlow.

Kathleen Parlow will give her first concert at Native Sons' Hall, on Mason Street just above Geary, tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, January 11, at 2:30. Assisted by Charlton Keith, pianist, Miss Parlow will play the "Concerto," by Tchaikowsky; "Sonata" in E major, Handel; "Air," Goldmark; "Menuett," Mozart; "Variations on a Theme of Corelli," Tartini-Kreisler; and numbers by Wieniawski, Brahms-Joachim, and Chopin. Next Thursday afternoon a special concert will be given at the Cort Theatre at 3:15, for the benefit of the building fund of the First Congregational Church, when the "Concerto in D Minor," by Vieuxtemps; "Chaconne," Bach; "Prelude and Allegro," Kreisler-Pugnani, and works by Hubay, Sarasate, and Debussy will be played. Miss Parlow's final programme will be given at Native Sons' Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 17, and will include the "Concerto in D Major," by Paganini; "La Folia," Corelli; "Vogel als Prophet," Schumann-Auer, and numbers by Hubay, Lalo, Brahms, Sarasate, and Wieniawski. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's and on Sunday at the hall.

Some Paderewski Numbers.

Manager Greenbaum announces that there will be positively but one concert given here by that master, Ignace Jan Paderewski, and the date is Sunday afternoon, January 18, at Dreamland Rink. The programme will be a colossal one, for the artist will play two complete "Sonata," the Opus 109 by Beethoven, and the B flat minor by Chopin with its glorious Funeral March. Then there will be Schumann's fantastic "Carnaval," the Bach-Liszt "Prelude and Fugue" in A minor, a Chopin "Mazurka" and "Nocturne," and Liszt's two Etudes, "La Campanella" (the little bell) and "Waldesrauschen." The sales of seats will open Wednesday morning at the usual music stores and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. There will be 1500 unreserved tickets sold at the rate of one dollar.

In Oakland Paderewski will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, January 20, at 3:15, playing an entirely different programme, some of the features of which will be Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata as only Paderewski can play it, the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," the Liszt transcription of "The Erl King," and a dozen other great works. For this concert seats will be ready at Ye Liberty in Oakland next Thursday.

Programme for Pavlowa Ballet Season.

Anna Pavlowa and her company of one hundred, including M. Novikoff, principal dancer of the Imperial Opera at Moscow, thirty-six of the stars of the St. Petersburg Ballet, and a complete symphony orchestra under the baton of Theodore Stier, will open at the Valencia Theatre for one week on Monday night, January 19, with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, January 24 and 25. The big stage at the Valencia is the only one in the city that can accommodate this enormous series of productions. Monday night the programme will be as follows: "Soiree de Dance," a series of ten dances, including the celebrated "Chopin Fantasie" and solo dances, pas de deux, trios, and ensemble numbers; the dramatic ballet, "Orientale"; a series of divertissements, concluding with the famous "Bacchanale." Tuesday night—The Spanish ballet, "Piquita"; "Les Preludes," music by Liszt; divertissements. Wednesday night—"The Magic Flute," a romantic ballet; "Invitation to the Dance," music by Weber; divertissements. Thursday night—Military ballet, "Halte de Cavalerie"; "Soiree de Danse"; divertissements. Friday night—"Giselle," ballet in two acts, and divertissements. Satur-

day matinee—"The Magic Flute"; "Paquita"; divertissements. Saturday night—"Orientale"; "Preludes," and divertissements. The box-office will open Tuesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum. No more than ten seats to any one person will be sold, excepting to theatre parties arranged for in person by people known to the management.

Plays of a sentimental and romantic nature appear to be in the ascendancy at present in New York. Reaction toward the romantic drama was first exemplified by the production of "At Bay," with Guy Standing and Chrystal Hearn. It is expected that the next few months will probably see the production of at least one really "old-time" costume drama of the swashbuckling order and numerous pieces of the genuine heart-interest type.

Paolo Litto, an Italian composer, has not only written the music and libretto of an opera, but has written the libretto in three languages—Italian, French, and German.

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

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A MARVELOUS NEW SHOW

MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON, World's Most Popular Ballroom Dancers; NANCE O'NEILL and Company in "In Self Defense" or "The Second Ash Tray" (one week only); BERT FITZGIBBON, the Original Daffy Dill; MARTIN JOHNSON'S TRAVELOGUES, Stories and Pictures of the Jack London Tour of the South Sea Islands; DAISY LEON, the Little Prima Donna; ROBERTO, Europe's Famous Juggler, assisted by BEA VERERA, the Famous Singer; MAUDE MULLER and ED STANLEY; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; Last Week, HORACE GOLDIN, the Royal Illusionist, presenting "The Old and the New and a Tiger God, Too."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Two Weeks—Beginning Monday, January 12

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Klaw and Erlanger present

OTIS

SKINNER

(By arrangement with Charles Frohman)

In "An Arabian Night"

KISMET

By Edward Knoblauch
Produced and managed by Harrison Grey Fiske
Prices, Evenings and Saturday mats, 25c to \$2
Prices, Wednesday mats, 25c to \$1.50

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Night—"LITTLE WOMEN"

Beginning Sunday Night, January 11

Arch Selwyn presents

MARGARET ILLINGTON

In Bayard Veiller's Globe-Girdling Success

"WITHIN THE LAW"

Nights and Saturday matinee, \$2 to 50c

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Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c to \$1. Thursday matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c.

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Today—Last Times "THE THIRD DEGREE"

Commencing Sunday and All Next Week

Thor, Lord of the Jungles

A Romance of the Wild and the

White Texts

Continuous, 12 m. to 11 p. m.

Matinees, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 25c



This Sunday aft, Jan. 11

and

Saturday aft, Jan. 17

NATIVE SONS' HALL

Mason St., above Geary

Special Concert—CORT THEATRE

Thursday aft, Jan. 15, at 3:15

Benefit Building Fund

First Congregational Church

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Baldwin Piano.

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ONCE ONLY—Sunday aft, Jan. 18
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Reserved seats \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50. Unreserved \$1. Box-offices as above open next Wednesday. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

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PAVLOWA

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IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET

100 People

Valencia Theatre

ONE WEEK—Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 19

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Orchestra \$3. Dress Circle \$3. Balcony \$2.

\$1.50, \$1. Box-office opens TUESDAY at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where Mail Orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Coming—CLARA BUTT and MR. RUMFORD.

VANITY FAIR.

Professor D. A. Ellsworth of Emporia (says the *Kansas City Star*) attended the meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Topeka last week and his enjoyment of the helpful event was spoiled by an awful person who sat across from him at the breakfast-table. Professor Ellsworth writes: "The man was smug to begin with, and had oystery jowls. He kept one jaw on the soft pedal and to tried to chant his words. And, with all that, he spooned the grape seeds. He had a large hunch, too. He picked off the grapes with his thumb and first finger. That wasn't so bad because you thought you were through with that grape. But when he took up his spoon, crooked his small finger, and removed the grape seeds, one couldn't keep the coil out of his temper. And when he unloaded those seeds—four, aren't there?—and laid that spoon down on the point marged X, the spleen gave way. At the thirteenth grape I denied the existence of matter. At the twentieth I stood for Huerta and the murder of Madero. And grape hy grape I questioned the trinity, demanded art for the nude's sake, nominated Sulzer for President in 1916, and on the fortieth went the whole mad length and demanded tango steps and split skirts for how-legged men. After the sixtieth grape I can only recall Darwin's name and several attempts on my part to climb a vine on the wall-paper. I hope you may never be called upon to witness such a human film. It cost me my interest in the arhocolt and junked the principle of a lifetime. I have stood for peas on a knife, and even gravy on kraut. I have listened to soup and sat at limhurger. But in all the course of a full-fed life I never gave way at any point in the menuesque as I did yesterday in Topeka. But what right had he to spoon the grape seeds?"

Heaven forbid that we should adopt a censorious attitude toward hishops. We have been given to understand that there are many hishops who have led admirable lives in spite of adverse training, and it would therefore ill become us needlessly to point the finger of scorn. But when a hishop succumbs to temptation and comments upon feminine fashions we feel it necessary to utter a word of warning, not in any harsh or captious spirit, hut rather in the tone of gentle remonstrance. We referred to this matter upon a previous occasion, hut it is evident that that particular issue of the *Argonaut* must have escaped the attention of the Bishop of Carlisle, who has lately visited London and who now pours forth his spirit in the following words. He says:

I do not think that ever in my life I have been so startled with the silliness of fashion as during the last two weeks. I have tried my best to turn my "blind eye" on these follies, hut without success. I could not understand the prevailing craze. It haffles me when I see men and women dressing as they do. I was sitting on a motor omnibus in Piccadilly Circus when a lady passed with a thing (meaning a "plume") eighteen inches long in her toque, or whatever it is called. I thought "If you could only know how silly and stupid you look you would never put a thing like that on again."

Now if it is actually true that the Bishop of Carlisle has never seen anything so silly as this in the way of costume it is quite evident that he has never looked in the mirror when he was attired for the street. For if there is any costume known to the children of men that is quite so grotesque as the uniform of a hishop we have yet to hear of it.

Now a hishop, living in so fragile a house of glass, ought to refrain from throwing stones. For one thing he might attract the attention of Mrs. Pankhurst and her cohorts, who would be likely to heave half a brick at him or at his windows. Criticism of feminine foibles should be left to those whose own attire is free from eccentricities, such as ourselves, and whose raiment is inconspicuous except from age. We will attend to this matter.

Now a hold bad man who writes to an Eastern newspaper asks what would happen to a member of his own sex who deliberately made a nuisance of himself by adopting some costume that irritated and maddened every one whom he approached. Suppose a man were to insist upon wearing snow-shoes in a crowded street-car or a subway train. Suppose he were to insist upon playing a slide trombone under the same conditions. What would happen to him? It is an unnecessary question. There would be an instant riot. He would be assailed with words of contumely and he would be ejected with kicks. But a woman may tickle our faces, and poke our eyes, and destroy our tempers without even a word of reproach, and for no other reason than that she is a woman and therefore irresponsible. And we hardly even dare to hope that the fashion will change lest it shall give place to something still more offensive, still more destructive to the comfort of other people.

Now why do women do these things? We ask to know. It is an inquiry that might probably be undertaken at a time when the literary and scientific world is concentrating

its attention upon the feminine psychology. So far there has been no adequate examination of the problem, and it appears to be essentially a problem of morals. Now we may hold in all seriousness that a woman who deliberately adopts a costume such as the side-swiping feather, or whatever it is, that must obviously be a source of annoyance and irritation to other people is lacking in morality, and gravely lacking. And when we find that a pestilence such as this runs right through the feminine ranks, then we may legitimately hold that the sex as a whole is lacking in morality. For this is not a single offense. It is a habit. The wearing of hats in theatres, the use of the hatpin, and other enormities of the kind, have satisfied us that women will never ahate a single nuisance of which they are guilty until the police have been invoked to compel them to do so. Why, then, are we asked to assent to the amazing proposition that morality is represented by women.

A correspondent of a woman's newspaper recently propounded a question as to the kind of costume that is most pleasing to men. She must have been something of a heretic or she would never have even suggested that women have any desire to please men in this respect. Some one once said that women dress in order to annoy each other. Possibly their motives are mixed, hut certainly there are very few women who would deny that a desire to please men is a very large factor. And men are largely actuated in their choice of dress by a desire to please women. In the absence of women nearly all men would become sartorial savages. They would come to break-fast without a collar.

Now a man considers a woman well dressed when he is unable to remember a single detail of a single thing that she had on. When her dress has left his mind in a state of absolute blank he knows that she must have been satisfactorily clothed. Generally speaking, whatever attracts his attention attracts also his censure. He resents anything that draws his mind from the woman herself.

Very few women will find this conceivable, hut it is true. A man is quite unconscious of anything beyond a general impression about a woman's dress unless she is wearing something eccentric, such as a split skirt, or a hohhle skirt, or a side-swiping feather, and then he sneers and condemns, and tries to imagine what it must be to be married to a woman who will do such a thing as that. The average man is not aware even of the general impression about the dress of a well-clothed woman unless something calls forth an opinion. The impression is a subconscious one. He is aware of a sensation of pleasure and he attributes it to the woman herself, and not to her dress. If he has received an impression about the dress apart from the woman who wears it it is usually a contemptuous one. Of course there are exceptions. There are men—at least they seem to be men—who specialize about women's dress and who have almost as keen an eye for it as women themselves, hut so far as the average man is concerned it may be taken as a rule that he never takes precise notice of a woman's dress except to condemn it. When he remembers nothing whatever about it he has paid it the highest compliment that is within his power.

The New York *Evening Post* says that suffragists are refusing to have the *Encyclopædia Americana* in their libraries, for under the subject "Eve" it merely says: "See Adam."

First English Militant—Do you believe in rocking the cradle? *Second English Militant*—Sure, where are the rocks?—*Judge*.

Pears'

The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

Pears' and purity are synonymous.

Matchless for the complexion.

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Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	8:20 p. m.
Ar. Portland, 2nd Morning	7:20 a. m.
Ar. Tacoma, 2nd Day	1:40 p. m.
Ar. Seattle, 2nd Day	3:15 p. m.

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Sleeping Cars. Dining
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They have a quaint conception of drunkenness in Canning Town. A discussion among the crowd gathered round a prostrate man was clinched by the indignant remark of a coster: "E aint drunk, not 'im. I've just seen 'is 'and move."

The accomplished and obliging pianist had finished several selections in the hotel parlor, and the guests were discussing other numbers. One turned to an elderly lady and said: "Now, for instance, there is Mozart's Twelfth Mass. You remember that, Mrs. Hiscomb?" "Remember it? I should say so. Why, my husband served during the war in that very regiment!"

A Scottish farmer recently paid a visit to a south of England cattle show, and while walking around got talking with a native farmer. Neither could well understand what the other said. The Scotsman got a little nettled at this and put it down to the Englishman's stupidity. "Man," he said at last, "yer coos moo a' richt, and yer cocks craw quite plain, but I'm cursed if I can mak' ye oot."

The defendant, who was held on the charge of keeping a dog without a license, repeatedly tried to interrupt the evidence, but was hushed each time by the court. Finally the clerk turned to him: "Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?" "Yes, but—" "We want no 'buts.' You must renew your license or be fined. You know it expired on January 1." "Yes, and so did the dog."

Father X of Dubuque is famous for his wit, but a laborer on the railroad got the better of him one day. The laborer, one of the good father's parishioners, was laying sleepers under the superintendence of an Italian boss and the priest smiled and said: "Well, Pat, and how do you like having an Italian boss?" Pat smiled back as he quickly answered: "An' faith, father, an' how do you like havin' one yourself?"

The action at law came up in London. The lawyer was Scotch and the judge was English. The case in argument concerned certain water rights, and the lawyer had frequently to use the word "water," which he pronounced very broad. "Mr. Macpherson," at last interrupted the judge, "do you spell water with two t's in your country?" "Na, na, my lord," quickly retorted the lawyer, "but we spell manners wi' twa n's!"

A large, slouchy colored man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels, and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his mirth. As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him. "Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?" "No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."

An old mountaineer walked into the druggist's one morning with an immunes black bottle that he wanted filled with sulphur and whisky. "This is the way I allers have it fixed," said he to the druggist. "I have sulphur up to thar." He put his finger about half an inch from the bottom of the bottle. "And the rest I bave all whisky. And this here's the way I use it. When I want a dose of sulphur, why, I jes' shake her up afore I drink, and when I don't want no sulphur, why, I don't shake her. See?"

He was tired looking and he showed that he had ineffectually wooed the goddess of slumber. Slowly he climbed the stairs to the office of the young lawyer. "It's like this," he said. "My neighbor, Jones, has a cat. It sits and yowls on my back fence night after night. I don't want to make trouble with Jones, but I can't stand this any longer. What shall I do? Haven't I a right to shoot the cat?" "I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it." "No, but the fence does." "Then," advised the light of law, "I think it is safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

A butcher whose business had been steadily declining, owing chiefly to a rival having set up on the opposite side of the street, confided to his minister that he saw nothing for it but to close his shop and leave the town. The clergyman suggested that perhaps he had not made any serious effort to retain the trade; but the butcher replied that he had done all he knew without success. "But," said the minister, "have you tried the effect of prayer?" No, he had not thought of trying prayer, but he would do so before putting up the shutters. A week elapsed, when the minister, chancing to pass the butcher's shop, found him radiant with delight. "Well," the cleric asked, "did you try the power of

prayer?" "Oh, ycs," was the happy reply, "and I only wish I had tried it before. I prayed the very night you left me, and on the following morning the beggar over the road broke his neck."

The doctor in an English mill town had swiftly and cleanly extracted a tooth for his patient. "How much?" said the victim. "A shilling," replied the doctor. "A shillin'!" echoed the man with amazement—"a shillin'! Why, it's on'y took you 'alf a minute. Last tooth as I 'ad out I went to X. in th' village. He wur 'alf an hour at me. He pulled me out o' t' chair an' 'alfway across t' room, an' he nobbut charged me sixpence." "Ah," said the doctor as he picked up the forceps, "sit down again—" But the grumbler paid up bastily.

Levin had been the victim of so many fires that the agent refused to consider the risk on the stock of Levin's newest store. They argued for an hour, and at last the agent said: "Well, Levin, I will tell you what I'll do with you. If you will allow me to put hand-grenades all over your store, I'll take another chance." "Hand-grenades?" spoke up Levin. "Vy, Meester Agent, you can put in hook and ladder companies, fire engines, hose carts, anything, only gif it me my insurance." When the time came for him to open his store, hanging on the ceiling and on the walls were about two hundred hand-grenades. Levin was sitting in his store, the opening day, when a friend of his came in. "Hello, Levin, you hef a grandt place here, isn't it, fine and dandy; but say, vat is all dose colored bottles around der ceiling und der valls? Decorations?" "Oh, no, no," said Levin; "my insurance agent vud not gif it me my insurance papers unless I put dose tings up dere." "Vy, you don't say it; und vat vas in dem, Levin?" "Vot vas in dem I shall not know it, but dere is kerosene oil in dem now."

THE MERRY MUSE.

He Knew the Answer.

The suffragette stood grim and firm,
The crowd around haranguing;
And masculinity came in
For nothing but a whanging.
"I want," she cried, "the wages of
A man. That's all I'm asking."
As out the door a heartless wretch
Who'd in her light been basking,
Went forth, he sped this Parthian shaft:
" 'Tis well with us you've tarried,
Your wish I have the answer for—
Dear lady, just get married."
—Livingston Lance.

No Soul Kiss.

She sent me a kiss by telephone;
That's all very well for a start;
But I don't think much of a kiss, myself,
With lips so far apart.
—Hugh Morist, in Life.

Dutiful Daughters.

If Eve came back to the world today,
After being away this many a year,
She'd probably turn to Adam and say:
"The styles haven't changed very much, my dear."
—Life.

Everywhere Except in Print.

They're teaching Willie sex hygiene and Elsie's learning, too,
How people may be pure and clean and things they must not do;
When they come home from school at night they perch upon my knee
And ask if I've been living right and hand out facts to me;
They've listened well and learned a lot—but I must pause; I fear
What they reveal to me would not be tolerated here.

My cousin and his pretty wife came in last night to call;
The conversation hinged on life; we minced no words at all;
We talked about the latest play and "damaged goods," nor let
False modesty stand in the way, because we owe a debt
To those who are to follow us—but I must pause;
I fear
'Twould not be proper to discuss so grave a matter here.

We have been ignorant and blind and foolish in the past,
But, leaving prudishness behind, we see the light at last;
The subject that was barred before when women spoke to men
Is mentioned with a blush no more, but I must stay my pen;
Upon the stage and in the schools the plain truth may appear,
But old conventions and old rules must be respected here.

For they who pray and they who preach that ignorance is wrong,
And they who play and they who teach in language terse and strong,
And they who deem it well to speak and cease to merely hint
Are often still inclined to shrink when candor's put in print;
'Tis time to let the truth be seen—but I must pause; I fear
Remarks concerning sex hygiene would be offensive here.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



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Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Beldvedere

DECEMBER 31st, 1913:
Assets.....\$56,823,070.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,494.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 106,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

Capital.....\$1,000,000
Total Assets..... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders..... 3,266,021

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. J. W. Cline and Mrs. Cline announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Cline, to Mr. Frederick Ellsworth Palmer. Mr. Palmer, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmer of this city, is a graduate of Stanford University and a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. M. P. Hannigan announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Josephine Hannigan, to Mr. Arthur Hooper. Miss Hannigan is the sister of Mr. Percy Hannigan. Mr. Hooper is the son of Mr. John A. Hooper and a brother of Mr. Frank Hooper. The wedding will take place in the spring.

At a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Charles T. Hutchinson at her home in Oakland her cousin, Miss Bernice Brownell, announced her engagement to Mr. John S. Martin, Jr. Miss Brownell is the daughter of Mrs. L. L. Brownell of Oakland. Mr. Martin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Martin of Ross and a brother of Mrs. Duval Moore and the Messrs. Walter, Howard, and Lewis Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Kathleen de Young, to Mr. Ferdinand Theriot. Miss de Young is a sister of Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, and Miss Phyllis de Young. Mr. Theriot is a son of the late Mr. Ferdinand Theriot of New York and a nephew of Mr. Eugene de Sabla. The wedding will take place Wednesday evening, January 28, at the home on California Street of Miss de Young's parents. Miss Phyllis de Young will be her sister's only attendant. After a wedding trip abroad the young couple will reside in this city.

From Ohio comes the announcement of the marriage of Miss Frances Wright and Mr. Sherman Kimball of Berkeley. Mr. Kimball is a brother of Mr. Rufus Kimball, who a year ago married Miss Dorothy Eaton of Santa Barbara. After a wedding trip through the Eastern States Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will come to San Francisco to reside.

Invitations to two subscription dances have been issued by Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor. They will take place at the Hotel St. Francis on the evenings of January 21 and February 18.

From Coronado comes the news of a supper party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Dupee Thursday evening, when they entertained about one hundred guests.

The members of the Claremont Country Club gave a dinner-dance Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Stine entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson gave a dance Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of their son, Mr. Russell Wilson, who will leave shortly for Massachusetts, where he is attending school.

Miss Metba McMahon has issued invitations to a luncheon Monday, January 12, at the Francisco Club, in honor of Miss Isabel McLaughlin.

Miss Isabelle Beaver has issued invitations to a dinner-dance Tuesday evening, January 13, at the Ingleside Country Club. The affair will be in honor of Miss Amy Morrison of Redlands, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

Miss Sadie Murray will be the guest of honor at a theatre and supper party given by Miss Anne Peters Monday evening.

Miss Medora Block was hostess at a dance at the Hotel Cecil Friday evening, when she entertained about fifty friends.

Miss Dorothy Dean was hostess at a theatre party last evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at the the dansant at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Nahl have issued invitations to a cabaret dansant Friday evening, January 23, at the Town and Gown Club in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford entertained a number of friends at luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Ford's sister, Miss Leslie Miller.

The Misses Elva and Cornelia De Pue gave a tea Thursday at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels entertained their friends at a dinner-dance Monday evening. This was the first affair to be given in their new home on Washington Street, which has but recently been completed.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a dinner Friday evening preceding the dance given by Miss Gertrude O'Brien at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto entertained a number of congenial friends at a supper party Wednesday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Miss Helen Crocker was the guest of honor at a dinner Wednesday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn at their home on Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve gave a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude O'Brien. Accompanied by their guests, they later attended Mr. and Mrs. Montague's New Year's Eve dance at the Century Club.

Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Jr., was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at the Palace Hotel in honor of her mother, Mrs. Christian B. Zabriskie, who left the following day for her home in New York.

Miss Frances Mathieu entertained some of the members of the sub deboutante set Tuesday at a the dansant at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Miss Ermanie Calvin.

From Macon, Georgia, comes the news of a reception given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winship, who are spending the winter on their plantation in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Friday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Bel-

den and Mr. Sidney Ford, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins gave a tea Sunday afternoon at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, returned Wednesday to their home in San Mateo after having spent the past two months in town.

Mrs. George G. Carr and her son, Mr. Leslie Carr, have returned from Glen Ellen, where they spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour.

Mrs. Elinor Doe will spend the winter in Southern France and will return to America in March, where she will be joined in the East by her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw have returned to their home in Oakland after an absence of six weeks, during which time Mr. Henshaw made a brief visit in Europe, joining Mrs. Henshaw in New York en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, William, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, have returned from Bakersfield, and are again at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer have come from San Rafael, where they have been occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard, and are established in Mr. and Mrs. Francis Morgan Grace's apartment on Green Street.

Miss Marie Whiting is slowly recovering from a critical illness that has caused her parents and friends the greatest anxiety.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., has returned to college after having spent a few days with his parents.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., left New Year's Day for Yale, and during the week among those who have returned to Eastern colleges and schools were: Messrs. Leroy Nickel, Robert Bowles, William W. Crocker, Russell Wilson, Osgood Hooker, Jr.; the Misses Leslie Miller, Marie Louise Baldwin, and Dorothy Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent departed Tuesday for New York en route to their home in Ireland after a holiday visit with Mrs. Vincent's parents. They were accompanied on their trip East by Miss Helen Crocker, who has returned to St. Timothy's School in Catonsville.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby left Tuesday for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children returned Sunday from Monterey, where they spent the New Year holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederiek Kohl have been spending the past week at Coronado, where Mrs. Kohl is recuperating from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop, Jr., left Thursday for a trip to Panama, where they will remain several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Edith Bull.

Miss Marie Louise Black is rapidly recovering from an attack of chickenpox which has prevented her from attending the many social affairs during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have returned from a midwinter visit in Truckee.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle have closed their home in Menlo Park and are established in an apartment on Sacramento Street near Buchanan.

Miss Marie Louise Harrington has returned to her home in Colusa after a visit with Mrs. Horace Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames (formerly Miss Maude Murray) have returned from their wedding trip and are residing in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey have gone South to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Robert Avery Sidebotham and Mrs. Robert Avery Sidebotham, Jr., have arrived from Idaho, and are visiting Mrs. Harry P. Umben and Miss Mollie Sidebotham.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Miss Cora Otis left last week for a trip to the Grand Cañon.

Among the young San Franciscans who returned Sunday to Miss Ransom's school were the Misses Lucy and Alice Hanchett, Miriam Beaver, Helen Holman, Margaret Scheld, and Katherine Curtis Magee.

Mr. James Otis and his daughter, Miss Fredricka Otis have been spending the past week in Seattle.

Mrs. J. F. Laine and her daughter, Miss Otilla Laine, will leave shortly for Los Angeles, where Miss Laine will be one of the bridal party at the wedding of Miss Marguerite Drake and Mr. Charles Kemler, who will be married January 31.

Mr. and Mrs. George Innes of San Rafael have gone to Tucson, Arizona, for the benefit of Mr. Innes's health. They have recently returned from an extended visit in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker returned Thursday to their home in New York after having spent the holidays with their relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Elliot of Evanston, Illinois, have arrived in this city and will spend the next six months in California. After a visit in San Mateo they will go to Monterey en route to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, who left last week for New York, will sail today for Alexandria, and will spend February in Egypt. They will travel extensively in Europe before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Jr., have returned from New York, where they have been spending the past three months with Mrs. Horace Hill, Sr.

Mrs. Philip Kearny and her two children are established in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop, Jr., who are en route to Panama. Mrs. Kearny is planning to spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have returned

from Europe and are at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. They will arrive in this city in about two weeks.

Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., left a few days ago for the East after a brief holiday visit with friends in this city and San Jose.

Lieutenant James C. Gunn, U. S. A., has sufficiently recovered from an accident in the Philippines to be discharged from the Letterman Hospital and to return to active service in the islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., has arrived at Fort Winfield Scott, where he has resumed command after official duty in New York.

Major Arthur W. Chase, U. S. A., of Fort Winfield Scott, has been assigned to duty at Fort Riley.

Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips sailed Tuesday on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines, where they will reside during the next two years.

Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., has been placed on the detached list.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcox E. Ellis, who has been on duty at Fort Logan, Colorado, has been ordered to command at Fort Ruger, Hawaii.

Major Kinsey Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton, and Mrs. C. F. Andrews, wife of Captain Andrews, U. S. A., were among the passengers who sailed on the *Logan* Tuesday for the Philippines.

To Give Benefit The Dansant.

On Thursday next, January 15, between the hours of four and seven, a benefit the dansant will be given in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel for the relief of the widows and orphans of United States soldiers. It will be under the auspices of the Sixteenth Infantry section, of which Mrs. George Bell, Jr., is president. Tickets are one dollar. Tea will be fifty cents extra.

Mrs. James Resumes Morning Talks.

Mrs. Morris C. James of Berkeley has resumed her morning talks at Sorosis Club Hall and has already spoken on "The Development of Architectural Styles," "The Medici Period in Florence," and "The Intimate Side of Egypt."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Arthur Joffmann, the newly elected president of Switzerland, is a Radical Democrat. The new vice-president, Dr. Giuseppe Motta, is a Conservative Catholic.

Mrs. Frederick W. Lehmann, wife of the former solicitor-general of the United States, is a freshman at Washington University. Mrs. Lehmann attends the university classes three times a week to study English.

General Edwin Louis Hayes, the oldest officer of that title in this country, has just celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday at his home in Bloomfield, New Jersey. He is still in good health and takes a lively interest in the events of the times. In 1856 he helped to found the Republican party.

The Princess of Wied, who will be the first queen of the independent state of Albany, was, prior to her marriage, Pauline, Princess of Wurtemberg. She is credited with being an unusually fine singer, pianist, and barpist. From her grandmother, Mme. Cantacuzene, she inherited extensive estates in Roumania, where much of her girlhood was spent.

Mathias Werve, who at the request of the Emperor of Japan in the 'seventies went to that country to teach the Nipponese the American methods of tanning, has just retired from active business. He established a record which is likely to stand, having spent fifty-seven years with the same firm in Kenosha, Wisconsin, of which he was superintendent for over thirty years.

Carlos Ferreyros, the new Peruvian consul at New Orleans, is a man of experience in the office, having been in the consular service for the past ten years. For the past two years and a half he has been in the Panama Canal Zone, where he was acting consul and secretary of the Peruvian legation. While associated with so many Americans he mastered the English language and studied the customs of the people to fit himself for an advanced post.

William F. Wallis, member of the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, who has been taking measurements of terrestrial magnetism near Rome, is about to undertake a scientific mission of unusual interest in northern Africa. He intends to measure the terrestrial magnetism along the coast from Tunis to Alexandria as well as in the interior as far as possible. The survey will take more than a year. It will be scientifically most important, as no measurements of terrestrial magnetism have been made in north Africa in fifty years.

Sir George C. M. Birdwood, who has had more to do with expositions than any other man now living, having been connected with all the principal expositions since 1851, has just begun his eighty-first year. He was educated at the Edinburgh University, where he studied medicine, and in 1854 he joined the Bombay medical staff. He aided in establishing the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Victoria Gardens at Bombay. He served in the Persian Expedition in 1856-7. As a writer he has treated on many scientific, social, and historical subjects, chiefly with relation to India.

Cardinal William O'Connell, who seems likely to succeed the late Cardinal Rampolla as archbishop of St. Peter's, is archbishop of Boston. Besides a thorough knowledge of local conditions acquired during his many years in Rome, both as a student and as rector of the American College in Rome, Cardinal O'Connell is also regarded as a scholar and a man possessed of great executive power. It is said he has distinguished himself in all the offices he has ever held. First as bishop of Portland, Maine, Cardinal O'Connell attracted the Pope's attention, and this resulted in promotion at the first opportunity.

Sanjin Murano, who has announced his intention of consecrating his life and fortune to the spirit of the late General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, is a millionaire native merchant of Tokyo. He will build a temple at Fushimi, in the vicinity of the mausoleum of Emperor Mutsuhito, as a memorial to General Nogi, and in that sanctuary himself and wife intend to spend their remaining days. He will also build an industrial school for children of the poor in order to cultivate the spirit of industry and the love of work which the late General Nogi always insisted upon for the rising generation of Japan. For this purpose he has given 1,000,000 yen.

Henry Mallaby-Deeley, who recently made the greatest private land purchase ever recorded in England, taking over the Duke of Bedford's London property, is fifty years of age and has achieved success in the academic world, in politics, in finance, and also in golf. He is an effective platform speaker, and is a prominent and popular figure in a number of London clubs. He is a director of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, lord of two manors, and a conservator of Mitcham Common. One of his achievements was to make a success of the Piccadilly Hotel, London, which before his proprietorship was not a profitable concern. He was head of the syndicate which acquired the property at a

price which was stated to be £500,000. Mr. Mallaby-Deeley is also one of the promoters of the Northern Junction Railway.

General James Grant Wilson, veteran of the Civil War and president of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, has been ill in a hospital in New York, but is recovering, exhibiting great recuperative powers in spite of his eighty-two years. He was born in Scotland, coming to this country when quite young. In 1857 he founded the Chicago Record. When the Civil War began he went out with a cavalry regiment, serving with distinction. Since 1865 he has devoted himself to literary work. For his part in the erection of a statue to Columbus, placed in New York City, he was knighted by the Queen Regent of Spain. Among his many books is the notable volume, "The Presidents of the United States."

CURRENT VERSE.

Departure.

The twilight is starred,
The dawn has arisen;
Light breaks from the east
And Song from her prison.

Faint odors and sounds
The west-wind discloses
Of laughter and birds,
Of singing and roses.

It is time to be gone—
Day scatters the gloom;
But here at my side,
But still in the room,

Like the angel of life,
Too kind to depart,
You hang at my lips,
You hang at my heart!

—John Hall Wheelock, in the Forum.

Sea-Fever.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her
by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of
the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the
long trick's over.

—John Maschfeld, in Current Literature.

The Maid of the Ghetto.

Sad eyes and dark she bends upon the throng,
Man's exile and Earth's alien in all lands!
Her ears drink up the street's tempestuous song,
And all its currents lave her where she stands.
Not Time nor Place shall rob her of her dower,
For rooted in her long remembrance dwell
The days of glory and the realms of power,
The temples and the tribes of Israel.

Not this crushed, driven multitude she sees,
But priests and patriarchs that chant their
psalms;

Not these stark walls of brick, but all at ease,
Her white-robed sisters by the springs and
palms.

And phantoms out of ancient days returning
Light up the amber vastness of her land;
Oblivious to this stygian asphalt burning,
Her feet are cool on Jordan's silver sand.

Disparted long and reft from Palestine,
Lorn maiden of Judaea, dost thou wait
By these strange walls of ages reared between
Thee and some lover sealed and consecrate?
Dost thou seek here his face amidst these faces,
His form from out this hurrying, sullen press,
Or is thy mystic longing but thy race's—
Thou living statue of its mute distress?

Thou dusk-eyed daughter to Eternity,
Thou standest in the Visible and Now;
The Past hath looked its mystery in thee,
And Orient suns have rolled athwart thy brow.
Thy face foreshadows fruitful generations,
O nymph of Jewry from the iron lands!—
Art thou some Esther in the house of nations,—
Some Judith with a falchion in her hands?

Young sibyl laden with thy nation's fate,
Speak! what prophetic visions arch thy sight?
What portents to foretell the dim estate
Of Israel steeped in shadow or in light?
Must Zion seek some ancient realm outstung
By Siddim's holy vale or Sharon's strand,—
Or race with race of western strains commingled,
'Tablish its star above this Promised Land?

—Herman Scheffauer, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Berkeley Musical Association Concert.

The Berkeley Musical Association will give the third concert of the season on Tuesday evening, January 13, in Harmon Gymnasium. Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, will be assisted by Mr. Charlton Keith at the piano.

Among the interesting musical events promised for San Francisco in the near future are concerts by Clara Butt and her gifted husband, Kennerley Rumford, and two or three by John McCormack.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

United States District Attorney John W. Preston has been sworn in. With the taking of office by Preston, Benjamin L. McKinley, who has held the office for several months, automatically retired.

The will of the late Colonel Abraham Andrews, pioneer business man, disposing of an estate valued at \$10,000, was filed in the superior court for probate on Monday. It is understood that Colonel Andrews disposed of the bulk of his estate before his death.

Bids for the new municipal railway lines opened by the board of public works have proved considerably below the city engineer's cost estimate, and it is announced that more than one hundred new cars can be built. The bids for the car bodies, trucks, motor equipment, and air brakes indicate that the new cars will be built for from fifteen to twenty per cent less than the cost of those for the Geary Street line.

Life insurance policies totaling approximately \$1,250,000 have been presented by the United Railroads to the men in the company's employ. As a result of the innovation of insuring the men who have remained with the company for three years or more, 1587 employees are benefited.

The Southern Pacific Company has begun the construction of a steel drawbridge over Isla Creek at Kentucky Street, the cost of which is estimated at \$200,000. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company is jointly interested with the Southern Pacific in providing this new bridge.

Harry I. Mulcrevy, county clerk, must return to the county between \$15,000 and \$20,000 collected by his office as fees for the recording of naturalization papers, as a result of the decision handed down on Monday by the United States Supreme Court in Washington.

Twenty-six women of pioneer days, past presidents and officers of the Association of Pioneer Women of California, met in annual social session on Wednesday. The following women were present: Mrs. Henrietta Barry Byrne, Mrs. Anna McIntyre, Mrs. Margaret McCormick, Mrs. Carrie Burr, Mrs. Emma Chapin, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowie, Mrs. Sarah Gummer, Mrs. Sarah Gorham, Mrs. Adelia Joslin, Mrs. Helen Jewell, Mrs. Laura D. Phelps, Mrs. Herminia Pollock, Mrs. Augusta Finger, Mrs. Angeline Gardener, Mrs. Mary Mau, Mrs. Agnes Macdonald, Mrs. Belle Phelps, Mrs. Anna Y. Reed, Mrs. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Mary Stevens, Mrs. Mary von der Mehden, Mrs. Emmeline North Whitcomb, Mrs. Louisa Berryman, Mrs. Eliza D. Phelps, and Mrs. Emily Reed.

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GEORGE TOURNEY, Manager.

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H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Kriss—The Browns are divorced. Kriss—Who has the custody of the car?—*Town Topics*.

Editor—You must remember that poetry is a gift. The Poet—It is; you can't sell it nowadays.—*The Idler*.

Tapper—What is it a man longs most for after he's been married a few years? Capper—A bachelor's degree.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Grocer—Did that watermelon I sold you do for the whole family? Customer—Very nearly. The doctor is still calling.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Cohen—Could you lend me ten dollars, Jake, until next week? Goldberg—It hurts me to say I can't, Abe. I got quinsy sore-throat!—*Puck*.

"Seeing is believing," quoted the sage. "Oh, I don't know. I see men every day whom I wouldn't believe under oath."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"How much will the room and the use of the piano cost me?" "I can't tell yet; you'll have to play something for me first."—*Megendorfer Blätter*.

The Chief Clerk—If I am wanted I will be in with the manager. The Lotest Acquisition—Yessir. An' if you are not wanted where will yer be?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Do any of the good things you hope for come to pass?" "They all come to pass, but they come and pass so bloomin' swift I can't grab 'em."—*The Saturday Journal*.

"I find the professor's statistics stupid." "I don't. He told me there were 400 billion people in the world, and that I was the prettiest girl in the lot."—*Raleigh News*.

Jinks—Give me a copy of "Antony and Cleopatra." Bookseller—Dollar and a half, please. Jinks—I have only seventy-five cents; just give me "Cleopatra."—*Town Topics*.

Clara—Isn't it perfectly lovely—this higher education of women? Dora—Why? Clara—The paper says eighty per cent of college graduates get married.—*New York Weekly*.

"Look here," said the indignant writer, "I wrote the word 'marital' in my article, and you printed it 'martial.'" "Well, well," sighed the editor, "what's the difference?"—*Punch*.

"Doctor, I'm feeling awful. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't—" "I can cure you," said the doctor, "if you'll take my advice. Go and ask her to marry you."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"So he praised her singing, did he?" "Yes; said it was heavenly." "Did he really say that?" "Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The Salesman—This is a splendid health food. I can assure you the children will cry for it. Mrs. Kidmore—Then it won't do in my house. My children cry enough as it is. —*Livingston Lance*.

"Madam, the feather in your hat is getting in my eye," exclaimed a man in a crowd. The woman turned around, looked him over and then inquired: "Why don't you wear glasses?"—*New York Globe*.

"Your daughter plays nothing but classical music." "Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "It is better so. If she plays only classics we can't be sure whether what annoys us is her performance or the composition itself."—*Washington Star*.

"I understand you got into jail," said the warden, "on account of a glowing mining prospectus." "I was quite optimistic," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner. "Well, the governor wants a report on conditions in my jail. I want you to write it."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved. "How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Johnson boy?" "Mamma," said William, who appeared in a regrettable state of disorder and with a bruised face, in utter disgust, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"—*The Delineator*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Ex-President Taft and the Supreme Judgeship.

The report that President Wilson is considering the appointment of former President Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Chief Justice White is a revival of a discussion more or less current between the election of 1912 and the date of Mr. Wilson's inauguration. As to the fitness of Mr. Taft and the general propriety of his appointment there can be but one judgment, but opinions differ as to whether or not it would be good politics on the part of President Wilson. The Argonaut believes it would, in view of the demonstrated and unquestioned fitness of Mr. Taft for the post. It would mark Mr. Wilson as a man of exceptional independence of mind; and it would assuredly gain for him among Republicans a kind of approval which could hardly be achieved by any other one act. What the Democrats of the country might think of it is quite another matter. Every President in recent times, including Mr. Taft himself, has named for the Supreme Court one or more justices chosen from other than his own party; and we have yet to observe an instance of the kind in which such appointments have

not been received with marked public approval. Whatever views men may hold with respect to the organization of other departments of the government, there is but one judgment as to the composition of the Supreme Court. It ought to be made up of men in whom the sense of legal authority and responsibility stands immeasurably above any and all interests of party or faction. This has been the ideal of the appointing power in recent times, and it has been one in entire accord with the judgment and spirit of the country. The appointment of Mr. Taft would not merely bring to the Supreme Court a man of preëminent qualification, but it would, we believe, go far toward reëstablishing a prestige which suffered immeasurably through the participation of the court in the partisan struggle which determined the controversy between Hayes and Tilden following the election of 1876.

Peace, Not War.

In the diplomatic form of a statement to members of his cabinet (duly reported to the press as it was intended to be) President Wilson has announced a change of policy in the matter of applying the Sherman law. Peace and not war, an attitude of friendly conciliation rather than that of hostile antagonism—these are set forth as the fundamentals of a new plan of action to be outlined in a message which will be read at a joint session of Congress next week.

This change comes none too soon; for there are abundant evidences, even to those whose observation is only from the outside of things, that the policy of vindictive assault is driving certain forms of business to the wall. For example, the railroads, which are as closely interwoven with the life of the country as the veins of the body are with the life of a man, have been made the victims of a positive persecution. On one hand they have been required to increase the costs of operation and on the other to reduce their charges for service. One of the largest railroad companies of the country, the New Haven and Hartford, has been practically bankrupted; and other systems have been pushed to the brink of collapse. And so in the spheres of finance, of manufacture, and in other lines of industry the policy of destruction has worked out its natural and mischievous consequences. When industry is on an uncertain basis capital fights shy of it—this is one of the first laws of business. And so we have the spectacle of industry and commerce half paralyzed, with the banks full of idle money.

The policy of detraction and persecution was essentially one of politics. This is not saying that there was no provocation. There had arisen conditions calling for correction, for positive and radical regulation. But it suited the purposes of a great though reckless politician to go about the task by arousing a great wave of public indignation and resentment rather than by rational and helpful methods. Mr. Roosevelt set the drums of popular agitation to beating at a time when he was in position to accomplish everything that needed to be done by other and safer methods. Then came Mr. Wilson, under a sort of political necessity through his presidential candidacy, to take up the Roosevelt battle-cry and add something to it. Between these two political forces, each competing with the other in the business of alarming and arousing the passions of the country, the movement went to lengths beyond necessity, beyond prudence, beyond the spirit of humanity.

Now towards the end of the first year of his administration Mr. Wilson sees that governmental war on business is driving the business of the country to ruin. He sees the banks gorged with idle money; he sees the factories closed down or working on short time; he sees transportation in distress; he sees general business stagnant and tending to failure; he sees everywhere groups of unemployed and desperate men clamoring for work and food. In brief he sees the country

tending toward one of those grievous periods which curiously enough have not failed in recent times to coincide with the administration of the government by the Democratic party. He sees, too, for he has a shrewd political eye, the need of a new policy in the administration if he and his party are not to be buried under a colossal wave of popular resentment.

We are now to have, if current reports from Washington are to be believed, a new policy in the spirit of peace and of constructive purpose rather than of war and destruction. The administration is to co-operate with the business forces of the country to the end of reorganization of the business life of the country. Instead of a fury to "get" and to punish, there is to be an effort to rebuild in the spirit of peace and co-operation. It is well—and it comes none too soon. Another year like the last would surely have brought upon us a catastrophe not less terrible and general than that which overwhelmed the country, substituting universal poverty for universal prosperity, in the lamented year of 1893.

Mr Bell's Warning.

Many times since the beginning of the Hetch Hetchy discussion the scheme has been declared a futility because of limits to the available water supply in the Hetch Hetchy basin. But whenever this argument has been advanced it has been instantly discredited by the charge that it came from a source whose interest was adverse to that of the municipal project—to be plain, from the Spring Valley Water Company of San Francisco.

But now comes Theodore Bell, assuredly a man of intelligence, and in nowise related to the Spring Valley Company, to assert that San Francisco will never be able to draw one gallon of water from Hetch Hetchy. Mr. Bells speaks as attorney for the Modesto and Turlock Water Users' Association, and presumably upon the basis of a careful study of the facts in the case. The prior rights of his clients, Mr. Bell asserts, call for the entire run-off of the Hetch Hetchy watershed.

A statement so positive and authoritative merits attention. To neglect it—to go forward bull-headed in the face of such a warning—would be the extremest folly. True, we have already invested something like a million and a half of dollars in the Hetch Hetchy project—in surveys, lands, water rights, lobbying at Washington, etc. But the fact that we have already spent a large sum is no reason that we should still press on, blind to possible deficiencies in the fundamental conditions of the situation.

The Argonaut has never been able to understand the enthusiasm which has possessed large numbers of our people about Hetch Hetchy in view of the fact that an obviously available supply of water lies near at hand in the Sacramento River. At Rio Vista, approximately fifty-five miles east and north, a point above tidal influence, the Sacramento pours a constant flood of soft water to be had in any desired quantity for the taking. Just why we should leave this source of supply only fifty-five miles away and go one hundred and thirty miles farther to Hetch Hetchy is one of the things we have never been able to understand. True, Sacramento water would require filtration, but so will Hetch Hetchy water by the time it shall arrive at San Francisco. The project calls, so we are told, for a pipe line with long intervals of open ditches. This being so, is there anybody who imagines that Hetch Hetchy water will be usable without filtration? And since filtration will be a necessity, why can we not just as well filter Sacramento water as Hetch Hetchy water?

These questions or something like them were put a few months ago directly by the editor of the Argonaut to the official who has been most active in promotion of the Hetch Hetchy project. He replied that if we were newly coming at the matter it would undoubtedly be wiser to go to the Sacramento River than to the

Hetchy. "But," he added, "we have already started in on the Hetch Hetchy project; we have invested between a million and a million and a half of dollars in it. To abandon this project now would be to throw away what we have already put in."

This answer seemed then and it seems now far from sufficient. And it seems now more than questionable in view of the warning which Mr. Bell gives us. The fact that we have invested a million and a half of dollars in a doubtful or impracticable project is certainly no reason why we should spend forty or fifty millions more on the same project. We would far better lose the sum already expended and begin over again than throw good money after bad.

However this matter may be regarded and from whatever standpoint, it would seem the part of wisdom to look well before we proceed further. If Mr. Bell is right, if there is no water for San Francisco at Hetch Hetchy—and he is not alone in the assertion—in the name of common sense we ought to know it before going deeper into this enterprise. Putting aside prejudice, interest, and every other motive which has figured in the long controversy, San Francisco ought to know definitely and beyond the shadow of a doubt just what she is to get at Hetch Hetchy before putting another dollar into the project.

Assuredly there is need of investigation to determine the exact facts. And if our own engineers or other authorities are too deeply involved or committed to be wise and safe judges, then we ought to bring in outside experts, and submit to them the matter at issue. Is there or is there not, after the prior rights of the Modesto and Turlock Water Users shall be supplied, a sufficient amount of water in Hetch Hetchy to meet the requirements of San Francisco? If there is a sufficient supply at Hetch Hetchy, can it be brought to San Francisco under the project arranged and poured into the local distributing system without filtration? And if Hetch Hetchy water must be filtered, then why go one hundred and eighty miles when an unailing supply of water can be had only fifty-five miles away?

To proceed before these questions are answered is mere recklessness, inexcusable from any standpoint.

The One-Man System.

There will be interested observation the country over of an experiment in municipal administration now being tried out at Dayton, Ohio, where some months ago it was determined to employ a general manager of municipal affairs precisely as a railroad company employs an executive officer. The post was offered to Colonel Goethals, who declined it with the statement that his work at Panama was not yet complete. Final choice was made of Mr. H. M. Waite, who has recently been the city engineer of Cincinnati under a régime of notable efficiency. Mr. Waite, who began his duties on the first of the year at Dayton, is to have entire charge of all public works, and is to be paid a salary of \$12,500 per year. While under the authority of a board of elected municipal commissioners, he has been given full executive power with the assurance that there will be no intermeddling by anybody, due to political or other considerations. Mr. Waite is a grandson of the late Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He is described as a man combining professional and business qualifications with the highest standards of personal character.

If efficiency were the first and only consideration, there would be nobody to question the one-man scheme of municipal administration. It is the rule in every notably successful business, great or small. Beyond a doubt it would increase the efficiency of municipal systems and at the same time reduce their cost. The late David B. Thompson, mayor of our neighboring city of Portland and a man of notable business talents, once remarked that he had looked very carefully into the scheme of municipal expenditure, and had made definite calculations comparing it with a corresponding scheme of private business. "I would undertake," he said, "to conduct the business of the city of Portland, including the making and repair of streets, the police, the school department, and fire protection—the whole blooming business—for thirty per cent of what it now costs, and at the same time guarantee higher efficiency in every department." This was the serious declaration of a competent man entirely familiar with the facts; and we suspect that the ratio of cost to efficiency is about the same in every American city.

Yet we very much doubt if the people of any Ameri-

can community would consent to relegate the administration of their municipal affairs to the hands of an arbitrary commissioner even for so considerable a saving as seventy per cent. First there is the very large number who under our system have the right to vote, yet who through non-possession of any taxable property are not required to pay. This class would be indifferent, or, still worse we greatly fear, disposed to support a high scheme of expenditure as against a low one. Then there is the very considerable element which gains a direct advantage through practices of municipal extravagance. In this element there is included practically the whole body of municipal employees with the votes of their relatives and associates, plus further support from those who are never without hope of somehow at some future time getting on the municipal payroll. This makes a considerable army even in small communities. Some years ago, when the city of San Jose contained approximately 30,000 people, it was calculated upon a careful study that no less than 8000 persons either directly or indirectly—8000 out of 30,000, counting men, women, and children—were directly or indirectly benefited by extravagance in the municipal system as against business prudence. These facts and reflections suggest the magnitude of the error which under our system puts the power to vote with respect to matters related to municipal taxation into the hands, first, of those who pay no taxes, and, second, those who are directly benefited by waste of public funds.

There is another aspect of this question worth attention. Efficiency may possibly be valued too highly if it is to be achieved at the cost of liberty. A community made up of self-respecting people—self-respecting under the American standards—is more than likely to resent being held in leading strings, even though under such a rule it may get better concrete results for less money. This principle was illustrated some years ago when an attempt was made to create a model city of Pullman, Illinois. The community was made up wholly of employees of the Pullman car works and their families. The company operating the works built hundreds of houses in many ways similar but varied under a plan calculated in the interest of variety and beauty. The dwellings were detached and provided with many unusual comforts and given to the use of employees upon easy terms. There was an admirably arranged and provided business street and a considerable number of community buildings, including schools, a church, a public library, a club house, and auditoriums for public gatherings. The general administration remained in the hands of the company, which built and repaired the streets and kept them clean, looked after the water supply, the sewerage, and other common utilities. It was in brief a model town, a town in which a working man and his family might have many more comforts than are available under ordinary conditions and at very much less than the ordinary cost. The scheme was inaugurated under universal approval and with high hopes. But it was not long before discontent manifested itself; and in nearly every instance where it was left to individuals to choose if they would live in the model town or out of it they chose the latter. The beautifully provided and carefully maintained town was abandoned by multitudes of workmen who preferred to live "outside" with freedom than "inside" under restrictions. We are not informed as to what has happened in recent times, but only a few years ago the model town scheme at Pullman was pronounced by sociological authorities a melancholy failure. The people preferred liberty with its discomforts and higher charges to efficiency with its restrictions and its limited cost.

After all, human nature is the paramount factor in all social adjustments, and it is a natural impulse, especially under the general scheme and the particular standards of American life, to wish to have a hand in the ordering of immediate and intimate affairs. Almost anybody would prefer to live in a five-room cottage of his own, subject to his individual taste and his private whims rather than in a palace where everything is done according to the will of another or upon some scheme of general average calculated with respect to common necessities but without consideration for private tastes. There is rarely a man, we suspect, who would not prefer to live in his own house, however modest, than in a hotel, however magnificent. Intrinsically this may seem very unreasonable, even to savor of the spirit of arbitrariness. But who is there who will venture to say that the spirit is not one which

makes mightily in support of that wholesome individualism which is the best of all the guaranties of our governmental system.

The Registration Reports.

There be those, mostly editors of partisan newspapers we fancy, disposed to make overmuch of the registration reports in the early days of the new year. That efforts are making on the part of both Republicans and Progressives to present a "showing" is obvious, since of Republicans and Progressives together the registrations for ten days up to last Saturday aggregate 16,891, whereas of Democrats only 5426 registered. This implies that while Republicans and Progressives are making a point of getting their names on the roll early, Democrats are going about the business after the ordinary fashion. However, in this race for early registration the Republicans are well ahead of the Progressives, the figures up to Saturday as reported from seventeen important points being: Republicans 9766, Progressives 7125. At San Francisco registration of Republicans thus far as compared with Progressives is approximately two to one. In Alameda County, on the other hand, the movement has been the other way, 2534 Progressives having registered up to Saturday night as against 1922 Republicans. The surprising fact in the returns is the weakness of the Progressives in Los Angeles, where they have been presumed to be exceptionally strong.

The figures for the first ten days of the month are (from seventeen cities as above stated) 2221 Republicans, 1329 Progressives, 968 Democrats. At Sacramento, where the officials and employees of the state government have been presumed to make Progressivism exceptionally strong, the figures are 969 Progressives, 724 Republicans, 571 Democrats. San Jose—608 Republicans, 316 Progressives, 265 Democrats. Santa Cruz—251 Republicans, 69 Progressives, 148 Democrats. Visalia—152 Republicans, 30 Progressives, 244 Democrats. San Diego—1471 Republicans, 312 Progressives, 555 Democrats. Stockton—518 Republicans, 111 Progressives, 374 Democrats. The only points reported where the Progressives make a showing of greater strength than the Republicans are Oakland, Fresno, Chico, and Ventura, all excepting Oakland by small margins.

Whatever these reports may suggest, they imply nothing positively, since citizens, even though registering under a party name, stand under no legal compulsion to vote as they have registered in the final election. In the primary election the registration controls; and here is one of the weak points of the system. We may take the present situation to illustrate it: A Progressive may register as a Republican and participate in the Republican primary nomination, then in the final election vote for the Progressive candidate. In Oregon, where a similar law has been in force now for about ten years, it has been found that large numbers of Democrats register as Republicans, contribute by their votes in the primaries to the nomination of weak Republican candidates, then return to their normal affiliation on election day. It goes without saying that this is a rank form of political dishonesty. None the less there are many to practice it.

Whatever may be the diplomacies or trickeries of the current registration, it is now evident that the Progressive party is a very considerable force in California. Obviously it is less strong than the Republican party, but its adherents are numerous enough, if they stand to their guns, to make Republican success impossible. On the face of things it looks as if Republicans and Progressives would cut each other's throats at the polls this fall, leaving the election under the plurality principle to the Democrats. And it is more than likely that many Republicans will turn to the Democratic candidates as a means of making effective their protest against the Progressives.

The situation is one indeed to stimulate Democratic hopes. Likewise it should sustain Democratic caution. It calls for Democratic candidates whose personality and character shall tend to recommend them not only to their own party but to a multitude of Republicans who may be glad of an opportunity to make sure of eliminating Governor Johnson and his party by giving their votes to the Democratic candidates.

Science and the Weather.

The weather discussion between Father Ricard of Santa Clara and Dr. Campbell of Lick Observatory seems so far to be slightly in favor of the church, and with Father Ricard still to be heard from. That a

churchman should venture into the scientific arena was certain to provoke reprisals, and although they are irreproachable at the point of suavity and decorum it is easy to detect the note of ancient antagonisms. Father Ricard believes that he has discovered a correspondence between solar disturbances and the phenomena of the weather. Dr. Campbell airily waves his hand and assures us that there is no such correspondence, and then permits himself a dissertation upon popular superstitions and credulities.

Dr. Campbell says very truly that the best way to judge the value of a prediction is to ascertain the extent of its accuracy. It may be remembered that there was a popular application of that same test at the time of Halley's comet and with disastrous results to the presence of the astronomers, but that is now ancient history, and by-gones ought to be by-gones. None the less the incident returns to the mind when we are once more favored with so large a dose of astronomical conclusions.

According to the statement issued by Dr. Campbell it seems that Father Ricard predicted a storm for the Pacific Coast on December 4, although he allowed himself the customary "day or more" of grace. On December 2 a storm condition formed in southern Arizona and on December 4—still quoting from Dr. Campbell—the storm had moved easterly until it was central over Colorado and New Mexico. Now it may be admitted that Colorado and New Mexico are not on the Pacific Coast, but at the same time the prediction is so nearly accurate as to justify the belief that there may be "something in it."

Again, we find the prediction of another storm for December 27. It turned up just one day late. The Weather Bureau reports a storm off the west coast on December 28. It arrived inland on December 29, and gave us heavy rainfalls on December 30 and 31. These are the two predictions selected by Dr. Campbell himself as nullifying the theory advanced by Father Ricard. But the results are conclusive neither one way nor the other. The predictions were not strictly accurate. But neither were they conclusively falsified. On the whole we may believe that they are rather more favorable to the churchman than to the scientist. It may be premature to refer to Father Ricard's seismic predictions for the end of the present month. True, it is not yet the end of the month, but already we hear of terrific and perhaps unprecedented earthquakes in Japan. Even if there should be no further disturbances the error in date could hardly be considered to falsify the theory of sunspots upon which the prediction was based. Moreover, it may be remembered that Father Ricard's theory is by no means a new one. Sir William Herschell is said to have found a correspondence between sunspots and periods of commercial depression. Sunspots, he said, produced storms, and storms caused marine disasters and states of mental dejection from which bad trade would result. And as for the general influence of the moon upon human affairs, dragged somewhat irrelevantly by Dr. Campbell into the discussion, it may be said that an eminent American gynecologist has just written a book intended to show that the phenomena of sex are due to a lunar or tidal rhythm which not only determines the sex but that governs the general periodicities of disease. We are not now at the point where unwelcome theories can be smothered by airy references to superstition and credulity.

But the discussion is a curious one, and from quite another point of view. There was a time when theology represented all the conservatism of the human mind, and especially the scientific conservatisms. The great conflict between science and faith found all the radicalisms on the side of science and all the timidities on the side of faith. But here we seem to have a reversal of the old plan. It is the churchman who expounds the new theory, and it is the scientist who holds up his hands in horror at the profanation offered to the established nesciences. It is the theologian who offers a new solution of a natural problem, and it is science that shrinks from innovation and speculation.

The Coming of Militancy.

Dr. Anna Shaw will not help her cause by refusal to pay the income tax. Not only will she be compelled to pay it, by distraint or otherwise, but she will also furnish an object lesson in her own incapacity for political life, an object lesson to which the public is likely to give some careful attention. For some time past we have been invited to admire the self-restraint of the American suffragist as contrasted with the vio-

lences of her British sister. American women, we have been told, needed no other weapon than an appeal to reason and to justice. Persuasion and argument had already proved effective in many states, and the same forces must ultimately prevail in all of them. Militancy might be excusable in England, where no other remedy was available, but in America it would be out of place and noxious.

Now we see what these professions actually amount to. New York is among the states where women have not yet been enfranchised, and so Dr. Shaw announces that she will be a law-breaker because she is not yet allowed to be a law-maker. A capacity to keep the law is usually supposed to be the one supreme essential to the franchise. It is practically the only test imposed upon the new citizen, while disfranchisement is a part of the penalties inflicted upon crime. But Dr. Shaw proposes to demonstrate her fitness to vote by defying a federal statute, and she will doubtless feel a fresh sense of grievance when reminded that her action is a direct proof of political incapacity. Objecting strongly to be classed with idiots and criminals as electoral incompetents, she seems anxious to prove both her idiocy and her criminality.

Now does any one suppose for a moment that this instant appeal to lawlessness would be confined to the matter of the vote? It is unthinkable. Is it conceivable that this weapon would be used for the single purpose of securing enfranchisement and that it would then be discarded forever? Not unless human nature has undergone some radical change. What would Dr. Shaw be likely to do in the event that the women's vote, once obtained, should prove to be in the minority at the polls and upon some matter considered to be vital and essential? The question need hardly be asked. We know exactly what she would do. She has practically told us in her present declaration. She would instantly raise the standard of revolt and call upon sympathizers all over the country to emphasize their determination by violating some law. In other words militancy, once used to obtain the vote, would be relentlessly used to supplement its deficiencies. And all the distinctively women's questions would be "vital." They would all be held as "justifying extreme measures." An adverse majority would invariably be confronted with militancy.

The action of Mrs. Medill McCormick is nearly as subversive of social order as that of Dr. Shaw. Both alike seem determined to prove their political incapacity. Mrs. McCormick proposes to organize women voters all over the country in order to oppose all candidates for Congress who are not in favor of the suffrage amendment to the constitution. That is to be the only test. Nothing else will count. Political capacity, political experience, political opinions, even character itself, will be subordinated to the one question of personal attitude toward a single measure. The time-server, the political prostitute who will promise anything to any one in exchange for a group of votes, may count upon the support of the women electors, those of them, at least, who are prepared to follow such suicidal leadership as this. No matter how able a man may be, no matter how conscientious, he is to be marked down for destruction. And these are the women who promise to import a new element of morality into public life. The new element appears to be one of undiluted debauchery.

The new militancy will of course fail. Dr. Shaw will pay her income tax and Mrs. McCormick will be unable to organize the women voters upon any considerable scale, either in support of this or of any other project. But that two women of such prominence, and one of them—save the mark, a minister of religion—should be so instantly ready to advocate a crude immorality is an object lesson in the "true inwardness" of the movement as well as a presage of what we may expect should it generally succeed.

Editorial Notes.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Joseph R. Knowland, member of Congress from the Alameda district, has by announcing his candidacy for the Senate intruded a personal consideration upon a situation which should have been held free from any such complication. The Republican party in California is in process of reorganization. Neither its platform nor its plans have been arranged. Even the issues of the coming campaign have yet to be determined. Manifestly it is not a time for the announcement of candidacies which, however legitimate in themselves, may or may not fit the time and the conditions as they may be developed

during the next few months. Both Mr. Knowland and Mr. Shortridge, whose candidacy has been previously announced, are in the minds of many Republicans as men proper for the senatorship. But they come untimely upon a situation only partly developed.

Arguments in condemnation of the fraternity system in schools and colleges based upon any sentimental and social considerations find emphatic reinforcement in the records of Stanford University for last year. One-tenth of the fraternity men failed in their studies as against one-thirteenth of the non-fraternity men. Still more definite is a suggestion implied in the fact that eighteen Stanford students have been denied readmittance because absorption in what is called student activities has interfered with attention to academic duties.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CONGRESS.

Champions and Opponents of the "Cause" Stand with Swords Drawn at Washington—The National Constitution and Woman Suffrage.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 10, 1914.

With the suffragettes storming the doors of the Capitol and demanding an amendment to the constitution to give all the women in this country the right to vote, members of the House and Senate are not looking forward to the next few months with tranquility.

Arrayed in heated controversy on opposite sides of the subject of equal suffrage here in the capital are two of America's most prominent women, thus lending to the battle for the ballot a social significance more pronounced than the cause of "Votes for Women" has heretofore possessed in this country. There is already a prospect that this alignment of Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, the leader of one of the most exclusive sets in the capital, against suffrage, and Mrs. Medill McCormick, equally prominent in the West in favor of equal suffrage, may go further and establish camps of the "pros" and "antis" and resolve into two equally pronounced social factions. Mrs. Dodge, who is president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, believes that Mrs. McCormick and the Woman's Suffrage Association have thrown off all pretense of concealment and embarked frankly on a course of militancy similar to the British suffragettes.

In a recent statement Mrs. McCormick made the following assertion:

The women will be organized to do effective work in all of the congressional districts to oppose any primaries and elections of those candidates for Congress who do not endorse the suffrage amendment to the constitution.

In reply to this Mrs. Dodge charges the suffragettes of the East with launching upon a campaign of militancy, pointing out that Dr. Anna Shaw supports this belief when she advises all women to resist the collection of the income tax. Mrs. Dodge says:

Mrs. McCormick openly avows the intention of the suffragettes to have no consideration for and to take no interest in integrity in politics, wisdom in statesmanship, or serious concern for the welfare of the country. The equal franchise, according to her, takes precedence over everything.

Those women who already have the right to vote are instructed to regard nothing except whether or not a candidate will do what the suffragettes demand. Here is the militancy of the ballot instead of the militancy of a brick.

We are opposed to woman suffrage and fear that there may be some who have failed to realize all that Mrs. McCormick's statement demands of women. It calls for nothing more nor less than a relentless persecution by the suffragists of any man, however able he may be, who does not accede to what they demand.

Thus it is sought to make woman suffrage universal in this country by persecution and by a conscienceless misuse of the ballot. That is, the advocates of "Votes for Women" take the position that any means justifies the end—an exact reproduction of the militant attitude in England. Militancy's general theory is to spare nobody.

There are growing evidences of militancy in Washington. The suffragettes have been angered repeatedly by the satirical attacks of Representative Hefflin of Alabama, who never lets pass an opportunity to point out the foibles of the suffrage movement. These speeches, however, angered the suffragettes, and as a result they are now massing their forces at the doors of Congress determined to coerce the members into voting for an amendment to the constitution.

For a long time it was contended by the suffrage advocates that no amendment to the constitution was necessary; that the organic law of the United States did not specify that voting should be confined to males, and that there was no reason why the states should not proceed to pass laws entitling all the women to the ballot. Lately, however, the leaders of the suffrage movement have concluded that the process of getting all the states in line for equal suffrage is apt to be fraught with many difficulties, and to extend over a full generation. They feel that it will be just as easy to force Congress to pass the necessary resolution calling for an amendment to the constitution as it will be to get any one legislature of the big Eastern states to enfranchise the women of that state.

As a result there has been much study of the constitution by the members of the House and Senate. They find that the fifteenth amendment to the constitution specifically provides that:

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States Congress, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

any state on account of the race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The senators from suffrage states in connection with this amendment point out that the fourteenth amendment defines "citizens" as follows:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside.

No state shall make nor enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any citizen of life, liberty, or property without due process of law nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

In view of the fact that the constitution says that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged and previously defined a citizen as "a person born or naturalized in the United States," that it is clear the framers of the constitution did not mean to prohibit women from voting. This is the argument of those who favor woman suffrage.

Senators and representatives opposed to granting women the vote point out, however, that the fifteenth amendment specifically provides that the right of citizens to vote should not be denied or abridged "on account of the race, color, or previous condition of servitude." It did not say, however, that the right of citizens to vote "shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex." This may seem like hair-splitting, but the Supreme Court has frequently held that when an act specifies certain things which are prohibited, other things not specified are exempted from the application of the law. In other words, in specifying the various discriminations which are prohibited, it is presumed that all other discriminations might be possible.

If the purpose of the fifteenth amendment was merely to prevent discrimination of any kind, it is held that it would have read as follows:

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States Congress or any state.

Even then, however, a person would have to have the right to vote under the laws of the state in which he lived before there could be any denial of that right or abridgement of it. The whole question of what the framers of the constitution intended, however, seems to be settled by section 2 of the fourteenth amendment, which reads as follows:

Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in that state, excluding Indians, not taxed, but when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, or executive and judicial officers of the state or the members of the legislature thereof is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

This whole question of the right of the states to govern their own elections and to grant the franchise to women is likely to figure very largely during the balance of the present session of Congress. E. H.

Gum-digging in New Zealand offers one of the most unusual and interesting forms of labor, partly because of the ease with which the work may be carried on, and partly because it is said New Zealand is the only country where gum-digging is done. Originally the gum which is now brought to light came from the kauri tree, which is now scarce, but ages ago great forests of its probably covered most of the northern part of the North Island. These forests were swept away by fire, and today the landscape is mostly low, brown hills with occasional swamps. Gum burns very easily, but such as was covered by the dank forest debris escaped the fire. Hardened and preserved through uncountable ages, this is the gum the gum-digger seeks today. By paying five shillings a year he may wander and dig where he likes over enormous areas of government lands. All that is required is a kind of spear to locate the gum, a spade to dig it, and a bag to put it in. At night it is scraped and assorted according to size and quality. "In digging," says a writer in *Pearson's Magazine*, "you enjoy all the excitement of gambling without incurring the sin. And then to work for yourself when you like, where you like, and how you like is delightful beyond belief. Also you are free to live as your fancy turns, and to have as many friends as you wish or as few." The climate is pleasant, and the returns from the work, though not financially great, ranging from \$1.75 a day upward, are perhaps all that the enterprise warrants.

A geological survey of parts of the Spitzbergen shows that there are immense deposits of superior coal in various places, and interested individuals and companies alike are planning to tap these resources and bring them upon the highway of international trade. Not many years ago Spitzbergen was an unknown land, and for many years it was a resort only for whalers, fishermen, and bandits. Various scientific expeditions have returned from time to time with valuable and interesting information, but it seems never to have occurred to any one that the island might become the seat of an important industry. It is only in recent years that a change has set in, and it is now apparent that a mine of ice, gold, and fog Spitzbergen is a land fraught with commercial possibilities. The coal is practically on the surface, and deep mining will be unnecessary.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Any favor asked by Mr. H. G. Wells of American newspapers will be granted with alacrity. That, of course, goes without saying. Therefore it is a pleasure to accede to the request of the distinguished novelist and to record the fact that he does not support the eugenicists nor their ridiculous society and that he has recently written "an entirely destructive criticism" of their proposals. This disclaimer is due to the antics of two unpleasant young people named Bolce, who have done their best to produce an eugenic baby and who called on Mr. Wells in the hope that his conversation would improve the chances of the then incipient infant. Mr. Wells says that he does not believe that these proceedings will have the slightest effect in mitigating the said baby's heredity. He is sorry that he ever heard of Eugenetta, for so the luckless infant is named, and he sincerely hopes that he will never hear of her again. "Will American papers please copy?"

The New York *Sun* says that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has done a public service by withdrawing from the Sociological Fund Committee as a protest against that committee's approval of the white slave moving-picture films. Smut, says the *Sun*, is smut, whether you call it sociology or not. Finally the *Sun* looks forward to a time when a return to common sense has ended "this obsession of impurity, this monstrous cancerous growth of high moral obscenity and nastiness for uplift."

Dr. Robert Bridges has taken up the burden of his position as Poet Laureate by writing a Christmas Eve ode addressed to the king. Here are a few lines, which may be enough to satisfy the first clamorous public demand:

But to me heard afar it was heav'nly music,
Angels' song comforting as the comfort of Christ
When he spake tenderly to his sorrowful flock;
The old words came to me, by the riches of time
Mellow'd and transfigured, as I stood on the hill
Hark'ning in the aspect of th' eternal silence.

It would be interesting to know what the king said when he read that.

Dr. Cook is lecturing in London, but without much success in arousing enthusiasm for his cause. His audiences are both small and unfriendly, but the unkindest cut of all was when a visitor asked audibly of a neighbor: "Is that really Bryan?" and finding that it was not "really Bryan" left the theatre in disgust.

With every desire to be prophylactic, hygienic, germicidal, antiseptic, and scientific, we must confess to a serious perplexity. It seems that London scientists now assert that milk is not a conveyor of tubercular germs and that sterilized milk is unfit food for babies. Now at first glance we were disposed to think that this might be due to irritation over the Panama Canal or to the anti-American alliance with Germany, but we learn with consternation that American doctors are saying the same thing, or at least some of them are. The president of the milk commission of the Chicago Medical Society says that the dangers of milk are so small as to be negligible and that sterilized milk is not good for infants, and now comes the doctor who is in charge of the division of child hygiene of the Philadelphia bureau of health, who tells us that few specialists on the diseases of children ever recommend this kind of milk. And we thought that this question had been settled forever and that nothing remained to do but to pass a law requiring all unpasteurized cows to be put into fluted bottles and labeled poison. We earnestly wish to be scientific and up to date, but we have rheumatism and can not move quite so fast as we used to.

They seem to be having their little troubles with the unemployed in Canada, too. A report from Regina says that the city is under martial law as a result of riots and incendiary threats. The unemployed men are said to be armed and all streets are to be patrolled by mounted police. Therefore it would be well to be cautious in advancing purely local or even national causes as explanations of a malady that is nearly world-wide.

The London *Chronicle* tells us that the Swiss president's unassuming status has given rise to many stories. Mr. Edmund d'Auvergne, visiting the government buildings at Bern, "noticed the word 'Bundespraesident' (president of the confederation) inscribed over an inconspicuous door, just as you might see the word 'Cashier' or 'District Registrar.' I called to mind how an important English railway contractor once knocked at this door and was answered by a man in shirt sleeves, whom he took to be a clerk. It was the president himself." In Sir Horace Rumbold's time (the 'sixties) the story was that a diplomatist, calling at the president's private abode, was admitted by a lady with tucked-up sleeves and soap-sudged arms. Madame la Presidente straight from the wash tub.

Did any one know that Mr. William Sulzer, lately governor of New York, was on his way to San Francisco on a lecturing tour? Well, he was, but he isn't. By the time Mr. Sulzer reached Denver he found the atmosphere becoming increasingly chilly, both inside the lecture halls and outside, and so he decided to go back. The reports say that "audiences were smaller than he expected." Our disappointment is mitigated by the fact of our unawareness of the fact that Mr. Sulzer intended to visit us.

Most of us will remember the appeal for a merciful euthanasia that was made some time ago by a minister's wife in New Jersey. She was incurably and intolerably ill and she begged to be put to death scientifically and painlessly. Her appeal was met with the usual hazy from the euthanasia jackasses and several state legislators decided to pass a law to

that effect, but something happened and they forgot. Now the lady announces that she is entirely and perfectly well, but we read her concluding words with something like stupefaction. She says: "Perhaps some day, when we understand better the meaning of life and the true significance of death, a law which I so desire to see passed will be a reality." The lady seems to be impervious to the lesson of fact. Here she is completely cured, when if she had had her own way she would be dead, and yet she still desires the scientific murder of other sufferers who may be just as much mistaken as to their condition as she was.

Mr. James E. Huhbell, former county clerk of Syracuse, New York, has just died from an apparent attack of hydrophobia. The medical evidence at the inquest was to the effect that the cause of death was auto-suggestion. The victim had been bitten by a dog and had been properly treated, but the "jokes" of his friends had so worked upon his mind as to produce all the symptoms of the disease. One does not envy the feelings of the friends whose hideous levity has proved to be fatal. One is also inclined to wonder how many other cases of hydrophobia are due to the cackling of busybodies that so invariably follows the harmless nip of a dog's teeth.

The London *Chronicle* gives us a curious illustration of the change of sentiment toward education and poverty that has been witnessed in less than a century. Hanah More, famous for her benevolence and philanthropy, disapproved of teaching the children of the poor anything but the Bible, the Catechism, "and such coarse works as may fit them for servants." She said emphatically, "I allow of no writing for the poor."

Miss Lind-a-f Hagehy, famous for her championship of animals, is very indignant at her treatment by the New York reporters. She says there were sixteen of them, and they asked her all sorts of questions and then printed the things that she had not said. One of them asked her if she believed that dogs have souls, and when she said yes they printed a statement that "Miss Lind-a-f Hagehy says kipped herrings have souls and warns the American people not to eat them in case the herrings' souls come back to haunt people." Now without seeking to palliate the offense of the New York reporters it seems a fair inference that if dogs have souls so, too, have kipped herrings. Even the reporters themselves may have souls, although we do not want to stretch an argument too far. Miss Hagehy should cultivate the gentle art of laughter, usually a grave defect in the reformer. At least she should realize that she is only one of a noble army of martyrs.

Roman antiquaries are beginning to think that the story of Romulus and Remus is not a myth. Commendatore Boni, who is in charge of the exploration work, believes that he has found the tomb of Romulus and also the remains of the first city which the founder traced with his plow. Perhaps we have been a little too prone to laugh at the antiquity of antiquity. There are a good many archaeologists now who believe in the reality of the continent of Atlantis, and now comes an explorer who tells us of an empire still older and that lies beneath the waters of the Pacific. He even tells us that he has discovered the remains of one of their cities.

Italy has now been officially informed that the cost of the war with Turkey for the possession of Tripoli was \$191,000,000. It seems a lot of money for a strip of desert, but then think of the glory. And there is likelihood of more glory to come, since it is now decided to raise the naval estimates to \$24,000,000 to provide for the building of one dreadnought and several smaller vessels every year. Turkey, too, is buying dreadnoughts for the purpose of a new war against Greece. Every one is buying dreadnoughts or building them, and so it must be admitted that if the angel of peace is actually hovering over the world he is remarkably quiet about it. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

White arsenic was produced in this country last year from smelter flue or bag-house dusts and by the same three firms which produced it in the preceding year. The Anaconda Copper Company saved white arsenic from fumes made in smelting Butte copper ores at the Great Washoe smelter at Anaconda, Montana. At Midvale, Utah, the United States Smelting Company sublimed white arsenic from bag-house dusts collected in smelting Tintic and other Utah copper ores. The American Smelting and Refining Company saved its output from flue dusts made from both domestic and foreign ores. There is so little direct profit in the manufacture of white arsenic, owing largely to the long distances it must be shipped to market, that the smelting companies make it only because they must prevent its escape into the atmosphere. If the demand and prices justified a larger output the production could be greatly increased.

Five Illinois distilleries in the fifth district are the largest in the world. To operate the largest of the five plants, having a capacity of 65,000 gallons of spirits daily, requires the corn from 400 acres, taking forty bushels to the acre. If all six of the central Illinois distilleries should be in operation at one time it would require the entire product of 1000 acres for each day's run. Although corn is the principal grain consumed, rye is also taken in large quantities.

According to the "Mexican Year Book" the total capital employed in the Mexican mining industry is \$647,000,000. Of this \$500,000,000 is said to be American.

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

A Lesson Learned in the Signal-Man's House.

Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia—there will always be a kingdom of Bohemia for story-tellers—was traveling in strict incognito, and in humble fashion, under the name of the Countess des Sept-Châteaux. She was accompanied by the old Baroness Georgethail, her companion, and General Horschowitz, her equerry. In spite of furs and foot-warmers, it was very cold in the reserved compartment; and when the queen, growing weary of her English novel, and worried by the general's knitting—for the general knitted—wanted to look out on the snow-covered country, she was obliged to rub the glass of the carriage window for a minute or two with her handkerchief, the frost had covered it so thickly with glittering tracery and delicate ferns of ice. It was a strange caprice, certainly, and worthy of her majesty's twenty years, to set out for Paris in midwinter, to join her mother, the Queen of Moravia, who was to have visited her in Prague the following spring. However, nothing would do but she must start on the journey, with the thermometer sixteen degrees below freezing point. The baroness had to shake up her old rheumatism; and the general, in despair, had to leave behind a magnificent counterpane he was knitting for his daughter-in-law, and to content himself with working a simple pair of worsted stockings, by way of occupation on the road. It was a rough journey. The whole of Europe lay covered with snow; and they had come half across it, with all sorts of difficulties and hindrances, by railways that were disorganized by the hard weather.

Now they were getting near the end of their journey. At nine o'clock they dined at the buffet at Mâcon, and although this evening the foot-warmers are again hardly lukewarm, and outside great snowflakes float about in the darkness, the baroness and the general—both slumbering in a corner under furs and railway rugs—are dreaming of their arrival in Paris. The good old lady is full of the advantages she will find there for special religious exercises; and the old soldier of a certain wool shop in the Rue Saint-Honoré, to which he means to pay an early visit, the only shop at which he can match his green Berlin wool skeins satisfactorily.

The queen is not asleep. She sits there buried in thought, with her eyes wide open in the shadow, feverish and shivering in her blue-fox furs, with her elbow leaning on the window-sill and one hand clenched in the beautiful ruffled golden hair that has fallen loose from her coquettish little traveling cap, listening mechanically to the vague distant music that the tired ears of the travelers seem to hear in the iron gallop of the express. She is looking back over her whole past life, this poor young queen, and thinking how miserable she is.

She saw herself as she used to be, when she was a little princess with red hands and an unformed figure, playing with her twin sister, whom they had married far away in the north—the sister she was so fond of, and who was so like her that when they were dressed in the same way they had to put ribbons of a different color in their hair that they might not be mistaken one for the other. That was before the revolution that overturned her parents' throne. She had loved the calm and sleepy atmosphere of the little court of Olmutz, where etiquette was tempered by such easy-going good nature. In those days her father, good King Louis V—who since then had died in exile of a broken heart—used to walk through the park with her and her sister, in his court dress, every afternoon at four o'clock to take *cofé au lait* in the Chinese pavilion covered with ivy and vines looking out on the river and the far-off circle of hills red-tinted in the autumn.

Then came her marriage, and the great presentation ball one beautiful night in July, when the murmur of the crowds in the illuminated gardens had come up through the open windows. How she had trembled when she was left alone a moment in the conservatory with the young king. She loved him already; she had loved him from the first moment she had seen him as he came forward with the white plume in his cap, so graceful and elegant in his blue uniform and diamonds, with the gold spurs on his small gray boots ringing at every step. After the first waltz Ottokar had taken her arm and, stroking his long black mustache the while, had led her into the conservatory and made her sit down under a palm tree. Then sitting beside her, he had taken her hand in that grand, easy way of his and looked into her eyes and asked her: "Princess, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?" And she had blushed and looked down and, holding her hand to her heart to still its wild beating, had answered him: "Yes, sire," while the Tziganes' violins suddenly crashed out the first note of the Tchèque march, that sublime song of triumph and enthusiasm.

Alas! how soon that happiness had fled! Six months of error and illusion—scarcely six months—and then one day, before her baby was born, she had found out by a cruel chance that she had been deceived, that the king did not love her, that he never had loved her, that the very day of his marriage he had supped with Gazella, the first dancer of the Prague Theatre, a light woman. And that was not all! She had found out—what every one but herself knew—Ottokar's old liaison with the Countess

Pzilorann, by whom he had three children, whom he had never abandoned in the midst of a hundred caprices, and whom he had actually dared to make first lady in waiting to his wife. The queen's love was killed on the spot—the delicate, shy love she had never dared to confess to her husband, the love that she compared now to a tame bird she had killed one day when she was a little girl, squeezing it suddenly in her hand when she had been startled by the noise of a servant breaking a vase.

She had a son, certainly, and she loved him; but it was terrible sometimes, when she was sitting by the gilded and coroneted cradle of her little sleeping Wladislas, to feel a cold shiver pass over her heart at the sight of the child, the offspring of a man who had so wickedly and cruelly outraged her. Besides, she never had him to herself—never all to herself. It was not at all as it had been in her kind parents' court—and that was another grief, that they had been driven out by a revolution. Here, in this ancient and haughty court of Bohemia, everything was done according to the laws of the strictest etiquette. A whole host of governesses and dry-nurses, stiff old ladies with grand manners and lofty airs, surrounded the royal cradle, and when the queen came to see her son and kiss him she was told with solemnity: "His highness coughed a little last night," or "His highness is cutting a tooth." And it seemed to her as if the chilly breath of these women blew over her mother's heart, and quenched and froze it.

She could really bear it no longer, poor queen—her life was too hard. And so sometimes, when she was overpowered with grief and ennui, she used to get leave from the king to pay a visit to the Queen of Moravia, who had taken refuge in France. She would fly away and escape, as from a prison—alone, for it was contrary to the traditions that the heir-apparent should travel without his father—to weep out all her griefs on her gray-haired mother's neck.

This time she had left without asking permission, suddenly, only staying to leave a rapid kiss on the sleeping Wladislas's forehead, for she was mad with disgust and shame.

The debauchery of the king became more notorious daily. He had wives and families now in every town in Bohemia, in every one of his hunting-boxes. He was a laughing-stock everywhere, and in the streets of Prague they sang satirical verses, asking what was to become of all this illegitimate race, and whether Ottokar, like Augustus the Strong before him, would enroll all his bastards in a squadron of guards of honor. To provide for the wants of his numerous progeny the king turned everything into money, and drained and indebted the state. The trade in decorations was especially scandalous. There was a tailor at Vienna who was quoted as having made his fortune by selling to amateurs of foreign orders a certain dress-coat at five hundred florins with the ribbon of the most illustrious order of Bohemia, a military order that dated back to the Thirty Years' War, in its buttonhole.

* * * * *

What is wrong? The train has begun to go more slowly; it has stopped. What is the meaning of this stoppage in the open country in the middle of the night? The general and the baroness have awakened very anxious; the lord-in-waiting has let down the glass, and is leaning out into the darkness; and suddenly the guard, who is running along in the snow beside the carriages, stops and raises his lantern, lighting up the bristling white mustaches and fur cap of the general.

"What is the matter? Why are we stopping?" asks old Horschowitz.

"The matter is that we shall have to stop here for an hour at least. The snow is two feet deep; it is impossible to get on. The Parisians will have to do without their *cofé au lait* tomorrow."

"What! Wait here an hour in this weather! You know the foot-warmers are cold."

"What can I do? They have telegraphed to Tonnerre for sweepers; but, as I said, we must wait at least an hour."

And the man moved away with his lantern in the direction of the engine.

"It is too bad! Your majesty will catch cold!" croaked the baroness.

"Yes, I am very cold," said the queen, shivering.

Now was the time for the general to show his heroism. He jumped down on the rails, sinking up to his knees in snow, caught hold of the man with the lantern, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"If it was the Great Mogul himself I could do nothing," answered the man. "The signal-man's house is just in front of us; he may have a fire, and if the lady likes to get down? Hi! Sabatier!" A second lantern approached them. "Go and see if the signal-man has a fire in his house."

Fortunately he had. The general was as proud as if he had gained a battle, or finished the last stripe of knitting in his famous counterpane. He went back to the queen's carriage to tell her of the result of his efforts, and a moment after the three travelers were in the low-roofed room of the little house, stamping their feet on the floor to get rid of the snow on their shoes, while the signal-man, who had brought them in and who still wore his sheep-skin, knelt down before the fire and threw some dead wood upon the dogs.

The queen threw her cloak on the back of her straw-bottomed chair, and sat down before the cheery blaze.

She took off her long, Swedish kid gloves, and began to look about her.

It was a peasant's room. There was a dry, uneven, earthen floor; strings of onions hung from the smoky rafters; an old poacher's gun was fastened over the chimney-piece by a couple of nails, and there were a few flowered plates on the dresser. The general made a grimace at two cheap pictures that were pinned to the wall; one, the portrait of Monsieur Thiers wearing the ribbons of the Legion of Honor, the other Garibaldi in his red shirt. But what attracted the young queen's attention was a wicker cradle by the side of the large bed, half hidden by striped chintz curtains, from whence there came the murmurings of a child wakened from its sleep.

As soon as he heard it the signal-man left the fire, went to the cradle, and rocked it gently.

"Bye-bye, chickie, bye-bye! It is nothing—only friends of daddy's."

He seemed a kind father, this man in his goat-skin, with his bald head, his rough old soldier's mustache, and those two deep sad lines round his mouth.

"Is that your little girl?" the queen asked, with interest.

"Yes, ma'am; it is my Cécile. She will be three years old next month."

"But—her mother?" inquired her majesty, hesitatingly. And as the man shook his head: "You are a widower?"

But he shook his head again. Then the queen, touched, got up and went to the cradle, and looked at Cécile, who had gone to sleep again, hugging a cardboard dog tenderly to her breast.

"Poor child!" she murmured.

"Wasn't it a heartless thing to do for a mother to abandon a child of that age?" said the signal-man in a smothered voice. "That she should have left me after all was my own fault. I ought not to have married a woman too young for me—I ought not to have let her go to the town, where she picked up evil acquaintances. But to abandon this darling! Wasn't it infamous? And now I have to bring up the poor nite myself! And I can tell you it is not easy, with all the work I have to do. In the evening I am very often obliged to leave her there screaming and crying when I hear the whistle of the train. In the daytime, though, I take her with me, and she is quite used to it already, the darling! She is not afraid of the railway now. Only yesterday I was holding her in my left arm, while I waved my flag with my right. Well, she never even trembled as the express train went by. But, you see, what troubles me most is having to make her frocks and caps. Fortunately I was a sergeant in the Zouaves once and know how to use my needle."

"But, my poor friend," began the queen, "it is a very difficult task for you. I should like to help you. I suppose there is a village near here, and there must be some good people in the village who would take charge of your little girl. If it is only a question of money—"

But the signal-man shook his head.

"No, good lady, no. I am not proud, and I would accept with all my heart anything that was done for Cécile. But I will never part with her. No, not even for an hour!"

"But why?"

"Why?" repeated the man in his deep voice, "because I can trust no one but myself to make this child what her mother was not—a good woman! But, excuse me, would you kindly rock Cécile a moment? I am wanted on the track?"

Who can tell what thoughts passed through the mind of the young Queen of Bohemia that winter night as she sat rocking the poor signal-man's child, while the general and baroness, whose help she had refused, sat and sulked before the fire? When the guard opened the door and cried out: "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, the express is starting; take your seats!" the queen put her purse, swelled with gold, and the bouquet of violets from her belt, into little Cécile's cradle, and went back to her seat in the train.

But her majesty stayed only two days in Paris; she returned to Prague almost immediately, and now she never leaves it. She devotes herself entirely to her son's education. The places of the governesses, with their thirty quarterings, who cast the shadows of their funeral caps over the heir-apparent, have become sinecures. If there are still kings in Europe when little Wladislas is grown up he will be what his father was not—a good king. Already, though he is but five, he is very popular; and when he travels with his mother on those good old Bohemian railways, where they go as slowly as a carriage, and looking out of the window, sees a signal-man holding a child with one arm and waving his little flag with the other, the royal child, at a sign from his mother, kisses his hand to him.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of François Coppée by Mlle. Bouchier.*

Lundy Island, at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, has a queer record. It was owned in the eighteenth century by a Barnstaple man, who contracted to ship convicts to Virginia, but only took them to the island, where he profitably employed them, even in smuggling to the mainland.

In Montevideo twenty million dollars are hoarded in harbor work, which will make that port one of the finest in the world.

JULES CLARETIE.

Another Chapter of Comedie-Francaise History Ended.

Yesterday, Monday, there was to have been a farewell luncheon in the foyer of the Comédie Française; in its stead on Saturday there was a more solemn *au revoir* by the side of a grave in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. For Jules Claretie, twenty-eight years administrator-général of the House of Molière, had not survived to lay down his office with the last day of the old year. A week ago he caught a chill when leaving his beloved theatre; the chill rapidly developed serious symptoms; exhausted nature had no power of recuperation; and in three days the end came. It is true there had been a private ceremony to celebrate the handing over of his office to his successor, Albert Carré; but the formal good-by was to have been said at the luncheon that will never take place.

So ends another, and distinguished, chapter in the history of France's national theatre. And it has ended in triumph. Yet when it opened eight and twenty years ago not even the most confirmed optimist would have prophesied such a finale. In 1885 Jules Claretie had achieved a considerable reputation as a journalist, novelist, and playwright; he had been war correspondent, dramatic critic, a captain of the national volunteers, a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, and a contributor to the leading Parisian newspapers. Then came his election to succeed M. Perin in the control of the Comédie. Dumas warned him what to expect. "Remember," he said, "that everything here is made of tow, with vanities that catch fire like inflammable scenery. Remember that what looks to you in the distance like a little piece of painted cloud may suddenly burst into a hurricane. Remember, too, that you may think that you are leaning on a marble column, and find it collapse, being only cardboard. I daresay Got will repeat what he said to me once: 'I was administrator of the Comédie in London. I felt like a devil in a holy-water vessel full of paraffin.'"

A truly encouraging initiation to the duties of a new and untried position! Yet M. Claretie did not despond neither then nor in any of the years that followed. As one of his friends has just said, he seems to have taken for his motto from the start, *Bonté incorrigible; bonté, bonté encore, bonté toujours*. His slender figure, his keen but amiable face, and above all his perfect tact, courtesy, and suavity of manner became a tradition of the House of Molière; his caution and patience enabled him to checkmate all the thousand intrigues and jealousies which seem to be the native atmosphere of a company of players. His latest victory was not his least. Last fall the Comédie was elosed that a new ceiling painted by Albert Besnard might be placed in position. That ceiling almost caused a duel between the artist and the manager, for the latter objected to the clothing of Adam (the father of the human race being a chief figure in the design), and the former roundly told the manager he knew nothing of art. But *bonté* triumphed again, for at the dedication of the ceiling no two were more friendly towards each other than Claretie and Besnard.

It would need a volume to tell all the troubles Claretie survived. The members of the Comédie are a touchy race; the company has been compared to an old-time salon in which sharp words and open temper are unknown, but in which subtle intrigue is more dangerous than violent rebellion. Alfred Capus tells a tearful story of his own experience. For the purposes of a play of his it was essential that a certain charming actress of the Comédie should remain in Paris, but at that juncture her admirers were clamoring for her presence in Belgium. He explained his trouble to Claretie, who, thinking his request justified, said, "I will formally order Mlle. X. not to leave Paris." But then came an after-thought. "I will," continued Claretie, "yes; but will she agree?"

Doubtless he was thinking of previous experiences with truants of the company. His mind had gone back to those days when, despite the regulation which forbade the players of the Comédie to act elsewhere, many of them were touring Europe in defiance of the Decree of Moscow. He summoned them home, to be roundly reprimanded for their presumption. Then came the famous Coquelin quarrel, the upshot of which, however, was that the actor returned to the fold at a larger salary than ever. The only legacy of those troubles he has left for his successor is the case of M. le Bargy, a dispute of ten years' standing, which has yet to be settled by the law courts.

He had his difficulties with the playwrights, too. Sometimes he was wrong if he accepted a play and sometimes if he rejected one. He saw no danger, for example, in Sardou's "Thermidor," but he had reckoned without M. Clemenceau, who declared in the chamber that the Revolution, Robespierre included, was too sacred a theme for dramatic uses, and that the play must be withdrawn. Later came Octave Mirabeau's "Foyer," a satire upon those who supported charitable societies, which Claretie first accepted without realizing the offense it might give to his own subscribers. When he declined to produce the play its author took the matter to the courts, with the novel result of the manager being sentenced to stage the piece without delay. His latest trouble was with Henry Bernstein's "Après Moi," which had to be withdrawn because the Camélot du Roi had a grievance against the author.

Some twelve years ago he made an innovation which

would have been fatal for a less adroit man to have attempted. From the earliest days it had been the custom at the Comédie for a committee of members to select the plays which were to be produced, a custom which inspired the famous picture of the committee hearing an author read his play. Without any warning Claretie obtained power to abolish that committee, and appointed himself sole arbiter instead. For nine years he and he alone decided what plays were to be accepted or rejected, and then, because the experiment had shown that his individual wisdom was not more infallible than the collective sagacity of the committee, he reverted to the old order of things. But that experiment was a triumph in one respect, for when the administrative committee, in retaliation, deprived Claretie of his salary, the government made good his loss by a special grant.

But his most eloquent memorial consists in the status in which he has left the House of Molière. That was his final answer to all critics. Whatever the burden of complaint, he would smilingly insist upon the position of the Comédie in the estimation of playgoers. But the prestige of its actors was not all; he could also point to the financial stability of the house. When he took charge of the theatre its annual receipts were less than four hundred thousand dollars; today they exceed half a million. As the members of the company have benefited enormously by this increased revenue, it might have been imagined that sheer gratitude would have prompted them to forgive everything to the man who had so augmented their salaries, whereas they were intriguing and disputing to the last. The vanities of the *sociétaire* of the Comédie are inexhaustible, while his jealousy in the matter of precedence can not be matched in the strictest royal court. Not yet has he taken to heart M. Filon's admonition that he may make up for talent by too much insistence upon tradition.

And now Claretie's triumphs and difficulties are all over. It is almost impossible to think of the Comédie without him. Paris has grown so inured to his presence, despite repeated reports of his resignation, that the reality is hard to grasp. Any time for more than fifteen years each spring and fall has produced a confident announcement of his retirement. So that when it became a fact nobody believed the wolf had really come. But the meeting in the foyer of the Comédie on Thursday for the adoption of a letter of condolence to Mme. Claretie, and the passing of a funeral before the doors of that house on Saturday, have written an indisputable "finis" to the Claretie chapter. At the grave in Père Lachaise, where Molière himself sleeps, the farewell of Frédéric Masson reminded the mourners that Claretie was a member of the Academy, too, while the *éloge funèbre* of the veteran Mounet-Sully brought back the thoughts of all to that temple of the drama which is his most abiding memorial.

PARIS, December 30, 1913. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Preliminary figures show an increase in output of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc in California during 1913 over the preceding year. It is estimated that the production of gold will reach \$20,013,374. It is probable that the increase in gold has come mainly from the deep mines, while the added quantity of silver has come from increased output of copper and lead-silver ores. The producing deep gold mines of the state, which yield about fifty-six per cent of the total gold output each year, are between four hundred and fifty and five hundred in number and are situated in twenty-six counties. It is a matter of encouragement to deep mining that the two deepest mines in the state—in Amador County—are in excellent ore and are in a prosperous condition. The Kennedy, at Jackson, is producing good ore from a vertical depth of 3600 feet, and the Argonaut from 3300 feet. The ore bodies in both these representative mines are large and well defined at the depths stated and the ore is profitably worked. In placer mining in California the dredges continue to furnish about eighty-six per cent of the gold derived from the auriferous gravels. Of the total gold yield from all sources, deep and placer mines, the dredges produce about thirty-eight per cent. As yet there are no special signs to indicate any diminution of the total yield of gold from dredging operations, but some of the older fields are on the decline, the best ground having been worked out. A few of the companies have entirely worked out the paying ground in their holdings and have ceased operations. The large dredging companies have been making preparations to perfect the gold-saving features of the dredges, and notably for handling the "black sands," which carry much very fine gold, a good deal of which is now lost in the mining operations. So far, however, no developments of great importance have resulted. Extensive operations in hydraulic mining are now largely confined to the northwestern counties of the state, where there are no legal restrictions compelling the miners to impound their débris or tailings, as there are in the central counties, in the drainage basins of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The hydraulic mines now produce only about eight per cent of the placer-gold yield in California. Lead mining in the state made a marked advance in 1913, showing an increase of 3,916,110 pounds over 1912, and is due mainly to the renewal of mining and shipping operations of the Tecopa Mining Company of Inyo County.

Oil yielding a high-grade kerosene is found on the island of Timor, 436 miles from Port Darwin. California operating methods are followed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer helmed its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their hattle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean hurned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and hurst of shell,
And hellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.—Bayard Taylor.

"Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er."

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of hatted fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor phiroch summon here
Mustering clan, nor squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill life may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the hither sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none he near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done;
While our slumbers spall assails ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveille.—Walter Scott.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars sat their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw:
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming car melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

The racing sloop *Reliance*, which successfully defended the America's cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock III*, is being demolished after resting for ten years in a City Island dock cradle. She was recently sold as junk. The *Reliance* was designed and built by the Herreshoffs.

THE NEAR EAST.

Mr. Robert Hichens Writes a Vivid Description of Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople.

Mr. Robert Hichens's account of his journey through the Near East may be taken as a model of what such books should be. He tells us nothing of his reasons for the excursion, nor do we want to know them. He gives us no information about his traveling companions, their pedigrees, nor their peculiarities. He says nothing of his preparations nor even of the route that he followed across Europe. Setting forth to tell us of his visit to Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople, he proceeds to do so in the most direct manner possible, without preliminary or introductions. He gives us not even a preface nor a foreword.

Dalmatia, he tells us, is represented to the ordinary traveler by Zara, Trau, Spalato, Ragusa, Castelnuovo, and Sebenico. Ragusa is the most popular and interesting, Spalato the most populous and energetic, Cataro the most remarkable scenically. Trau leaves a haunting memory behind it, and Castelnuovo is a little paradise marred in some degree by the soldiers who infest it. But Zara has a peculiar charm, half gay, half brightly tender. One morning on a week day the author went into San Simeone, to which Queen Elizabeth of Hungary gave a superb arca of silver gilt which contains, it is said, the remains of the saint:

Only peasants were there. Some were quietly sitting, some kneeling, some standing, their market-baskets set down on the pavement beside them. In a hidden place behind the high altar, above which is raised the great, carved sarcophagus, priests were droning the office. A peasant in red, with a gesture, invited me to sit beside him. I did so, and he whispered in my ear some words I could not understand; but I gathered that something very important was about to take place. Every face was expectant. All eyes were earnestly fixed upon the sarcophagus. A woman came in, carrying in her arms a turkey, which looked anxious-minded, crossed herself, and waited with us, gazing. The droning voices ceased. A sort of carillon sounded brightly. We all knelt, the woman with the turkey, too, as a priest in scarlet and white mounted the steps which divide the altar from the arca. There was a moment of deep silence. Then the great, glittering, and sloping lid, with its recumbent figure of the saint, slowly rose between the bronze supporting figures. My peasant friend touched me, stood up, and led the way toward the altar. I followed him with the rest of the congregation, and we filed slowly up the steps, and one by one gazed down into the dim coffin. There I saw a skull, and the vague brown remains of what had once been a human being, lying in the midst of votive offerings. On the fingers of one hand, which looked as if made of tobacco leaf, were clusters of rings. The fat, bronzed faces on each side seemed smiling. But the peasant stood in awe. And presently the great lid sank down. All made the sign of the cross. The market-baskets were picked up, and the turkey was restored to the sunlight.

Coming to Athens, says Mr. Hichens, it is difficult to believe one is in the famous capital, even though one has seen the Acropolis. He never quite lost the feeling that he was in a delightful village, containing a cheery, bustling life, some fine modern buildings, and many wonders of the past:

When you stand upon the Acropolis you see not only ruins which, taking everything into consideration, are perhaps the most wonderful in the world, but also one of the most beautiful views of the world. It is asserted as a fact by authorities that the ancient Greeks had little or no feeling for beauty of landscape. One famous writer on things Greek states that "a fine view as such had little attraction for them," that is, the Greeks. It is very difficult for those who are familiar with the sites the Greeks selected for their temples and theatres, such as the rock of the Acropolis, the heights at Sunium and at Argos, the hill at Taormina in Sicily, etc., to feel assured of this, however lacking in allusion to the beauty of nature, unless in connection with supposed animating intelligences, Greek literature may be. It is almost impossible to believe it as you stand on the Acropolis.

Mr. Hichens reserves his special admiration for the Erechtheum, not far from the Parthenon, at the edge of the precipice beneath which lies the greater part of Athens. The beautiful porch of the Caryatids looks toward the Parthenon, and there are six of these caryatids, or maidens, standing upon a high parapet of marble. They wear flowing draperies, their hair flows down over their shoulders, and they support their burden of marble with a sort of exquisite submissiveness, like maidens choosing to perform a grateful and an easy task that brings with it no loss of self-respect:

I once saw a great English actress play the part of a slave girl. By her imaginative genius she succeeded in being more than a slave: she became a poem of slavery. Everything ugly in slavery was eliminated from her performance. Only the beauty of devoted service, the willing service of love—and slaves have been devoted to their masters—was shown in her face, her gestures, her attitudes. Much of what she imagined and reproduced is suggested by these matchlessly tender and touching figures; so soft that it is almost incredible that they are made of marble, so strong that no burden, surely, would be too great for their simple, yet almost divine, courage. They are watchers, these maidens, not alertly, but calmly watchful of something far beyond our seeing. They are alive, but with a restrained life such as we are not worthy to know, neither fully human nor completely divine. They have something of our wistfulness and something also of that attainment toward which we strive. They are full of that strange and eternal beauty that is in all the greatest things of Greece, from which the momentary is banished, in which the perpetual is enshrined.

Modern Athens, despite its dust, is a delightful city to dwell in. Nobody in it looks rich—"that dreadful look"—and scarcely anybody looks poor. The king and princes stroll casually about the streets or may be met on the Acropolis or walking by the sea. The author was allowed to wander all over the palace grounds, which are full of palms and great trees and which resemble a laid-out wood:

A Rumanian friend of mine told me that one day when he was in the garden, on turning a corner, he came upon the

king and queen, with the crown princess, who had just come down from the terrace in front of the royal apartments. All the centre of the palace was burned out more than a year ago, and is now being slowly rebuilt. Greece is the home of genuine democrats, but democracy is delightful in Greece. Nobody thinks about rank, and everybody behaves like a gentleman. The note of Athens is a perfectly decorous liveliness, which is never marred by vulgarity. The stranger is welcomed and treated with the greatest possible courtesy, and he is never bothered by objectionable people such as haunt many of the cities of Italy, and of other lands where travelers are numerous. Athens indeed is one of the most sympathetic of cities, wonderfully cheerful, simply gay, of a perfect behavior, yet unceremonious.

Mr. Hichens was so unfortunate as to be arrested on suspicion of being a spy. It was just at the time of the declaration of war against Turkey and several spies had already been detected, and one of them in the act of poisoning the water supply of the city. He was brought before the admiral in charge of the fleet and handed over to the police, accompanied by a report from the admiral stating that the prisoner was "a very suspicious character":

Eventually a guard of police carrying rifles was sent to convey me from the Piræus to Athens, and in the middle of the afternoon I was obliged to walk as a prisoner through the streets of the Piræus, to take the tram to Petheron, to get out there and wait for half an hour at a railway station, and to travel in the train to Athens. In Athens I was made to walk three times, always guarded closely, through the principal streets and squares of the city, and twice past my hotel in the Constitution Square during the most busy hour of the day. Eventually, at night, I was released. Now, the Hellenes are considered by many people to be very inquisitive. During my public exposure as a prisoner I met with no really disagreeable curiosity from the crowd. Many people discreetly inquired of my guard who I was and what I had done, and naturally a great many more stared at me. But nobody followed me and my attendants as we marched on our way from one police station to another, to the War Office, etc. There was no pushing or jostling, such as there would certainly have been in an English town if a prisoner with guards was exposed to the public gaze. Curiosity was, as a rule, almost carefully dissembled, and inquiries were made with a charming discretion. I confess I felt grateful to the Greeks that day, though not to the admiral who had me arrested, or to the police who put me to so much inconvenience. And I was grateful for one thing more, that I was released just in time to see King George's arrival in Athens on the eve of the war.

The mountainous island of Salamis lies like a sentinel keeping guard over the harbor of the Piræus. Whether Xerxes did really watch the battle from a throne placed on the hill with which his name is associated, it says Mr. Hichens, very doubtful. But many travelers like to believe it, and the guides of Athens are quite ready to stiffen their curiosity:

But, unfortunately, the warships of Greece often lie snug in harbor in the shadow of Salamis not far from the arsenal, and, as I have hinted already, their commander-in-chief has little sympathy with the inquiring traveler. I shall not easily forget the expression that came into his face when, in reply to his question, "What did you come here for?" I said, "To visit the scene of the celebrated battle." A weary incredulity made him suddenly look very old; and I believe it was then that, taking a pen, he wrote on the margin of his report about me that I was "a very suspicious person."

Upon one of the columns of Sunium the author tells us he found the name of Byron carved in bold letters, but he looked in vain for the name of Turner. As he turned at last to go away a one-armed man came up to him and in English told him that he was the guardian of the temple:

"But where do you live?" I asked him, looking over the vast solitude.

Smiling, he led the way down to a low white-washed hungalow at a little distance. There, in a rough but delicious loggia, paved and fronting the sea, I found two brown women sitting with a baby among some small pots of flowers. Remote from the world, with only the marble columns for neighbors, with no voice but the sea's to speak to them, dwell these four persons. The man lived and worked for many years in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he lost his arm in some whirling machinery. Now he has come home and entered the sea-god's service. Pittsburgh and the Hellenic wilderness—what a contrast! But my one-armed friend takes it philosophically. He shrugs his shoulder, points to his stump, and says, "I guess I couldn't go on there like this, so I had to quit, and they put me here."

They put him "here," on Cape Sunium, and on Cape Sunium he has built himself a house and made for himself a loggia, white, cool, brightened with flowers, face to face with the purple sea, and the isles and the mountains of Greece. And at Sunium he intends to remain because, unfortunately, having lost an arm, he is no longer wanted in Pittsburgh.

Constantinople, says Mr. Hichens, is beautiful and hateful. It fascinates and it repels. No other city that he has seen so confused and distressed him. Much of it seems to be in a perpetual rage, pushing, struggling, fighting, full of ugly determination to do—what? Whither, he asks, are they going in this brutal haste? They have no time or desire to be courteous, to heed any one but themselves:

Soldiers seem to be everywhere. To live in Constantinople is like living in some vast camp. When I was there, Turkey was preparing feverishly for war. The streets were blocked with trains of artillery. The steamers in the harbor were vomiting forth regiments of infantry. Patrols of horsemen paraded the city. On my first night in Pera, when, weary with my efforts to obtain some general conception of what the spectacular monster really was, what it wanted, what it meant, what it was about to do, I had at length fallen asleep toward dawn, I was awakened by a prolonged, clattering roar beneath my windows. I got up, opened the shutters, and looked out. And below me, in the semi-darkness, I saw interminable lines of soldiers passing: officers on horseback, men tramping with knapsacks on their backs and rifles over their shoulders; then artillery, gun-carriages, with soldiers sitting loosely on them holding one another's hands; guns, horses, more horses, with officers riding them; then trains of loaded mules. On and on they went, and always more were coming behind. I watched them till I was tired, descending to the darkness of Galata, to the blackness of old Stamboul.

Stamboul is a city to itself, a city of wood and of marble, of dusty frail houses that look as if they had

been run up in a night and might tumble to pieces at any moment, and of magnificent mosques, centuries old, solid, huge, superb, great monuments of the Sultans. There is no harmony between the mosques and the houses. The former are enduring and grand; the latter almost like houses of cards. Many parts of Stamboul are as the waste places of the earth, abandoned by men:

By night they are silent and black; by day they look like the ways of a great wooden village from which the inhabitants have fled. In their open spaces, patches of waste ground, perhaps a few goats are trying to browse among rubbish and stones, a few little children are loitering, two or three silent men may be sitting under a vine by a shed, which is a Turkish café. There is no sound of steps or of voices. One has no feeling of being in a great city, of being in a city at all. Little there is of romance, little of that mysterious and exquisite melancholy which imaginative writers have described. Dullness and shabbiness brood over everything. Yet an enormous population lives in the apparently empty houses. Women are watching from the windows behind the grilles. Life is fermenting in the midst of the dust, the discomfort, the almost ghastly silence.

Many Turkish women, says the author, come to the bazaars only to meet their lovers. He watched "these subtle truants" passing in their pretty disguises, suggestive of a masked ball. Their dominos dropping over their faces let you see not enough, for many Turkish women are pretty:

One day I was in the upper room of a photographer's shop when two Turkish women came in and removed their veils, standing with their backs to the English infidel. One was obviously much younger than the other, and seemed to have a beautiful figure. I was gazing at it, perhaps rather steadily, when, evidently aware of my glance, she turned slowly and deliberately round. For two or three minutes she faced me, looking to right and left of me, even on the floor near my feet, with her large and beautiful blue-gray eyes. She was lovely. Young, perhaps eighteen, she was slightly painted, and her eyebrows and long curling lashes were blackened. Her features were perfect, her complexion was smooth and brilliant, and her expression was really adorable. It seemed to say to me quietly:

"Yes, you are right. It is foolish ever to conceal such a face as this with a veil when really there is not too much beauty in the world. Mais que voulez-vous? Les Turcs!" And the little hanum surely moved her thin shoulders contemptuously. But her elderly companion pulled at her robe, and slowly she moved away. As the two women left the room, the photographer, a Greek, looked after them, smiling. Then he turned to me, spread out his thin hands, and said, with a shrug, "Encore des désenchantées!"

One day Mr. Hichens went to Yildiz to see the Selamlık. That morning the Sultan was to pray in the mosque, and as the route was kept secret no one knew by which road he would come. There was much commotion outside the mosque, and an assembly of soldiers and sailors. At last a fluttering of pennons announced that the Sultan had left the palace and was descending to perform his devotions:

In perhaps five minutes an outrider appeared from behind the mosque, advancing slowly parallel with the bank, followed by a magnificent victoria, covered with gold and lined, I think, with satin, drawn by two enormous brown horses the harness of which was plated with gold. They were driven from the box by a gorgeous coachman, who was standing. The musicians, turning once more, struck up the "Sultan's Hymn," the soldiers presented arms; the brown horses wheeled slowly round, and I saw within a few paces of me, sitting alone in the victoria in a curious, spread-out attitude, a bulky and weary old man in a blue uniform, wearing white kid gloves and the fez. He was staring straight before him, and on his unusually large fair face there was no more expression than there is on a white envelop. Women twittered. Men saluted. The victoria stopped beside the bright yellow carpet. After a moment's pause, as if emerging from a sort of trance, the Calif of Islam got up and stepped slowly and heavily out, raising one hand to his fez. Then, as if with an abrupt effort to show alertness, he walked almost quickly up the steps to the glass porch, turned just before entering it, stood for an instant looking absolutely blank, again saluted, swung round awkwardly, and disappeared. Almost immediately afterward one of his sons, a rather short and fair young man with a flushed face, attended by an officer, hurried past me and into the mosque by another entrance.

Mr. Hichens had the curiosity to wait for the return journey and was rewarded by another good view of a sovereign whose crowned head must certainly be the most uneasy in Europe:

Abruptly from the glass porch he appeared in European dress, with very baggy trousers much too long in the leg and a voluminous black frock-coat. He stood for a moment holding the frock-coat with both hands, as if wishing to wrap himself up in it. Then, still grasping it, he walked quickly down the steps, his legs seeming almost to ripple beneath the weight of his body, and stepped heavily into the brougham, which swung upon its springs. The horses moved, the carriage passed close to me, and again I gazed at this mighty sovereign, while the Eastern pilgrims salaamed to the ground. Mechanically he saluted. His large face was still unnaturally blank, and yet somehow it looked kind. And I felt that this old man was weary and sad, that his long years of imprisonment had robbed him of all vitality, of all power to enjoy: that he was unable to appreciate the pageant of life in which now, by the irony of fate, he was called to play the central part. All alone he sat in the bright-colored brougham, carrying a flaccid hand to his fez and gazing blankly before him. The carriage passed out of the courtyard, but it did not go up the hill to the palace.

"The Sultan," said a voice, "is going out into the country to rest and to divert himself."

To rest, perhaps; but to divert himself!

After that day I often saw before me a large white envelop, and the most expressive people in the world were salaaming before it.

Mr. Hichens describes familiar scenes, but he describes them in an unfamiliar way. He brings to them a power of imagination essential to such historical records as these, while it need hardly be said that his literary expression has its usual charm and force. A delightful and valuable feature of the book is the series of colored illustrations by Jules Guerin reinforced by photographic views of unusual excellence.

THE NEAR EAST: DALMATIA, GREECE, AND CONSTANTINOPLE. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; \$6.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Valentine.

We are by no means sure that a commonplace young man deserves the position of hero of a novel merely because he is commonplace. And Mr. Richards seems to know that Valentine is commonplace, since he gives us as a sort of foreword, or perhaps warning, a passage from Evan Harrington to the effect that "Most youths are like Pope's women; they have no character at all."

Valentine's father is a famous architect who knows enough of the incapacities of youth to keep his son at a distance from his work. Barat, Senior, certainly carries his indifference to his son a good deal too far. A little parental oversight would have kept Valentine from most of his escapades in Paris and elsewhere and might even have made something out of those vague desires to be useful that the most useless of us have occasionally felt. But Valentine gets no encouragement on the path of virtue, and so he amuses himself with the race-track and with the more innocent forms of the night life, and then falls in love with a young woman with as little genuine character as he has himself. To do Valentine justice he is not practically vicious, although we can not for the life of us see why he is not, and when at last his father dies suddenly and leaves Valentine the whole of his fortune we are a little inclined to wonder where the moral of it all comes in. There is so much of the colorless modern young man about Valentine that we wonder if he is worth three hundred pages in spite of the fine narrative talent expended on him.

Valentine. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Romagna and the Marches.

Nothing is quite so tragic as the modern spirit struggling to express its pettiness amidst the greatness of antiquities. This is the spectacle presented by the cities of Italy, at least those cities that are marked red upon the tourist's map. Elsewhere the squalor of modern ideas are less noticeable for lack of comparison, but in Italy they are conspicuous by contrast with an almost visible and audible past. Therefore the wise traveler will discriminate in his choice of routes, recognizing that the old is better.

Mr. Edward Hutton is a reliable guide through Italy, at least for those who would know the true values of the country. He tells us of Ravenna, and Ferrara, of Rimini, and Loreto, and Ascoli, of all those lesser known cities of Romagna and the Marches that still preserve the memory of the old Italian world of art, and arms, and the jealousies of great families. Mr. Hutton's attitude is always one of sympathetic and understanding reverence. Nothing that is worth seeing or knowing escapes his attention, and he writes always with the easy familiarity of scholarship. His pace is that of the saunterer, his attitude that of one who greets old friends. It would be an education to travel through Italy with Mr. Hutton's book in hand. It is nearly as delightful to read it by the fire-side.

THE CITIES OF ROMAGNA AND THE MARCHES. By Edward Hutton. With twelve illustrations in color by Frank Crisp. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Sadhana.

It is profoundly significant that such a volume as this should be received with acclaim by the English-speaking world, which is now learning to look upon the religions of India, not as curious objects for intellectual study, but as presentations of a living faith not without their value to the problems and perplexities of the West. Emerson predicted an invasion of Oriental thought as a remedy for the petty materialisms of today, and he seems to have predicted truly. The invasion is already here, and not the least of its evidences is the attention paid to Mr. Rabindranath Tagore and his interpretation of the Upanishads as an aid to the realization of life. Mr. Tagore is not only a poet, but also a philosopher. He teaches the unity of life and the unity of law, the identity of the forces that have produced man and the universe and therefore the meaning of individuality and of the consciousness that makes it what it is. He evidently intends to write something that shall have practical application to human life, and perhaps it is justifiable to say that he has done so.

SADHANA. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Gentlemen Rovers.

Mr. E. Alexander Powell has set for himself the task of bringing to some measure of recognition the exploits of a few of the lesser known heroes of American history, of the men who worked often without official sanction and who therefore figure less largely than they should on the pages of the national story. He tells us of Eaton, who marched across six hundred miles of African desert in order to reduce the power of the Barbary pirates of Captain Reed, who sunk his vessel rather than surrender to the British; of Lafitte, the pirate and smuggler, who played so large a part in saving New Orleans;

of Jedediah Smith, who blazed the route of the Overland Trail; and of Fremont, Ide, Sloat, and Stockton, who added California to the Union. Other stories are of William Walker and Frederick Townsend Ward, the latter of whom cooperated with Gordon in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion. They are stories worth the telling, perhaps equal to any that have ever been told, and Mr. Powell tells them with a vigor that shows that he was doing no perfunctory task and that his heart was in his work. The book was not written primarily for boys, but there could be no better book for them as well as for their elders. It fills a place that has hitherto been vacant.

GENTLEMEN ROVERS. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The Anglo Indians.

The contrast between the official life of the white man in India and his social position when he returns to his own people has been made the subject of more than one novel, and now Alice Perrin chooses it for her latest story. The two daughters who have neglected the matrimonial opportunities of India now find themselves in the position of the old maids of Lee. One of them loses by death the lover whom she has spurned over and over again and the other marries a minister. The youngest daughter does a little better and is well content to return to India as the wife of a man who shares her love for the East. The story lacks energy and vigor, but it is doubtless a fair picture of conditions, while it is light enough to satisfy the languid reader who does not want to think very much.

THE ANGLO INDIANS. By Alice Perrin. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Canada.

The latest addition to the World Today Series is "The Coming Canada," by Professor Goodrich, and it may be said that the author shows his usual skill in the compilation of facts and in deductions from the facts. Beginning with a satisfactory historical sketch of the country, he presents us with a picture of existing conditions that is well rounded and complete. Turning with some interest to his views as to the political future of the country, he seems to think that there is little likelihood that Canada will ever desire to throw in her lot with the United States. Appearances to the contrary are extraneous and "utterly fallacious." It is impossible, he says, to persuade the Canadian that he has less liberty than his southern neighbor, while he views with something like derision a political system that has permitted the monopolies that constitute so large a problem of American politics. But at least in one point the author is in error. He says that Canada makes it impossible for a batch of alien immigrants to be marched to the polls within a month after their arrival, the inference being that this is possible in America. It was once possible in America, but it is so no longer. Naturalization and consequent franchise laws are now uniform and the new arrival does not vote until he has become a citizen.

THE COMING CANADA. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Collecting.

This is one of the most pleasantly written books on collecting that has yet been published, and such books may be either very dry or very bright, according to the power of imagination possessed by the author. And Grace M. Vallois certainly possesses imagination. For her a piece of antique furniture is a page of history. Think, for example, what a Jacobean chair could relate if only it could speak. It would make one's brain whirl with its stories of the conversations it must have heard, rebel conversations, loyalist conversations, and discussions of the kaleidoscopic news of its day. And the old tea sets, what they, too, must have heard as the generous liquid loosened the lips of its drinkers. And so we have a series of pleasant discourses about old furniture, pottery, glasses, and the flotsam and jetsam of lumber rooms, much of it within the reach of moderate means and always with the hope of the bargain and the treasure trove. Even those who are not guilty of the enthusiasms of the collector will find that this book with its admirable illustrations makes pleasant reading.

FIRST STEPS IN COLLECTING. By Grace M. Vallois. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

In Music Land.

Mr. George P. Upton has added to his many musical services by this capital handbook for young people. He tells us that he took the opinions of five children as to their musical tastes and the result is this volume of large type devoted to some of the greater composers and to general talks about musical instruments, musical terms, and the general knowledge of the world of music that children would like to possess. Mr. Upton has been singularly successful in writing in such a way as to be acceptable to young readers, while the numerous illustrations give an additional value to a volume that should be welcome in musical circles.

IN MUSIC LAND. By George P. Upton. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Plant Life and Plant Uses," by John Gaylord Coulter, Ph. D. (\$1.20). It is described as a high school book about the fundamentals of plant life and about the relations between plants and man.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published in volume form the lectures on "Three Lords of Destiny" delivered by Samuel McChord Crothers at the Leland Stanford Junior University. The "three lords" are courage, skill, and love, and it need not be said that the topic is handled with force and originality. The price is \$1 net.

Mr. A. E. Gallatin has prepared a catalogue of "The Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeill Whistler," a work that should prove of considerable value to art collectors and that is enriched with twenty examples of the artist's work, ten of them hitherto unpublished. The volume comes from the house of the John Lane Company. Price, \$3 net.

The George H. Doran Company has published "The Great Adventure," a play in four acts by Arnold Bennett, being a dramatization of Mr. Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive." The novel will be remembered as a striking and original piece of work and the play seems to have preserved all its best features and to have added some of its own. Price, \$1 net.

"Greeks in America," by Thomas Burgess (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net), is an interesting and worthwhile volume containing an account of the coming of the Greeks, their progress, customs, living, and aspirations, together with an historical introduction and the stories of some famous American-Greeks. It is a work not to be overlooked by students of the immigration problem.

The American Book Company has published "General Hygiene," by Frank Overton, A. M., M. D. The volume covers well-nigh the whole ground and is simply expressed. It may be noted that the author gives his approval to the pasteurization of milk for the use of infants, although the consensus of expert medical opinion seems to be adverse to the practice, while there are some eminent authorities who positively condemn it. What are we to believe?

On April 9 and 10, 1900, Mr. Grover Cleveland delivered two addresses at Princeton on "The Independence of the Executive." The following spring he lectured twice on "The Venezuelan Boundary Question," and in 1904 he lectured again on "The Government in the Chicago Strike." They were memorable occasions, and the Princeton University Press has done well to publish these speeches in volume form carefully revised and expanded. The price is \$1 net for each of the three volumes.

It would be hard to speak too highly of the General History of Art Series now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons or of "Art in Spain and Portugal," by Marcel Dieulafoy, which forms the latest addition to the shelf. These volumes are all of exceptional value, both as histories of art and as critical appreciations, while the miniature illustrations, of which there are two or three upon every page, as well as a few colored plates, are extraordinarily helpful to comprehension. There could be no better guide to the art worlds of Europe, and certainly no better narrative of their history.

Dr. Herbert H. Gowen has now produced the second volume of his "Outline History of China," and it has been published by Sherman, French & Co. (\$1.20 net). This second volume carries the reader from the Manchu Conquest to the recognition of the republic in 1913, and it follows the general plan that was found so satisfactory in the earlier work. Dr. Gowen is one of the comparatively few writers who are able to speak of China without either condescension or patronage, and while his history is necessarily condensed it

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will be found to give the facts with admirable clarity and precision.

A valuable addition to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in course of publication by the Macmillan Company, is "The Facts About Shakespeare," by W. A. Neilson, Ph. D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. The authors, who are also the general editors of the series, give us a general survey of Shakespearean conditions and of the drama of the day. It is as readable a book of its kind as has yet been published and a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. Price, 35 cents net.

Fellowship Books.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to be congratulated on the series of Fellowship Books now in course of issue. Their standard is high both internally and externally. The series is described as "a new contribution by various writers toward the expression of the human ideal and artistic faith of our own day." R. C. Lehmann writes on "A Spark Divine," a book for animal lovers; A. Martin Freeman writes on "Freedom," Ernest Rhys on "Romance," and Alice Meynell on "Childhood." Other volumes are "The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannan, and "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys. In every case the authors have something unusual to say, and it is well said, even though we may not agree with it. And most emphatically we do not agree with a great deal, for example, what Alice Meynell has to say about children and fairies. The price per volume is 37 cents net.

The problem of the verse-lover is not one of scarcity of material but of selection. With Masfield's new volume, "Salt Water Ballads," to say nothing of "The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in the Bye Street," "The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems," and "The Daffodil Fields," John Helston's unusual contribution in "Aphrodite and Other Poems," three books by the Nöbel prize-winner, Rabindranath Tagore ("Gitanjali," "The Crescent Moon," and "The Gardener"), and Hermann Hagedorn's stirring "Poems and Ballads," a choice is rendered somewhat difficult.

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GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Gordon Arthur Smith, the author of "Mascarose" (Scribner's), a story of the middle ages, is the son of the author of "The Monk and the Dancer," "The Turquoise Cup," etc. He is a young Harvard graduate of the class of 1908, and until recently he has been studying architecture in Paris.

"From the Porch," a new volume of essays of a reminiscent character, by Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's eldest daughter, has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. In them she recounts meetings with many of the literary figures of the Victorian era, including Dickens, Carlyle, and George Eliot. She is best known as an author under the name of Miss Thackeray and has written over a dozen volumes of novels, tales, and biographical essays. Some of her best-known novels are "Old Kensington," "The Village on the Cliff," and "The Story of Elizabeth."

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's "America as I Saw It," which has just gone into its second big edition in England, is in such demand at the libraries that the librarians are giving their subscribers postage for the speedy return of the borrowed volumes.

Lucy Furman, author of "Mothering on Perilous," is a teacher in the Hindman Settlement School in Kentucky, founded by Miss Pettit and Miss Stone, and it is this organization which is described in the book. A great many people know about this school, for it was the pioneer of its kind. Not only, however, does it seem destined to immortality because of its record of years of work well done, but also for the alluring fashion in which it has been presented in the novel. "Mothering on Perilous" is published by the Macmillan Company.

Albert Bigelow Paine is now in Switzerland. This is the first vacation Mr. Paine has taken since completing his "Mark Twain: A Biography," although this is not his latest book. "Peanut," the story of a boy who was faithful to the memory of the desperado who befriended him, was published just before Mr. and Mrs. Paine sailed for Europe.

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," has just completed another play which the Harpers will publish shortly, following the recent publication of Mr. Kennedy's shorter plays, "The Terrible Meek" and "The Necessary Evil." Mr. Kennedy's acted plays have now all been published, including "The Winterfeast" and "The Servant in the House."

Margaret Deland, whose last book, "Partners," was published just before the holidays, is spending the winter at her Boston home writing a new series of stories for Harper's Magazine. Unlike "Partners," which tells the story of a country village postmistress and her daughter, the new stories are of Old Chester and include Dr. Lavender and some of the characters made famous in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" and "The Iron Woman," which is Mrs. Deland's latest long novel.

Abbot Gasquet, the famous historian and student of the Bible—whose books, among which are numbered "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and Other Essays," "The Eve of the Reformation," "The Black Death of 1348 and 1349," have enjoyed considerable popularity in this country—has been delivering a series of historical sermons at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. This is the abbot's second visit to this country.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce among other reprintings that "Collected Verse," by Rudyard Kipling, and "Pigs Is Pigs," by Ellis Parker Butler, are again on the press.

Besides being a thorough sportsman, Chauncey J. Hawkins, the author of the "Ned Brewster" stories for boys, is a minister of the broadest and most progressive type. He recently gave a moving-picture entertainment on Sunday night in his church at Jamaica Plain, thus going on record as the first Massachusetts clergyman to start this innovation.

The success of Thornton W. Burgess's animal stories has given him the title of "the legitimate successor to Uncle Remus." His first book in the Old Mother West Wind Series, entitled "Old Mother West Wind," has gone into ten editions; "Old Mother West Wind's Children" and "Old Mother West Wind's Animal Friends" have each been printed five times, while the latest volume, "Old Mother West Wind's Neighbors," issued last fall, has already been printed twice.

The Century Company will begin publishing today a new edition of "As The Hague Ordains," the journal of a Russian woman of rank kept while her husband was a prisoner of war in Matsuyama during the Russian-Japanese War. The author is Eliza R. Seidmore, author of "Winter India," "China: The Long-Lived Empire," etc.

"Greyfriars Bobby," the little Scotch dog whose story Eleanor Atkinson has related in her book of that name, has been singled out

for praise in the International Vivisection Congress just held in Washington. One of the speakers, arguing that dogs compare very favorably with human beings in their power of feeling, said "there has never been recorded in the history of the world, either human or non-human, a more wonderful instance of devotion than that of Greyfriars Bobby, who slept on his master's grave for twelve years—slept there and lived there in all sorts of weather until he died." In "Greyfriars Bobby" Mrs. Atkinson has collected all the facts in the life of the faithful little terrier, whose monument was erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, whose "Good Men and True" is pleasantly remembered, has considerably worked over his cowboy romance, "The Little Eohippus," making the entire action of it pass in the West. He has rechristened it "Bransford in Arcadia," and Henry Holt & Co. will publish it about January 24.

Lawrence B. Saint's complete collection of stained-glass drawings is to be exhibited at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in February. Mr. Saint is co-author with Hugh Arnold of a recently published book, entitled "Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France."

In the New York Times's list of the one hundred best books of the year, which was compiled by Professor John Erskine, Dr. H. R. Steeves, and Dr. C. A. Van Doren, all from the department of English, Columbia University, the following titles are included: Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup," Frank Danby's "Concert Pitch," Mary S. Watts's "Van Cleve," J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough," "The Scapegoat" (Part VI), Frederick Irving Anderson's "The Farmer of Tomorrow," Rabindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali," Earl of Lytton's "Life of Bulwer," "Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography," James Bryce's "University and Historical Addresses," J. G. Frazer's "The Belief in Immortality," L. T. Hobhouse's "Development and Purpose," Josiah Royce's "The Problem of Christianity," Charles A. Beard's "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," and Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya."

Little, Browne & Co. have just published "From the Angle of Seventeen," by Eden Phillpotts, which gives a delightfully humorous portrait of a pompous but engaging English youth.

"Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler, with an introduction by Professor Henry R. Seager, professor of political economy, Columbia University, was published by the John Lane Company January 9. The book is the only one that has been written in English on the very live topic of the boycott, and deals exhaustively with both the legal and economic phases. Mr. Laidler is a member of the New York bar.

New Books Received.

AUCTION DEVELOPMENTS. By Milton C. Work. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A companion volume to "Auction of Today," supplementing but not duplicating the contents of the former volume.

ALL THE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb and H. S. Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

In two volumes. With plates in colors.

A HANDFUL OF FLOWERS WITH SPRAYS OF EVERGREEN. By Amasa S. Condon. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

PARAGRAPHS OF A PEDESTRIAN. By N. Tjernagel. Northfield, Minnesota: Mobn Printing Company.

A travel book.

THE LARGER VISION. By A. R. Lambert. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A devotional work.

TENNIS FOR GIRLS. By Miriam Hall. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 75 cents net.

A little volume of practical advice.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. By Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

THE LONELY DANCER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

WHEN SAINTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. By H. G. Henderson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Some biblical studies.

THE TOE, AND OTHER TALES. By Alexander Harvey. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES. By Anna Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net. Issued in Bohn's Popular Library.

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN. By W. B. Maxwell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A novel.

THE TWELVE-GENMED CROWN. By Samuel Judson Porter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A treatment of the personality of Christ as represented in the twelve titles ascribed to him in the Book of Hebrews.

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OUR MODERN DEBT TO ISRAEL. By Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An historical and religious survey.

JOHN WARD, M. D. By Charles Vale. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING. By A. Barton Hepburn. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An African hunting yarn.

GLORIA GRAY. By Pearl Doles Bell. Chicago: Roberts & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

EUROPEAN DRAMATISTS. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A collection of the author's writings on matters dramatic.

LIFE OF THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D. D., LL. D. New York: Yale University Press; \$3 net.

The biography of a New England minister.

ENGLISH LITERARY MISCELLANY. By Theodore W. Hunt. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company; \$1.50 net.

Papers on English letters developed along historical and critical lines.

BRUNELLESCHI. By John Galen Howard. San Francisco: John Howell.

A biographical poem.

FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

A PEOPLE'S MAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

GRAPHICS. By Harris Merton Lyon. St. Louis: William Marion Reedy.

A volume of short stories with a meaning.

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By Robert O. Lawton. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

FLORA TRANSMUTA. Compiled by Maria Bowen. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A calendar of translations.

FROM THE LETTER FILES OF S. W. JOHNSON. Edited by his daughter, Elizabeth A. Osborne. New York: Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

"His letters here contained, and the vivid thread of narrative which ties them together, ring with

the great earnestness of purpose which dominated his useful and successful career.

IDONIA. By Arthur F. Wallis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

SONNETS FROM THE TROPHIES OF JOSE-MARIA DE HEREDIA. Rendered into English by Edward Roheson Taylor. Printed by Taylor, Nash & Taylor, San Francisco.

A new edition.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., and W. Jett Lauck. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75 net.

A standard, compact work on immigration.

JULIA WARG HOWE AND THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By Florence Howe Hall. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1 net.

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"KISMET."

"Kismet," that is to say destiny, expresses in its two syllables the boundless fatalism of the Orient. It is rather a remarkable feat for an author habituated to Anglo-Saxon standards to have been able so thoroughly to win the approval of our good taste and enchant our imagination by a drama which is such a composite departure from conventional stage representations and so thoroughly saturated with Oriental sentiment. We call it sentiment for lack of a better word, for the Oriental is not given to sentiment. And this Mr. Knoblauch so thoroughly establishes that we pass with philosophy through various unsightly manifestations usually taboo on the stage; the snores of a sleeper, the spitting upon the attentances of an enemy, the ugly chokings and gurglings of the death rattle, the contortions, the unmusical wailings of a violent abandonment to grief.

Mr. Knoblauch has brought before us a certain savage primitiveness of these Eastern peoples, the while he unrolls before us a story of mingled roguery and romance which might be one of the enchanting Arabian Night fables transported to the stage. In the story there are rascality, thievishness, violence, lust, murder. The sapient managers in London turned down this record-breaking play when first it was brought to their notice, evidently in fear of the squeamishness of Occidental tastes. But the Occidental was undaunted, because it was not a picture of his own kind. On the contrary, the picture by its unlikeness fascinated him. For so it proved, immediately, when it was brought out at the Garrick Theatre of London in the spring of 1911 and had a run of three hundred and fifty nights.

Well, we have seen "Kismet" here in San Francisco, and it seems to me that by the authorship of this play Mr. Knoblauch establishes himself as a poet, a moralist, and an artist. It has, of course, every aid. All the splendor and vividness of light, color, music, action; the effect of moving multitudes, the pageantry attending the movements of the Commander of the Faithful, the luxury and wantonness of the harem, the gorgeousness of Oriental architecture, interior and exterior—all these united assist in capturing the senses and fascinating the imagination.

Good taste, the standards of genuine artists, have presided over the production as a whole, and the composition of the stage pictures is so fine that we find ourselves continually recalling famous paintings by Gérôme and other artists who specialized in Oriental subjects. But, under all this splendor and prodigality of setting is the story, the play, denuded of exterior aid, the play proper, which is the framework from which grew and expanded this gorgeous stage fabric. Hajj is a beggar, a rogue, a thief, a matter-of-fact murderer. The play, as all the world knows, treats of one day in his life, a day in which he rises to fleeting riches and power, only to sink back again to beggary and even exile. During his brief season of exaltation he is tantalized with the promise of love, for the queen of the vizier's harem casts upon him an eye of favor, only to spurn him when she learns that his regally magnificent robes cover Hajj, the beggar. This day of Hajj's seems like an epitome of life, and the character of the graceless beggar of Bagdad is like that of composite humanity, with its violent contrasts of good and evil. For Hajj is a father, and he loves Marsinah, the young blossom that blooms rosily on his gnarled shoot. To her alone he is loving, indulgent, and generous. For her future he plans and dreams, and, rogue though he is, sacrifices his own. In this Hajj is all human.

If Mr. Knoblauch had confined the movements of his tale to a retelling of the doings of the worthless and the wicked we should have come away dazzled, impressed, but unrefreshed. But in the midst of this story of treachery, vengeance, murder, and lust is set, like a crystal-clear fountain in an evil place, the romance of the young caliph and Marsinah. The gardens of the caliph adjoin the courtyard of Hajj's home, where Marsinah, orphaned of her mother and guarded by the slave Narjis, her nurse, is kept safe from the eyes of men and the knowledge of evil. There the young caliph, masquerading as his gardener's son, sees her and loves her. The caliph is an idealist, upon whose young brow is written a lofty and unswerving virtue. Marsinah is a sweet and merry virgin from whose gentle presence radiate tenderness and purity. Through all the recital of the tricks

of knaves, through the gilded intrigues of palaces, and the sight and hearing of murder, this tender love idyl winds like a silver rill. We see the caliph aloft upon his throne, while before him how ambassadors from Egypt, with rich gifts from their royal master. Music sounds as the choicest gift is displayed. The dancers weave a strange measure as the lid of a richly inlaid mummy case is removed and a beautiful Circassian slave is revealed, the voluptuous curves of her white body alluringly disclosed by her rich dancing dress as she circles the palace floor before her new possessor in movements suggestive of mural Egyptian figures, forming strange, sinuous angles with rippling movements of her hands and arms, as if calling attention to the beauties and graces offered for his favor. But the caliph, all clad in silver-shining fabric, like an Oriental Parsifal, exorcises the insidious spell by the simple witchcraft of a rose given him by Marsinah. He gives the beautiful dancer her freedom, with a rich gift of money to heal the hurt of his indifference. And so, told in strikingly beautiful scenes of the kind, the tale hurries on.

It is unnecessary to tell the story of "Kismet." A summary of the events is printed on the programme and also they have something in pamphlet form on sale in the lobby of the theatre.

In recalling the play one dwells upon certain scenes which particularly rise to the memory. That, for instance, of the return of Hajj in his stolen rich garments, and the wonderment and admiration of his daughter and his slave; the artless joy of Marsinah as he presents her the anklets, which glitter above her bare, arched feet as she whirls around in the gayety of an improvised dance of rejoicing. This charming rôle of the sweet and guileless daughter of the heggar was rendered with peculiar grace and felicity by Merle Maddern, who, rejecting all the well-worn, stereotyped conventions laid down in oiled ruts, acted from the promptings of native instinct. She placed before us a Marsinah of romance, gave her all the young joyousness, the sweet artlessness, designed by her creator, and, when sorrow befalls her, showed her as a helpless, hapless young sapling laid prostrate by a storm of destiny against which she is powerless.

Willard Webster's Caliph is not, like Miss Maddern's Marsinah, a polished, rounded, perfect creation, but the young actor feels the poetry of the part, and with his fine person, the music of his sonorous voice, and the sympathetic rapport between him and a congenial rôle, he made us feel it, too.

But it is the figure of Hajj that dominates every scene; Hajj, the resourceful rogue who bends destiny to his purpose in every scene of this eventful day, only to find at the end that he himself is the sport of destiny. In this rôle Otis Skinner has one of the best of his later years, although I can not bring myself to acknowledge that he has ever surpassed his portraiture of that other rogue and gasconading rascal in "The Honor of the Family." As Hajj he has made an equally radical departure from his more romantic impersonations. Hajj excels in the hillings-gate of the Orient, and hesitates not to call his numerous opponents all the uncompensated terms drawn from offal and vermin. He is a true son of the Orient, and in the twinkling of an eye lounges cross-legged on a rug, or leans back making a luxurious cushion of a stone wall, or the flinty surface of his beggar's stone seat. Hajj is capable of all the vices, and a few virtues. He never lets an advantage escape his prehensile eye, and is a ready and perfectly unimaginative murderer. With all these traits on the surface, Otis Skinner makes him win an audience by virtue of a ready tongue, unflinching philosophy, and that peculiarly human piety which waxes greatest when good fortune wanes and calamity comes. Hajj is the comedian in the game of life, in spite of the sorrows of his past, the terrors of his vengeance, and the strange, untoward and tragic events which prevail in his brief day of prosperity.

The merit of the rest of the company entire is in keeping with that of the personages already mentioned. There is not a weak spot in the whole performance, not a hitch in the production. George Gaul's Mansur, Grace Hampton's Kut-al-Kulub, Genevieve Delaro's Narjis, the nurse, Owen Meech's Jawan—all fall into the right proportion in the general scheme of things and add richness and depth to the dramatic landscape. And all the while one's sense of the picturesque was continually being appealed to. The eye revels in magnificent detail, while the ear drank in strange, Oriental harmonies characterized by that strain of sensuous longing which Hichens has described.

Three times during the action of the play, representing dawn, noon, and night, two singers, a man and a woman, chant to each other across the stage of the longings of love, and a magician follows to lay upon us the spell of the East with swift conjuration given with graceful, Oriental gestures of deference. The dances, too, have a subtle difference. Perhaps it is the heavy, sensuous atmosphere, but the dancer with the prosaic name of Rosa Coates is able, too, to fit herself into the scheme of things.

There is a wonderful street scene, all full

of color, and clamor, and moving figures, veiled or turbaned, and graceful with the flowing dignity bestowed by long robes. The vendors call their wares, neighbors gossip or quarrel; anon the caliph passes by, high on his black steed, with a vanguard and rear-guard of soldiers, servitors, and courtiers. All the clamor ceases, and the clamorous, gossiping, quarrelling multitude prostrates itself before the sacred person of the ruler. Mansur, the wicked wazir, is in the Sultan's train and follows after, hissing his cruelty to the prostrate people. He is followed by his sword-bearer, a magnificent bronze figure, nude hut for a clout, a headdress, and a sword. Richard Scott played the rôle of Kafur, the sword-bearer, with an excellent effect of dignity and a blending of the authority and servility of a despot's favorite.

The play is such a curious blending of comedy, romance, and spectacle that it pleases a wide diversity of tastes. The Arabian Night's legendary character, the crime and violence, the inventiveness of the author's imagination, the surprises he treats us to, will all appeal to the simpler order of mind. The poetic taste will enjoy the fresh charm of the romance, and the sonorous, picturesque diction. For the dialogue is excellent, and jars the ear with no false discords. One feels that the author has studied the literature of the East to give it that rich, felicitous, Oriental flavor with its abundance of Eastern imagery.

The lover of artistic beauty will fairly revel in the rich, subdued, Persian-rug colorings, the architectural effects, the beauty of the lights and shadows, and the prodigality of correct detail. And the whole world loves romance, and the story of virtue rewarded, when virtue reside in the persons of the young and the attractive. And, besides, the moving pictures are transporting our imaginations to all kinds of unknown scenes and places, and for that reason alone "Kismet" comes to us theatre-goers at a time when we are particularly ripe to revel in its utter departure from the commonplaces of the life we know and live.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Morgan Kingston, who has come to this country under a three-year contract held by the Ahorns, is a tenor who, not so long ago, worked in the Welsh coal mines. His success in such operas as "Aida," "Lohengrin," "Tosca," and "Samson and Delilah" has already been acclaimed by critics and public alike as being distinctive and impressive. Mr. Kingston was born in Staffordshire, England, twenty-nine years ago. He was a collier lad from the time he was eleven years of age. He first sang in the church choir at Hucknall Torkard, Nottinghamshire, at the age of eight. At eighteen he first sang in public at Nottingham, for which he received the munificent fee of five shillings. All the time he was working in the mines. He was heard by some distinguished London personages at Wassop Vale Church, near Nottingham, one Sunday, and they became so impressed along with the curate, the Rev. J. A. McStainer, that he was taken up by Mr. Davis, under manager of the Mansfield Colliery, and through him received a hearing in London. He began to study with Miss Evelyn Edwards. His first public appearance in London was in 1910 with the National Sunday League in Queen's Hall.

Henry Miller does not care overmuch about theatrical traditions. He isn't worried with an excess of veneration for the early dramatists, either. Here is his opinion, recently expressed, of "Hamlet": "I learned a lot about 'Hamlet' when I played in it," he said. "I consider it Shakespeare's worst drama, not his best. When I found that the second and third acts of the play could be interchanged without detriment to the play it did not strike me as well constructed drama. Hamlet's absurdities were endless. When he went to England his actions were largely governed by the weather conditions. It blew him back into a graveyard. Having brought about much misery without rhyme or reason he caused the death of a lot of inoffensive people who had in no way conspired against him and incidentally he had the bad taste to break up a funeral party."

Whatever its popularity with Americans may be, "Der Rosenkavalier" is sure to please German audiences. As there has been some discussion as to what Dr. Strauss receives for the production, it is said that under his contract the management has to produce the opera at least ten times in New York and Brooklyn. For each performance the doctor receives \$1000. Besides this he exacted ten per cent of the gross receipts of the first performance.

John Cort has given McIntyre and Heata the best production these comedians have ever had in "The Ham Tree," a revival of which will be revealed shortly at the Cort Theatre here. The two interpreters of eccentric negro types have been before the public for something like forty years, and they are generally regarded as the foremost in their line. As soft-shoe dancers they maintain a position which is not reached by newer arrivals.

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His electric alarm clock shrilly commanded John Smith to get up. He sprang out of bed in the gray dawn and switched on the electric light. He hastily washed with electrically manufactured soap. A veteran of the 7:42 express, he wasted few minutes in dressing, but before he was half clad the water was steaming hot in his electric shaving mug. Dashing downstairs he attacked a rapid-fire breakfast of eggs, electrically boiled, toast from the electric toaster, coffee electrically percolated, and cream electrically separated from milk electrically milked from electrically curried cows. He dashed out of his front door just in time to catch an electrically heated and propelled trolley to the railroad station built of electrically manufactured cement. While waiting for the 7:42 express he lighted an electrically made cigarette with an electrically manufactured match. When the express came huzzing in Smith settled down in the smoking-car to read his electrically printed morning paper.

Arriving in town he stepped onto an electrically propelled street-car, electrically lighted early in the morning and after dark, and quickly arrived at his office building. He ascended to his twenty-story office in an electric elevator and touched an electric button, summoning his stenographer with electrically curled hair, who operated an electrically manufactured typewriter with electric—

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One could take John Smith through every hour and minute of his business day, following him back home again until he turned in for the night, wrapped in electrically made blankets, with an electric bedwarmer if the night be cold, and every hour and minute of that day and night would be made in some way more convenient and comfortable by the marvels of electricity. There are hundreds of thousands of John Smiths in every great civilized country today.

The change has come about so gradually that we do not realize what a revolution electricity has wrought in modern life. There are few uses to which electricity is not put in modern industry and up-to-date households. For an infinite variety of work, from milking cows to making ice-cream, from running sewing-machines to washing dishes, from the manufacture of locomotives to the making of wallpaper, effective and economical use is made of electric apparatus.

Recently the Crocker-Wheeler Company made a tabulation of the purposes for which one type only of their motors was used, and the following list includes only a small portion of the products electrically manufactured: Automobiles, harrels, baskets, hoats, bolts and nuts, boots and shoes, bottles, boxes, bricks, brooms, candles, cans, carriages, cartridges, cement, chains, chairs, cordage, corks, elevators, envelopes, gunpowder, hooks and eyes, hoops, ice, jewelry, locomotives, lead pipes, leather, lumber, matches, nails, oatmeal, paint, hags and boxes, pottery, presses, rivets, rubber, silk, soap, spoons, tacks, typewriters, wagons, wallpaper, and wire.

To be able to supply electric power for all purposes is one of the greatest forms of business in the world, and the concern doing it is adding vastly to the comfort, health, and growth of the world. It is a matter of pardonable pride, therefore, that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company can point to the significant fact that it supplies with "Pacific Service" two-thirds of California's population.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Repertory of Sothern and Marlowe.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre on Monday evening, January 26. During their stay in San Francisco they will be seen in their repertory of seven Shakespearean plays, and Mr. Sothern will appear at each Wednesday matinee as Francois Villon in Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic play, "If I Were King." Miss Marlowe will appear in all of the Shakespearean plays, but not in Mr. McCarthy's drama. Sothern and Marlowe are bringing to California an enormous equipment for the presentation of the eight plays in their repertory, necessitating a special train of eleven cars. The repertory, as arranged for the first week of their season here, is as follows: Monday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Tuesday night, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Wednesday matinee, "If I Were King"; Wednesday night, "Twelfth Night"; Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday Night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday night, "Hamlet." The repertory for the second week is: Monday night, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Tuesday night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday matinee, "If I Were King"; Wednesday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday night, "Twelfth Night"; Friday night, "Hamlet"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday night, "The Merchant of Venice."

Novel Programme at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another splendid and novel programme for next week. Frank Keenan, the famous American character actor, and a capable little company will appear in Willard Mack's one-act play, "Vindication," which enables Mr. Keenan in the rôle of a Confederate colonel and a veteran of the Civil War to present one of those life-like portraits he has the power to create at will. Fred Lindsay, the Australian hushman, will adapt sensational feats of swordsmanship to the stock whip.

Edna Showalter, late prima donna of the New York Metropolitan Opera House Company and a coloratura of great range and sweetness, will sing favorite operatic selections.

Albert von Tilzer, whose name is a household word as a composer of popular songs, will, with the assistance of Dorothy Nord, sing a number of the songs he has made so famous.

Sharp and Turek will impersonate the city negro and also indulge in song and dance.

Next week will be the last of Bert Fitzgibbon and Martin Johnson's Travelogues. It will also conclude the engagement of Maurice and Florence Walton, who will present the Brazilian Maxixe, the Skating Waltz, the Tango, and the Eccentric One-Step.

"Kismet" Continues at the Columbia.

"Kismet," Edward Knoblauch's brilliant Oriental drama, acted by Otis Skinner and a company of more than a hundred players, began an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia Theatre last Monday night before an audience that completely filled the house.



PAVLOVA

RUSSIAN BALLET SEASON

Opens Monday Eve, Jan. 19

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Valencia Theatre

PROGRAMME CHANGES NIGHTLY.

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IN OAKLAND

ONE NIGHT - Monday, Feb. 2

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Coming—CLARA BUTT, the Great Contralto.

PADEREWSKI

at CORT THEATRE

This Sunday aft, Jan. 18, at 2:30

Reserved seats \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50. Unreserved \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

IN OAKLAND

Next Tuesday aft, Jan. 20, at 3:15

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Steinway Piano used.

Coming—JOSEF HOFFMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY - CONDUCTOR

CORT—Friday, Jan. 23, 3 p.m.

SOLOIST—CORINNE

FRADA

(Pianist)

Programme includes Dvorak Overture, "Nature"; Mendelssohn Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, G minor; Chadwick "Symphonic Sketches"; Debussy (three orchestral sketches), "The Sea."

Tickets, 75c to \$2; box, loge seats, \$3. Seats on sale Monday at box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre.

and included the foremost critics and lovers of the drama of San Francisco.

The play more than equaled the expectation which had been formed regarding it, and Mr. Skinner's impersonation of Hajj, the picturesque and humorous beggar of Bagdad, was as great a surprise and as great a delight as though the occasion marked his first appearance in the rôle.

The engagement of Otis Skinner in "Kismet" at the Columbia Theatre will continue for a second and final week, beginning Monday night. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Capacity Houses Greet "Within the Law."

The triumph of Margaret Illington in "Within the Law" at the Cort Theatre has been a tremendous one. The playhouse has not known an empty seat since the opening of the engagement last Sunday night, and the advance sale for the second and final week, which begins Sunday evening, augurs that capacity houses will continue to be the rule.

Margaret Illington as Mary Turner has even surpassed her vivid, emotional acting in "Kindling" and "The Thief." The development of Mary Turner from a timid, shrinking shopgirl into a woman of extraordinary ingenuity and daring, living by her wits and evading the law, is disclosed with the sure touch of the true artist. She has been wrongfully convicted of a crime and sent to prison, and upon her release is persecuted and harassed, until in desperation she turns upon her pursuers representing the law. She matches her wits and courage against the brutality of the police, and preys upon society, remaining, however, always "within the law."

The supporting cast is eminently worthy of the star. Admirable characterizations are contributed by Howard Gould, Neil Moran, Robert Elliott, Frank E. Camp, Jules Ferrar, Joseph Slator, Thomas L. Davis, Hilda Keenan, Sonia Jasper, Agnes Barrington, and a number of others.

"The Battle of Shiloh" at the Tivoli.

A motion picture of extraordinary interest is "The Battle of Shiloh," which will be shown for the first time in this city at the Tivoli for the week commencing Sunday. The story, which is told in four reels, is one of love and war, and is full of historical personages, including General Grant, of the Federal service, and General Johnston, commander of the Confederate forces. At the beginning of hostilities Tom Winston, despite the pleadings of his sister Ellen, who is an ardent Confederate, goes north and acquires a commission in the Federal army. Frank Carey has entered the Confederate service, though his sister, Ethel, furiously denounces him as a traitor and asserts her intention of herself saving the Union. Both girls become identified with the secret service departments of the North and South respectively. Tom is with Grant and Frank with Johnston and the movements of the armies bring them in the neighborhood of their homes. Tom has with him Don, a dog which had in the old days been used to carry messages between his master and Ethel. The battle of Shiloh has begun and Tom is given an important dispatch, but is pursued and badly wounded. Unable to go on, Tom gives the dispatch to the dog, Don, telling him to carry it to Ethel. From that time on the events grow more and more exciting, and the end of the story is thrilling and satisfying. Comedy films will vary the programme.

New Attractions at the Gaiety Theatre.

Irene Franklin departs this—Saturday—night from the Gaiety in order to resume those engagements in vaudeville temporarily interrupted by her appearance in "The Girl at the Gate." At the same time the Gaiety management announces that the coming week will be the last of the run at that house of the vehicle in which Miss Franklin has been starring.

The principal fun-makers now in "The Girl at the Gate" are Bickel and Watson, but the management has seen to it that the final ten performances of the piece will outshine in attractiveness any of their predecessors. Two strong new acts have been engaged for the week. First there are the Marvelous Millers, whose dancing abilities are hardly eclipsed by any of those now hawking in the light of publicity. These clever steppers make their how at Sunday's matinee performance, and at the same time Bert Howard and Effie Lawrence will join the Gaiety company in their comedy and singing specialties.

The Gaiety will be "dark" Sunday, January 25, and will reopen on January 26 with what is confidently expected to be the sensation thus far of its career—no less than the starring of that fine comedienne, Marie Dressler, in her new musical revue, "The Merry Gamboles," with a company of seventy.

Savoy Continues "Antony and Cleopatra."

One of the most thrilling and awe-inspiring moments of George Kleine's glorious production of the Cines photo-drama, "Antony and Cleopatra," which will enter upon its third and last week here at the Savoy Theatre

Monday, is when the Egyptian queen orders her slave thrown to the crocodiles of the Nile for daring to have fallen in love with Marc Antony. The picture is realistic in the extreme.

Matinees are given daily at half-past two, with evening performances at 8:30, and the incidental music furnished by Hans Koenig and his associates is delightful and appropriate.

"The Traffic in Souls," a motion picture that is the reigning sensation of New York, where it has been packing Belasco's Republic Theatre for several months, will follow "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Savoy Theatre.

In rapid succession at the Columbia Theatre the attractions will be "Adele," "Mifflin-stones," the Straford-on-Avon Players, "The Argyle Case," and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," to say nothing of the sensational play, "Damaged Goods," to be presented by Richard Bennett. "Adele," which opens Sunday night, January 25, is the reigning musical-comedy success of Europe and America.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Parlow and Bachaus In Double Farewell.

This—Saturday—afternoon, January 17, at Native Sons' Hall that superb violinist, Kathleen Parlow, and the great piano virtuoso, Wilhelm Bachaus, will unite forces and give a programme of violin and piano literature such as has been rarely heard on one programme. The prices of seats will not be advanced, but remain just the same as at the concerts of either artist alone. The two artists will play the "Sonta" in C minor by Grieg, and the solo numbers will be as follows: Miss Parlow—"Concerto" in D major, Paganini; "Andante," Lalo; "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler; and "Polonaise" in A major, Wieniawski. Mr. Bachaus will offer the "Variations on a Theme by Paganini," Brahms; "Impromptu," Op. 142, Schubert; "Bohemian Dance," Smetana; and "Etude en forme de Valse," Saint-Saëns. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, at Kohler & Chase's, and at Native Sons' Hall on Saturday after one o'clock.

Paderewski Concert at Cort Theatre Tomorrow.

Paderewski, the king of the pianists, will give his one and only concert in this city at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 18, at 2:30. Change to the Cort was made for various reasons.

The programme will be a colossal one, including the "Sonata," Op. 109, by Beethoven, and the Chopin "Sonata," with the superb Funeral March. Schumann's always interesting "Carnevale" and works by Chopin and Liszt will complete one of the greatest pianistic offerings ever presented in this city. This will probably be the very last appearance of Paderewski in this city, as hereafter he intends to remain in Europe.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the office will be open at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock.

Next Tuesday afternoon, at 3:15, Paderewski will give an entirely different programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. The programme will include the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven, and a dozen other important works, among them Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie" No. 2, and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde." For this event seats are now obtainable at the box-office of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

The Pavlova Season Opens Monday.

Monday night the Valencia Theatre will look like the opening night of one of the good old grand opera seasons, for the incomparable Pavlova and her magnificent Imperial Russian Ballet Company and symphony orchestra, numbering over one hundred people, with the gorgeous costumes from the Imperial Russian opera houses and the gorgeous scenic creations of Leon Bakst and Boris Anisfeld, will hold the boards for one week, including matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

From all reports the Pavlova company this season is far greater than three years ago, for every member of the cast is a star dancer, and Novikoff is said to be equally great as an actor and dancer.

The programme will be changed every night, as the organization has a very large repertory.

On Monday night the bill will consist of the dramatic episode called "L'Orientale," the "Suite de Chopin," consisting of ten numbers to Chopin music, and a series of sensational divertissements.

Tuesday night's offering will be entirely different, and includes the ballet "Paquita," by Petipa and Delvedez, and "Les Preludes," a futuristic ballet with Liszt's music, and scenery by Anisfeld of St. Petersburg.

The box-office will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s throughout the week, and Mr. Greenbaum will pay special attention to out-of-town orders.

Seventh Symphony Concert.

Dvorak, Chadwick, Debussy, and Mendelssohn, with Corinne Frada, pianist, to assist Conductor Hadley and the San Francisco

Symphony Orchestra in an exposition of the beauties set forth in the Mendelssohn Concerto for pianoforte and grand orchestra, make next Friday afternoon's programme for the seventh symphony concert at the Cort Theatre one of great musical value.

Dvorak, the great Bohemian, will be represented by his overture, "Nature."

Chadwick will supply the "novelty," two movements of his "Symphonic Sketches" being programmed for the first time in San Francisco.

Debussy will be represented by his three orchestral sketches, "The Sea." The programme supplied by the composer contains the following titles: (1) "From Dawn Till Noon on the Sea," (2) "Frolics of the Waves," (3) "Dialogue of the Winds and the Sea."

Miss Corinne Frada, the soloist Friday afternoon, is but thirteen years of age, and has the distinction of being the youngest artist to appear with the orchestra.

Seats for the concert will go on sale next Monday at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. The prices will be from 75 cents to \$2.

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Nights and Saturday matinee, \$2 to 50c.

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Mon., Jan. 26—E. H. SOTHERN and

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VANITY FAIR.

"What is a woman to do?" The question is asked first of all by Dr. Crane, and it is repeated by three young women who write to the *New York Globe*. They seem to be nice young women, not only because they write anonymously, but because their letter is a good one. Here are its salient passages:

We are three girls, friends, of the Jewish faith, good family, educated, American birth, modest, home-loving, handy, and economical. Also sufficiently equipped in refinement and intellectuality to mingle in any society. Our ages range from twenty-one to twenty-five. I might further add that we are of attractive personality, and with due modesty would say that we appeal to the male sex as friends; but somehow it seems the young men of today are more eager to pursue wealth than qualifications that are more conducive to happiness in married life.

Now strange as it may seem there are some things that are not jokes, and this is among them. It may seem still stranger to suggest that there are some evils that are not wholly the fault of women, and, once more, this is among them. To their infinite credit these young women wish to be married, and we wish that we were in a position to marry them, all of them. They seem to be unable to marry, and this in its turn is to the infinite discredit of men in general. And of course we are assuming that the letter in question is a statement of fact.

Naturally there are faults on both sides. There always are. Moreover, it may be said that the faults are always moral faults. There is no such thing as a social evil without a moral evil at its base. Men are disinclined to marry because they are too selfish to marry, and they are too selfish to marry because all the forces of modern life have combined to teach them that selfishness is the greatest of all the virtues. Church, school, and home have combined in this hideous work, and the whole cargo of iniquity is due to the filtering downward of a materialistic science which has dethroned the moral law and set up the golden calf in its place. We have been taught that "self-preservation is the first law of life," and that we must "take care of No. 1," until at last we have begun to believe it, and so the young man of today is asking himself if marriage is consonant with either of these exalted precepts and he decides that it is not. He thinks that there is an "easier way." Of course it is very wrong of him. He ought to be tarred and feathered, and doubtless will be when the constitution has been amended to that effect by Dr. Anna Shaw. But whose fault is it? There are today millions of people who have been elaborately taught, first by science, then by the church, and then by the home, that an act of unselfish duty is a folly, and that there are no obligations except to one's self. It may now be said to be the root principle of modern life. The young man who does not marry becomes the creator of vice conditions, of the vice traffic, and of the underworld. Why should not he do these things? His parents taught him. His mother said that he must always take care of No. 1, and that his own pleasure was the most important thing in the world, and that he must always have what he wants. She herself learned it at the college where she was taught by the science professor that selfishness was the law of life, although it was called by the more decent word of self-preservation. And the church never contradicted it. Of course no one thought that the boy would translate it into just this form, and his mother at this moment is probably shrieking for laws against the underworld. She helped to create it when her boy was in frocks. His father took up the devil's work later on. And the college supplied the coping-stone and the benediction.

But the fault is not wholly with men. In all seriousness it may be said that men are beginning to be afraid of women, afraid lest their wives should decide to accept the leadership of such persons as Dr. Shaw, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Boissevain, and Mrs. Pankhurst. Women do not repudiate these unpleasant people. Apparently they are willing to accept them. They seem disposed to be taught that men are the natural enemies of women, their oppressors and traducers, and that there is a feud between the sexes. Men do not want to marry a woman who may at any moment decide to agree with Mrs. Boissevain that ten minutes a day is sufficient for housework. Neither men nor women nowadays have much power of thought. The women of whom we hear every day through the newspapers are breathing out fire and flame against men. They are declaring a sex war. Possibly never before in the history of the race have there been so many expressions of contempt for women as one may hear at the present day wherever men are gathered together. In very truth there is a sex war now in progress, and it is the innocent women, the womanly women, who are the chief sufferers. But why do they allow judgment against them to go by default? Why do they not protest? There we have a partial answer to the question "What is a woman to do?" There is nothing for her to do except to protest and to accept the

retribution that nature never fails to inflict upon those who violate her laws.

There seems to be no end to the troubles of the Secretary of State. What with the Chautauqua lectures, the uproar in Mexico, and the unwillingness of the Chinese to be evangelized one would have thought that the *Sartorial Ari Journal* might well have stayed its devastating hand until a more propitious moment. Evidently we must not expect chivalry from a tailor.

It seems that Mr. Bryan's trousers are in a very unsatisfactory condition. His coat and overcoat are passable. There is character in them, especially when Mr. Bryan has them on, and they bear evidence of "first-class workmanship." But the trousers! The sartorial art writer seems to have his doubts if they are actually entitled to that name, for he calls them "tuhular concertinas." Mr. Bryan will have to attend to this matter. No man can expect to reach the height of his ambitions without a constant and tender solicitude for his trousers.

Was it not Mr. Henry James who said once that the American's attention to dress was concentrated, so to speak, upon the ground floor, and that it waned with the higher altitudes. The hoots were always immaculate. The trousers were usually irreproachable. But there was usually a distinct apathy toward the coat, and absolutely any old thing was considered to be good enough for a hat. Therefore Mr. Bryan should not look upon this criticism with indifference. It is not a matter of sartorial taste, but actually of patriotism. His Americanism has been challenged. His suitability for the presidency is at stake. It is all very well for him to plead that a warm heart may beat under crinkled trousers, but the public forms its judgments upon just such externals as this. The wise man can not afford to neglect them. Mr. Bryan must discard those trousers. Let him nail them to the mast. Let him do anything with them except wear them.

A PORTRAIT (After Pope).

O when a wife at last begins to see
Her husband's not the man he seemed to be—
Brave, tender, chivalrous, heroic, pure,
But half a tyrant, half an epicure;
Sharp-tongued if thwarted in his slightest whim,
As if the world were all arranged for him;
In converse commonplace, in habits gross,
Luxurious, idle, querulous, morose.
As this blurred portrait proves itself the real,
Effacing, flouting her adored ideal,
What wonder if, in sheer defeat of hope,
She turns an atheist or a misanthrope;
Arraigns the powers that mocked her maiden prayer,
And e'en in motherhood finds fresh despair;
Still, as she feels her own poor life undone,
Fears to revive the father in the son.
With wistful terrors scans the baby face
And dreads to read th' hereditary grace;
Marks his sweet eyes—those eyes of heavenly blue,
Which seem to say, "If false, then nothing's true,"
Then murmurs, "Gracious God, will he be traitor,
too?"

Who but must weep if such a wife there be?
Who would not shudder if his own were she?
—London Spectator.

Dr. Mary Walker is a pronounced suffragette, but she is also a woman and she knows her sex. And Dr. Walker does not approve of deputations of women to Washington. She seems to think that the deputations are caused by the attendant opportunities to display fine dresses, and she even suggests that the dresses are paid for out of the suffragist funds. She says: "These women obtain funds from many sources that they may dress in fine clothes and appear in public demonstrations." Very much the same thing has been said of the English suffragette leaders. We are reminded that the Pankhursts were once people of very moderate income and to whom expensive clothing was an impossibility. But now King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Men, says Dr. Walker, are at a distinct disadvantage in this matter of dress. The over-dressed man is distrusted, and only the connoisseur can appreciate real value in male attire. The man who is conspicuous in his dress will at once lose his value as an advocate. Probably this is largely true of the woman also, but the woman never knows it and would be incapable of believing it. Certainly fine dresses would be wasted upon the President and upon any other man of public affairs. We may doubt if the President had the faintest conception of what was worn by any woman who took part in the recent deputation to Washington. If they had all been dressed like waitresses or housemaids he would have been unaware that there was anything remarkable about it.

In the smoking-room of an eastbound Pullman there were two men—one of them grouchy, the other one receptive. After smoking two indifferent cigars the latter said to the former: "How far are you going?" "Buffalo," acknowledged the other one, taken off his guard. "Is that so? What are you going to do in Buffalo?" "Change cars."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two negroes were discussing their young sons, and the first declared he intended to make his hopeful an astronomer. "At's a fine joh," he concluded. "Yas," drawled the other. "Yoh done tol' me dat afore, hut whut's he gwine to do in de daytime?"

A reporter asked Oscar Hammerstein one day if he believed in the new therapeutic idea that music was a medicine. "Believe in it? Of course I do," the impresario replied. "I know at least three operas that are a drug on the market, while as for popular songs, there isn't one of them that doesn't make me ill."

A man had been convicted for stealing and was brought before Judge Perkins. The judge was noted for his kind heart and his light sentences. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment before?" asked the judge, not unkindly. "No, never!" exclaimed the man, suddenly and dramatically hursting into tears. "Never!" "Well, well, don't cry, my man," said the judge. "It needn't trouble you. You're going to be."

A gentleman who had been spending a holiday at a Scottish seaside village noted for its golf links asked one of the caddies if he got much carrying in the winter time. "Nae, sir, nae," replied the caddie. "There's nae carrying in the winter time. Ye see, it is this way. If it's nae snn' it's frost; if it's nae frost it's snn'; if it's neither snn' nor frost, it's rain; if it's nae rain, it's wind; an' if it's a fine day, it's the Sawhath!"

Learning that his friend had fallen off a roof on which he was at work, the scientific chap hastened to his bedside. "I have an opportunity to prove an old theory here," he said, after obtaining all the details. "They say that when a man falls from a great height he thinks of all his sins before he hits the ground. Now, is that true? Did you do that?" "Well, I didn't have time to think of quite all of them. You see, I only fell five stories!"

A young gentleman with a very plain face was rather annoyed because his view of the stage was obstructed by the hat of a pretty girl who was sitting in front of him in the gallery. Wishing to get a glimpse of the performance, he plucked up courage and, in a nervous voice, exclaimed: "See here, miss, I want to look as well as you." "Oh, do yer?" she replied in a rich Cockney accent, as she turned round and looked at him square in the eye. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer face."

A certain minister was greatly disturbed by a number of women in his congregation who persistently gossiped in a loud tone during service. One Sunday morning he executed a plan which he had devised to stop this annoyance. At a given signal the choir stopped abruptly on a certain word in the middle of a hymn. Then one of the gossips, unable to check herself, was heard all over the church to say: "I always fry mine in lard." "As we know," announced the minister, "that she always fries hers in lard, we will proceed with the singing."

A banker was in the habit of wearing his hat a good deal during business hours, as in summer the flies used his bald pate for a parade ground, and in winter the cold breezes swept over its polished surface. A negro workman on the railroad each week presented a check and drew his wages, and one day, as he put his money in a greasy wallet, the banker said: "Look here, Mose, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?" The negro looked toward him and, with the quizzical look at the derby the banker wore, answered confidentially: "Boss, I's afeard. You look like you was always ready to start some-where."

Good-hearted old Farmer Giles, in accordance with old-time custom, had decided to give his farm hands a dinner. He had, however, been impressed lately by reading about some up-to-date course dinners, so he ordered the feast to start with soup, to be followed by goose, roast beef, and plum pudding *ad lib*. The farm hands duly assembled, and, having fasted for twenty-four hours in view of the occasion, there was a keen edge on their appetites. When the first course was placed before one sturdy son of the soil he eyed it in blank dismay. Then he became restlessly indignant. "Hi! Wot's this 'ere?" he called out. "Give Oi a bit o' goose! This he all gravy!"

He tapped on the hack door of a suburban home and asked for something to eat. The good housewife responded that she would feed him on the back step provided he was willing to earn the meal by cleaning out the gutter. The tramp agreed, and when he had

eaten his way through several sandwiches to a feeling of happiness the housewife came out with a reliable-looking hoe. "You needn't have gone to that trouble, madam," said the weary one, sizing up the farm implement. "I never use a hoe in cleaning out a gutter." "Never use a hoe!" said the woman with a wondering expression. "What do you use, then, a shovel?" "No, madam," replied the hoho, starting for the back gate, "my method is to pray for rain."

It was Whistler's custom when drowsy to go deliberately to sleep, no matter where or what the circumstances might be. At one dinner party his gentle snore suddenly aroused his neighbor, who nudged him violently with his elbow. "I say, Whistler," he protested excitedly, "you must not sleep here." "Leave me alone," snapped Whistler. "I've said all I wanted to. I've no interest at all in what you or your friends have to say." One evening he was a guest at a hotel, as was also Edwin A. Ahhey, and immediately after the dinner was served went calmly to sleep. On the way to the theatre he had another nap in the cab. He also slumbered peacefully through the play. The next morning he handily asked: "What did Ahhey have to say last night? Anything worth while?"

There is a certain famous violinist who frequently visits this country, and who, among his acquaintances, is almost as noted for his parsimony as for his genius. Among this musician's admirers was a young woman who was determined, if possible, to procure some souvenir of the great man. Her opportunity came one rainy day when she chanced to encounter the musician on Broadway. He was provided with an old cotton umbrella, green with age; while the young woman carried a nice new silk one. She stopped him for a moment, exclaiming: "Oh, if you would only give me some slight remembrance of yourself—no matter how small!" The great man surveyed her keenly, and then gave a glance at the old cotton umhrella that covered him. This he thrust into her hands, saying: "Certainly, my dear young lady. I shall be delighted. We will exchange umhrellas."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Useful Dachshund.

Ho! for a dachshund, when the winds of winter loudly roar.
He stretches out, a yard or so, across the kitchen door.
He's better than a weather strip, though his up-keep bill is more.
—New York Post.

The Bed of Today.

Come, let's drop a tear for the old-fashioned bed
That stood on its legs, stout and able,
And was what it seemed. We now have, instead,
Console and "convertible table."
There's also the door that is not a door,
Nor yet is "a jar" (see Joe Miller),
But when it's let down is a bed, nothing more—
Unless it's a mantrap and killer!

That innocent looking and tufted divan,
Go nigh it and heaven protect you!
If you touch the right spring in its intricate plan,
Through the ceiling the thing may project you!
'Tis a bed! And a bed is you seeming hookcase,
And also that counterfeit closet—
There is scarcely a thing in the whole blooming place
That has not a hed on deposit!

With horror I view every night in the flat:
"The Victim, Asleep, Presses Button"
(Thus the headline may read), "Is Trapped Like a Rat!"

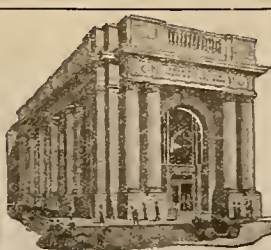
And so should my sheep become mutton!
I shall sleep on the floor and of freak things be-ware
So long as a flat I must keep in.
There are beds here and there—yes, beds every-where,
But never a bed fit to sleep in!
—New York Globe.

A Ballad of Economics.

We're striving hard to live within our means;
We've left behind our proper habitat,
And, huddled like traditional sardines,
We occupy a microscopic flat:
But though I quote domestic science pat,
And seek the cheapest market-house in town,
And wear a thrice-remodeled coat and hat,
I can not keep the cost of living down!

My busy hand unceasing cooks and cleans
(I boast to friends that work reduces fat).
We've discontinued all the magazines;
My eldest son has given up his "frat."
My husband lunches at the Automat;
My daughter wears a subway-bargain gown;
We've sold the dog, and chloroformed the cat—
I can not keep the cost of living down!

Alas, my dear ones will not stand for beans,
For mush-and-milk, and frugal cheer like that!
They yearn for cates that grace more affluent scenes
And ill become the proletariat:
The Simple Life is marred by many a spat,
For on my pet economies they frown;
They call me stingy and an autocrat—
I can not keep the cost of living down!
—L'ENVOI.
Prince, though expenses rise like Ararat,
I'm qualifying for a martyr's crown.
Ah, speed the dawn, to show us where we're at!
I can not keep the cost of living down!
—Lippincott's Magazine.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt J. Reid have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Merritt Reid, and Mr. Chapin F. Tuhhs. Mr. Tuhhs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhhs, the brother of Miss Emily Tuhhs, and a nephew of Mrs. Joseph Oyster and Mr. Alfred Tuhhs. He is a grandson of Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs.

The wedding of Miss Laura C. Huffman and Dr. Archer Griffith took place Wednesday, January 7, at the home on Broadway of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. H. Huffman.

From New York comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Ada Cunningham and Mr. George Robinson Roe, who were married Wednesday, January 7, in the Eastern city. The bride is a niece of Captain J. E. Morris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morris, who reside in the Presidio.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Saidie de Roussy Murray, and Lieutenant Henry Conger Pratt, U. S. A., who will be married Wednesday, February 11, at four o'clock, at the family residence at Fort Mason. Mrs. Maxwell Murray will be her sister-in-law's only attendant.

The wedding of Miss Vera de Sahla and Mr. Herbert Payne will take place at high noon Tuesday, February 3, at the residence in San Mateo of Miss de Sahla's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla. Miss Amy Brewer will be Miss de Sahla's only attendant.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum entertained a number of young people last evening at a dance at their home on Broadway complimentary to Miss Marie Louise Black.

Miss Bowie Detrick was hostess last evening at a dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, January 20, at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mme. de la Lande.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have invited a number of friends to dinner Friday evening, January 30, at the Fairmont Hotel, preceding the Cinderella dance.

Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt was a luncheon hostess recently at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan will give a dance this evening at their home on Washington Street and will entertain fifty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden entertained forty of their friends at a dinner preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. J. J. Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, will give a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Friday evening, January 30, preceding the Cinderella dance.

Mrs. Eugene Lent will be hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday, January 20, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William H. Smith will give a dansant this afternoon at the California Club as a welcome to her son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith, who arrived this week from Manila.

Baroness de Rosezewitz entertained a number of young people at a dinner-dance Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of her nieces, the Misses Rosita and Josephine Nieto.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy entertained the dancing club Thursday evening at their home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer gave a dinner last week at their home on Van Ness Avenue complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle, who are visiting Mrs. Greer's parents, Dr. C. N. Ellinwood and Mrs. Ellinwood.

Mrs. Allan Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw were hostesses recently at a bridge-tee at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson has issued invitations to a dansant Saturday afternoon, January 24, in honor of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins. The affair will take place at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Isabelle McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury entertained a large number of guests at a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Taylor of Boston (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness of this city).

Miss Anne Peters gave a box party Monday evening and entertained her guests at the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was in honor of the Misses Saidie Murray and Helen Nicol.

Bishop William Ford Nichols entertained a few friends at a luncheon recently at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Dr. Francis Wakefield and Mrs. Wakefield entertained their friends at an informal dance Monday evening at their home on Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cambron gave an informal dinner recently complimentary to Mrs. Henry Lombard of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomas entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. John T. Taylor, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness.

Mrs. Horace W. Morgan was hostess at a luncheon last week, when she entertained the Tuesday Bridge Club.

Miss Mary L. Phelan gave a children's party in honor of her nephew and niece, little Frederick and Alyce Murphy, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lawrence Murphy (formerly Miss Alyce Sullivan).

Mrs. Bernard Ford was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her new home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Vera de Sahla. A number of guests were down from town.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris K. Davis entertained a few friends Saturday evening at a dinner preceding the dance at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Miss Helen Wright gave a dinner Saturday

evening and with her guests attended the Assembly at Scottish Rite Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox gave a studio dance Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Vancouver.

Mrs. James Otis gave a dinner Saturday evening as a welcome home to her husband and her daughter, Miss Fredericka Otis, who returned that day from Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. Lester Herrick entertained a number of friends at a matinee party Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harry Lombard of Los Angeles, who was the complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club by Mrs. Edward Fisher of Bellingham Bay, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman gave a tea Sunday at their home on Gough Street complimentary to Lord Robert Balfour and Lady Balfour.

Miss Ruth Perkins has issued invitations to a dance at the Sorosis Club, Friday evening, January 23. The affair will be in honor of Miss Marie Hattaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde have issued invitations to a dance Saturday evening, January 24, at their home on Vallejo Street. The affair will be in honor of Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith, who were married recently in Manila.

Miss Louise Wallach was hostess Wednesday at an informal tea in honor of Miss Amy Morrison of Redlands.

The Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott gave a dance at their home in San Mateo to celebrate the latter's birthday.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman entertained a number of young people at a dinner-dance in honor of their niece, Miss Amy Morrison.

The members of the San Mateo Polo Club gave a dance Saturday evening and entertained a large number of guests. The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan were hostesses at a dinner preceding the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld entertained eighty friends at a dinner-dance Saturday evening at their home on California Street. After dinner the Maurices gave an exhibition of their dances.

A congenial coterie of friends enjoyed a dance Saturday evening at the Marin County Country Club.

The annual Mardi Gras masquerade for the benefit of the Children's Hospital under the auspices of the Auxiliary Board will be given February 24 at the Palace Hotel.

Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Colonel Richmond Pearson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pearson entertained twenty friends last evening at a progressive dinner at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Samuel Morris was hostess Wednesday at a bridge-tee at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. Maxwell gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Arthur Murray and her daughter, Miss Saidie Murray will be at home to their friends Tuesdays of this month.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Yerba Buena. Mr. and Mrs. Rees gave a theatre party Monday evening and with their guests attended the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain L. B. Simonds, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simonds gave a dinner at the Hotel Cecil in honor of Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. A. (retired).

Captain McCully, U. S. N., was host at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. California.

The wardroom officers of the U. S. S. California entertained their friends at several teas and dances on board ship during their brief visit in this harbor.

The Wednesday Night Bridge and Dancing Club had its first assembly for this year at the California Club last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The Misses Corenna De Pue, Helen Garritt, Marie Louise Black, and Ruth Zeile spent the week-end with Miss Beatrice Nickel at her ranch near Gilroy.

Mr. Philip Westcott is slowly recovering from a severe illness that has confined him to a hospital for several weeks. Mr. Westcott is the brother of Mrs. Victor Morowitz of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mrs. Alice Rutherford Ewing, and Mrs. Philip Kearny were a family party who spent last week with their uncle, Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. William McAfee have gone East to spend four months with their friends and relatives. Upon their return Mrs. McAfee will reside at the Fairmont Hotel and Mrs. Walker will occupy her home for a few months, during which time she will make preparations for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Charles Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Judson sailed Saturday on the *Adriatic* for Europe en route to Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Cara Coleman, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., have returned to their home in Burlingame from Honolulu, where they spent Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., have returned from Omaha, where Mrs. Hill has for the past ten days been ill at a hospital. They were accompanied by Mrs. Eugene Gallois, who left hurriedly to join them upon receiving news of her daughter's sickness.

Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint is visiting Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton. Mrs. Flint was formerly Miss Anne Apperson.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton and their two sons will sail January 31 for Europe. Mr. Sutton will return home in May, leaving Mrs. Sutton in Switzerland, where their sons will attend school.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby sailed Wednesday for Europe, where they will spend several months in travel.

Mr. John Young has returned from a visit in Virginia, where he spent the holidays with his relatives.

The Misses Marie Tyson, Edith Rucker, and Franc Pierce, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan to Honolulu for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud and Mr. Clinton La Montagne sailed last week for Honolulu for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. William Carey Van Fleet, Jr., has returned to Nevada after a holiday visit with his parents, Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brevort and Miss Martha Brevort will leave in March for Southern California en route to their home in New York.

Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell has returned to her ranch at Chico after a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. William Courtney of New York spent a few days in town recently and left Wednesday evening for Santa Barbara, where he is a guest at the Hotel Potter.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has returned from a brief visit in Sacramento.

Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff and Mrs. Skiff have returned from Europe and will reside in this city until after the exposition.

Master Gordon Johnson has returned to Groton to continue his studies.

Mrs. Sidney A. Ashe has taken an apartment on California Street and will spend the next two months in town.

Mr. Ferdinand Theriot has leased the house on Pacific Avenue near the Presidio gate recently built by Mr. Bruce Porter, and will have it in readiness January 28, when he will be married to Miss Kathleen de Young.

Encouraging news comes from Yonkers, New York, in regard to the condition of Mrs. Jennie Danforth, who has been very ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Peter Fletcher.

Mr. William Delaware Neilson has arrived from Philadelphia and has joined Mrs. Neilson at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and Mrs. Norma Ames and her children, Francis and Preston Ames, are en route home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler have returned to their home in Berkeley after an extended visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Fay spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild. Mrs. Fay was formerly Miss Eleanor Wooster.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan will leave soon for the East to spend a month with Mr. Duncan's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Miss Cora Otis returned yesterday from a visit to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wotkins have returned to their home in Pasadena after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Redding.

Colonel John T. Knight, U. S. A., Mrs. Knight, and Miss Margaret Knight will spend the next two years in Manila. They will sail April 5.

Lieutenant Allyn von Schrader, Medical Corps, U. S. A., arrived last week from Fort Liscomb, Alaska, to take his examinations for promotion.

Lieutenant Henry A. Bell, U. S. A., has recently been ordered to report before an army retiring board in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Nohle, U. S. A., has returned from an inspection trip to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Lieutenant Thomas S. Brown, U. S. A., has returned to duty at the Presidio.

General John Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing arrived Tuesday from the Philippines. Senator F. E. Warren, father of Mrs. Pershing, came from Wyoming to meet them.

Paymaster Roland Schumann, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. California spent the holidays with his wife, who is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. Sullivan, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Captain S. S. Wood, U. S. N., former commander of the U. S. S. Nebraska, has been ordered to the Naval War College at Newport.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove, wife of Captain Gove, commandant at Yerba Buena, is taking a rest cure at the Adler Sanatorium.

North German Lloyd Record for 1913.

A total of 1,332,200 passengers arrived at the port of New York from foreign shores during the year ending December 31, 1913, declare the official figures just completed by Mr. William C. Moore, the landing agent at Ellis Island. According to these figures the North German Lloyd again leads in the number of passengers carried in the North Atlantic service. The Lloyd line also had the largest number of sailings, namely, 126. During the year the North German Lloyd brought

175,693 passengers from northern Europe, or 19.81 per cent of all the passengers carried in the northern service.

"Kronland's" Men Decorated for Bravery.

Cable advices from Brussels to the Red Star line office in this city state that the King of Belgium has conferred the Civic Cross of the Third Class upon Third Officer W. Wynen of the steamship *Kronland*, for signal bravery in the rescue of passengers from the *Volutano*. One steward and six seamen of the *Kronland* also received gold medals for their heroism.

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Quite the proper thing with young men and many older ones. A loose, roomy coat of smart lines—44 to 48 inches long—button-to-neck collar, with raglan or kimono sleeves. All crav-enetted. Comes in rough homespuns, tweeds and chevots.



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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Eduardo Muello, who has just been appointed consul for Peru to San Francisco, formerly represented his country at Yokohama.

Maurice Paleologue, succeeding Theophile Delcasse as French ambassador to Russia, is chief of the department of political affairs at the French Foreign Office. M. Delcasse resigned to reënter French home politics.

Charles Francis Adams II, chosen to sail the *America's* cup defender, has been recognized for many years as one of the cleverest amateur helmsmen in Eastern waters. He has owned and sailed many fast racing yachts, including some in the sonder class, and has sailed on several of the ninety-foot sloops that have successfully defended the *America's* cup.

Professor Henry Morse Stephens, who has been elected first vice-president of the American Historical Association, has, since 1902, been professor of history at the University of California. He is a member of the Massachusetts, Virginia, Wisconsin, and Oregon historical societies, and since 1907 has been secretary of the Academy of Pacific Coast History.

Sir Lionel Carden, British minister to Mexico, who is to be transferred to Rio de Janeiro as minister to Brazil, has been in the government service since 1877, when he was appointed vice-consul at Havana. He was promoted to be consul in the City of Mexico in 1885, and later acted as British commissioner on the Mexican Mixed Claims Commission. He returned to Cuba in 1898 as consul-general. The transference is in the nature of a promotion, as far as salary is concerned, though the two legations possess the same standing in the service.

John William Burgess, who has just been appointed a visiting American professor at the Austrian universities for 1914-15 by the Austrian government, is emeritus professor of political science at Columbia University. He was born in Tennessee in 1844. In 1871 he went abroad and studied history, law, and political science at Leipzig and Berlin. In recognition of his work the Emperor of Germany decorated him with the Order of the Prussian Crown in 1907. He is the author of numerous volumes, among which is "Reconstruction and the Constitution."

General Grenville M. Dodge, now ranking officer of the Union veterans, is in his eighty-second year. He commanded the Sixteenth Corps under General Sherman, and at the close of the war returned to civil life. In the engineering field he attained high rank, and was appointed chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, which he built. Following that successful undertaking, he built numerous railroads in this country. General Dodge also served as a member of the Thirtieth Congress. For some time he has been vice-president of the Ahilene and Southern Railroad.

Kammerlingh Onnes, winner of the recently awarded \$40,000 Nobel prize for physics in 1913, is a Holland scientist, living at Leyden, where he carries out his experiments in his own laboratory. He spent twelve years here before he succeeded in liquifying helium, the last gas which still resisted the greatest cold as yet experimentally produced. In the course of his experiments with helium he obtained a temperature of 271 degrees centigrade, or two degrees above the absolute zero, which, according to theory, is the lowest temperature obtainable.

The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, announced to retire from Parliament at the next general election, has been a member of the House of Commons since 1876. During this entire time he has represented West Birmingham. Among the important offices he has held was that of chancellor of the exchequer, 1903-6. It is, however, nearly eight years since he spoke in the House of Commons and nearly three years since he appeared there, and then only for a few minutes at the opening of the session of 1911, when he was assisted into the House in order that he might take the oath.

Sir Robert Bond, former premier and colonial secretary of Newfoundland, has announced his withdrawal from public life, after a long and honorable career. He was educated for the bar, but entered politics before being called thereto. In 1882 he entered the legislature, and, proving his worth, his rise to high public office was unchecked. When her majesty's government appointed him to assist Lord Pauncefoot in negotiating a reciprocal treaty with this country he was mainly instrumental in completing what is known as the Bond-Blaine Convention. In 1902 he succeeded in concluding a reciprocal trade treaty between Newfoundland and the United States, known as the Hay-Bond treaty.

Robert Ludwig Mond, who holdly takes the stand that tuberculous is not conveyed by milk from cattle to human beings, is the founder of the Infants' Hospital, London, and has a large experimental farm where he has carried out scientific investigations along this line for years. He further makes the asser-

tion that condensed milk is dangerous to children who are fed on it and definitely predisposes them to tubercular infection. He is manager of the Royal Institution, and has long been engaged in research in pure and applied chemistry, electro-chemistry, and color photography. As a writer he has published many scientific papers, and assisted in the publication of the Aramaic Papyri, discovered at Assuan. He is a collector of old engravings and has a fine assortment at his home.

CURRENT VERSE.

Song.

Blue night falls
About me like a mute caress
Of loveliness,
And the wind calls
In sudden minstrelsy
From every tree.
I want no more than this:
The wind's kiss
And the nightfall over me.

When silence sends
Its gentle lore,
And youth is o'er,
I want no more
Than when life ends
The quiet stars should weep
On my eternal sleep,
And there should be
The wind's kiss and the nightfall over me!

—Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, in the International Magazine.

Eternity.

A million stars—or is it one;
How was this great, old world begun?
Those many twinkling eyes we see,
Or is it only two or three?
A prism causing many hues,
A thousand colors, reds and blues,
All scattered, multiplied and real,
To take them up, we seem to feel.
Has yon big sun this wonder made,
Creating light, where there was shade?
And when did you begin to move
O, moon, whose light can calm and soothe?
The carrier pigeon and the dove,
Such softness that is born of love,
Meek sheep, the horse and gentle cow—
Such spirit came, I wonder how?
The babe with coo, and gurgle, too—
From whence? What will become of you?
They say a burning, glowing ball
Threw out those worlds, both great and small,
That all whirl round about in space,
This world, and all the human race.
How it began—when came the touch?
And can you answer, just how much?
And where will all this wonder end?
To greater glory does it tend?
Whither will go the great and true,
And where the bourne of me and you?
That ball's a burning heart of love,
Caught from the flame begun above.
Well, that is how the world began.
The end? With love, it never can!

—Jennie Copes White, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Yarn of the River.

O spin me a yarn of the river!
A yarn of the river's mouth,
With its bar that is murmuring ever,
And its harbour which faces the south;
Where the sails like white swans are swimming,
And the brown sails like leaves float by,
And the sand like a silver trimming
Seems to tremble 'tween flood and sky;

While in higher relief is the shingle
With its tangled stretches of weed
Which afar, in the distance, mingle
With the tufted patches of reed;
And nigher, the gray-white river
Is moving unchecked to the sea,
As its wind-ruffled surfaces quiver
With a half-suppressed melody.

And the plash of the oars claps fingers
With the swish of the hurrying wave,
And the plaint of the sea-mew lingers
Like a musical note in the stave,
While the fisher his harvest is netting
As he pulls at his pipe's black stem,
And the salt spray his boots is wetting
And the silver fish flash like a gem.

There are voices—some dim in the distance—
In the boats with the dripping oar,
Which unite, with a quiet insistence,
To the sturdier tongues on the shore;
There are whistles that shrill on the river
There's the hoot of the incoming boat
As its steam makes the fleet waters shiver
While they keep their great harken afloat.

And beyond, on the quay, there is riot
When the sailors prepare for their guest,
While only above is there quiet
Where the solemn clouds gather to rest,
And the sky is a dream of fair weather,
Of a study of phosphorent hue,
And of reds that deepen to heather
With a wide sweep of sapphire blue.

There is a dignity, then, in the river
When it binds the strong arms of the tide,
While its waters still eddy and quiver
And swell in the hour of their pride;
For it gathers new strength from the ocean,
And broadens its path 'tween each shore
With a deeper and calmer-paced motion,
And a statelier step than before.

O a wonderful song has the river!
That it sings to the inflowing tide,
Which turns its flood like a lever
And stretches its arms out wide;
In the river's deep breast is emotion
Which gladly responds to the sea,
As fondly embraced is the ocean
In a rapture of harmony.

—Alfred Smythe, in the Poetry Review.



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

On Monday the strike of employees, principally electrical workers, against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which had lasted since last May, was declared off by the unions, who realized it was a losing fight. At one time 1500 men were involved. At the time of the strike the unions refused to compromise when the company offered to do so.

The new officials of the San Francisco Stock Exchange were elected Monday night as follows: Thomas S. Robinson, president; T. G. Jewett, vice-president; J. D. McKenzie, secretary; Charles D. Laing, treasurer.

George W. Merrill, United States minister to Hawaii during President Cleveland's first administration, died on Saturday at his home, 2068 Pine Street, after an illness of seven weeks. He was born in Maine nearly seventy-seven years ago. He served through the Civil War and at the close was captain in the Sixtieth Indiana Infantry. He came to the West and established himself as a lawyer in Nevada more than thirty years ago. For ten years he served as district attorney of Eureka County. He was a member of the Nevada legislature and Speaker of the assembly in 1881, and had held high offices in Grand Army circles. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. Interment was made in the National Cemetery at the Presidio.

Charles H. Wood, a Bohemian clubman and a native of San Francisco, died recently at Agra, India, while touring the world. His wife, who was with him, will bring his ashes home for disposal.

The death of Dr. E. W. King, a pioneer medical practitioner of California, occurred Sunday night at the home of his son-in-law, Dr. D. A. Hodghead, 3435 Sacramento Street, at the age of eighty-two years. Dr. King came to California in 1850. He was superintendent of the Ukiah State Hospital from 1892 to 1912.

Charles T. Elliott, United States marshal, was summarily dismissed from office on Tuesday by telegraph, United States Attorney-General McReynolds wiring, "The President has removed you from office, to take effect to-day." Elliott, a Republican, had some time yet to serve. James B. Holohan of Watsonville, appointed temporarily to fill the vacancy, is, it is understood, to have his appointment made permanent.

At Tuesday's meetings the following banks adopted resolutions accepting membership in the regional bank to be erected under the Federal reserve act: Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, Crocker National Bank, Mercantile National Bank, American National Bank, the Seaboard National Bank.

Thé Dansant in the beautiful Court of the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, January 17, promises a surprise in the introduction to San Francisco of the justly celebrated dancers, M. Moszkowsky and Mme. Agnes Mahr, who will exemplify many of the intricacies of the Russian school. They will appear on the floor at 4:45 and 5:45 p. m. Thé Dansant will be continued through the dinner hour. Diners may enjoy the pastime.



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American Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.65
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Judge and Argonaut.....	7.85
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	7.85
Life and Argonaut.....	7.85
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.15
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.85
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
Outing and Argonaut.....	6.00
North American Review and Argonaut.....	6.90
Out West and Argonaut.....	4.60
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	6.00
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.85
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.15
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.10
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....	4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut.....	4.75
Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....	4.75

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mabel—Do you ever practice deep breathing, Percy? Percy—Only when inhaling a cigarette.—Punch.

"I am at a loss to understand his friendship." "So am I. It cost me fifty dollars."—Town Topics.

"How is your Shakespearean Club getting on?" "Splendidly. We learned two new steps last week."—Life.

Casey (at Coogan's wake)—Phwat is Rafferty laughin' at, the baste? Noonan—'Tis said he owed Coogan money.—Puck.

Hampton—All he speaks of is dollars, dollars, dollars. Rhodes—I noticed his voice has a metallic sound.—Yonkers Statesman.

Bill—Go in an' tell de bartender dat if he don't give yer a drink you'll drop dead. Red—I dasn't-if he did I would!—Houston Post.

Peckham—Gee, what hiscuits! I wish I was an ostrich! Mrs. Peckham—So do I. Then I'd get some feathers for my hat.—Life.

Ethel—Jack Roxleigh is good-looking enough, but I don't care for his ways. Marie—Never mind about his ways, my dear; think of his means.—Boston Record.

Boarder—Why did the landlady send me two eggs? I asked for only one. Maid—She probably thought one of them might be bad, sir.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Ethel—Did you know Josie had thrown Frank over? Mabel—Goodness, no! Why? Ethel—Oh, the wretch stopped calling and writing, and all that, I understand.—Judge.

"So you approve of dancing?" "Thoroughly. In many instances it's much better to keep step to the music of a song than to listen to the words of it."—Washington Star.

"I see this medicine is good for man and beast." "Yes," said the druggist. "Gimme a bottle. I believe that's the right combination to help my husband."—Kansas City Journal.

"Papa, did Edison make the first talking machine?" "No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off at will."—Houston Post.

"Did you say she was one of your prominent suffragettes?" "That Hi did, sir. Would you believe h't, sir, that woman 'as starved 'erself h'out of jyle four times?"—Punch.

"Mrs. Wombat says she loves to commune with nature." "I'm not surprised at that. Nature will let you do all the talking, and that makes an awful hit with her."—Washington Herald.

"Would you love me just as much if I were a poor girl?" "Every hit as much," he said, congratulating himself that she didn't ask him if he would still want to marry her.—Detroit Free Press.

"When I married you," said Mrs. Naggers, "I thought to reform you." "Yes," answered the husband; "and like a number of reformers you seized the first opportunity to become a boss."—Kansas City Star.

First Stenog—How do you like your new boss? Second Stenog—Great! He don't know no more about grammar, spellin', an' punctuation than I do; he's jest out 'er college!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is this picture show one that it will be all right for my daughter to see?" asked the man who was next at the ticket window. "Sure," replied the girl in the booth; "I've saw it and it aint hurt me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Barmaid—No, I can't serve you; you've had enough already. Tooper—Thash perfectly right, me dear; but tishn't for me—ish for another gen'lman. Barmaid—But where is he? Tooper—Lyin' on the pavement outside.—Sketch.

"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?" "No, judge, your honor, I didn't say that. I said he just swore at me. I aint a-goin' to claim that he done what he didn't do."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"You say you occasionally smoke one of your wife's Christmas cigars?" "Yes. I dug 'em up the other day, and they are a great help in my present situation." "What is that?" "I am trying to quit smoking for good."—New York Globe.

Maid—I've come to give notice, ma'am. Mistress—Indeed? Maid—And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way. Mistress—The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman.—New York Globe.

The First Lady—My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now, which would you have? The Second—Well, as far as that goes, any of those French cars are pretty good.—Yonkers Statesman.

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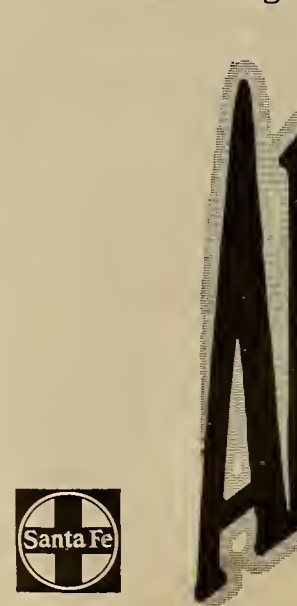
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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California Again Protests.

When early last year our State Railway Commission by the authority which it held over the California properties involved, estopped a proposal on the part of the government to divorce the Central Pacific from the Southern Pacific lines, the project was regarded by the public as definitely defeated—and with universal satisfaction. Later, when the Union Pacific sold to the Pennsylvania Railway Company its large holding of Southern Pacific Company stock, the most powerful motive in support of the original proposal was presumed to have been eliminated. But the idea of forcing asunder the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific properties has persisted in the minds of departmental authorities at Washington, and recently it has taken the shape of a definite plan. Many newspapers date of January 15th printed a general dispatch from Washington announcing that Attorney-General McReynolds and an assistant especially commissioned were "putting the finishing touches" upon a brief in the Central-Southern Pacific case with the intention of filing it "within a couple of weeks."

That this announcement has rearoused and intensified

the spirit of California in respect of the famous "unscrambling" proposal is made evident by action on the part of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, reported in the San Francisco papers of Wednesday morning last. In a series of resolutions adopted by unanimous vote of its directors the Chamber hastens to defense of the obvious interest of California and to support of the State Railway Commission in its action of last year. These resolutions recite the fact that the suit proposed to be instituted by the government requiring the Southern Pacific to sell the capital stock of the Central Pacific Railroad is not in the public interest; further, that there is in the opinion of the Chamber no sufficient legal reason requiring that the proposed suit should now be brought. The ownership of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific does not in the opinion of the Chamber constitute a combination in restraint of trade; and it is set forth in support of this declaration that the lines of railroad owned by the two companies were built or extended as one system of railroads and by one ownership and control and that originally and continuously they have been so operated; that the lines were designed, not in restraint of trade, but in promotion of trade and to the end of serving in a transportation sense the general interests of California.

The resolutions further recite that the main line of the Central Pacific Railroad, from Ogden to San Francisco, the original nucleus of this system of railroads, was opened in 1869, and that the construction of the Southern Pacific connecting with the Central Pacific began in 1871, and from that day forward new constructions and extensions were made from time to time in the course of the development of a single and sustaining system. The capital stock of the two companies, the resolutions set forth, was held at all these times in substantially the same ownership and control. As soon as any section of the Southern Pacific was opened it was leased and operated by the Central Pacific Company, up to February, 1885, when the lease of the lines of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific was canceled, and a new lease made to the Southern Pacific Company. At the same time the Southern Pacific Company became the lessee of the lines of the Central Pacific Company for ninety-nine years. The lines of railroad therefore comprised in the ownership of the two companies were never in separate ownership or in competition, but have at all times been practically in one ownership and control and have been built up, developed, and operated as a unified system responsive to the demands of the communities served as much as if the same had been in the ownership and control of one company.

The Chamber of Commerce further declares that to separate the ownership of these lines would break up a unified system and impair the efficiency of that system to serve the community. Such separation would leave the Southern Pacific without a through line and a connection necessary to unite its different branch lines together for operation, and also deprive it of terminals and main lines which are essential to the service of the communities reached by its lines. Likewise the resolutions point out that the Central Pacific in separate ownership and control will be left without terminal properties necessary for its successful operation, all of which will disturb the service that these lines are now giving as a unified system to the public. "We are also persuaded," say the resolutions of the Chamber, "that the evils of the proposed dissolution could not be offset by any compensating advantages to be derived from the proposed creation of two unequal competitors."

The concluding resolution declares that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce "endorses the decision of the State Railroad Commission of California in so far as it gives reasons against the breaking-up and separation of the lines now operated by the Southern Pacific Company in California." "We believe," says

the Chamber, "that such decision was in the very best interests of the public and should be sustained. We further maintain there is no business reason for the suggested separation, which would be a commercial injury to the people of this state and against our interests."

That these resolutions speak the judgment of California as it stands related to the existing transportation system there can be no doubt. This judgment was declared emphatically by the State Railway Commission last year in support of its action in denial of the "unscrambling" proposal. On this occasion the commission said:

We do not pretend to say, nor do we consider it necessary to decide, how serious an impairment of the Southern Pacific will be brought about by the securing of the Central Pacific main line and feeders by the Union Pacific; but we are of the opinion that the present commanding position of that road can not be maintained under the contract which is presented to us for approval, and that there is room for grave fear that if the agreement is carried out this state will, instead of securing two strong competing lines, secure one dominant line and one much impaired line.

Neither do we think that the Attorney-General desires to upset local traffic conditions by breaking a well-built system of local lines, well suited to serve the needs of the people of this state, into two dissociated sets of branches, some of which begin and end nowhere if we have reference to their separate ownership.

It is hardly necessary to add that public sentiment in California is precisely what it was a year ago. It is opposed to the unscrambling proposal and it supports the course of the State Railway Commission in the action by which unscrambling was prevented. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce therefore in taking a positive stand against revival of the unscrambling project assumes character as a champion of the interests of California as against a proposal conceived in a mistaken sense of local conditions and upon presumptions which can not stand before intelligent investigation. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, it is reported, will invite the coöperation of other organized bodies throughout California and it will undertake through presentments at Washington to prevent a movement which if it should be successful would work an irreparable injury to our domestic interests.

This matter most fortunately presents itself in a form wholly separated from political and other considerations which have so often confused issues related to the interests of California in connection with questions of transportation. The point at issue is purely one of business. Shall the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific be divorced? Most decidedly, through its State Railway Commission and through its agencies of public opinion, California says no. For it is obvious that under such a break-up of the system the lines of railroad which ramify California and directly serve its people would be dissevered from the main and direct line which connects them with the great centres at the East. This connection is essentially a part of the California system. To separate it from that system, to reestablish its alliances and its administrative quarters elsewhere, would be to take away from California the highway to the East which is peculiarly its own—its own in the sense that it was conceived by Californians, constructed as a California enterprise, and has always been operated under motives in common with our local system of roads and under the inspirations of local interest.

"Peace, Not War."

President Wilson's message delivered to Congress in person on Tuesday of this week is curiously reflective of the effects of responsibility upon a mind at bottom sound, and seriously bent upon good purposes. Plainly Mr. Wilson is a growing man. A year in the presidency has broadened his vision and, if we may be permitted to coin a word, it has tended to practicalize his sympathies and plans. Where aforetime his emotions seemed too often mere random shots into the

he now appears in the attitude of one definitely aiming at a mark. While it does not appear that Mr. Wilson has modified its main purposes, it is evident—indeed it is frankly declared—that he is now to proceed in the administration of the government under the influences of a "changed atmosphere." His policy as he outlines it is constructive; but its spirit is different. Epitomized in his own phrase, it is peace, not war.

It is particularly in his attitude toward the business world that Mr. Wilson illustrates a new poise of mind. He has found out something he did not know, namely, that the leading men of affairs are not all pirates and scoundrels, but on the whole decent and worthy folk willing to coöperate in the work of casting out abuses which have fastened themselves upon the business practice of the country. Here, too, there has been a change of attitude, for influences corresponding to those which have worked upon the President's understanding have likewise been active in the business world. In brief, the government and the business men of the country have come to an understanding. They will work together to the common end of eliminating whatever may be wrong, of adding whatever may be necessary to bring business practice to conformity with broad principles of common justice. This, the President frankly declares, he finds to be the present situation; and quite as frankly he announces that his policies are to reflect confidence in the good purposes of men of affairs, even including the agents of what the country has come to know as "big business."

The President is not the first to discover a new atmosphere in the general situation. Here in California it was notably illustrated some months ago in two notable addresses delivered on the same day from the same platform—one by an official representing the regulating authority of the state in relation to public utilities, the other by a man of large affairs speaking from the standpoint of one regulated interest. The specific matter of these two addresses has now passed from the public mind, but it is not forgotten that when summarized and compared, the arguments of the two speakers stood for practically the same thing. In other words, it was made clear that so far as California is concerned government in its regulatory character, and big business in its aims and purposes, stand upon practically common ground.

As to the President's specific plan, there will, we fancy, be nobody seriously to dissent. He proposes changes in the laws: One—Definitely prohibiting the interlocking of directorates of great corporations. Two—Conferring upon the Interstate Commerce Commission power to superintend and regulate the financial operations by which railroads are henceforth to be supplied with money needed for the development and improvement of transportation facilities. The President made clear his conviction that "the prosperity of the railroads and the prosperity of the country are inseparably connected. Three—Legislation supplementary to the Sherman law defining "the many hurtful restraints of trade." Four—Creation of a commission to aid the courts and to act as a clearing house of information in helping business to conform with the law. Five—Provision of penalties to fall on individuals responsible for unlawful practices. Six—Prohibition of holding companies—this with a suggestion that the voting powers of individuals holding shares in numerous corporations be restricted. Seven—Giving to private individuals the right to found suits for redress on facts and judgments proven in government suits, and providing that statutes of limitation shall run only from the date of conclusion of the government's action. Speaking offhand, these suggestions appear wisely considered, certainly so if it may be assumed that the policy of the government acting under these proposed changes shall be in the spirit of the President's own mood—peace, not war.

Very curiously the President's specific suggestions fall directly into line with public feeling in California towards a matter just now brought to renewed public attention. "What we are proposing to do," declares the President, "is happily not to hamper or interfere with business as enlightened business men prefer to do it, or in any sense to put it under the ban." And again, "Patriotic men will wish to see [changes] brought about with as few, as slight as easy, and simple business readjustments as possible in the circumstances, nothing essential disturbed, nothing torn up by the roots, no parts rent asunder which can be left in wholesome combination." Still again, "Our object is

not to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses athwart."

These expressions apply directly in a matter which California, through interpretations by its State Railway Commissions, its public commercial bodies, and its public press, has now very much at heart. One of the larger regulative movements of the government has been directed towards and against our domestic transportation system. It has been proposed to eliminate from this system its most direct connection with the centres and markets of the East. California has protested through manifold agencies, official and private, authorized to declare her mind. The President, if we read his phrases aright, is now in sympathy with a course of action which should bring to the government's own proposal methods of adjustment in conformity with California's own view of the situation. The Message therefore will find special approval and acceptance in a state where a policy of a year ago, a policy by the way instituted by Mr. Wilson's predecessor, has been regarded and continues to be regarded as a menace to the common welfare.

Mexico Up To Date.

By chance good fortune there has come to the *Argonaut* within the week opportunities of discussing Mexican affairs with several persons of different nationalities resident in Mexico City and in immediate touch with the affairs and with the leading men of the country, including the provisional president himself. These discussions, let us frankly admit, have in certain ways modified opinions hitherto conceived, partly through the development of new facts in a changing situation, partly by shedding fresh light upon the character and tendencies of Mexican life, high and low. This writing will undertake to present the situation as it appears in the light of this new information.

Patriotism as the term is understood among us is a non-existent quantity in Mexico. Use of this term may serve the purposes of whoever assumes leadership in any cause, but not in the sense that it makes appeal to anybody in Mexico, high or low. The only motives of real power as affecting men and things there are those of business advantage or of revenge. To attribute the spirit of patriotism to anybody—to Huerta, to Carranza, or anybody else—is to palter with a rhetorical phase.

Nor is there in Mexico anything of that noble kind of hardihood which injustice inspires among a gallant people. To illustrate: When Huerta some few months ago overpowered a large number of members of the Mexican Congress and confined them within the penitentiary—eighty-four persons in all, many of them being still held in solitary confinement—no hand was raised in behalf of the sequestered men. Such an act on the part of a tyrant in any other country would bring to the front many determined men ready to shed their blood in behalf of fathers, brothers, or friends seized without a shadow of justice and held subject to great personal hazard. Not one champion of the imprisoned men came to the front. Appeals were made to the law. Proceedings corresponding to our demands under the law of *habeas corpus* were instituted. There was infinite multiplication of legal red tape. But there was no positive movement for relief of any imprisoned man—nobody ready to meet tyranny with force. Even while the case stood in its most aggravated form, President Huerta passed freely about the streets and in the cafés unmolested and unthreatened. In no other country could the chief actor in so gross an act of tyranny have so exposed himself and escaped alive.

Huerta's leadership in the situation which followed the overthrow of Madero was the result of a series of accidents, including the death of General Reyes and the absolute personal incapacity of Felix Diaz. While the latter was nominally the leading figure in the anti-Maderist movement he was in fact only a stool-pigeon, a mere name. Huerta came to the head of the movement because at the end of the fighting he was the one strong man in sight.

The theory urged in Huerta's behalf that he was not responsible for the assassination of Madero finds little or no credit among intelligent men in Mexico. Yet it is defended on specious grounds of revolutionary policy. Madero's day was run; his sun had set to rise no more. But he had roused in the dull minds of multitudes a sense of discontent and resentment. Madero alive was a challenge to conflict. His name was a flag around which the aroused passions of an unintelligent mob

centered. Madero dead meant the dissipation of an unworkable, impossible ideal. This at least is the argument. Many among those who assume that Huerta authorized the assassination of Madero contend that he did it as a means of putting an end to a conflict which would surely have cost many thousands of lives and perhaps sustain in the country a protracted period of warfare.

With all his faults Huerta is the one strong figure produced by the revolutionary activities of three desperate years. It was believed by intelligent men in Mexico that he could command the situation pretty much as Diaz had commanded it; that is, that he could by force of terror maintain order, bring the various bands of organized rebels to heel, and sustain a military dictatorship after the Diaz model. But in addition to the resources of money available through domestic taxation, he needed funds with which to create and sustain a military organization. He might, it is believed, have gotten money sufficient to his purposes if he could have had the recognition of the United States. It was the refusal of the United States government to recognize Huerta as the *de facto* president, supplemented by its protests against his régime, that gave Huerta his deathblow. It was none the less a deathblow because Huerta is slow in dying. With the doors of every money centre in the world closed against him, Huerta's resource has declined to the powers of mere local taxation. At no time have his means been sufficient to enable him to pursue an aggressive course. He contrives to pay the expenses of the government, including a military establishment of perhaps less than 50,000 men. He is in possession and control of the administrative machinery, but he is weak because he has no money; and the fact that he has no money is due to the policy of the United States government.

When Huerta came into the provisional presidency he was regarded by the substantial men of the country, more particularly of Mexico City, not indeed with the veneration which is yielded to heroic patriotism, but with respect as a man of positive force. Here, it was thought, was at last a man with something of the iron quality of Diaz, capable of assuming and sustaining the powers of government. And so rather through motives of expediency than of sentimental loyalty—for there is no such thing as loyalty in Mexico apart from interest or passion—the intelligent and property-holding elements stood behind him. He had the nominal friendship, or at least the working support, of pretty much all the men effective in the professional and business life of the country. If the wishes of the men who count for anything in Mexico had been consulted, Huerta would have been accepted by the United States as he was by the leading governments of Europe as the *de facto* president of Mexico. His rule would have been a thinly disguised dictatorship after the model of the government so long sustained by Diaz. But it would have sufficed to pacify the country, protect life and property, and give security to industry and business. In short the rule of Huerta appeared to be the one chance of reestablishing order and prosperity; and it is still the belief of those best qualified to judge that a great opportunity was lost when Huerta's hands were tied by the policy of the Washington government. The intelligent and responsible factors in Mexican affairs therefore cast upon President Wilson—for nobody seems to regard Mr. Bryan in the matter at all—as responsible for the terrific havoc and the unspeakable sufferings which recent months have brought about and of which the end is not yet in sight.

Huerta's weakness under the policy of the Washington government has reacted in two ways to destroy his prestige at home. First, it tied his hands and nullified his efforts; second, it made him desperate. He had either to get out or to resort to arbitrary means of sustaining his rule. He chose the latter course. Recently he has been resorting to any and every expedient, including enormously increased taxation, the systematic enforcement of loans, etc. This policy has cost him the support of the substantial men of the country. At one time his supporters, they are now against him. Realizing that they may be called upon for forced loans, the leading men of financial responsibility have gotten out of the country. Huerta remains, but supported chiefly by those to whose political (and other) fortunes he has aided. The leading figures of Mexican life are in New York or Paris or London, safely beyond the reach of Huerta's financial agents, awaiting and hoping for better days.

That Huerta can permanently sustain himself is not now believed by anybody informed as to the situation. His government is in poverty; its powers to raise money are practically exhausted. Its military power is much, relatively very much, less than that of the leaders of rebellion. It has not only lost the support of the property-owning and conservatives classes, but it has practically no chance to redeem itself. Huerta is simply staggering around awaiting the hour when he must either fall ignominiously or seek asylum in some foreign land. When convinced that his day is past he will probably flee the country. He is in possession of the road to Vera Cruz, and in a few hours, with his family and his immediate followers, he could easily take ship.

Huerta is personally an interesting figure. He has always been known as a capable soldier. Until recently he has been relatively a poor man. But the universal opinion in Mexico is that he has carefully feathered his nest during his year of power and that he has somewhere safely sequestered in Europe the means of living like a nabob when his troubles shall be over. Besides being the hardest drinker in Mexico, Huerta is famed as being the bravest man in the country. Apparently he has no fear of anybody or anything. Even today he moves about the city apparently unguarded as freely as if it were a time of profound peace. He is the ideal man who "aint afeard." And this, quite needless to say, is one of the sources of his continued control of affairs under the multiplied complications of the times.

It is common belief in Mexico City that the insurrectionist movement of which General Carranza is the nominal head and of which General Villa appears to be the leading force draws its main strength from American support. American land-owners and mining operators in the three northern Mexican states of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Coahuila have long been eager for the extension of American authority over these regions, and for a good business reason. Under American rule the value of every acre of ground and of every other form of property would be doubled or trebled. Put these countries under the American flag and there would immediately follow a tremendous boom which would stimulate every local interest and augment every local value. More or less organized but secret movements have long been maintained by interested parties, both Mexican and foreign, to the end of Americanizing the three states named; and it is the common opinion that land-owners and miners have supplied the means with which Carranza and Villa and others have organized military forces and maintained them in the field. It is further a common opinion that the United States government has connived, by a policy of careless oversight along the international boundary, if not by more direct means, to supply the insurrectory forces with arms, ammunition, and general supplies. It is at least certain that a very large proportion of the munitions in the hands of Carranza's and Villa's armies has been brought across the border in disregard of nominal rules and of orders governing such movements.

There seems now no positive obstacle to the victorious march of the rebel forces upon the capital. However, it is suspected that long before the armies of Carranza and Villa shall come within striking distance of the capital their mutual jealousies will have turned them against each other. Originally Carranza, who is a scholarly, gentlemanly type of man, and Villa, who is merely a common though a highly picturesque bandit, operated in mutual support. But they really have nothing in common. Carranza has possibly in his political aims some faint color of patriotic purpose, while Villa is merely a partisan chief—an ideal picture-play desperado, whose whole business is plunder. The armies of both these dubious heroes are made up of rag-tag-and-bob-tail adventurers who are having the time of their lives in the war game. Under ordinary circumstances these poor creatures would be attached to a single locality, under the necessity of working for a wage of perhaps 25 cents per day and of course limited to the merest necessities of life. As soldiers or brigands, for one name describes them as well as another, they have license to help themselves to horses, food, women, clothes, and whatnot at their pleasure. It is for them a colossal fiesta, free from the restraints of their customary poverty, privileged beyond anything in their experience of life. Commanding such a force is rough work; indeed it is rough enough to shock the sensibilities of the most case-hardened observers. The rule of the commandant and his principal agents is absolute. Any infringement of

discipline is punishable by death. It is said that there is never a day when Villa does not order from five to fifty men to be backed up against an adobe wall and shot. Carranza is scarcely less cruel in his methods of discipline. However, the only offenses of which note is taken are those of a military kind. Burnings, maimings, rapings, robberies, and the like are regarded as trivial incidents upon the theory that "boys will be boys" and no attention is paid to them.

If these insurrectionist armies or any one of them should approach the City of Mexico it is probable that there would be a general rising to oppose them. And under two motives. It is the policy both of Carranza and Villa to exact tribute from every man of property, and it is a declared policy to put to death whoever has supported the régime which has supported Huerta. Now pretty much everybody in and about the City of Mexico and other large centres have at one time or another given their support to Huerta. Under the policy of the insurrectionist leaders, therefore, pretty much everybody of intelligence and responsibility in Mexico City is liable to be summarily dealt with. There is, too, a very natural fear that hordes of insurrectionists habited and skilled in freebooting would make sad havoc of things in and about the rich City of Mexico. It follows, therefore, that while hopes of Huerta's success have been abandoned, there is no friendship for those who are fighting him.

The average Mexican of intelligence—the same man who a year ago was proclaiming the dignity and independence of his country—is now more or less secretly hoping for the day which all feel certain is to come, of American intervention. And intervention they understand to imply nothing more or less than American possession of the country with responsibility for its government and its social order. The feeling is that the chance for reestablishing order, after the pattern of Diaz, has been lost by the whimsical policy of the United States. Intervention they feel is bound to come; and so regarding it as a certainty they would like it to come while there is something left worth saving. Nothing else now, it is believed, can preserve Mexico from absolute ruin. That the policy of the United States has been calculated to the end of possessing Mexico is the common belief of the business classes, who under the standards of Mexican intelligence utterly fail to comprehend the element of whimsical moral intent in President Wilson's course.

A theory often proclaimed and generally believed that intervention on the part of the United States would imply serious military problems is discredited by many. The Mexicans, for all they are forever fighting among themselves, are not a spirited people. The fact already noted that there was no effort to resist or resent the policy of Huerta in the matter of imprisoning the legislative body is cited as demonstrating a certain universal timidity. Land an American army at Vera Cruz, it is argued, and start it marching toward the capital, and it would encounter only huzzas of welcome. The property-owning classes would regard it as coming to rescue and enforce social order. Popularly it would command respect through fear. It is the opinion at least of intelligent observers that the United States could come into practical possession without striking a blow and that it could, at least for the moment, establish order by mere force of prestige. Even the northern insurrectionists, it is believed, would be compelled to strike their colors under pressure from the interests which hitherto have inspired and supplied them. Ultimately, since the habit of rebellion has become established, there would rise here and there insurrectory and marauding bands like hornets in a hay field. It would probably take years to run down and stamp out petty rebellious movements. But that there would be anything like a national rising in the spirit of resentment against a foreign invader is not believed.

First or last, according to several men of assured judgment with whom the *Argonaut* has discussed the situation within the week, the United States must intervene. Either it must march into the country and enforce order or it must waive any claims under the Monroe Doctrine and permit England or France or Germany, or all together, to do it. A great, rich country in which foreign investments to the extent of billions of dollars have been placed, will not be permitted to remain in a state of chaos. The United States will have to move in. This, it is argued, is the logical and inevitable climax of a policy which has prevented Mexico

from pacifying her own troubles by her own methods. Aiming to keep hands off, there has been put into force a policy which must make the United States assume authority over the distracted country. Even while pledging the world that we will not take over one acre of Mexican soil, we are pursuing a course that makes annexation in one form or another a necessity.

Woman and the Conventions.

Mr. George, who writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* as the representative of the feminist movement—although we can not for the life of us understand what a man is doing *dans cette galère*—is of opinion that what women want is not so much a change of law as of convention, and that they would be willing to let law alone if they could only break down custom. Mr. George reminds us that there are still some conventions that remain. He says that women demand the right to smoke without exciting attention, to ride astride if they wish to, or to wear trousers without arousing protest. Once more, we were unaware that women desired to do anything without exciting attention, but these, of course, are merely examples and must not be taken as the whole bill of rights.

Now it is in the hands of women themselves to alter the conventions if they think it would be wise to do so. They made the conventions. And it might be as well to remember that conventions have a very solid value. They are not the mere airy nothings that some women like to consider them. This sort of convention is no more than the modern equivalent of chivalry, and chivalry was designed to protect women from the brutality of men—as a reminder to men that there were some things against which brute force must not prevail. Now men are pretty much the same as they were a thousand years ago. They are just as brutal now as they were then, just as much disposed to take what they want, quite as likely now as they were then to rob women of what it is not to the interest of women to be robbed of. Let there be no illusions about that. The determination of men to take what they want by force is quite as rampant now as ever it was, although it may show itself in different ways. The women who say that physical force is now a thing of the past and that it need not be considered are merely chattering. The appeal to force is never more than about an eighth of an inch below the surface of male human nature. And it is convention, in other words chivalry, that prevents men from taking what they want from women. Absolutely nothing else.

When men object to women smoking, for example, it is not in the least because they wish to dictate to women merely for the sake of dictation, but because they do not wish to see a weakening of the barriers of chivalry, knowing the incalculable and destructive forces that are held back by those barriers and by nothing else. The woman who saunters through the park with a cigarette is not doing anything morally wrong. All that she is doing is to throw away the protection of convention and to announce to any young tough who comes along that she has lowered herself to his level of physical strength. In a very real sense it is men who are restrained by the conventions and not women. The convention that tells the woman that she must not do certain things is also telling the man that he, too, must not do certain other things that are a thousand times more serious. And but for convention, or chivalry, he would most assuredly do those very things. As soon as women have the physical strength of men they will be able to dispense with the conventions. But until that time they would do well to preserve them. It is easier to destroy than to build up and if women should find that they have deprived themselves of the protecting hand of convention they might then find themselves in the arena where physical force is the only thing that really counts.

Editorial Notes

The Fresno *Republican* has a few sober and weighty words to say with respect to the action of a San Jose judge who recently sentenced a first offender to prison for fifty years "as an example." It is, remarks the *Republican*, difficult to reconcile "example" sentences with the idealized judicial pose and balance of mind. Making an example of an offender always involves injustice to an individual. There was a case of this sort last week in San Francisco, when a young man, arrested for speeding an automobile on the San Mateo road, a first offense duly acknowledged, was sentenced to a period of imprisonment in the County Jail.

panionship with pickpockets and burglars, with a special side instruction to the sheriff that he be transported to the Branch County Jail in the prison van—all to the end of public humiliation "for the sake of the example." Admitting that there is little to be said in defense of a man punished for violation of a known law, there still remains something to be said in characterization of the particular judge—Shortall in the immediate instance—who metes out utmost severity of the law upon one man because he happens to be a person of some wealth and social distinction, while mitigating punishment in numerous other cases within the very same day. The unavoidable implication is that a judge who does this sort of thing is not so profoundly devoted to dispensation of justice as to calculating the effects of a cheap play to the political gallery, with a discreet eye upon his next candidacy.

One billion dollars of value is concentrated within the six miles square of a single township in the Minnesota iron region. Stuntz Township, containing the cities of Hibbing and Chisholm, is an almost continuous mass of high-grade ore, about five hundred feet in depth. The value of the score of big properties—including the two greatest iron-ore producers in the world—is not less than one billion dollars. But Hibbing, sitting on a mine, is not happy. It has to move. The property was acquired subject to mineral rights (says the *World's Work*). The mining pits, opened by steam shovels from one to five miles in three directions and converging at the city limits, show that the city's 10,000 inhabitants dwell on a great bank of solid ore. The fee and lease-holders express a desire to be liberal and to pay generous damages to property-owners; but the city must change its base. It is moving along on the installment plan, and soon a brand-new Hibbing will appear nearby, with schools, churches, banks, parks, and libraries.

Magnesite, a mineral which is over fifty-two per cent carbon dioxide, the gas which is used for charging soda water, ginger ale, and similar beverages, is found in greater quantities in California than in any section of the country. California magnesite is probably excelled by few, if any, of the foreign deposits and is superior to much that is mined abroad. Considerable interest in the domestic production of magnesite has been aroused of late in anticipation of the possible advantage that may accrue with the opening of the Panama Canal, in the hope that this new route may enable California producers to reach the Eastern ports at sufficiently low freight rates to allow them to place their product on the Eastern market.

The unsophisticated visitor to the lumber districts of Canada may occasionally see what is to him a very remarkable sight, a primitive-looking steamboat high and dry on a road, crawling along quite comfortably, apparently just as much at home as in its natural element. These boats are known as "alligators," and are used for towing the rafts of logs down the rivers and lakes to the mills (says the *Wide World Magazine*). Sometimes it is desired to transfer one of these craft to a new sphere of operations which can only be reached overland, and the boat is then hauled out of the water, placed upon rollers, and travels to its destination by means of its own power.

It has been proved in India and the Malay Peninsula that the produce from one acre of bananas, or plantains, as the fruit is termed in that region, will support a much greater number of people than a similar area under any other crop, and the immense yield may be preserved for an indefinite period by drying the fruit and preparing meal from it. Plantain meal is made by stripping off the husk, slicing the core, drying it in the sun, and then reducing it to powder, and finally sifting. It is calculated that the fresh core will give forty per cent of meal and that an acre of average quality will yield over a ton.

In the plumbago district of Ceylon the supply near the surface has been practically exhausted, and the mine-owners in going deeper are confronted with the water problem, which they now recognize means the installation of modern machinery, including powerful pumps. The picturesque will become a matter of memory, for buckets and hand pumps operated by coolie labor will be discarded. Plumbago is the most important mineral export from Ceylon, and more than half of the total output comes to the United States.

Operating twenty-five cruising cutters and eighteen harbor vessels and launches, the United States revenue cutter service during the winter of 1912-13 saved \$10,626,610 worth of property from the perils of the sea, and at the same time rescued 327 persons. The total cost for the maintenance of the service was practically \$2,500,000.

With the advent of the motor-boat in Venice, during the last few years the number of gondolas has been steadily diminishing, and now it is reported that the gondoliers are about to lay down their oars and form themselves into a body of motor boatmen.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It has not been easy to persuade the Western world that the road of the victorious Balkan armies was one of almost unmatched cruelties, barbarities, and atrocities. But if it has not been easy it has certainly not proved to be impossible. The attitude of the Anglo-Saxon mind toward an unwelcome truth is usually a silent one. If we can not deny we can at least hold our tongues, and so the earlier efforts to provoke enthusiasm for a "Christian" cause have gradually faded before a dead wall of inhospitable silence. The average Western mind will tolerate honest fighting, however deadly and remorseless it may be, but it will not tolerate torture and mutilation. And at last we have been convinced against our will that torture and mutilation were the order of the day wherever the Balkan armies found a footing.

And when I say that we have been convinced against our will I refer to those whose experiences of Oriental Europe are of the vicarious kind. It was quite easy to convince those who were able to bring a personal acquaintance to the study of the reports from the theatre of war. Few of those who have ever traveled through Turkey and the Balkan states found it difficult to realize the saturnalia of abominations that must inevitably break forth as soon as the hitherto invincible Turk should be found to be vulnerable. Nor were they surprised to learn that the victims of those abominations were in nearly all cases the Turks themselves.

My own experience of Oriental Europe began some fifteen years ago, when business connected with immigration took me on a tour of inquiry through Poland, southern Russia, and the countries to the west of the Black Sea. It was a mission attended with some anxiety, since the governments of eastern Europe are strongly averse to the spread of information concerning the more favored and less crowded portions of the world, and although my errand was one of inquiry and therefore technically within the law, it is just as well to imitate Caesar's wife and to be above suspicion when confronted with the police autocracies of the East. And so I took the occasion to ask for consular advice in Constantinople, and I have since had occasion to remember the counsel given to me. It was to the effect that I would do well to keep as much as possible among the Turks, as it was only from them that an invariable courtesy, kindness, and hospitality could be looked for. It might be found elsewhere and doubtless would be found elsewhere, but it belonged to the essential nature of the Turk. It never failed.

The advice was good advice, and I have since found that my own experience with the Turks has been identical with that of all other travelers with whom I have compared notes. If the Turk has lacked friends in the Western world it is because he has also lacked acquaintances. No one who knows him in his own home will be unwilling to testify to virtues that may be of the primitive kind, that may have the strong stamp of fanatical nationality, but that are none the less substantial and admirable. In the presence of the unspoiled Turk one recognizes a man whose whole character is faithfully modeled upon his religion, whose every act has a religious basis, and whose life is dominated by the precepts of his faith. Now amid the comforts and securities of a more advanced civilization we may not think much of the religion of the Turk. We may even subscribe to the various organizations for persuading him to change that religion. Nevertheless the traveler among the Turks will find it comfortable to reflect that he is certain of hospitality and courtesy because the Koran inculcates these virtues, and that the faith of Islam is a protection to him even where the hand of officialism is most conspicuous by its absence. Islam stands alone, or almost alone, among the faiths of the world in its power to enforce its precepts and to compel the adoption of its virtues. It touches the heart of the savage African negro and makes of him as much of a man as he is capable of being. And it makes of the Turk a gentleman, at least so far as concerns those virtues that conduce to the comfort of the traveler.

And so the events of the last few years have caused me many times to remember my early estimates of the character of the Turk. I was reminded of my own observations when I read the accounts of the war that were furnished by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, probably the most careful and competent war correspondent now living. Mr. Bartlett speaks of his own experiences with the beaten and flying Turkish army after Kirk Kalisseh. He and his companion were practically the only white men in that demoralized horde of soldiers. In the midst of thousands of starving, naked, and wolfish men he tells us that he sat in his little service tent and cooked his food in comfort and safety. Not a hand was raised against him, not a single attempt was made to rob him of even a crust of bread. Some few of those famished wretches asked him courteously for food which he was compelled to refuse, but they offered neither violence nor even reproach. They could have taken all that he had and cut his throat into the bargain, and they could have done these things in perfect safety, since the army was unofficered and in chaos. But they had no quarrel with Englishmen and their religion exacted courtesy and deference to the stranger. Mr. Bartlett was as safe in that inferno of misery and despair as if he had been by his own fireside. And so he asks himself if he would have been equally safe in like conditions with any of the civilized armies of Europe. And he thinks that he would not.

One is sometimes inclined to wonder why religious animosities should be so intense in Oriental Europe. It is because convictions are so intense, and convictions always have an explosive force in narrow minds. Here in the West we

may know a man intimately and even domestically for years and yet be unacquainted with his religion. He hears no external marks of his faith, and it is hardly in good form to demand a statement of his convictions. And here we may note the supreme and radical difference between the religions of the East and of the West. The Oriental can not conceal his faith even if he wished to, which he does not. He can neither talk, nor walk, nor eat, nor clothe himself without revealing his religious adhesions. Every detail of his life is dictated by his faith. Religion for him is the supreme fact of life, the pulsating centre around which his existence revolves. It is stamped upon every act, it is visible, aggressively visible, to every eye that rests upon him. Therefore religion is not a matter for the background and the privacies of life. It is obvious, manifest, and provocative. And it is associated with a long tradition of hate, of bloody deeds and a still more bloody revenge. It is alike the memory and the promise of outrage and retaliation.

And so the Western world has at last been convinced that whatever the record of the Turk may have been in the past—and it is by no means an irreproachable record—in this case he has been more sinned against than sinner. For there are practically no stories of Turkish outrages during the Balkan war or only those vague assertions that are of the *tu quoque* order. But the evidence of atrocities on the part of the allies is absolute and impeccable. They were outrages that had not even the excuse of religious hate, since they were inflicted upon one another with the same horrible zest that was displayed against the Turks. The testimony comes from a hundred different sources and is so overwhelming as to be final. Indeed there is practically no voice upon the other side. The atrocities inflicted, not only upon the beaten enemy, but upon their wives and daughters and babies, are of a kind to stagger the imagination. They surpass in number and in horror anything that has been recorded or even hinted at in the annals of modern war. They were not sporadic, but continuous and universal. Only the strongest stomach can stand such a diet of iniquities.

At the moment of writing I have a pamphlet before me headed "Come Over Into Macedonia and Help Us." It is issued in Constantinople and it bears a preface by Sir Adam Block. It is a record of atrocities inflicted by the allies upon the Turks. No mention is made of the equal atrocities inflicted by Christian upon Christian. That will be another story, of which we have already had some hints. Now the whole of this record appears to be authentic. It comes from all sorts and conditions of people, from newspaper representatives, from missionaries, from teachers, and from soldiers. And it is illustrated with photographs, and they are the kind of photographs that make one giddy and sick. Heaven forbid that there should be any needless publicity of details that would horrify an army surgeon, but one or two brief and business-like extracts will show the nature of this horror. Here is a letter from the Macedonian mission which says: "At Dolni-Poroy the Turks have been massacred. At Vaisy all the Turkish population has been killed. At Galdinovo twelve Turks were killed." Another letter, appearing in the *Paris Humanité*, says: "All the inhabitants of Drenovo were butchered. Between this village and Palikura were found a number of graves from which emerged the heads of people who had been tortured and hunched, dead or alive." And again: "In one village men were hung up by their feet in a slaughter-house and hacked to pieces." And still again: "At Eschekli, near Kilich, after the usual pillage, massacre, and incendiarism, thirteen young girls were violated and then buried alive." These things were done by Bulgarians upon Turks, and it may be that we shall presently have details as to the similar horrors subsequently inflicted by these same Bulgarians upon their fellow-Christians. Already we have heard stories of soldiers swaggering about and proudly displaying necklaces made from the hands of babies—Christian babies.

Now these few little extracts are not representative of the story by any means. Extracts that would be truly representative would not be of the printable kind. There are sixty pages of this pamphlet and they are all full of this kind of thing, and in most of the cases the full proof is furnished. The only pages that contain no letterpress are occupied with photographs, and they are the kind of photographs that wake one with a shiver in the middle of the night. The pamphlet may contain exaggerations and mistakes, and if it was unsupported we might view it with some suspicion if only on the ground of the universality of the terror. But these reports are not unsupported. They are confirmed from scores of other sources. The European press has been full of the stories of eye-witnesses, and if these stories are not true then we may as well dismiss all human evidence upon this and all other points. If these stories are not true then there is nothing true. And I think that their truth will not be impeached by those who are practically familiar with the Turk and with his enemies.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Piuma grass; used in Italy for the manufacture of brooms for sweeping highly polished floors, is a product of swampy regions, particularly in southeastern Lombardy, southern Venetia, and northern Emilia, in which sections it is said to grow abundantly. Mantua, Lombardy, is the centre of the trade in piuma grass. Peasants around Mantua gather it during the first three weeks in September, about two weeks before it begins to blossom.

The exact geographical centre of the United States is located on a farm about twelve miles northeast of Smith Center, Kansas. The exact spot is said to be occupied by an old windmill standing beside a wooden shed.

THE SIGN OF THE ARROW.

If Calkins's Nature Hadn't Been So Confiding.

The Amateur Photographer, the Naturalist, Calkins, and myself lounged on our blankets about the embers of the grease-wood camp-fire, silently enjoying an after-supper pipe. An owl hooted from the rocks near by. "*Megascops Asie Bendirei*. 232. Bryant's schedule. \$3.00," remarked the Naturalist, who viewed nature from a purely commercial standpoint.

"By the way, tomorrow I'll show you a blue-print of the—what was the name of the bird you got this morning?" inquired the Amateur Photographer.

"*Harporrhynchus Seconiei*. Bryant. 413. \$2.00," replied the Naturalist.

"Yes, I'd forgotten. That's it, I dare say. There was a curious thing about that picture. When I took the plate from the bath, I noticed a line down the bird's breast which I did not remember to have seen in the original when I propped him in position. At first I thought it must be some defect in the film, but there really was the line, plain enough, caused by a sort of thin, semi-bald streak through the feathers. It was so distinctly marked, I wondered that I hadn't seen it before. It merely goes to show how much more accurate in matter of detail a camera's eye is than one's own."

"I seen that illustrated once in a strikin' kind of way," said the hitherto silent Calkins, slowly tapping the up-turned toes of his boots with his empty pipe-howl, while he gazed into the fire in an absent-minded way, "and I'd have made my everlastin' stake out of the business I'm speakin' of if only my fool nature hadn't been too confidin'."

Calkins paused, and sighed deeply at this reminiscence of an injudicious trustfulness.

"The beginnin' of it all happened nigh on to twenty years ago," he resumed, in response to our request for the story, "one time when I'd been out prospectin' round about San Felipe, and was on my way in for more grub and powder and a new outfit of tools. It was a sizzlin' hot September afternoon, and I was takin' it kind of easy, havin' nothin' much to hurry me, and was joggin' along on my mule just fast enough to keep my pack-burro movin' on ahead of me. The sand was heavy and the sun bore down like a hot weight. And I was gazin' up in the air, shadin' my eyes the best I could, to find how much the sun had dropped since I'd looked last, when I see, 'way up above the trail, half a mile ahead, what at first sight—with my eyes bein' dazzled—I took for a little floatin' cloud. Then next minute when I see it keep sailin' round in a circle, and each time it made a round droppin' a little lower, I knew it wa'n't no cloud, but a bird, just one of them big California vultures, nine feet from tip to tip of his wings if he was an inch."

"Really, now," interrupted the Naturalist, with the deepest interest, "*Pseudogryphus Californianus*. 324. Belcher's schedule—rare—no price quoted."

"Mayhe," said Calkins in a tone of indulgence, though scarcely heeding the interruption. "He was a fine sight to see, I can tell you, sailin' round up there like he owned things in general and was out inspectin' his property. As I've said, he kept slowly droppin', each time he swung round, and each circle he made was narrower'n the last one. I knew from the way he carried on there was somethin' dead lying about on the line of the trail ahead of me. Then all to once, the pack-burro pricked her ears out forward, snorted, and crowded round back on the trail, and my mule got to tremblin' and come to a dead stop. I hollered to the jenny and headed her off, as she was stampedin' back the way we'd come, and when I'd got her cornered in among some rocks, I hitched her and the mule short up to a boulder and walked up to see what had scared 'em."

"I didn't wonder they was rattled when I see what it was. There, lying sprawled out on his back across the trail, shot through the head, was a man with his face turned up to the sun, his lips all turned blue, and drawn back from what teeth he had, and his eyes all glazed and starin'. One arm was bent under him, and the other stretched out straight, with the fingers bent in a clutch, like a hawk's claw. He must have been lyin' there stone-dead for a week, just shrinkin' and dryin' up in the sun, like all dead things do, out on the desert."

"I see just in a minute who the man was lyin' there, he havin' been pretty well known in them parts, and havin' a scarred, scowlin' kind of face, which you didn't need to see more'n once to recollect it. Him and his brother'd lived for the past five years up in among the piñon timber, way back on the upper slope of the same range of hills alongside of which I was travelin' and there wa'n't but few men between the Colorado and White Water as could speak of 'em without gettin' muddled clean through, though they didn't care much to meddle with 'em really, hein' mostly just good long-distance talkers. One brother'd been killed the spring before, while actin' sort of fresh at an Indian fiesta, and now here was the other one laid out, too. There'd been somethin' of a mystery about them two brothers, but more specially about the four or five men who'd gone up, different times, near their cabin, and never'd been afterwards anyways heard from. Then, too, there'd been considerable conjecturin' as to them brothers bein' the ones what had got clean off with a good many express-boxes and mail-sacks from the desert stage-lines, and if they was, as to what they'd ever done with the coin and bullion they must have collected. They never was known to spend nothin', and so it was gen-

erally allowed they must have it all cached somewhere. "Havin' all these ideas runnin' through my head, and bein', though you mightn't think it, naturally curious-minded, and willin' to take no end of trouble to find out about things, no matter how triflin', which I didn't know and took interest in, as I stood there with the shadow of the vulture movin' like a little cloud over the sand—he not seemin' half so much scared at me bein' there as I'd been expectin', and sort of wished he had—I got to ponderin' and plannin'."

"Why not," says I to myself, 'go on up to the cabin among the piñons and examine into things up there, now there's nobody to hinder?'

"The trail to the cabin joined the one I was travelin', not more'n a mile beyond, and from there on it wa'n't more'n five miles more up into the piñons; pretty steep, rough climbin' to be sure—so I'd heard tell—but an easy trail to keep, and a sure thing for fair feed and water enough for stock when you'd got to the cabin."

"Havin' concluded I'd make the trip, I didn't waste no time in startin', and by hustlin' along pretty lively I managed to round-up at the cabin a little after sundown. It seemed a gloomy kind of place to stop at, lookin' a long ways dismaler than the bare, hot sand and rocks of the desert down below. Nothing all round but a low, scatterin' growth of scrubby piñons, just thick enough to shut out the view any way you'd look. There was a low, two-roomed cabin, with the mud all droppin' out of the chinks and the bark peelin' off the logs; a brush shed for stock and a little shake granary, with a warped door hangin' askew on one leather hinge."

"Havin' unsaddled, and taken off the pack, and turned the animals loose to pick up what feed they could, I didn't wait to get supper, but started right in inspectin' the premises. There was a room in each end of the cabin, with an open space between 'em just covered in from the weather by the roof, and some shakes nailed up across the north side to keep out the worst of the wind. Here the only furnishin' was a three-legged stool, an old saddle-tree and a stirrup-leather hung up on pegs, a broken piece of lookin'-glass, and a ragged, moth-eaten coyote skin tacked on the wall. I picked up a candle-end and went in next to the room they'd used for a kitchen, and commenced carefully investigatin', all nerved up to strike anything from bones to bullion. It didn't take me long to finish up in there, seein' nothin', aside from a lot of dirt and old meat-cans, but a table, a bench, and a few greasy-lookin' cookin' things blackened by the fire. Then I tried the bunk-room opposite, but found nothin' there but some ragged beddin' in the bunks, two broken-down chairs, and a dirty corner-shelf, on which was an empty bottle with a candle stuck in it, an old bone comb, and a grimy pack of cards."

"I was gettin' discouraged, and tired, and hungry, and was just leavin' to start up a fire and get supper, when I lowered my candle to look under the bunks, as a sort of finishin' up for the night of my examination, and there, under one of 'em, I see a big board box, painted red and bound with rusty hoop-iron. Then I forgot all about eatin', and my curiosity got to workin' right away. I set the candle down on the floor, and after considerable tuggin' got the box slid out to where I could get at it. The lock was gone all but the hasp, and the lid was only fastened down with a hair-rope lashin'. I unhitched that in just no time at all, and took off the top of the box, bein' all of a tremble with excitement."

"At first sight of the contents I was considerable disappointed. Aside from some rusty iron junk in the bottom of the box, there was just a lot of old flannel shirts and a faded canvas coat wrapped round a five-pound bakin'-powder can. Inside the can there was a piece of rancheria-tanned buckskin done up in a roll. I was puttin' this back again, feelin' discouraged all through, when I see there was some blurry lines and letters drawn on it in ink, and I unrolled it near the candle to have a better look. It was meant for a map plain enough, but of what, first along, I couldn't make out. There was a zig-zaggy shaded line meant to represent hills, with a 'T' at one end of 'em, and 'W W' at the other, and underneath this was a drawin' of what I made out to be a big rock with an arrow marked on it, with the head pointin' down, and the figures '9'—'3.' That was all, exceptin' a little red-ink cross marked up in a deep rincon in the hills. I quit looking out for anything else that night, and after I'd got supper put in my time puzzlin' away at the meanin' of the map, and went to sleep still puzzlin'."

"In the mornin', first thing, I started in again, and then in a flash the whole thing come to me. Everythin' seemed so plain I just wondered then I hadn't seen it all at first sight. 'T' was Torros Station, and 'W W' White Water, and the crooked, shaded line was the hills borderin' on the desert between the two places. I'd known the whole country thereabouts for years, and recognized every little hend and corner in the hills where they'd tried to set 'em out on the map. Then I see the little red cross was just meant to locate the rock, with the arrow and the figures marked on it. Now I was on the right trail, it didn't take me long to work it all out. I seen the whole scheme and the idea of the map, and the blood just rushed to my head as I took it all in. Under that there rock was the coin and bullion which folks had been conjecturin' about. '9' meant nine feet out from where the arrow pointed down, and '3' meant three feet deep in the ground. That was where the plunder was."

"Well, as you can easy understand, I didn't waste much time when once I'd struck this lead in startin' in

to realize, and I went stumblin' down that trail from the cabin at a gait which astonished the mule and worried the jenny considerable. But findin' treasure on a map and locatin' it on the ground I soon see was two very different things. I'd worked out the first proposition all right enough, but when I'd tackled the second I found I had a bigger contract on my hands than I'd been calculatin' on. I hadn't no trouble in hittin' on the rincon, marked by the red-ink cross; but there was ledges and rocky bluffs for miles each way, and though I put in a week huntin' for that big rock with the sign of the arrow I wa'n't any wiser when I quit than when I started in, and at last I give up beat and went in off the desert for the winter."

"Now, though I'd give up it was only for the time bein', and I still kept the map with me wherever I went, meanin' some day to go back; but one thing after another kept comin' up to hinder, and it was nigh on to three years before ever I set foot in that rincon again."

"My next trip there come about this way. Early one May afternoon I got into the White Water Station and found a fat man, with a long curly beard and a sociable sort of way with him, monkeyin' with some little rolled-up papers just outside the brush-porch in front. He said they were photographs he was dryin' off, he bein' a professional, hired—so he claimed—by some concern to make pictures of anything remarkable he run against down in that country. He wa'n't no ways particular what he photographed—so it looked to me—for he made a point of takin' a picture of me and my mule and the burro quick as we'd got in, and that led up to our gettin' tolerable friendly right away."

"He begun spreadin' out his pictures, and I stood by talkin' and lookin' 'em over kind of careless like, till he give me one of a big palm-tree, growin' just in front of a steep, rocky bluff. Then I stopped short in the middle of what I was sayin', and for a minute couldn't speak, I was so dumfounded, for on that rock in the picture, standin' out plain among the cleavage lines, was the figure of an arrow pointin' to the ground."

"I give a gasp, and the photo-grapher looked up surprised, inquiren' what the matter was. When I asked him he described the place where he took the picture the best way he could, and before he'd ever got half through I see plain enough he was speakin' of the rincon marked by the little red-ink cross on the map. I must have been by that same ledge at least half a dozen times without ever seein' the arrow, bein' as it was so all mixed up with weather cracks and crisscross lines on the rocks. I pointed out the arrow, which he'd no notion of bein' there till I showed it to him, and then he seemed pretty near as much surprised as I was, and asked no end of questions about what I knew bearin' on the subject."

"Bein' sort of unstrung with excitement, and he seemin' terrible friendly and interest, and the sort of man generally you could tie to and trust in, and me bein' naturally, perhaps, overconfidin', I started right in and give him the whole business, windin' up by showin' him the map. Finally it come to this: he agreed to take me round to the rocks in the mornin' early in a light pole-buckboard he was travelin' about the country in—it hein' a trip of only ten or twelve miles from where we was talkin'—and we was to divide even up what we found there, we both of us allowin' there'd ought to be from all accounts more'n enough for two."

"I was up before daylight—the moon just goin' down—potterin' round to get things ready for an early start, and was some surprised not to find the photo-grapher's sorrel team tied up alongside my mule, when I went into the stable shed to feed him, where I'd seen 'em nigh before. Then I noticed with a sort of misgivin' that there wa'n't no sign of the buckboard, which I'd last seen standin' out in front. Pretty quick the hostler come out, rubbin' his eyes and pickin' out straws from his hair, and when I asked him about the sorrels and the buckboard he said the photo-grapher'd hitched up and pulled out nigh before just after I'd turned in."

"Well, of course, I seen then right away how it was. That fat, sociable photo-graphin' scut had just gone off on the quiet to rake in the plunder for himself, not wantin' no dividin' when he'd struck a good thing."

"Naturally I saddled up right away and went off on a lope, hopin' to strike the rincon before he'd got away, and try 'n make his stay there interestin' for him; but he had too much the start, and when at last I got to the rock with the palm-tree in front there was the sign of the arrow plain enough, and I knew where to look, but nothin' else left of what I'd been plannin' and dreamin' about for all them years but a new hole in the ground, two stove-in express-boxes, and a dull-colored twenty lyin' in the new-dug dirt, where he'd dropped and overlooked it in his hurry to make his clean-up and get well away."

"I was so sort of worked up, and deathly disappointed, and mad all through, that when a little dicky-bird roostin' on some brush near the palm commenced warblin' like he was celebratin' my being done up that way—"

"Doubtless *Melospiza Fasciata Fallax*. 19. Lehman. 35 cents," interposed the Naturalist.

"Like enough," continued Calkins. "Well, his warblin' riled me that much that before I'd thought—havin' nothin' else handy—I'd hove the twenty at him, and couldn't find it afterwards."

"I made inquiries for that insinuatn' photo-gr—er longin' to see him again, if only for just once—I never learned nothin' more of him or the treasure."

EDMUND STUART ROSE.

THE GREAT ASHOKAN TUNNEL.

New York Celebrates an Engineering Feat Second Only to the Panama Canal.

Sounds of revelry are not wholly unfamiliar to New York in spite of the efforts of municipal piety to suppress them. But even the most seasoned and experienced citizen must have wondered why sounds of revelry should be so distinctly audible from the surface of an uninviting looking hole in the ground at One Hundred and Fifty-First Street and St. Nicholas Place early last Saturday morning. Was it possible that the roysterers of the Great White Way had been so effectively "driven to earth" as all this and that they were veritably "dying in the last ditch"? It seemed to be a horrid choice of localities for a festivity, but a festivity it actually was, and the scene of the rejoicing was exactly 441 feet under ground.

But it was an innocent rejoicing and even a laudable one. The revelers were the workmen employed on the great Ashokan aqueduct tunnel and they were celebrating the destruction by dynamite of the last barrier, a mass of rock nine feet thick that marked the end of the work. It was the intention so to regulate the blast that a thin veil of rock should remain for the formal ceremonial later on, when the mayor had promised to press the button. But it is not easy to calculate such matters to a nicety, and when the smoke of the first explosion had passed away it was found that the rock had actually been penetrated and that the passage had been opened. But nothing could be easier than to arrange for a second explosion so that the formalities might be duly and properly complied with, and so the workmen rushed away to the foot of the shaft, where a royal spread had been furnished by the contractors. And an additional zest was given to the feast by the promise of an extra day's pay for every man on the job. And thus the sounds of subterranean revelry are fully accounted for.

The subsequent and more formal ceremony was all that it should be. The mayor and a large party of visitors were duly dropped into the bowels of the earth in a series of small cages that seemed to be highly dangerous, but that were actually quite safe even under so unusual a load of intellect and civic pride. The first operation was a flashlight photograph of the mayor in the act of touching the button, and when that task had been satisfactorily accomplished the mayor did actually touch the button in a most skillful manner, and the answering roar from a thousand feet away in the blackness was gratifyingly loud. The Ashokan aqueduct was an accomplished fact, although it must still be many months before the water is admitted. The speeches, of course, were of the usual kind. Every one grasped his neighbor's hand and assured him that the work would have been a hopeless impossibility but for the coöperation, intelligence, and Christian pieties of said neighbor. One always says that sort of thing.

But although the progress of the work has not been accompanied with the blare of trumpets it is actually one of the most formidable engineering feats ever accomplished. If anything nearly so big had been done in the light of day it would have arrested the attention of civilization. Of course we compare everything of the kind nowadays with the Panama Canal. The Canal has become a sort of standard of engineering values, and so it may be said that the Ashokan aqueduct comes second on the list of engineering wonders, and not a very bad second either. As a concession to the kind of mind that thinks always in terms of cost it may be said that \$162,000,000 will have been expended before water actually runs through the tube, and when the water is actually turned on it will supply no less than 700,000,000 gallons a day, which certainly ought to be enough for all legitimate purposes of the metropolitan tub and the metropolitan libations. If New York does not take care some of that water may get into the wine, but probably that particular calamity will be avoided. It must be.

The Ashokan water tunnel is the longest in the world and probably also the largest, as it ranges in diameter from eleven to seventeen feet. The actual length from the dam in the Catskills to Brooklyn is 110 miles. Over seventeen miles between Yonkers and Brooklyn are through solid rock, the changing geological formations having necessitated innumerable exploratory borings in order to determine the precise nature of the difficulties ahead. As it approaches the Hudson River the tunnel drops down 1200 feet on the west side of the river, crosses underneath the river, and then continues to New York, gradually rising toward the surface. Eight entire villages with a population of 3000 people have been moved and twenty-eight hundred bodies have been exhumed from village cemeteries and reinterred elsewhere. It was even found necessary to move sixteen miles of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad. Indeed the engineers would have moved the equator if it had been found to be in their way—or the Ten Commandments. The work of construction has taken nine years, and the daily staff of workmen ranged from 17,000 to 25,000. The note of tragedy never missing from such colossal undertakings is supplied by the fact that 283 men have been killed and 8833 have been injured.

An interesting part of the system is the great reservoirs from which the water supply is to be drawn. Of these there will be four, the chief among them being the Ashokan reservoir, twelve miles long and from one-half to three miles wide. The Kensico storage reser-

voir is large enough to supply the city for fifty days. The Hill View reservoir, intended to regulate the changing pressure from day to night, is one-fortieth the size of Ashokan, while the Silver Lake reservoir will be reached by extending the tunnel under the Narrows.

It will still be a year before the Ashokan tunnel is open for use, and we shall then have heard the last of the customary prognostications of a water famine in New York. The mayor in his opening speech said that he personally had never believed in the possibilities of an actual shortage, but 700,000,000 gallons additional every day of the year ought forever to silence the voice of the pessimist, if indeed it can be silenced by anything so innocuous as water. But will it actually make any difference to the thirst of the metropolis? Will cleanliness be a prelude to godliness?

FLANEUR.
NEW YORK, January 14, 1914.

Practically all the pottery used in the Durango section of Mexico, from the tiniest teacup to the largest flowerpot, is fashioned by hand from Durango clay. There are about twenty such factories in the city, employing from five to fifty men each. The clay used in this industry is obtained from the base of Durango's famous Iron Mountain, one mile north of the city. The vessels are all fashioned by hand and foot power. The only instrument used is a large wooden wheel, through the axis of which passes a pole about three feet in length, terminating at the other extremity in a small wooden wheel set parallel to the big wheel. The operator sits so that he may turn the large wheel (set horizontally near the floor so that it will move freely) with his foot, which in turn causes the little wheel above, on a level with his chest, to revolve very rapidly. A convenient sized lump of the clay dough is placed upon this little wheel, and as the mass revolves by the impulse of the laborer's foot, he hollows out and fashions the vessel. The skill and dexterity of these workmen is little short of remarkable. With only the eye to guide, he fashions with astonishing rapidity vessels which do not differ one from the other in either size or shape. A single laborer is able to complete about thirty-six dozen jars of nearly a quart capacity in a day.

A pleasant and easy way of seeing the world and living without working, that of pretending to be on a walking trip around the world for a mythical wager with some equally mythical club or personages, has exhausted its possibilities in Prussia. The authorities have come to the conclusion that this type of traveler has become so numerous as to constitute a public nuisance, and the minister of the interior has instructed the police to prevent them from selling postcards with their photographs, announcing lectures, or otherwise molesting the public.

When the United States took over the island of Porto Rico fifteen years ago there was there only one building specially erected for school purposes, the total school enrollment was put at only 26,000 children and their attendance was irregular. More than eighty per cent of the entire population could neither read nor write. Today there are nearly four hundred public school buildings in Porto Rico and the school enrollment is 162,000. The percentage of illiteracy has been reduced more than fourteen per cent and is rapidly lowering.

In the region of Alberta, Canada, where oil has been found, with the result that a large territory has been taken up by prospectors, large bodies of so-called "tar sands" have been known for many years. They occur on the Athabaska River and its tributaries, and are in places sixty feet thick where exposed on the river banks, and have been traced for considerable distances from the river. Seepages of oil are reported for as much as four hundred miles to the north of Alberta.

Desire to possess leads to extraordinary offerings at times, as witness M. Matacheff, a Russian sportsman, who recently offered more than \$275,000 for the English race horse, Lemberg. This is the highest valuation ever placed on a horse, and it is interesting to know that the owner, who races on the English turf under the name of "Mr. Fairlie," refused to part with his pride even at that fabulous price. Lemberg, a great winner, was foaled in 1907.

Artificial wood, having the resistance of oak, is now successfully made from straw. The straw after being cut into small pieces is reduced to a paste by boiling, to which certain chemicals are added. When the paste has been reduced to a homogeneous mass it is put into presses, and planks, beams, laths, and moldings of all sizes are readily made. This new material can be sawed like natural wood. As a fuel it emits a bright flame and little smoke.

Not since 1860 has the output of quicksilver been so low as last year, which showed the smallest production, except in three years, since 1850, when the commercial production of quicksilver began in this country. The decrease amounted to \$279,887. Outside of California especially new prospecting and development were active.

Excavations in the Palatine at Rome have just revealed the mundus, or centre, of the original city. The monument is known to have existed through references in the works of Varro and other writers. It was around this centre that Romulus is declared to have turned the historic furrow.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Modest Wit.

A supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at least,
I have forgotten which—

Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suit,
An unassuming boy, in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?" —Selleck Osborn

The World's Way.

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horseshoe, wrought of God,
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, the Sultan smiled, and gave
The man a gold-piece. *Sing again, O slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a sekkah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high
Grew weary with its climbing by and by:

Strange discords rose; the sense went quite amiss;
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss:

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,
And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said,
O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!

Poets! not in Arabia alone
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order.—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't.
So have your breeches!

Wear your knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,
"Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes destroying?
Or roughish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first,—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!—
Sordid, unfeeling reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

(Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.)

—George Conning.

A BIOGRAPHY OF EARLY YEARS.

Henry Cabot Lodge Writes of His Youth and of Some of the Eminent Persons He Has Known.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge begins his autobiography with an expression of regret that he can not adopt the words of the Duc de Choiseul, who said at the opening of his memoirs that it was unnecessary to speak of his birth or genealogy, since all this information could be found in the books that deal with such matters. The little world where every one could find his genealogy in "the books" has departed. The day of democracy is with us, while Darwin and Galton have given a new importance to lineage.

At the same time Mr. Lodge might perhaps have been somewhat less sensitive to these modern influences and thus have curtailed the one hundred pages that he devotes to his heredity and boyhood. His future life was destined to be so full that we are inclined to grudge the space given to the relative unimportantes of youth, the football, the baseball, and the stamp collections. Not that these are without their interest. They were stirring days, and even the impressions of a boy are not to be undervalued. It was as a boy that he first met Rufus Choate, and he remembers seeing a tall man with black hair and dark, deep-set eyes, his hat pushed back and his coat sleeves drawn up as if for coolness. Later on, when Mr. Lodge was in Congress, he met General Butler, who invited him to lunch:

We had a very pleasant luncheon, but the one thing in the conversation which I remember was this story of Choate. It was apropos of a certain claimant who just then had a bill before Congress to pay him for some improvement in rifles which he had made at the time of the war. "He was always inventing things," said General Butler. "When he was a young man he invented some haking machinery and set up a factory equipped with it in New Hampshire. The invention wasn't worth a damn, and the concern failed, and, of course [I liked General Butler's "of course" at this point], it burned down. The insurance companies refused to pay, and the claimant retained Mr. Choate and me to sue them. I took charge of the case, but the claimant insisted on seeing Mr. Choate, and so one day I took him to Mr. Choate's office and the claimant told his story. When he had gone I said to Mr. Choate: 'What a liar our client is.' Mr. Choate, looking at me with his melancholy eyes, replied: 'I would not say that, Mr. Butler; call him an inventor rather.'" I have again wandered far from my early days, but Mr. Choate is always a temptation whenever one speaks or writes of him, and his early death prevented my ever knowing him after I had grown up.

During his youth and while he was still at school the author saw all the best plays of the day, and this leads him to some reflections on a dramatic decadence that is sometimes denied. He says:

It was a good bit of education to have seen all these old comedies well given before their final departure from the stage, for they possessed, as a rule, literary as well as dramatic merit, and literature is more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence on the popular stage of today. There are, of course, good modern plays, quite equal to and often better than many of these old comedies, but they do not command the popular stage to the same degree as the old comedies did in my boyhood. This I think is true in England as well as in the United States, although it must be confessed that our theatres have sunk lower, certainly have declined, in the character of their performances more universally than the English.

The author heard Governor Andrew address the first troops from Boston during the Civil War, and although he can not remember what he said he has a clear recollection of "the feeling of awe and solemnity which came over me when I saw him speaking to the soldiers." Andrew had sacrificed everything to the public service, and this fact becoming generally known there was some talk of giving him the collectorship of the port of Boston, which was a lucrative office:

In summer, when the town was deserted, Governor Andrew was in the habit of lunching with Judge Gray, who lived near the State House, and there he came one day as usual. No one else was present. When they were seated at the table Judge Gray referred to the current rumor about the collectorship. Without a word of warning (I use Judge Gray's own expression) Andrew laid down his knife and fork, looked at his host earnestly, and said: "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar. I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts. I can not take money for that." They were entirely alone, there was no audience, it was simply the expression of the man's nature in words and imagery at once instinctive and natural. Judge Gray added that no eloquence he had ever heard had moved him so much.

In 1866 the author went with his family to Europe, an ocean journey that occupied two weeks. He tells us of the people whom he met and the places that he visited, and among the former was William Story, the sculptor, whom he describes as one of the most delightful and the most attractive men that it has ever been his good fortune to know. One of his most intense enthusiasms was for Italy and the Italians, to whom he thought that foreigners of the northern race were habitually unjust:

I remember well his telling me a story which used to rouse his indignation even more than his amusement, and which is as characteristic of the occasional English grace of thought and manner as any I ever heard. He said that he was one day coming down the steps to the Piazza di Spagna with an English friend. Around the fountain at the foot were gathered, as usual, a number of peasants in the costume of the country, waiting to be hired as models by artists. The Englishman stopped and pointing at them said: "I say, Story, just look at those damn foreigners." The fact that these innocent peasants, for such they were in those days, were in their own country had no effect upon the solid English mind. They did not dress as people did in London, they were not English, and therefore, wherever found, they were "damn foreigners."

In 1867 the author entered Harvard, and he tells us that he saw "endless plays of all kinds." Also he heard Mrs. Kemble read, and she made a profound impression

upon his mind and a much more pleasing impression than was produced subsequently by Dickens:

Dickens was a sharp contrast. I had a boyish adoration of his books, and I looked forward with intense excitement to seeing and hearing him. I heard him several times, and I shall never forget the joy of listening to the trial scene from "Pickwick." Yet after it was all over the general effect left on my mind was a feeling of vague disappointment. I could not have explained that feeling then, but I think that I can now. Dickens as an actor, and he acted in his readings, was vivid, effective, full of force, energy, and dramatic power; but he lacked exactly what Mrs. Kemble possessed—dignity, reserve, refinement, scholarship, and high training. You never forgot for a moment that Mrs. Kemble was a lady. You were haunted by a suspicion that Dickens was not quite a gentleman; that somewhere there lurked the traces of the London cockney. I say this as a devoted lover and admirer of Dickens. His books and his characters have been my lifelong friends and companions. He had a great and noble genius, an imagination which was as vivid as it was fertile and original. I admire him more now, I place him higher than I ever did before, but I see the deductions which a sane criticism must make and I realize the defects which escaped the indiscriminate admiration of boyhood.

The contrasts between Mr. Lodge's earlier and his more recent years is a sharp one, and it naturally attracts his attention. He seems to think that we have gone down hill and at a somewhat rapid pace. Speaking of the general differences between 1850 and 1913, he says:

Some years ago, in 1880, a Boston newspaper published a list of the principal taxpayers of Boston in the year 1830, giving the amount of the personal property upon which they were severally assessed. By far the richest man was taxed upon three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no one else who came anywhere near this amount. When I was a boy a hundred thousand dollars was considered a comfortable property, and the very rich man, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, was spoken of as a millionaire. Now three hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be regarded, in fashionable society at least, as a very modest provision; a hundred thousand would be looked upon as genteel poverty; and to describe adequately a really rich man we are forced to "multimillionaire," for a million is no longer great wealth. These simple figures imply, of course, a complete and universal change in the scale of living and a corresponding alteration in the social structure.

American society in the early days was based upon the old families, who represented generations of education and standing in the community. The man who had risen from the ranks, made a fortune, and now wished to establish himself sought entrance to the society of the old families and hoped to marry his children among them. But the times have changed:

To the modern and recent plutocrat the old American family means nothing. He knows naught of the history or traditions of his state and country, and cares less. He has but one standard, money or money's worth. He wants his children to marry money, and for that reason he prefers the children of other plutocrats, no matter how new, or he will buy a European title, because he comprehends that the title has value as a trade-mark and a trade-mark he understands. Old family, whether at home or abroad, no matter how distinguished, if it is without a title, is meaningless to him. His theory, which he has every reason to believe to be sound, is that if he has enough money he can have everything he desires, and that his money will open to him all the social doors, not only in America, but in Europe, and that there is no court of the Old World which will not welcome him, no royal personage who will not receive him, if he only has money enough. Did not Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for once abandoning the tiresome paradox, say that when Mr. Carnegie landed in the British Isles all England was one universal cringe, and has any one had the hardihood to contradict him?

The changes noted by the author are as obvious, he says, in the superficial habits of life as in the fundamental principles upon which American democracy and free government have hitherto securely rested. And yet the change is not peculiarly American. It is to be found also in Europe:

Yet it is curious, as I have already remarked, how similar the alterations have been along so many lines in England and in America, if we may trust to such good observers as Mr. George Russell and Sir Algernon West. They both, for example, comment upon the adoption of money and disease as subjects for general, and especially for dinner-table, conversation. I was taught in my youth, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society, and that it was the height of vulgarity to refer to money or to what anything cost, whether in your own case or in that of other people. I now hear surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies, freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenious youth of both sexes. Money is no longer under a taboo. One's own money and that of one's neighbors is largely talked about, and the cost of everything or anything recurs as often in polite conversation as in a tariff debate. Again I am not concerned to decide which is the better fashion, the old or the new. I merely note the difference.

In 1875 the author was admitted to the bar, although without any intention to practice. At his oral examination he was asked a question as to the right of secession and answered with all the fluency of youth. The presiding judge remarked that the reply was hardly in accordance with Mr. Webster's views, and this reminds him of the experience of Mr. Reed, who, it seems, was admitted to the bar in California:

Years afterwards I was reminded of my own examination for the bar, and of my cheerful readiness to answer decisively a difficult and much mooted question, by the account which Mr. Reed (the Speaker) gave me of his own experience. He was in California after the war and there applied for admission to the bar. There was another applicant with him, a young Southerner, who had also come to the Pacific Coast to seek his fortune. The judge said to Mr. Reed: "Are the legal tenders constitutional?" Mr. Reed at once replied: "They are." The judge then asked the same question of the young Southerner, who replied with equal promptness that the "legal tenders" were not constitutional. "Very well," said the judge, "you are both admitted. Two men who can answer that question without hesitation ought to be admitted to any bar."

While on one of his early political excursions to New York the author made the acquaintance of Mr. Evarts,

and he finds the following entry in his diary under date of April 5, 1885:

In the evening we went to the Irving dinner for which I came on. Sat near the front between John McCullough, the actor, and Roosevelt. McCullough was never a great actor, although a popular, successful, and painstaking one, but he was also, as I was told, one of the most pleasant and good-natured of men. He is now quite broken by a brain disease—very pathetic to look at—fine face—no speculation in his eyes. The dinner was very pleasant. Evarts, Irving, and Beecher spoke admirably, the rest poorly. Just before dinner I had a few words with Evarts. McCullough and Florence (the actor) came up to Evarts and recalled to him a voyage they had made together. "In what ship was it?" asked some one. "I don't know," said Evarts. "I only know that we were all in transports." The other night at the Yale dinner just as Evarts rose to speak the large sugar ornament in front of him fell over. Evarts without a moment's hesitation said: "Ah, gentlemen, this is a candid tribute I did not expect."

Wherever Mr. Evarts went he left behind him some saying that clings to the place like an inscription on the walls:

When he was in the Senate, my colleague in after years, Senator Hoar, had a bill about which he was very anxious, and which had been referred to Evarts for report. Months passed and no bill appeared. Meeting Mr. Evarts one day in the corridor, Mr. Hoar, who was his first cousin, said: "By the way, Evarts, when you report that bill of mine, just notify my executors." "They will be gentlemen whom I shall be delighted to meet," was the reply. Mr. Evarts might delay action on a report, but he never procrastinated in repaetee.

Another friend of early days was Francis E. Parker, a distinguished Boston lawyer, whose wit and power of epigram made him a conversational force:

Parker was very fond of Italians and of Italy. Almost every summer he went abroad and took a walking tour in the Alps or the Tyrol. One year he chanced to go by Turin, and the next year, as it happened, he went the same way and stopped at the same hotel where he had passed a night a twelvemonth before. The waiter made the customary assumption of recognizing him, as Parker thought, but when he offered the wine-card he said: "*Il solito, signor?*" This so delighted Parker that ever after he made a practice of going to Turin just for the pleasure of hearing that waiter ask him once a year if he would take his usual wine.

In May, 1882, the author met Dr. Ellis, then pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charlestown, who gave him an account of a visit he made to New York with John Quincy Adams, and he reproduces a note that he made of the reminiscence:

At the cars Mr. Charles Francis Adams appeared and told Dr. Ellis that he had tried to persuade his father to take a servant, but the old gentleman, then nearly eighty, replied: "I can take care of myself as well as you can of yourself. I won't have a servant." Mr. Charles Francis Adams therefore asked Dr. Ellis to look after his father. They went to "Bunkers" on the Battery and had a large airy room together. Mr. Adams would have no fire (it was November) but insisted on having the window wide open. After they were both in bed Mr. Adams would begin stories and narrate all sorts of experiences full of fire and vigor, and Dr. Ellis said, most amusing, that he had to stuff the sheet in his mouth to prevent himself from roaring with laughter. After talking some time Mr. Adams would say: "Now it is time to go to sleep and I am going to say my prayers. I shall say also the verse my mother taught me when a child. I have never failed to repeat it every night of my life. I have said it in Holland, Prussia, Russia, England, Washington, and Quincy. I say it out loud always and I don't mumble it either." Then he would repeat in a loud, clear voice: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

At about five a. m. Mr. Adams would arise, and a wood fire being laid, would get from his trunk an old-fashioned tinder-box—he despised the recently invented lucifer matches—and would strike a light, kindle the fire and light his candle. Then he would strip, place a basin of water on the floor and sponge himself vigorously from head to foot. Then partially dressed, sit down by the fire, place the Bible on his knees, and holding the candle in one hand, expound a Psalm in the most vigorous manner to Dr. Ellis.

Mr. Lodge remembers a dinner at his mother's house, and his notes tell him that Mr. and Mrs. Schurz, Longfellow, Emerson, and Dr. Holmes were the guests. Holmes, says the note, "talked well" and drew Schurz into an interesting talk:

"Holmes talked well," says the note. When did he not talk well? Good talk at the dinner-table, or after dinner, or by the fireside—I mean the best talk—is very rare. It is much rarer than is generally supposed, for I am excluding tête-à-tête and mean talk to a group, with others present to talk and listen. I think I have heard some of the best talkers of my time. "They were not many, they who stood upon the heights," but I am sure of their quality. John Hay, Mr. Evarts, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Lord Morley, Henry Adams, Mr. Speaker Reed, Mr. Lowell, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Dr. Holmes; these seem to me the best. I am speaking only of after-dinner talk, an art by itself. I could cover the page with the names of men of ability to whom it was always a pleasure to listen and whose talk has been to me an admiration and delight, appealing to every faculty and stimulating every nerve. But the talk to the little company around the table or by the fire, which it is impossible to define exactly, is peculiar in its requirements and demands an especial combination of qualities. It must have humor, wit, and seriousness, all three. It demands wide knowledge of books and men. The anecdote it uses must be apt to the highest degree and sparingly employed. It must pierce deeply and yet touch lightly. In a word, it must have charm, that impalpable attribute which no one can define but which in absence or in presence is at once recognized.

In conclusion Mr. Lodge tells us that on entering public life he came into relations with many men of whom no mention is made in the present volume. But all that, he says, is another story that perhaps he may try to tell at some future time. If he tells a story as attractive as the one that is contained in the present volume he will have performed a substantial service alike to history and to literature.

EARLY MEMORIES. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: \$2.50 net.

In two years swindling operations carried on by the use of the United States mails have caused an expected public to lose \$129,000,000.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Hiroshige.

This is the most important volume that has been published on Japanese art since Mr. Bowie produced his work, "On the Laws of Japanese Painting." The author, Dora Amisden, explains that she has put into shape the material collected by Mr. Happer for the purpose of putting an end to the uncertainty in connection with the work of Hiroshige. To this end he acquired everything obtainable bearing the signature of Hiroshige and compared the thousands of prints, scrutinizing the characters and seals on each print with a view to the selection of the most authentic. The author tells us that she had access to this information, as well as the aid of Mr. Happer himself and of other noted authorities on Japanese art. The result is this attractive volume, which is not only something of a history of Japanese art, but also an illuminating and competent criticism and one that is written with vivacity and sympathy. An exquisite feature of the book is the sixteen reproductions of Hiroshige's paintings. A fine Japanese paper has been used in the production, the printing is on one side only, and the binding is of exceptional fitness.

THE HERITAGE OF HIROSHIGE. By Dora Amisden and J. S. Happer. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Whaling.

The author of this fine whaling yarn tells us that when the brig *Alexander* sailed out of San Francisco on a whaling voyage a few years ago he was a member of her fore-castle crew. He had been tempted by big money, although he had been competently warned that a sum not exceeding a dollar would be his reward at the expiration of the voyage. Then follows as stirring a story of adventure as can be found in print. We see every detail of the whaler's life, its almost unendurable hardships and dangers, and the occasional triumphs for which so heavy a price must be paid. On his last page the author says that his adventure was out of the ordinary, an experience informing, interesting, health-giving, and perhaps worth while. He has never regretted it, but "I wouldn't do it again for ten thousand dollars."

A YEAR WITH A WHALER. By Walter Noble Burns. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$2 net.

White Witch.

This is a story of aristocratic life in Austria, and one that suggests that the author is walking warily in unfamiliar paths. Nor does the story itself seem to be quite robust enough to justify the space given to it. The author has chosen the old idea of two sisters and two brothers. The two brothers are Maximilian of Ungarschitz and Hansi, and the sisters are Eileen and Marie Bernadine. Maximilian has decided to make the usual marriage of convenience with Eileen, but when he goes to make his court he is so indiscreet as to take his brother with him, and of course there is an inevitable assortment into the wrong combinations. The situation is still further complicated by the presence of an interesting Englishman, and although things eventually turn out in a fairly satisfactory way we are left for a time in some perplexity, which, of course, is just as it should be in a novel.

WHITE WITCH. By Meriel Buchanan. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

The Sagas.

Any attempt to popularize the Sagas is a commendable one, and there have been few better attempts than this by Alice S. Hoffman. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the Sagas are the greatest stories of their kind that have ever been told, and one is inclined to wonder at the flood of drivel offered on the altar of juvenile literature while the story of the Volungs remains almost unknown by those to whom it would be a life endowment of heroism and romance.

The author has selected the stories with wisdom and told them with a poetic energy well adapted to the topic. There are thirteen in all, including the legends of Odin and Thor, of Baldr, Loki, and Harald. There are also six full-page color plates and twelve in black and white by Gordon Brown, R. I.

THE BOOK OF THE SAGAS. By Alice S. Hoffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Athens.

Books upon ancient Athens are never without their appeal, and this is particularly true of works that combine the vision of enthusiasm with a competent knowledge of architecture and literature. It is just such a book that has been written by Mr. Charles Heald Weller of the University of Iowa. He tells us that time has dealt so harshly with many of the ruins that we should be unable to visualize the ancient city without the aid of literature, and of the historians and philosophers who wrote of the Athens that was before their eyes. Here the ten extant books of Pausanias are of inestimable value, since he devoted some thirty chapters to the city of Athens, describing particularly Phalerum, the Peiræus, and the Stadium after it was completed in 143 A. D. Travel and guide-

books were as useful then as they are now, and perhaps more competently written, and it was the aim of Pausanias to inform the traveler as to all the things that he ought to see. There is an abundance of other material that helps us to reconstruct the city as it was seen by the Athenians, and the author uses this to good effect throughout his volume. He first gives us a general historical sketch of Athens and then conducts us through the city, showing us, as did Pausanias, the sights that are worth seeing and explaining their origin and significance. The highest praise that can be given to the book is to say that it is thorough and competent, and obviously the work of one well versed in all the knowledge that can throw light upon the topic. The illustrations, of which there are no less than 262, are carefully selected and of great value, while the author's descriptive style tempts the reader to wander indefinitely through his pages.

ATHENS AND ITS MONUMENTS. By Charles Heald Weller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

The Lovers of Skye.

Frank Waller Allen tells a delightful little story of Kentucky days and of the old side-tracked town of Skye, where the lovers had a way of "goin' together" for twenty or thirty years, but where something always interfered to prevent their marriage. Caste lines were well established in Skye, and the slightest difference in station was always fatal to matrimony, so that there was "no end of dear ladies pressed like sweet lavender or a faded rose between the leaves of the book of romantic love."

Of course we know that some one will marry before Mr. Allen gets through with his story and that perhaps the force of example will have a surprising effect upon the rest. It is a finely tender little romance and one that clings to the memory.

THE LOVERS OF SKYE. By Frank Waller Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Modern Cities.

The authors, Dr. Horatio M. Pollock and Dr. William S. Morgan, were closely associated for many years in municipal betterment work in the city of Albany, and in 1910 they went abroad together and spent several months in observing the best features of municipal life in the continental cities of Europe. Their present intention is to give a general and comprehensive view of the best modern features and ideas of municipal life irrespective of where they may be found. It would seem that something like a general house-cleaning has been going on all over the world, and the world is now so small a place that there must necessarily be action and interaction between all its parts. It may be said that the authors have shown themselves to be careful and competent observers. They have not only collected a number of important facts, but their reasonings and suggestions are always temperate and sane.

MODERN CITIES. By Horatio M. Pollock, Ph. D., and William S. Morgan, Ph. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

Scientific Discovery.

The author describes his book as "a popular and non-technical account of the most important discoveries in science from the earliest historical times to the present day." It is a large programme, but the necessary task of condensation has been done without loss either of information or of clearness. The twenty-three chapters into which the work is divided include astronomy, physiography, biology, physics, chemistry, electricity, and botany, each and all of them handled in such a way as to be acceptable to scientifically untrained minds and at the same time to be competent and thorough. It must be said regretfully that volumes of this kind usually show a tendency to label theories as facts and to use the word proof without adequate justification. It is a fault not to be found in this case. Even the tempting topic of microbes, usually fatal to the popular scientific writer, does not tempt the author into dogmatism or away from sanity.

THE ROMANCE OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. By Charles R. Gibson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Tales from Shakespeare.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon this fine two-volume edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's "All the Tales from Shakespeare." The typography is unusually good and the numerous full-page colored plates a delight.

ALL THE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb and H. S. Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Terrible Twins.

This is a capital story of two nice and naughty children by an author who recognizes in a quite satisfactory way that only naughty children can possibly be nice. The terrible children have a pretty mother who is a widow and therefore a great responsibility for the twins, who have to guard her from undesirable suitors in ways distinctly their own and that may be mildly described as coercive. Stories of children are usually to be evaded, but in this case we are glad to make the ac-

quaintance of Violet Anastasia Dangerfield and Hyacinth Wolfram Dangerfield, more generally known as Erebus and Terror.

THE TERRIBLE TWINS. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published a volume of "Personal Hygiene," by Frank Overton, A. M., M. D. It is intended for use in schools and the price is 40 cents.

The American Book Company has published a "Business Speller," by Edward H. Eldredge, Ph. D., for use in commercial and shorthand classes in business and high schools. Price, 25 cents.

Small, Maynard & Co. have published a fourth volume in the Camp and Trail Series. It is entitled "The Young Trappers," by Hugh Pendexter, and consists of the kind of adventures that boys love, wholesomely told and well illustrated. The price is 65 cents net.

We have had more than one volume of Solomon's Confessions, and now comes the reverse side of the shield in the form of "The Sayings of Mrs. Solomon," by Helen Rowland (Dodge Publishing Company; \$1). It is all very clever, very amusing, and perhaps some of it is true.

John Howell of San Francisco has published an attractive little volume entitled "The Runner's Bible," compiled by N. S. Holm. It is made up of biblical texts with occasional annotations and apparently designed in consonance with the ideas of mental healing or New Thought.

From Duffield & Co. comes another volume of Japanese sketches entitled "Mr. Togo: Maid of All Work," by Wallace Irwin. The mine seems to be an inexhaustible one, and the ore remains of high quality. Mr. Irwin has made a distinct discovery in the humor of the misused word. The price is \$1.25 net.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published an anthology of nature verse compiled by John R. Howard and entitled "The Changing Year." The material is so abundant that the task of a wise selection is no easy one. It is hard to see how it could have been better done or more enticingly presented. Price, \$1 net.

The John Lane Company has republished "The Sphinx," by Oscar Wilde. It was first published in 1894, but it was written, according to the author himself, in 1874 and subsequently polished and improved. At a time when Oscar Wilde is receiving a tardy measure of literary justice this little volume should find a place and a welcome.

"The Winning of the Best" is Ralph Waldo Trine's latest addition to the New Thought Library. The extravagances seem largely to have disappeared from this particular kind of homely philosophy and there is nothing in the present volume that is not sane and helpful. It is published by the Dodge Publishing Company. Price, 75 cents net.

The John Lane Company has begun the issue of "The Bodley Head Natural History," by E. D. Cuming. The first volume is devoted to British Birds—Passeres, and it promises well for the value of the series as a whole. The letterpress descriptions are brief and pointed, while the tinted illustrations by J. A. Shepherd that appear upon every page are particularly attractive. The price is 75 cents net.

James B. Connolly has already proved that he is an adept in writing books for boys. His name on a title-page is a guaranty of excellence and therefore there should be a welcome for the volume of stories from his pen entitled "Sonnie-Boy's People" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net). Most of these yarns relate to life at sea and they are all marked by a certain energetic realism that is certain to prove acceptable.

"Garden Farming," by Lee Cleveland Corbett (Ginn & Co.; \$2), is a manual of American methods of cultivating vegetables both in the field and under glass. Its aim is to furnish a concise and authentic statement of the cultural methods followed in various parts of the United States in the commercial cultivation of vegetables by market gardeners and truck farmers. The material is voluminous, well arranged, and well illustrated.

Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott has produced an admirable collection of "Story-Telling Poems," selected and arranged for story-telling and reading aloud and for the children's own reading. The practice of reading aloud is a sadly neglected one in view of its undoubtedly steadying effect upon the mind, and Miss Olcott is to be congratulated upon a wise choice of old favorites and of others that deserve to be old favorites. The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

Annabel Lee's "Little Stories of Great Men" contains 268 pages and the "great men" of whom the "little stories" are told are considerably over a hundred in number. It will therefore be seen that the stories are very short ones, although they are usually good. It may be admitted also that some of

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the "great men" are not at all great, that in many cases they are quite phenomenally small men. None the less the stories are well worth reading in nearly all cases. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

Under the title of "Nervous Breakdowns and How to Avoid Them" Dr. Charles D. Musgrove has written a book full of practical advice both bodily and mental, and probably the latter is the more important of the two. He deals with the whole topic of health, and in so easy and sympathetic a way as to appeal even to healthy people. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, \$1 net.

Oliver Huckel's work in translating the Wagner music dramas is already well known for its fidelity, as well as for its high poetic virtues. There is therefore no need to do more than announce the appearance of "Tristan and Isolde," which Dr. Huckel well describes as "a pure untrammelled inspiration, born of a great human experience and a divine aspiration." Here as elsewhere Dr. Huckel has done his work well, and in such a way as to make his translations a welcome addition to the Wagner literature. The publisher is the Thomas Y. Crowell Company and the price is 75 cents net.

Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke describes his volume of verse entitled "The Uncommon Commoner" as songs of democracy. But there is nothing political about these poems, no frenzied appeals to demagogery nor laudations of men simply because they happen to be poor. Mr. Cooke is attracted to the average man who is also a hero, and he recognizes that most heroes are average men until the opportunity for heroism shows itself. Mr. Cooke is not a great poet, but none the less he has a boundless enthusiasm of the right kind, he never admires what is not admirable, and he writes with an energy and a force that usually succeed in being musical. His poems are of the kind that produce a sense of exhilaration. The volume is published by the Dodge Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Human Desire.

Violet Irwin gives us a story that contains one distinctly original character amid a small crowd of nonentities. And even in the case of Berenice herself we are by no means sure that real life would have been so kind to her as the providential hand of the novelist. Certainly real life has not that reputation.

Berenice has lived all her life in an Italian nunnery, and we are allowed to judge of her mental development from the fact that she is severely reproved for idle curiosity when she asks the Mother Superior where America is. Some American visitors have told her that there are numbers of uncared-for babies in America, and as Berenice was once allowed to hold a baby in her arms she is now filled with a passionate desire to go forthwith to America, gather all the neglected babies, and convey them to the nunnery in Italy. The story may be said to consist of the adventures of Berenice after she escapes from the nunnery. She finds her way to America, and there meets with an artist who is separated from his wife and who gives her shelter. Robert Lane would willingly marry Berenice, but can not do so as his religion forbids divorce, and yet here he is with a beautiful girl on his hands who is so wholly innocent and unaware that she asks him if it would not be possible for her to have a baby of her very own. It seems to be quite possible, and so the reader is left to wonder how Robert Lane will settle matters with his distinctly unpleasant wife, his religion that forbids divorce, and Berenice. The author is a clever enough writer to persuade us that Berenice may actually have existed. We feel concerning her something of that kind of faith that has been defined as the power to believe what you know is not true.

THE HUMAN DESIRE. By Violet Irwin. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Intimations.

Mr. John D. Barry's little essays on life are familiar and welcome to San Franciscans, who will be glad enough of the opportunity to possess them in the more permanent form in which they are now available. Mr. Barry suggests that the problems of life are not necessarily of a controversial kind and that our points of agreement are actually more numerous and certainly more important than our points of disagreement. Not only does he suggest it, but he proves it by these meditative sketches of conditions and of facts that are often so commonplace as to cause their actual significance to be overlooked. Indeed Mr. Barry writes so persuasively as to convince us that it is actually the commonplace things that matter and that the real study of life is never so profitable as when it begins with familiar and every-day phenomena. The volume contains forty-two of these essays, none of them more than a few pages in length, but all of them marked by a sort of ruminative wisdom that makes pleasant and profitable reading. Whoever can make us think better of our fellow-men has rendered a service, and Mr. Barry seems to have the ability to do this, an ability that arises from sincerity and from a very evident kindness.

INTIMATIONS. By John D. Barry. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

The Vatican.

This remarkable work occupies a place in which it finds no rival. Certainly there have been earlier accounts of what may be called the mechanism of the Catholic church, but never before has there been an account so inclusive and so obviously authoritative. It is evident that the activities of the Catholic church in their magnitude and scope must be comparable with those of almost any secular government and that the Vatican, considered only as an executive building, must be a veritable hive of industry. All this is made clear enough by the author. He shows us the many departments of work, the methods of organization and government, the division of responsibility, and the various policies of the church not only toward the respective nations of the world, but toward the problems and questions of the day, such as divorce, the status of women, education, and modernism. There are sections devoted to the Pope, his chief collaborators, the curia, the organization of the Catholic world, and the history of Catholicism, the whole work being a presentation of the higher activities of the church that is without parallel, not only for its authoritative nature, but for its temper and dignity.

THE VATICAN. By Rt. Rev. Edmond Canon Hugues de Ragnau. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4 net.

The Streak.

The English novel has familiarized us with some of the social problems that follow marriages between the white and Hindu races. It seems that we are likely to have such problems of our own in connection with the Filipinos, although in this case the author may have based his plot upon foresight as well as experience. A Southern girl marries a Princeton student from Manila who pro-

fesses to be of pure Spanish blood, but whose mother was actually a Filipino. Then the scene shifts to Manila and we are introduced to the inevitable antagonisms, social and political, that no conceivable statecraft can wholly eliminate from such conditions. Mr. Potter is to be congratulated upon his marked success in presenting a picture of society, politics, and war that seems to be nearly complete, but that is never allowed to obscure the romance that must necessarily and always be the backbone of a novel. It is a picture not to be forgotten and far more illuminative of life in the Philippines than a whole library of official reports or stories of travelers. That a story should be so successful as a source of information and that it should at the same time be so readable as a novel is no small attainment, and Mr. Potter deserves the commendation that every reader will give to him.

THE STREAK. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," published in the fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company, has reached its fifth printing. Second printings are announced also of William Stone Booth's "Wonderful Escapes of Americans" and Clifton Johnson's "A Book of Fairy-Tale Bears."

"Home," the novel which has been appearing anonymously in the *Century Magazine*, was published in book form, also anonymously, January 17, by the Century Company. The publishers of "Home," who, of course, know who wrote the book, are willing to tell this much—that the author has been a wanderer in many lands, and that he has known and felt the longing for home in every remote spot pictured in the book.

The "Garden and Farm Almanac" for 1914, edited by E. L. D. Seymour, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., appeared for the new year revised from cover to cover. The purpose of the almanac is "to supply detailed authentic information on all practical sides of country and suburban life," and the 1914 edition contains a number of interesting new features. In connection with the almanac Doubleday, Page & Co. conduct a "Readers' Service" which has been a great aid to many perplexed farmers and gardeners. During the past year the publishers report that more than 7000 questions from readers were answered.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will open their publishing season this year with Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest mystery story, "The After House," which will appear January 24. Mrs. Rinehart herself terms the book "a story of love, mystery, and a private yacht."

That versatile and much traveled pair, C. N. and A. N. Williamson, whose "The Golden Silence," "The Heather Moon," "The Guests of Hercules," "The Port of Adventure," etc., have taken them pretty well over the face of the earth, spent last winter in Egypt and the Sudan. A new novel entitled "It Happened in Egypt," is the result. "It Happened in Egypt" was published January 3, and already the booksellers report great interest in it. The novel is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Century Company's January 17 fiction issues include, in addition to "Home," "William and Bill," the story of two real boys and their life in an old-fashioned village, by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Wood Morrison.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a new edition of Harriet T. Comstock's romance of Elizabethan days, "The Queen's Hostage." This author's "Janet of the Dunes," a story of the Long Island lighthouse and life-saving district, has just been made into a motion-picture play.

"Idonia: A Romance of Old London," by Arthur F. Wallis, an English writer new to America, is already considered a success by the booksellers, who have ordered it so extensively that a second edition was necessary before its publication. "Idonia" is presented to American readers by Little, Brown & Co., who performed a like service for A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Happy Warrior," and the books of Jeffery Farnol.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of a new and revised-to-date edition of "Scientific Auction Bridge," by E. V. Shepard. The same house has to put to press for reprintings "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, and "Moriah's Mourning," by Ruth McEnery Stuart.

A small volume entitled "Money," by Professor William A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin, has just been issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. as the first volume in their "The National Social Science Series."

The G. W. Dillingham Company announces for early issue "The Lure," by George Scarborough; "The Wasp," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts; "The Return of the Night Wind," by Varick Varnady; "Goddess of the Dawn," by Margaret Davies Sullivan; "Boohs, as Seen by John Henry," by George V. Hohart; "The Price," from the play of George

Broadhurst, by Arthur Hornblow; "Flying U Ranch," by B. M. Bower; "Matthew Ferguson," by Margaret Blake; "The Art of the Photoplay," and "Traffic in Souls," novelized from the great photoplay by Eustace Hale Ball.

A spirited defense of the work of Gerhart Hauptmann is made by Professor Karl Holl of the University of Liverpool in a short, critical biography of the great German dramatist, poet, and novelist, which will be published immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co. Professor Holl describes Hauptmann's works from his now forgotten and practically unobtainable epic, "Promethidenlos"—withdrawn from sale by the author—up to his novel, "Atlantis," and his play, "Greek Spring."

Among the books which the Thomas Y. Crowell Company is publishing or about to publish are the following: "The Message of New Thought," by Ahel L. Allen of the Chicago bar; "How to Rest," by Grace Dawson; "The Deaf: Their Position in Society," by Harry Best; "Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South," adapted from J. Kennedy Maclean's "Heroes of the Polar Seas"; a large type, thin-paper edition of Roget's Thesaurus, edited by C. O. S. Mawson; and "Richard Wagner: The Man and His Work," by Oliver Huckel, issued in uniform style with this writer's series of translations of Wagner operas; "Consumption: Its Cause, Cure, and Prevention," brought up to date by Dr. Edward O. Otis.

"The Commuter's Garden," which the Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for publication in March, is full of practical and valuable suggestions for the city man or woman worker desirous of cultivating the grounds about a suburban home.

Mary Antin, author of "The Promised Land," is becoming known also as a lecturer on civics and education. She has spoken before large audiences in Boston and is scheduled to speak this month in New Bedford and Brookline.

Another writer who has become a lecturer is Enos A. Mills, author of "In Beaver World" and other books descriptive of the Rocky Mountain region. Beginning this month, Mr. Mills will give a number of addresses in cities of the Middle West, including Omaha, Des Moines, Chicago, Cincinnati, and others.

New Books Received.

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

PROSTITUTION IN EUROPE. By Abraham Flexner. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A second volume in the series of Social Hygiene publications.

ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES. By Victor Bridges. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

WILLIAM AND BILL. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Wood Morrison. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

The story of two real boys.

A READER OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SPANISH. By Cornelius De Witt Wilcox. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.75 net.

For colleges and technological schools, with vocabulary and notes.

THE SRETHING POT. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE STORY OF LOUIE. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SPEECHES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD. St. Johnsbury, Vermont: Arthur F. Stone.

A collection of addresses.

A BOOKMAN'S LETTERS. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A., LL. D. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75 net.

"The garnerings of a lifetime spent among dreamers and idealists whose task was to set down their thoughts for posterity."

THE THIRD ACT. By Fred Jackson. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald; \$1 net.

A novel.

HOME. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

An anonymous novel.

Nelson O'Shaughnessy, at present in charge of the American embassy in Mexico City, was born in New York in 1876, and was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, and at Oxford, England. At Oxford he took his A. B. in 1899. He entered the diplomatic service nine years ago, being appointed secretary of the legation at Copenhagen on March 17, 1904. A year later he was promoted to be third secretary of the embassy at Berlin. After serving there for more than two years he was appointed second secretary of the embassy at Vienna on April 6, 1907. In the winter of 1911 he was again promoted and ordered to Mexico City as second secretary. Not long after he arrived there several transfers were made and, a vacancy occurring, he was made first secretary of the embassy, the position he now holds.

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What of the Future?

Progress is the watchword of the day. The world moves and business must move along with it or cease to exist. There can be no half-way measure. The firm which makes no plans for the future, believing that well enough is sufficient, that methods of even a few years ago are adequate for the present, is losing ground, going back, slowly, very slowly, perhaps, but going back just the same. There is no such thing as standing still. To try it means decay. Successful men and concerns lay their plans far in advance, and it is not surprising to know that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company now has plans for power development which will carry it up to 1920 in a series of installations for which the foundation is laid and the most difficult work, financially and physically, already done. The great Lake Spalding Dam, as the world knows, is practically finished, and the Drum power-house, the newest generator of electric power in "Pacific Service" field, has for some time been adding largely to the company's output. These are part of the general plan which will require six years to complete.

The future of the company is therefore very encouraging, and with all its plans moving along toward a perfect culmination, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will be a very large factor—if not the largest factor—in the uniform and stable development of Central California. The bare statement itself means little, but when it is supplemented with the detailed information that this company now serves two-thirds of California's population, supplying electricity to 209 towns, gas to 51, water to 25, and a street railway to one, and employs 4800 people in every branch of work, it at once becomes apparent that "Pacific Service" is destined to play a great part in the development of that part of California covered by its ramifications. In fact, the field offers untold possibilities which are constantly being developed as the service is extended. The area covered includes thirty of the fifty-eight counties in the state, or 37,775 square miles, equal to three-fifths the size of New York, or half the size of all the New England States combined.

The fact demonstrates itself constantly that electric power is only in its infancy, as far as use is concerned, and it requires no prophet to predict that the future civilization of California will be largely influenced by it. Electric power can lift many a burden now carried by the people and make life brighter and happier, as well as make available much that is now waste. Hydro-electric power uses only what is going to waste, and in using this waste energy to lift the burdens of humanity makes a net gain for civilization, without transferring a burden from one set of shoulders to another. That is, electric power tends to make masters of men—men who will master their work rather than be forever struggling in the face of unaccomplished tasks. In the city it is used for a myriad of purposes. Without it, no modern city would be possible. In the country it has shouldered the hardest of the once dreaded farm work. Besides, it renders the farmer and fruit-grower practically independent of Nature. Electric pumps pour forth abundance of water and overcome drought; at another point a flood is robbed of its terrors, for the high electric pump again comes into play and lifts a sea of water from the fertile soil which might otherwise lie submerged for several seasons. Farther back, in the great gold mines, electric power now plays a prominent part, and enables properties to be worked which would otherwise lie idle, as the cost of operating would prove too great a handicap.

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AT THE ORPHEUM.

Although there are several novelties on the Orpheum bill this week, and the Tango has become so much the furor as to cease to be a novelty, nevertheless Maurice and Florence Walton may be said to be the leading attraction. For the world has gone dancemad, and this pair, no doubt, may be numbered among the high priests and priestesses of the cult. They are an attractive couple. Not only is Florence Walton a handsome and prepossessing woman, but she looks like a lady. And she continues to look like one while gyrating through the different variations of the "rag," which would be considered by its opponents to be no small feat. True, they now call these high-stepping versions of the graceful art "ballroom dances," but the imagination does balk a little at the idea of a whole ballroom full of ladies indulging in temperamental variations of Miss Walton's leg-play. But all the same it looked very pretty, very free, and very graceful as exhibited by these two accomplished exponents. The more complicated steps are not really as pleasing to the eye as the simpler ones. But since people abandoning themselves to a fad must have new worlds to conquer, these intricate steps offer a challenge to the devotee, thereby serving a very useful purpose. Of course, since the "Brazilian Maxixe," the "Argentine Tango," and the "Havana Glide" are ballroom dances, Maurice must perform wear ballroom dress. And the ballroom dress of man is not beautiful. As a result we find ourselves looking much more at Miss Walton than at her equally accomplished partner. For, in the dance as out of it, a well-dressed woman has every adventitious aid. Miss Walton's glossy dark hair is beautifully arranged, her feet are shod in satin, her shapely limbs sheathed in the finest of silken webs, and draped in semi-transparent lace, her graceful arms and neck are made pearlier by their neighborhood to creamy laces, and the loose folds of her fluttering draperies take on lines of grace. Now mark the difference in their final whirl. Maurice's active legs have their grace masked in the tubular trousers loathed by the artist's eye, however much his sense of comfort makes him tolerate them. Maurice's white waistcoat shows its seamy side in the maddest of these whirls, and his coat-tails become ungracefully horizontal. All of which, I submit, is rather unfair to Maurice.

But this graceful pair did not have the Terpsichorean art all to themselves. Sharp and Turek, the "Chocolate Dandies," gave a more violent, high-kicking brand of the favorite dance, and in Martin E. Johnson's Travelogues we saw the bare-bosomed South Sea lasses giving their simple version of the rhythmic exercise that always, since the world was young, has been the instinctive expression of the joy of youth. Mr. Johnson shows us many pictures of the more remote and little known South Sea Islander, and, I fancy, makes us feel a little humble. For, seen in the mass, what an abominably ugly creature is man in a state of nudity. We recall Thackeray's "forked radish" when we see these tall, graceless, partially bisected creatures, and realize that, for some inscrutable reason, they lack the graceful, animal beauty of a pack of hounds, or a herd of horses, or a flock of birds. Certainly, from the æsthetic point of view, man was justified in taking to civilization and clothing.

There is a very good playlet on this week, called "Vindication," in which Frank Keenan, father of that impertinent bit of fascination, Hilda of the same name at the Cort, is the star. But really the other chief player, Mac M. Barnes, is so excellent as the governor, and the tense, yet quiet realism of the little piece is so persuasive that we find ourselves in that ever-welcome imaginary attitude of looking through a transparent wall at a "slice of life."

Music has its share on the programme, Edna Showalter, a dulcet-voiced little nightingale in plumage of pale blue, giving us, in her sweet, sympathetic, highly trained voice several difficult, showy operatic selections, and topping off with "The Last Rose of Summer."

Alb. von Tilzer, "the American popular song-writer," partnered by a pretty girl belonging to the peach category of femininity, gave a semi-musical, semi-talking number, and as both young people have various qualifications for pleasing they made their number enjoyable.

The greatest novelty on the programme is Mr. Fred Lindsay, whom Orpheum habitués

will remember as having visited us some years ago. I believe that Mr. Lindsay is credited with being the only man on the stage exhibiting his skill with a stock whip, and undoubtedly it is quite a remarkable exhibition. The delicacy with which he makes its curling tip wind itself like a gentle snake around a man's wrist or a woman's slender throat, extinguish a candle, bisect a sheet of paper, or a cigar or cigarette in a man's lips, its athletic wielder all the time hurling its writhing length toward the target with the most terrific, pistol-shot reports, is almost incredible. The thing has to be seen to be realized.

I call this a pretty good list of attractions. But who do you think culled the largest sheaf of whistles and claps? Who was the pet of the house? Was it the pretty and graceful Florence Walton, expert in her line? Was it Edna Showalter, who has put years into cultivating a beautiful voice? Was it Frank Keenan, starring in the character rôle of Willard Mack's fine little play? Nay, nay. 'Twas none of these. The gentleman that rode on the crest of the top wave of favor is Bert Fitzgibbon, the "original Daffy Dill," whatever or whoever that may be. Bert Fitzgibbon neither sings, nor dances, nor prestidigitates; he just talks; and a queer gibberish it is, all, or nearly all, his own. A few funny stories creep in, but if this young man's weird, verbal meanderings were put down in cold ink they would read like the gibberings of a humorous lunatic. Some of them are inarticulate, part of the time he only gives dumb show, as he produces weird, unsyllabled noises from his throat and whacks the scenery or his unresentful hat with his ever-active stick. But he is funny. There lies the secret. He makes you laugh. Even as you look at him, puzzled, doubtful, questioning, he does something funny and surprises the faintly resistant laughter out of you. As for the house *en bloc* he is theirs, and they are his.

"WITHIN THE LAW."

"Within the Law" is the kind of play that appeals to a very large constituency. The business man enjoys it because he recognizes, with true, American, irresponsible amusement, the truth of the head-hammering tricks of the police and the shifts and evasions allowed by our elastic code. The working man enjoys it because he feels he is the under dog, and he likes to see a play which takes the side of the fellow who is down. The working girl enjoys it for similar reasons, and because she knows too well the pitfalls spread for honesty in the great department stores; it is an excerpt from her life, and furthermore it pleases her to see one of her number who has outwitted and laughed at and twitted and defied the great powers that be all leagued against the girl who wants the good things of life just as much as her luckier sisters. It pleases her, too, to see Mary Turner arrayed and lodged like a daughter of wealth, because she came from the ranks of which she herself forms a unit. The regular theatre habitués like "Within the Law" because it tells a straight, compact story right out from the shoulder, with melodramatic happenings in it, it is true, but the melodramatic tinge is the actual coloring of life that we see daily in the morning papers. Our habitués enjoy the appeal to his humanitarian instincts, he feels the delightful strain of suspense, enjoys the touch of romance not more than merely hinted at in the matter of Mary's feelings toward her vengefully annexed spouse, and in each and every act he experiences pleasurable thrills supplied from the employment of these various elements in the play.

Then there are so many underlying truths involved in happenings of the story; and in his dialogue Mr. Veiller gives a good many dextrously hard raps to the legal machinery that money can so thoroughly divert from its task of furthering justice. In fact we Americans live so intensely in the present that the extreme up-to-dateness of "Within the Law" appeals to us with peculiar force. Furthermore, inconstant and mercurial as we are, we are weary of having our gaze forcibly directed too closely toward white slavery, and sex psychology, and those two questions obtrude not at all. In the matter of her affections Mary is a wholesome and normal young woman, capable of inspiring in the breast of a fellow-crook of the male persuasion a warm, chivalrous affection, the manifestations of which awoke a sympathetic glow in the breasts of auditors. Nowadays anything on strictly wholesome, normal, slightly idealized lines appeals with peculiar force. For, alas! we Americans are losing our illusions and our innocence of a young country, and when we recover it, or the appearance of it, during fugitive moments, we enjoy it all the more because of its fading light.

"Within the Law" is played by an excellent company, with Margaret Illington capitalized, featured, and starred. Miss Illington makes a very good appearance as the pale, dark-haired working girl transformed into the upper-class crook. Emotional melodrama is her forte. She shines in it, supplying by her personality that suggestion of unknown possibilities lying couchant and watchful below a

fair, womanly exterior that is peculiarly effective in this special rôle.

Mr. Veiller made a particular bit with the character of Agnes Lynch, the slangy sharer of Mary Turner's precarious destiny. And Hilda Keenan polished and rounded out and pointed that hit with such saucy efficacy that the audience metaphorically clasped her to its bosom, and patted her impertinent little front-lock with delighted approval. Her youth, her prettiness, her impudent little countenance, the challenge made by her up-to-date chevelure, the cleverness of her mimicries, and the native spontaneity with which the slang, cryptic or otherwise, of her rôle seemed to be born on her lips at the very moment of speech, poked the audience under the most ticklish of its ribs. There was, indeed, a very clever and effective contrast made between these two leading feminine rôles which intensified the special characteristics of each one.

It often happens in these crime-plays, as in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," for instance, that the male actors do all the hard work and the women are merely decorative. It is in this point particularly that Bayard Veiller scored, by supplying two very interesting and, in different ways, appealing female characters; more especially as his revengeful and embittered heroine has a softened and womanly side to her character.

There was even a third woman's rôle which called for real acting, that of Helen Morris, the real offender for whose theft Mary was railroaded into prison in order to appease the wealthy proprietor of the "emporium" by making an example of some one. This rôle, small though it is, was excellently played by Sonia Jasper, who gave to the frightened young offender a poignant effect of reality.

Another character that was played with peculiarly searching yet quiet realism was that of Joe Garson, Mary's partner and friend. Mr. Frank E. Camp in this rôle succeeded in making us forget that he was acting, something, I confess, that Margaret Illington doesn't always succeed in with me. Why, I can not quite fathom, as her technic is good and her emotional scenes very well played.

Robert Elliott and Howard Gould as father and son, and Joseph Slaytor as Inspector Burke, gave good, robust personations, and half a dozen other men completed a cast of exceptional merit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"THE BATTLE OF SHILOH."

Gentlemen who dream beautiful dreams of world-wide peace, the day when wars, armies, and armaments shall be no more, may not, in the sweetness of their nature, care to read of deeds of blood, and might be properly horrified at moving pictures which make so strangely realistic the staged battle scenes of a great struggle, but, judging from the size of the audiences which gather at the Tivoli Theatre to witness the "Battle of Shiloh," it is to be believed that war stories have as great a fascination for the multitudes as ever. And how the sight of that Monday audience would have cheered the heart of William Leahy a few months ago, when he was making a gallant struggle to bring the Tivoli back to its own and give San Francisco continuous opera. Of course the galleries were not thrown open, but the main floor was packed, holding by far many more theatre-goers than the singers drew after the first few weeks of opera had passed into history. There can be no doubt that had such liberal patronage been accorded Mr. Leahy's home of song the Tivoli would still be ringing nightly to lilting notes.

Last week it was "Thor, Lord of the Jungle," which proved the attraction, and, strong as it was, it can not compare with "The Battle of Shiloh," which sends the beholders—some of the older ones at least—back to a hurried reading of that desperate Civil War battle after reaching home.

It is quite evident that a master mind planned the details of the picture, and a pretty penny it must have cost the promoters of the scheme before it was ready for the public view. The whole is planned on a magnificent scale, and one gets all the thrills of war, safe in the knowledge that one is not really viewing the awful sight of gallant men shot down. However, it is all so gripping that many forget for the time that they are not witnessing an actual battle as recorded by the moving-picture machine.

The drilling of raw recruits, the company marching through the village on its way to the front, leaving weeping and handkerchief-fluttering sweethearts and sisters behind, the council of war, the novel spy system, its detection and the capture of one of the conspirators—all these appear realistic and true to time and conditions. The art of making up to represent famous men has been carefully worked out, and again are seen Grant and Johnston in action. The former, as might be expected, is recognized at first glance, for the man chosen to represent him not only possessed natural facial characteristics of the quiet, determined Grant, but had used theatrical make-up with nice discrimination. A stirring love story permeates the whole production, and the heroes and heroines—two of each—perform deeds of daring, deeds of valor, and it comes out just as

it should in the end. Fighting there is a plenty, hand-to-hand, as well as at long range, when the field pieces begin their deadly bombardment.

One scene will linger in the memory long after all the rest have faded, and that is the camp by night. It is moonlight and in the valley is seen row upon row of tents, until the plain seems literally covered, while here and there a campfire glows, soldiers gather about, and as the sentries pace their beats the orchestra plays softly the songs of long ago, some sad, some sweet, and some with martial measure stirring. Bugles call faintly and the camp at last is wrapped in slumber.

In addition to this war drama told in pictures are other films dealing with a variety of subjects of an entertaining nature.

Art was at its flood tide and great artists abounded in the streets of Florence at the period when Leonardo lived and worked there and produced the immortal "La Gioconda" of the inscrutable smile. The uncovering of a work of art by one of its great artists was then made the occasion for a fête day of the most popular kind, and gave the signal for the whole of Florence to turn out into the streets. It is on record that when the great "David" was completed all the leading artists were called together to confer with the Gonfaliere, the council, the officials, and magistrates in finding an honorable place for it in the city. All delighted to do it homage and none disputed its worth, but few agreed together upon the actual position it should occupy. The record of the meeting, to which came Leonardo da Vinci, Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, Lorenzo di Credi, Granacci, and Cronaca, is curious, and, beyond words, interesting, for it gives a vivid glimpse into the life of the Florence of that day, and records as well the sayings and doings of such a wondrous assembly, an assembly for which history can scarcely find a parallel. Possibly while these great craftsmen vied with one another in declaring the most splendid position for Michael Angelo's work of art, in the thoughts of many were the mysterious smile and the demure gaze of the Monna or Madonna Lisa, as they were seen recently upon a wall in Florence waiting to be conveyed back to the Salon Carré in the Louvre. The destination of the "David," all know, was finally left to Michael Angelo himself. He chose its resting place and it was drawn through the streets of Florence, the process taking several days, and at last safely deposited at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio at early dawn on May 18, 1504.

"Change," the new play by J. O. Francis, which won the \$500 prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden, and which made quite a sensation at the Haymarket Theatre, London, recently, is soon to be taken to New York. It is a four-act comedy of domestic life in a Glamorganshire village. A collier named Price stints himself so as to give his sons a university education and bring them up in the best possible manner, but each turns against his teachings. The ending of the play will be changed for the American production and made somewhat happier.

Emma Trentini will make her first San Francisco appearance at the Cort soon in "The Firefly," the delightful comedy opera which first brought the captivating little prima donna into prominence.

George S. Street, who has been appointed British examiner of plays, in succession to the late Charles Brookfield, is the author of the well-known "Autobiography of a Boy."

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Adele" at Columbia Theatre.

The engagement of the French operetta "Adele," which comes to the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, January 25, promises to be one of the most important theatrical events of the current season. "Adele" for the past six months has been the reigning musical sensation of the New York season, where it has tested the capacity of the Longacre Theatre.

The cast, which is said to rival the famous Bostonians, has been winning laurels in every city thus far visited en route to the Pacific Coast.

The company includes three prima donnas, respectively, Carolyn Thomson, an eighteen-year-old miss, formerly concert singer with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and who has also sung with considerable success in Europe, and who appears in the title-role; Nannette Flack, formerly prima donna of the Hippodrome, New York; and Lottie Vincent, formerly a headline feature on the Orpheum and Keith & Proctor variety circuits. Among the male members of the "Adele" company with reputation are John Park, the baritone; Alfred Kappeler, the tenor; George O'Donnell, the basso. The comedy is in the gifted hands of Jules Espailly, Lawrence Knapp, and Ralph Nairn. The latter was brought to America from the George Edwards Gaiety Theatre (London) forces, where he was chief comedian, by Charles Frohman to support his biggest musical-comedy stars. The company also boasts of ten most beautiful "Adele" girls.

Matinees during the engagement of "Adele" will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The engagement will be of two weeks' duration.

Illness Forces Sothern to Star Alone.

E. H. Sothern will begin a fortnight's engagement at the Cort Theatre next Monday night as an individual star, owing to the unfortunate illness of Julia Marlowe, and will be seen in the following arrangement of plays, which will remain unchanged for each of the two weeks. Monday and Tuesday nights and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, "If I Were King"; Wednesday and Saturday nights, "Hamlet"; Thursday nights, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday nights, "The Taming of the Shrew."

It will be noticed that in addition to the Shakespearean plays Mr. Sothern is to be seen in a revival of Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic drama, "If I Were King." The piece will be handsomely staged and carefully cast. In it Elizabeth Valentine will have the principal feminine rôle, which she has always sustained. Miss Valentine will also be seen as Ophelia, Portia, and Katherine, having been Miss Marlowe's understudy, and having prepared herself in those rôles under her direction.

This year, as formerly, Mr. Sothern has an admirable supporting company, including, among others, Frederick Lewis, George W. Wilson, Walter Connolly, J. Sayre Crawley, Sidney Mather, William Harris, John S.

O'Brien, Elizabeth Valentine, Helen Singer, Millicent McLaughlin, and Ina Goldsmith.

During the Sothern engagement the curtain will rise at eight o'clock evenings and at two o'clock at the matinees.

"The Merry Gambo!" at the Gaiety.

The third and undoubtedly the most important of the Gaiety productions will be presented to expectant San Franciscans on Monday night. On this occasion the curtain will ring up disclosing the manifold secrets and surprises that Marie Dressler has herself prepared for the delight of local enthusiasts in her new musical revue, appropriately entitled "The Merry Gambo!"

The hook is by Addison Burkhardt; lyrics by Arthur A. Penn, who is the versatile press representative of the Gaiety; while the music is by Russell M. Tarbox, who has written a score remarkable for freshness, life, and tunefulness. Frank Palma is the musical director of the new show.

Miss Dressler, who has a splendid part in "The Merry Gambo!" and who promises some sensational things in the way of Parisian daringness as applied to costumes, has personally superintended the rehearsals of her new vehicle. She predicts for it an even more remarkable success than that which attended her last triumph, "Tillie's Nightmare." She has surrounded herself with a number of the best possible principals for her support. These include Charles Judels, late of the Anna Held company, and for five years with Weher and Fields; Gene Luneka, the beautiful prima donna, who was such a favorite in "The Candy Shop"; Charles Purcell, the singing hero of "The Chocolate Soldier"; Alf Goulding, Gladys Goulding, Charles A. Mason, Ogden Wight, Frank Hayes, and the Marvelous Millers, who are the last word in modern dancing.

The scenes of "The Merry Gambo!" are laid in Paris, and the stage settings and many of the novel lighting effects will be electrical in effect in more senses than one.

"The Lion and the Mouse" at the Tivoli.

One of the most popular American plays ever written, "The Lion and the Mouse," Charles Klein's greatest success, will be presented in film form for the first time at the Tivoli for the week commencing Sunday. The story is gripping in its interest and is built around John Burkett Ryder, a money king who has compassed the financial ruin and professional disgrace of Judge Rossmore of the Supreme Court, the latter's literary daughter, and Ryder's son. In the end Jefferson Ryder proposes, but Shirley Rossmore declares that she will never marry a man who has such a father. John Ryder then eats a big piece of humble pie, announces that he will prevent the impeachment of Judge Rossmore, and implores Shirley to accept his son, the "mouse" thus conquering the "lion." A Keystone comedy will lend diversity to the bill. "The Battle of Shiloh" will be shown for the last times today.

Six New Acts at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain six entirely new acts. Those famous musical-comedy stars, Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron, will appear in an elaborate singing and dancing skit called "A Bit of Broadway."

The Four Original Perez, said to be the most wonderful equilibristas that have ever visited this country, will exhibit their skill on free bounding ladders.

"The Double Cross," a comedy melodrama by Will Irwin and Ralph E. Renaud from Mr. Irwin's story, "Uncle Edward and Cousin Silas," originally published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, will be presented with a thoroughly efficient cast. Both dramatists are San Franciscans, and Mr. Renaud will be remembered as a fearless, brilliant, and thoroughly capable dramatic critic.

Paul Conchas, Kaiser Wilhelm's military Hercules, whose marvelous strength enables him to perform seemingly impossible feats, will appear in his new intermezzo, "Achilles and Patrocles."

James Hughes Smith and Jim Cook, styled "The Millionaires," assisted by Marie Brandon, will present an entertaining act, the principal ingredients of which are song, dance, and comedy.

Roy Cummings and Helen Gladysings, "Eccentric Funsters," will amuse with a thoroughly original and diverting act.

Next week will be the last of Edna Showalter, "the Girl with the Golden Voice," and Frank Keenan in his great dramatic success, "Vindication." In compliance with popular demand Maurice and Florence Walton, the world's most popular ballroom dancers, will be retained another week.

"Traffic in Souls" at the Savoy.

The white slave production, "Traffic in Souls," will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday, and will be shown daily at the hours of 1:30, 3:30, 7:30, and 9:30. This photo-drama in six parts has created a sensation in New York. The plot of the remarkable production, in which over 600 people take part, is based on the actual

reports of the Rockefeller Investigating Committee for the Suppression of Vice, and District Attorney Whitman's white slavery report. In the whole treatment of the subject there is not one suggestive scene in the entire 6000 feet of film. In New York City this picture was shown to and has the indorsement of the Committee of Fourteen, which has the handling of these subjects.

As an additional attraction at the Savoy Theatre, Manager E. Fleet Bostwick has decided to have a dance on the stage every afternoon at half-past five and evening at half-past ten, when all the patrons of the playhouse will be invited to enjoy themselves. The music will be furnished by the regular theatre orchestra.

In the meantime George Kleine's remarkable production of "Antony and Cleopatra" is completing a very successful engagement, and the last performances will be given this afternoon and evening.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Pavlova to Return February 1

The last performances of Pavlova and her splendid organization will consist of the following offerings: This—Saturday—afternoon, "Paquita," "The Magic Flute," and a series of divertissements; tonight, "Orientale," "Les Preludes," and other divertissements; and for the Sunday afternoon request programme, according to the demands being received, the bill will probably include the "Orientale," "The Invitation to the Dance," and the most popular of the divertissements, including the "Pavlova Gavotte," "The Swan," "The Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody," "Moment Musicale," and the "Bacchanale."

On Sunday the box-office will be open at the Valencia Theatre after ten o'clock.

So great has been the demand for seats that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to bring the organization back for just one single performance on Sunday afternoon, February 1, and this will be given at 3:20 in the afternoon, the company must travel in a special train from Los Angeles just to make this one performance possible.

On Monday night, February 2, Pavlova will give a special performance in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. A programme of two ballets and a dozen divertissements will be given on this occasion, and the sale of seats will open at Ye Liberty box-office next Thursday. For this event mail orders should be sent direct to that theatre.

Josef Hofmann for Two Concerts

Josef Hofmann, the young Russian pianist, will give two superb programmes at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 1 and 8.

At the concert of Sunday, February 1, he will play two of the greatest of the "Sonatas," viz: Beethoven's in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, which is rarely heard here, and Chopin's in B flat minor, with its exquisite Funeral March. Other works by this Polish composer on the list will be the "Impromptu" in A flat major, a "Valse," and a "Nocturne." The master of Bonn will be represented by a "Bagatelle" and the march from "Ruins of Athens." In addition there will be some novelties.

At the concert of February 8 the artist will play Liszt's only "Sonata," a work of great beauty and force, a group of five gems by Robert Schumann, and another of six masterpieces by Chopin.

Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where the sale of seats will open next Wednesday, and where mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford will give a special programme of song at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Saturday afternoon, January 31, at 2:30, and Manager Greenbaum promises that it will be of exceptional merit.

On this occasion the great contralto will sing the "Aria" from Verdi's "Don Carlo," the Recitative and Aria from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," "L'Angelus," an old Breton song arranged by Bourgault-Deoudray, and gems by Brahms, Beethoven, Stanford, and other composers. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville," two Brahms numbers, a Hungarian Folk Song by Korhay, and works by Franz, Davies, and a group of old Welsh and Irish melodies.

The sale of seats will open next Tuesday, January 27, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at either office.

Immediately after the concert the artists will leave for the southern part of the state to fulfill their contracts, but Mr. Greenbaum hopes to have them return about a week or so later to fulfill the original number of concerts.

John McCormack, Irish Tenor, Coming.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, considered one of the greatest lyric tenors now living, will give a series of concerts here, opening at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sun-

day afternoon, February 15, and as hundreds were unable to gain even standing room when the artist visited here three years ago, it is more than likely that the same rush for seats will occur on his second visit. Mail orders of the McCormack concerts are already reaching Manager Greenbaum from many parts of the state.

Kreisler Dates Announced.

The gala event in San Francisco's 1913-1914 musical season will be the appearance of Fritz Kreisler, the great Viennese violinist. Mr. Kreisler will make his only appearance in Northern California as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoon, February 20. He will play the Beethoven Concerto in two recitals—at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 22, and Scottish Rite Hall, Thursday night, February 26.

Maeterlinck's exquisite fantasy, "The Blue Bird," which had such a tremendously successful engagement at the Cort Theatre last season, is announced for an early return.

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Between Stockton and Powell

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

MARVELOUS VAUDEVILLE

WALTER LAWRENCE and FRANCES CAMERON, in "A Bit of Broadway"; THE FOUR ORIGINAL PEREZ, Equilibrists; "THE DOUBLE CROSS," a comedy melodrama by WILL IRWIN and RALPH E. RENAUD; PAUL CONCHAS, in his latest creations, "Achilles and Patrocles"; SMITH and COOK, "The Millionaires," assisted by Marie Brandon; CUMMINGS and GLADYSINGS, Eccentric Funsters; EDNA SHOWALTER; Last Week, FRANK KEENAN, in "Vindication"; Retained by Popular Demand, MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON, World's Most Popular Ballroom Dancers. Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse

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Fifteen Days—Beginning Sunday, January 25

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The Biggest Musical Hit of the Century

ADELE

A French Operetta in Three Acts

Book by Paul Herve, Music by Jean Briquet
22 Song Hits—The "Adele" Beauties—Enlarged Orchestra—Great Cast.
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Last Time Sunday Night—Margaret Illington

in "Within the Law"

Beginning Monday Night, Jan. 26

Two Weeks—Mats. Wed. and Sat.

E. H. SOTHERN

In the following arrangement of plays: Mon., "If I Were King"; Tues., "If I Were King"; Wed. mat., "If I Were King"; Wed. Night, "Hamlet"; Thurs., "Merchant of Venice"; Fri., "Taming of the Shrew"; Sat. mat., "If I Were King"; Sat. night, "Hamlet." Repertoire for second week exactly same as for first week. Prices—50c to \$2.

Curtain at 8 sharp nights; 3 sharp mats.

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"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

Starts Sunday—1:30, 3:30, 7:30, 9:30

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All seats, 25 cents

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THE MERRY GAMBO

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This Saturday aft and night
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Extra! Return Performance
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IN OAKLAND
ONCE ONLY - - Monday Night, Feb. 2
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Coming—JOHN MCCORMACK, the Great Tenor



JOSEF Hofmann
The Master Pianist
Sunday afts, Feb. 1 and 8
Columbia Theatre

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum at either box-office. Steinway Piano used.

Coming—JOHN MCCORMACK, the Irish Tenor



CLARA BUTT
The World's Most Wonderful Contralto
Mr. K. RUMFORD
The Eminent Baritone

In an Unusual Programme of Song
Scottish Rite Auditorium
Next Saturday aft, Jan. 31, at 2:30

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

OAKLAND—Friday aft, Feb. 13, at 3:15

Mason & Hamlin Piano.

Coming—JOHN MCCORMACK, the Lyric Tenor

VANITY FAIR.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* is anxious that women shall give up the reprehensible practice of coloring their hair and their faces, although why this particular problem should lie heavy on this particular newspaper it is hard to say. But then we are all so anxious nowadays that the other fellow shall stop doing the things that he is doing and direct his energies to a more successful imitation of ourselves. We even pass laws to that effect.

And so we are treated to a horrible example of the improprieties of hair and facial decoration. We are told of a woman who applied to another woman for a position, poor thing, and was rejected because her hair had been colored and her face pinkened. She was suitable, says the employer, in every other way, but she ruined her chances by an effort to appear younger than she actually was. She really could not think of employing any one guilty of such a sin as that. And so the *Democrat and Chronicle* performs its little song and dance on the excellence of natural effects and on the attractiveness of the "modest and unassuming middle-aged woman who is not afraid of wrinkles and silver hair."

Now the fault of this particular woman seems to have been, not that she changed the color of her hair and face, but that she did it so clumsily as to be detected. If she had been more careful and more artistic she would have succeeded, and then she would have measurably increased her chances of employment. It may even be that the poor thing was not vain at all, but that she had learned from hard experience that the young and pretty woman carries off the prizes and that the next best thing to being young and pretty is to seem so. She may even have realized that she lives in a world wholly governed by humbug and pretense, where the standard of worth is the impudence of self-laudation, and where even editors have been known to allow their entire stock of "convictions" upon every question beneath the sun to be controlled and dictated by their advertising columns. But the woman who alters the tint of her face and hair becomes at once a pariah—if she is found out.

It is hard to see why a woman should not tint her face and hair if she thinks that the artificial colors are preferable to the real ones, as they often are. The trouble is that most women are unable to do it well and that they fail to produce the illusion that they are aiming at. The woman of fifty can not make herself look like one of twenty, and the fact that she fails to do so makes her repulsive. If it were possible for her to succeed it would be foolish of her not to do so. Men would do it quickly enough if it were possible. It is usually to a woman's interest to look young, or at least she thinks so, and when men cease from doing things that seem to their interest it will be time enough for them to hold up their hands in horror at the woman who replaces the natural colors by artificial ones.

More than once it has been our painful duty to wrestle in prayer for the New York *Sun* because of the gushing enthusiasm with which it chronicles the doings, habits, temperament, and general peculiarities of King George. There was a time when it was thought necessary to inform us at least once a week that King George did not drink to excess, and this information was always conveyed in such a way as to suggest that the correspondent had peculiar access to royal circles, or that he had even buttonholed the king himself and asked to be notified on this point, openly, frankly, and as man to man.

And now the *Sun* has broken out in a fresh place. It gives us a cable dispatch from Berlin describing to the extent of half a column a dinner given by a rich family of whom, to our shame, we never heard before. Fortunately we have not yet reached the point where the newspaper phonograph service is installed in our houses or the *Sun* would certainly invite its readers to listen to these people eating their soup. There seems to be absolutely no reason for this half-column of rubbish except the one fact that there were numerous guests. "The aggregate wealth of whom was estimated by one of those present at \$100,000,000." Now if the police had raided that dinner there would have been some news value to the story, but nothing of the kind happened, which shows that the German police have their little laxities just like ours. Why, then, should we be asked to be present in spirit at a Berlin dinner which was doubtless a very disgusting spectacle merely because its guests possessed a hundred million dollars? But no doubt the *Sun* knows the peculiarities of its readers.

In this connection the New York *Evening Post* reminds us of the religious editor who described a church wedding and wrote unctuously that the group in front of the altar was worth at least \$50,000,000. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to notify the Almighty that this was no common occasion and that the Divine benediction should be in some way appropriate to the financial standing of the parties. But an altar group worth only \$50,000,000 would be a very trivial matter nowa-

days. A mere angel or a cherubim could be trusted to do all that was necessary in the way of benediction for a "poor white" crowd like that. It takes a fortune ten times as big to make anything like a real sensation in heaven.

The Rev. Albert Kummer propably felt that he had not lived in vain when he found that his sermon on "The Model Husband" had been rewarded with half a column or so of newspaper space. Briefly stated there are five things that the model husband must not do. He must not be untrue. He must not be ungentlemanly. He must not spend his evenings away from home. He must not form expensive habits without allowing his wife to do the same. And, finally, he must not assume an air of superiority. However conscious of superiority he may be, it will be well for him to conceal it. Otherwise he will fall under the ban and be excommunicated. The man who possesses this particular cargo of virtues and who is mated with a woman similarly freighted will find that wedded life is even as the Elysian fields. At least Mr. Kummer says so. Personally we have our doubts. Personally we are of opinion that Mr. Kummer's model husband would be a tame cat, an insufferable bore, that his model wife would be simply intolerable, and that their married life would be a long pyrotechnic quarrel.

Mr. Kummer falls into the usual clerical fallacy of supposing that matrimonial bliss depends upon an accord of virtues. It does nothing of the sort. It depends upon the discord of faults. It is through conflict and not through agreement that we learn to love each other. Mr. Chesterton says somewhere that there is absolutely no hope for the man who does not complain that his wife bullies him. There was never yet a happy home where husband and wife possessed the domestic virtues. Where is the man with soul so dead, etc., who does not feel a thrill of delight when his wife confesses with just the suspicion of a tear that she can not pay her weekly bills and that for the life of her she does not know where the money has gone? And where is the wife who does not feel a secret satisfaction when her husband sneaks away for an hour or two with the boys. We do not love people because they have virtues like ours. We love them because they have faults that are unlike ours.

And above all things let us avoid the sin of unconventionality. Here, for example, is Mr. Kummer, who says that the model husband will be able to cook a meal or care for the baby. Now nearly all men can cook a meal, of a sort, and as for caring for a baby it is quite well known that babies much prefer to be tended by men and to be held by men. Most men can do both of these feats and think nothing of it. But we go on cracking the same old jokes about male incapacities when we all know that they are based upon stupidities.

Now we are not much in the preaching line. It is by no means our long suit, if Mr. Kummer will pardon a worldly expression. But there was once a wise man who imparted the secret of matrimonial and of all other happiness in the simple words, "Little children, love one another." And we may venture upon the suggestion that love is apt to fly out by the window when the "domestic virtues" come in by the door.

It is refreshing to know (says the London *Daily Express*) that Lord Halsbury, who is eighty-eight, eats mince-pies and other pleasant indigestible foods without fear or hesitation. We suffer badly from "diet funk" in these days. Our fathers never talked about their stomachs or thought about them. They ate and drank prodigiously, and were merry. We finick and fear, and are dyspeptic. A friend of mine declares that whenever he finds that any sort of food he likes disagrees with him, he eats it every day until his digestion gives up the struggle and does its duty. "A man," he says, "is a coward who allows himself to be mastered by his stomach."

The Assistant Postmaster-General announced that during the holiday rush postmasters would be allowed to stick stamps on themselves. Now there are undoubtedly some postmasters whose appearance would be much improved by a layer of postage stamps, but we can not see that this would facilitate business.

Widely known as the purveyor of turkeys for Thanksgiving Day dinners at the White House, Horace Vose died recently at his home at Westerly, Rhode Island. He was seventy-three years old and had been suffering from heart trouble for six months. When fifteen years of age Mr. Vose began the business of raising turkeys and during the term of President Grant conceived the idea of offering the choicest of his flock for the President's Thanksgiving dinner. Since that time he had annually provided a turkey for the White House.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?" "I'd quit associating with people who ask such foolish questions."—*Detroit Press Press*.

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Judge Gray of the United States supreme bench told a Massachusetts lawyer who was arguing a case before him "the law is so and so," the lawyer quickly retorted: "It is the law now, sir, but it was not until you spoke." Judge Gray subsequently acknowledged his mistake in graceful terms.

It was nine o'clock in the morning in an English town, and the roads were blocked with snow. Bridget, who had been given a week's notice, was facing the last day of her sojourn in the house. She handed the usual cup of tea to her mistress in bed, and then said sweetly: "Oh, ma'am! when ye asked me yesterday if we had everything in for to-night's party I forgot to tell ye we are out of coal and the furnace is goin' out."

He was hurrying along the street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a side alley, when they collided with great force. The second man looked angry, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at a redoubled speed.

Two Irishmen on a sultry night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge underneath the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping for breath, ventured to peep beyond the blankets, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a kick, he said: "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crayers looking for us wid a lantern!"

A man's animosity toward a political opponent is sometimes so bitter that it does not cease even when the opponent is dead. A gentleman who had figured prominently in the history of his state suddenly came to the end of a long and useful life. On the day of the funeral one of the strongest political enemies of the deceased was asked: "Are you going to attend Mr. ———'s funeral today?" "No," responded the distinguished gentleman deliberately; "but I wish you to understand I heartily approve of it."

Schopenhauer, the German pessimist, was asked one day to dinner by a gentleman who had also invited a number of Prussian officers. Said one of the officers to Schopenhauer: "Why do you put a frederic under your plate?" "I have made a vow," replied the philosopher, "to give this piece of money to a beggar the very first time I dine with the military without hearing talk about women and horses. It is fifty years since I made this vow, but I have not yet been called upon to bestow my frederic in alms."

A certain Texas high school recently purchased an assortment of statuary. When the art specimens arrived the colored janitor was set to opening the cases in which they were shipped. First he encountered a replica of the famous Victory, which he carefully stood upright, and then looked carefully in the packing excelsior for the missing parts. Next he found a bust of Shakespeare, which he took out and held musingly. Just then the principal came up. "Fessor," said the puzzled dorky, as he pointed toward the mutilated statue, "is dis hyah de haid whut goes wid dat cawpse?"

One of the upper ten thousand who was visiting America accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking fare-well of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naively asked his host. "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with: "Oh! we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."

He was a stranger from the mountain country some miles back, in a Southern state, and he called at the postoffice and asked for the postmaster. He was told by the clerk that the postmaster was not in. "When will he be in?" was asked. The postmaster would be in within half an hour. "Is there anything I can do for you?" the clerk asked. "No; I want to see the postmaster." After a while the man came back and asked again for the postmaster. "He's not back yet," the clerk told him. "Is there anything I can do for you, or can I tell him something when he

comes?" "No, there aint nuthin' you can do, and I wisht the postmaster was here. I want to see if there's any mail for me, and I'm gettin' in a hurry."

Bobby Dashleigh sent Miss Montgomery, whom he had just met, a beautiful box of flowers, anxious to make a good impression upon that young lady. Unfortunately the florist made the mistake of sending with the roses the card that bore the inscription: "Do the best you can for \$2."

Arthur Train, assistant district attorney of New York, has a ready wit which has caused the downfall of many witnesses. This was proved recently in a divorce trial. Mr. Train was cross-examining the plaintiff, with whom he had the following tilt: "You claim this woman drinks. Is that the reason you wish to divorce her?" "Yes, sir." "Do you drink yourself?" "That's my business!" angrily responded the irate husband. Unmoved, Mr. Train asked this question: "Have you any other business?"

That charity without discretion is readily abused is aptly exemplified by the story of Georgiana Simpson, an old colored woman, who was always employed by a Southern family whenever extra help was needed. There never had been any difficulty in securing her services, and therefore, when three postal cards failed to bring a response, one of the family called upon Georgiana to see what the trouble was. Mrs. G—— found Georgiana well and happy, and she welcomed her mistress very cordially. "I suttiny is mos' pow'ful glad to see you, Miss G——," said Georgiana. "An' is de famly all tol'able well jes' now?" "Yes, we are all well, Georgiana," said Mrs. G——. "But I want to know why you didn't come when I wrote to you? We felt sure you must be ill." "Oh, no, 'deed, Miss G——," said the colored woman, as she tilted her black head airily. "I's enjoyin' th' bes' oh health, an' de Char'y Society done 'tablish a hread, soup, an' coal fund up at de corner, so none ob us ladies in de street has to work dis yeah."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Reform in Our Town.

There was a man in Our Town
And Jimson was his name,
Who cried "Our civic government
Is honeycombed with shame."
He called us neighbors in and said,
"By Graft we're overrun.
Let's have a general cleaning up,
As other towns have done."

The citizens of Our Town
Responded to the call;
Beneath the banner of Reform
We gathered one and all.
We sent away for men expert
In hunting civic sin,
To ask these practiced gentlemen
Just how we should begin.

The experts came to Our Town
And told us how 'twas done.
"Begin with Gas and Traction,
And half your fight is won.
Begin with Gas and Traction;
The rest will follow soon."
We looked at one another
And hummed a different tune.

Said Smith, "Saloons in Our Town
Are Palaces of shame."
Said Jones, "Police corruption
Has hurt the town's fair name."
Said Brown, "Our lawless children
Pitch pennies as they please."
Now would it not be wiser
To start Reform with these?

The men who came to Our Town
Replied, "No haste with these;
Begin with Gas—or Water—
The roots of the disease."
We looked at one another
And hemmed and hawed a bit;
Enthusiasm faded then
From every single cit.

The men who came to Our Town
Expressed a mild surprise,
Then they, too, at each other
Looked "with a wild surmise."
Jimson had stock in Traction,
And Jones had stock in Gas,
And Smith and Brown in this and that,
So—nothing came to pass.

The profligates of Our Town
Pitch pennies as of yore;
Police corruption flourishes
As rankly as before,
Still are our gilded gimmls
Foul palaces of shame.
Reform is just as distant
As when the wise men came.
—Bert Leston Taylor, in Chicago Tribune.

Worthy

"He has some sins," St. Peter said; "but cover them with chalk;
He's often listened for two hours to other people talk."
—Dallas News.

A Judicial Decision.

Said she, "It were best our love-case to confide
To my father. He'd listen, I trust, to your pleadings."
"Your father, you know, is a judge," he replied.
"He would probably order a stay of proceedings."
—Eugene C. Dolson, in Lippincott's Magazine.



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Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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DECEMBER 31st, 1913:
Assets.....\$36,824,605.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 166,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travers Greaves have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Greaves, to Mr. Alexander Bruce, formerly of Joliet, Illinois, but now residing at Beverly Hills in Southern California. Miss Greaves is a sister of Miss Florence Greaves, whose engagement to Mr. Charles K. Moore has recently been announced.

From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Eloise Valentine and Mr. Bruce Starke of Virginia. Miss Valentine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Valentine and a cousin of Miss Ruth Valentine and Mr. Dudley Valentine of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hinz and Mr. Frank Walsh took place Monday evening at the home in Mill Valley of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. C. Hinz. Mrs. Bruce Butler was her sister's only attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh left immediately for New York en route to Europe, where they will spend six months in travel.

The wedding of Miss Dacia Dean Fairbanks and Major Edwin Willis Rich, U. S. A., took place Wednesday at the home in Petaluma of the bride's father, Mr. H. T. Fairbanks. The young couple will make their home in Galveston, Texas, where Major Rich is engaged in special service at the Port of Embarkation.

The Baroness de Rosenweig was hostess at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on January 15 in honor of her nieces, the Misses Nieto. The following guests were present: Misses A. Foute, Helen Wright, Gertrude O'Brien, Helen Jones, Marion Newhall, De Pue, and Rose and Josephine Nieto, Mrs. I. de Viosca, Mrs. Percy Moore, Messrs. Lansing Tevis, Kenneth Moore, Arthur Page, Fred Tillman, Reginald Paget, Pachel, Fenris Hill, Will Tevis, L. Pickering, D'Arcy von Bockelen, Clinton Jones, Walter von Bockelen.

The Misses Louise and Helen Wallach entertained a few friends at tea recently at their home on Clay Street.

Dr. Harry Tevis was host Monday evening at a theatre party. Accompanied by his guests, he later attended a supper and vaudeville entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon in their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise gave a dinner-dance Sunday evening at the Concordia Club.

Mrs. James Oyst entertained a number of friends at luncheon Saturday in honor of Miss Nellie McDowell, the daughter of the late General McDowell, U. S. A., who for many years was stationed at the Presidio. Miss McDowell was the guest of honor Friday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Elizabeth Ash at the Settlement House on Telegraph Hill.

Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club in honor of the Misses Ruth Zeile and Beatrice Nickel. Mrs. Cowdin later entertained her guests at the matinee.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thornton White entertained a number of friends at a dance Wednesday evening at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a theatre party Thursday evening in honor of Miss Marie Louise Black, who will leave next Thursday for New York, where she will visit her uncle, Dr. Bailey.

The first of the subscription dances that have been organized by a number of well-known people was given at Tai's Tuesday evening. Among the members are Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner-dance Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown entertained a number of young people at dinner Friday evening preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum. Both affairs were in honor of Miss Marie Louise Black, who was the guest of honor again on Monday, when Miss Anne Peters entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Robert Greer was the guest of honor at a luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. William Leih and Mr. George Leih entertained a congenial coterie of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home on Broderick Street.

Mrs. Otto Grau has issued invitations to a bridge party Tuesday, January 27, at her home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained a large number of guests at dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will give an informal dance this evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Eugene Lent was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hueter will entertain a number of friends at dinner this evening in honor of Dr. Edwin Short and Mrs. Short.

Mrs. Harrison Smith was hostess at an informal dinner Thursday evening at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Roy Pike entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Hutton entertained the Monday Bridge Club this week at her home on Hyde Street.

Mrs. Harry Sullivan was hostess at a bridge party this afternoon at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Hattie Schultz has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party Thursday, January 22, in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Jr., have issued invitations to a large dinner, Friday evening, January 30, at the Fairmont Hotel preceding

the Cinderella Ball. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. de Guigné's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Squire Mooney gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Broadway.

Miss Martha Sutton gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Gladys Bowen.

Miss Louise Boyd has issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, January 30, preceding the Cinderella Ball.

Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel Friday afternoon, when she entertained the members of the woman's board of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Mrs. Ernest Hartman gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis, later entertaining her guests at the matinee.

Miss Ethel Wrampelmeier was hostess at a dance Saturday evening at her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Leon Greenbaum gave a theatre party Monday evening. Accompanied by her guests, she later attended the supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels entertained a number of friends at dinner recently at the Hotel del Coronado in honor of Miss Josephine Smith and her fiancé, Lieutenant-Commander F. Freeman, U. S. N.

Miss Dorothy Dean was hostess at a tea Sunday afternoon at her home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of the officers of the U. S. S. California.

Mrs. Lee Sypher has issued invitations to a large bridge-tee Tuesday, January 27, at the home on Jackson Street of her father, Mr. William Whittier.

Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis gave a progressive dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith will be the complimented guests at a dinner-dance Friday evening, January 30, when Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Seales will entertain at the Claremont Country Club.

Captain Lawrence Brown, U. S. A., gave a dinner Tuesday evening at his bachelor quarters at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Samuel Morris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morris are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson Roe at their home at the Presidio. Mrs. Roe, who was formerly Miss Ada Cunningham, is a niece of Mrs. Morris. Mr. and Mrs. Roe were married in New York last month. During their sojourn here they will be extensively entertained.

Mrs. Charles Hines was hostess at a bridge party and tea Saturday afternoon at her home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Frank Hines, of Salt Lake City.

The officers of the U. S. S. Denver entertained a number of their friends at a luncheon Sunday on board ship.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, are occupying their town house on Broadway and Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd have come over from San Rafael to spend a few weeks, and are at the home on Broadway of Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

The Misses Ruth Zeile, Marie Louise Black, and Beatrice Nickel spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Miss Helen Garritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson of Burlingame, have been in town for the past ten days visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall.

After a week's visit in this city Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. George Tallant have returned to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corannah De Pue, are contemplating a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Rohin Hayne have returned to their home in Burlingame after a week's visit with Miss Marguerite Doe in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle are expected home shortly from New York, where they spent the holidays with their son, Mr. Mark L. Gerstle, Jr., who is attending college.

Miss Rebecca Shreve spent a few days last week as the guest of Miss Gertrude O'Brien.

Mrs. Frederick Knight has returned from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smart. She was accompanied on her homeward trip by her sister, Mrs. Marion Dowsett Worthington.

The Misses Elvira, Leonor, and Coralía Mejía are en route to Salvador with Señora Aranjó. They will spend several months with their relatives.

Mrs. Emma S. Foster will sail today on one of the Mediterranean steamers for Alexandria, visiting many places of interest en route to Egypt. Mrs. Foster has been spending the summer with relatives in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn will leave in March for Europe, where they will spend the summer. They will be accompanied by their daughter, Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Miss Genevieve King has gone East to spend several months with relatives and friends. At last accounts Miss Henriette Blanding was traveling in Egypt and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham in Germany.

Miss Janet von Schröder has returned to her home in San Luis Obispo County after a visit with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Marie Louise Black accompanied her father, Mr. Charles N. Black, on an Eastern trip which will keep them away for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Leontine de Sahla, and Miss Laura Pearkes will leave February 10 for Europe to remain a year.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have given up their apartment at the Fairmont Hotel and have joined Mrs. Miller's mother, Mrs. M. P. Jones, at the Hillcrest.

Miss Amy Brewer is the guest of Miss Vera

de Sahla at her home in San Mateo. Miss Brewer came from Chicago to be Miss de Sahla's bridesmaid.

Mrs. J. F. Laine and her daughter, Miss Otilla Laine, are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon have gone East to spend a few weeks in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have returned from a visit in Southern California.

Dr. William L. Breyfogle and Mrs. Breyfogle are established at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have gone East to spend a month with Mr. Duncan's relatives. During their absence their little son, Charles Josselyn Duncan, will remain with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale are expected home early in February from New York, where they have been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White of Santa Barbara have returned from a hunting trip in Africa and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert White in Paris.

Mr. Harry Robertson left for Europe on Thursday, the 15th instant. He will be away for a year or two.

Mr. Augustus N. Eddy of Paris has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels at their villa on the Riviera.

Mrs. Richard McCreery will sail from England the first week in February and will join Mr. McCreery in Burlingame, where he has engaged apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard of Los Angeles are en route to Honolulu after a two weeks' visit in this city.

Mrs. Wallace Irwin has arrived from her home in New York and will visit relatives in San Diego. Miss Helen Garritt spent a few days last week with Miss Louise Boyd.

Mrs. Edward Holbrook Sargent and Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara have recently been in town for a ten days' visit at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Cunningham and the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham have arrived from their home in New York. They were accompanied by Miss Margaret Nichols, who has been visiting friends in the East during the past six months.

Colonel Lea Feliger, U. S. A., has returned from a trip to Manila much improved in health and has assumed command at the Presidio.

Miss Nellie McDowell, daughter of the late General McDowell, U. S. A., has been visiting Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and is now the guest of Miss Elizabeth Ashe.

Mrs. Rowland of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. George L. Wertenbaker, at her home in Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant W. W. Gordon, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. L. Collins, U. S. A., aides to Brigadier-General J. J. Pershing, U. S. A., are guests at the Hotel Stewart.

Brigadier-General Charles Bailey, U. S. A., Mrs. Bailey, and Miss Omira Bailey have arrived from Seattle and are visiting Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, en route to their new home at Fort Totten, New York.

Captain Samuel Morris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morris are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson Roe, who were married recently in New York.

Colonel Robert H. R. Loughborough, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Sherman* on a leave of absence.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., commanding the Twelfth Infantry at the Presidio, has been retired under the age limit law.

Leave of absence for two months has been granted Major James A. Shipton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., military attaché.

Captain L. V. Coleman, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed acting quartermaster during the time he is on recruiting duty.

Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., who was recently aide-de-camp to the staff of Major-General Bell in the Philippines, has been ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Lieutenant Smith was married last month to Miss Margaret McCain, daughter of Colonel Henry P. McCain, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the Department of the Philippines.

Captain Arthur Yates, U. S. A., and Mrs. Yates are guests at the Hotel Stewart. Their daughter, Miss Margaret Yates, is visiting an aunt in Paris.

Captain Harry Howland, U. S. A., left Saturday for Coronado, where he was an attendant at the wedding of Miss Josephine Smith and Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Freeman, U. S. N.

Captain H. R. Seales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Seales are established at the Empire Court.

Lieutenant-Commander George Sweet, U. S. N., has been appointed inspector of the naval stations

in the Pacific and will spend much of his time in this city.

The U. S. S. California departed last week for Mare Island to remain until the first week in February.

The U. S. S. Denver left Monday for Santa Barbara en route to San Diego.

Lieutenant Frank Gross, U. S. N., is now stationed in Washington, D. C., with a prospect of residing there for the next three years. Mrs. Gross, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Hicks of Los Angeles, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks. She made her debut in the White House a few winters ago and has many friends in the capital city.

Captain Charles H. Harlow, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Harlow (formerly Mrs. Nellie Trowbridge Newhall) are residing in Washington, D. C.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Miss Amy Bowles.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett has been brightened by the advent of twin sons.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Dunbar has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Miss Jane A. Delano, to whom the Red Cross gold Medal of Merit has been awarded, is the chairman of the national committee on nursing service, through whose instrumentality the nursing work of the Red Cross has been brought to the present high plane.

Morrison Heady, deaf and blind, known as an inventor, architect, musician, humorist, and poet, is still issuing volumes of verse, and seems to possess all his mental vigor though he is now in his eighty-fifth year. His home is at Louisville, Kentucky.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

A. J. Gladstone Dowie, son of the late John Alexander Dowie, who founded Zion City, has just been ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Chicago. He is in charge of St. Jude's Mission in the southern part of the city, and seemingly is not concerned about the town which his parent built up.

Dr. Jacob W. Bolotin, a specialist in tuberculosis at an Illinois hospital, has been blind for years, a fact which did not prevent him from obtaining a thorough education. He is only twenty-five and declares himself far better off than most people who can see. "Why," he says, "on cold winter nights I take a Braille book to bed and read all night long under the covers without burning any midnight oil."

Walton J. Wood, said to be the only man in the United States, if not in the world, holding the office of Public Defender, recently won the office in a competitive examination in Los Angeles. He is a lawyer who has been connected with the district attorney's office, and it is his duty to work diligently for the defense of any accused person in a court of law within the city. The position was created some time ago.

Rudyard Kipling recently celebrated his forty-eighth birthday. Born in Bombay, he has been connected with the realm of letters for over thirty-eight years, for he was the assistant editor in India of the *Civil and Military Gazette and Pioneer* as long ago as 1882. The earliest of his books was "Departmental Ditties," published in 1886. Mr. Kipling's father, who died only two years ago, was an artist, and the principal of the Art School at Lahore. His mother was Scotch, and a lady of considerable literary and artistic gifts.

The Honorable W. M. Hughes, attorney-general of Australia, and who has acted as prime minister during the absence of that official, is a native of Wales, and up to the age of ten spoke little English. He went to Australia in 1884, worked as a railroad hand, boundary rider, farm hand, and rough carpenter. Finally he located in Balmain, a suburb of Sydney, and opened a shop. He went into politics, was admitted to the bar in 1903, and for years has represented West Sydney in the legislative assembly. He has always been a great student, is a brilliant writer, and a forceful speaker.

Dr. F. S. Pearson, who built the electric light plant which supplies the City of Mexico with light and power, is an American, a native of Massachusetts. He has made his own way in the world from the age of fourteen, when he became a railroad station agent. Thrifty and ambitious, he finally took a course at Tufts College, graduating as an electrical engineer. Demonstrating his fitness, he was given the contract for the underground trolley in the Manhattan lines. South America loomed up as an inviting field, and he went to Brazil, where he organized light and power companies and built electric roads. He is still interested in Mexico.

General Francisco Villa, former bandit and now one of the forces striving to overthrow the Huerta régime in Mexico, is uneducated, crude of speech, and before he took up the life of an outlaw owned a small ranch in Chihuahua, about 200 miles south of El Paso, Texas. As a ranchman he was a failure, and in time became a bandit. He was one of Madero's strongest adherents for a time, but jealousy turned him, it is said. At one time he went to El Paso to obtain revenge on Garibaldi, the Italian who for a time cast his lot with the revolutionists. Mayor Kelly, learning of the plot, ordered Villa across the border at once. Villa went.

Hudson Maxim, inventor of the powder called Maximite, the first high explosive to force a projectile through heavy armor-plate, which he sold to the United States government, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday. He has risen to wealth and fame by his own determined efforts, for his boyhood in the backwoods of Maine was one of poverty, combined with a bitter struggle to obtain an education. He never went to school until he was thirteen, and up to that time he had gone barefoot, even in winter. He went to school two months out of each year after he was thirteen and kept it up until he was twenty-five, working his way. In addition to his many inventions, he is a deep student of all the great philosophies and religions and has written much, his best-known work being "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language."

Henry F. Osborn, who will come to the University of California next month as Hitchcock Lecturer, is research professor at Columbia University and president of the American Museum of Natural History. He is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Princeton, and has also received degrees from Trinity College, Cambridge, and the University of Christiania, Norway. He has also been honored by leading scientific societies of the world and is recognized as one of the most eminent paleontologists. In 1907 he headed an ex-

ploring expedition in the Fayum Desert, Egypt. Among his published books is the volume, "Huxley and Education," though he has written several hundred scientific and educational papers.

Sir Archibald Geikie, the famous classical and theological scholar and geologist, has celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday shortly after retiring from the highest office which an English scientist can hold—the presidency of the Royal Society. In 1911 he was president of the Classical Association, and has been president of the Geological Society and British Association. The position he has attained of first rank authority in the worlds of both science and letters is almost unique, and is the fruit of an extraordinary intelligence and scholarship. Of Scotch origin, he was originally intended for a career in a bank and served for a short time in that business. But nature called him, and while he was still a boy he wrote articles on the geology of Arran for a newspaper. This led to his being appointed to the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and this was the beginning of his career.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Awakening

Spectre in the solitude,
Shadow of the shower,
Bramble hush and tanglewood,
Sorrow for an hour;
Terror of the thunder,
Deeper than the sea;
A dream, a doubt, a fear, a blunder—
Love o'ershadowed me!

Comrade in a wilderness,
Sunlight on a flower,
Brother for the brotherless,
Crisis of an hour;
Music of the thunder,
Grandeur of the sea;
A risk, a dare, a joy, a wonder—
Love enfolded me!

—Aloysius Coll, in *Smart Set*.

Through the Snow.

We fared together through the snow—
How should we heed the driving blast?
I felt her heart beat warm below
The arm that held me fast,
And in her cheeks the laughing blood
Bloomed like a rose beneath her hood.

How should I miss the summer flowers,
With such a flower so sweet and close?
White Winter seems a friend of ours—
And all his drifted snows
But hint of whiter snows that hide
Here in the breast against my side.

Come singing April soon or late
For all the frozen world—for me,
Oh, I can well afford to wait
For bloom and bird and bee,
If only she and I can go
Walking forever through the snow.
—Richard Le Gallienne, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Gorse.

Many a year I loved the gorse on an English common,
Miles on miles of the golden cups and the nutty wine;
Cloth of gold for the tramping folk, poor men and women,
Still my heart said in complaint: It is not mine.

Here's a golden wall each side the hill we're breasting,
Never sure was the English gorse as great as this,
Grapes of gold from a golden vine for the wild bee's questing,
A world of gold and a pearly cloud on a blue abyss.

There's a golden hill behind us now, gold on the azure,
The dearest hill, like a little breast in gold above;
The lark springs from a golden bed, spilling his treasure
Down on the buttercup fields of light and his hidden love.

Over the hill we bathe our feet in golden water,
A little stream the traveler fords, so clear and cold.
But is it May of the leafing—the High King's daughter?
For all her green is under the wave of the leaping gold.

Over the hill, the yellow hill, the Spears are showing,
The Silver Spears are turned to gold o'er the valley's haze,
There's a small gold shower on the mountain, and the river flowing
Threads in and out like a ribbon of gold through the Milky Ways.

The eager bees plunge to the thighs in a brimming chalice,
Their bag so full of the golden spoils they scarce can fly—
The mountain calls to the mountain, over the valleys,
"Friend, we are Kings in the house of Kings, both you and I."

Here with a heart fed of delight as a bee with honey
I sit like a miser counting the gold, nor shall repine
For the cuckoo's roaming the golden street, blithe-some and bonny—
And my heart says to my heart: "Have peace; this beauty's thine."
—Katharine Tynan, in *The Nation*.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Jesse W. Lillienthal has been elected president of the Bar Association of San Francisco for the ensuing year. The other officers elected were: Judge Jeremiah F. Sullivan, senior vice-president; W. B. Bosley, junior vice-president, and Max Blum to the unexpired term on the board of governors.

The net profits of the Municipal Railway for the year ending December 31, 1913, the first twelve months of its operation by the city, amounted to \$85,345.80.

The funeral of the late Right Reverend John Joseph Prendergast, whose death occurred last Monday at St. Mary's Hospital, took place on Wednesday. He was a native of County Tipperary, Ireland, aged eighty years, and for fifty-four years had been in the priesthood, spending thirty of them in this city as vicar-general of the diocese of San Francisco. He was considered one of the most learned men in the service of the Catholic church in America. In 1859 he came to San Francisco, shortly after being ordained, and was assigned to the old diocesan seminary of St. Thomas. Through his efforts Mission Dolores was saved from destruction and restored to a proper state of preservation. The College of Notre Dame in Dolores Street was established through his efforts. His health began to fail about two years ago, and for days before he passed away he had been very low.

On Saturday last Robert W. Dennis, clerk of the justice courts of the city filed his annual report with Mayor Rolph. The report shows that the total receipts were \$28,161, with disbursements of \$10,800, leaving a balance to be turned into the city treasury of \$17,361. During the year 8619 cases were filed in the justice court.

At the annual meeting of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company of San Francisco on Wednesday the resignation of President William J. Dutton was accepted. Mr. Dutton has been connected with the company since 1867, when he entered its employ as a junior clerk. Bernard Faymonville, former vice-president, was appointed to succeed him.

Dr. Samuel H. Willey, founder of the College of California, from which grew the University of California, died Wednesday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Anna B. Pray, Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, in his ninety-third year. Dr. Willey came to California in 1849. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1845.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce went on record on Tuesday unanimously against any move on the part of the Federal government to force the separation of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. The Chamber is convinced that great injury will result to the traffic arrangements in California without any corresponding benefits if the separation is enforced. The action of the body further indorses the stand taken by the State Railroad Commission in this matter. Copies of the Chamber's resolutions have been sent to President Wilson and members of the two houses of Congress.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jae—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers? *Josephine*—Hold the hammer in both hands.—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

"Faint heart never won fair lady." "I de-test that proverb." "Why so?" "I consider it a slap at us brunettes."—*Kansas City Journal*.

James (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left. *Hulks (also broke)*—Who is it? James—My pipe. I can still draw on that.—*Stray Stories*.

"I think the world takes a man at his own valuation." "I think you're mistaken; the custom-house inspectors are as alert as ever!"—*Town Topics*.

"Should a man go down on his knees before a woman these days?" "Seems to be considered the correct thing in shoe store circles."—*Kansas City Star*.

Mr. Newrich (reading a newspaper headline)—Japanese Turn Agnostics. Mrs. Newrich—Isn't it wonderful what those Japanese acrobats can do!—*Buffalo Express*.

"Mrs. Peterhy says she believes in all the modern home virtues." "I suppose she refers to playing bridge, neglecting the children, and quarreling with the servants."—*Life*.

Jake (timidly)—I wish I knowed what you'd do if I should steal a kiss, Miss Linda? Miss Linda (cayly)—I wouldn't take no great while t' find out, Jake.—*Puck*.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk. "Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."—*Puck*.

Cable—You can talk eighteen hundred miles without any instrument. Stance—If this keeps up, sending your wife on a trip to Europe won't do a particle of good.—*Life*.

She (sentimental)—Three years I was engaged to him—three beautiful, happy years—then it was all over! He (sympathetic)—Oh, I suppose you married him then?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"I found a tribe in Africa," said the explorer, "that had absolutely no idea of morality or immorality." "That's interesting," said the mild lunatic, "but what did they do for plays?"—*Judge*.

"The question resolves itself into this," said Harkaway; "does Prohibition really prohibit?" "Oh, yes," said Wilkins. "Prohibition prohibits all right, but the trouble is it doesn't prevent."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"This," said the guide, "is Terpsichore, the muse of dancing." "Well," said the young woman, "she isn't much of a dancer for these days. That pose doesn't look like any part of the tango."—*Washington Star*.

"The doctor told Hohhs that he must take a long rest, so he bought himself an automobile." "Did that bring him rest?" "Oh, yes. He's in a nice quiet hospital for three months now."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Old 'Un—Pluck, my boy, pluck; first and last, that is the one essential to success in business. The Young 'Un—Ob, of course, I quite understand that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck.—*Cuban Times*.

"Pa, what does it mean when they say a man is 'the life of the party'?" "The life of a party, my boy, is a man who buys while the other fellows are hanging back trying to remember whose turn it is."—*Detroit Free Press*.

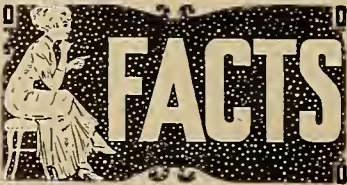
"Bliggins is a terrible man to hunt trouble." "What is worrying him now?" "He is worrying about the income tax he will have to pay if he ever gets an income high enough to be taxed."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

"I think the baby has your hair, ma'am," said the nursegirl, looking pleasantly at her mistress. "Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel. "Run into the nursery and take it away from him! What will he do next?"—*Stray Stories*.

"So you got your poem printed?" "Yes," replied the determined author. "I sent the first stanza to Uncle Know-it-all's column, with the inquiry, 'Can any one give me the rest of this poem?' Then I sent in the complete poem over another name."—*Washington Star*.

"Some of your constituents are disagreeing with you," said the trusted lieutenant. "Well, keep tab on them," replied Senator Sorghum; "when enough disagree with me to constitute a reliable majority, I'm going to turn around and agree with them."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I suppose," said the new saleswoman, "that you want a suit that will make you look attractive to your husband?" "Attractive to my husband!" echoed the shopper. "I should say not. He wouldn't know if I wore a suit ten years old. What I want is something that will make my next-door neighbor turn a pale pink green with envy."—*Buffalo Express*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Governor Johnson in 1910 and in 1914.

There are vital points of difference in Governor Johnson's candidacy in 1914 as compared with his candidacy in 1910. In the first instance he stood forth as the champion of a protest against conditions in the political life of the state which had become involved in embittered criticism and widespread resentment. The campaign was one of denunciation and destruction. It was a business precisely suited to a man of passionate tendencies, addicted by habit to intensity of partisan feeling and trained in the arts of emotional appeal. Mr. Johnson was at his best in this campaign because the occasion was to the hand of his peculiar individual powers.

This year the situation calls for quite another mood and for very different qualities. When he takes the stump this coming summer Mr. Johnson will have been governor for practically four years. The changes of which he was the main proponent and the active champion have been accomplished. The conditions which formed alike the bulk and the trimmings of his arraignment in 1910 no longer exist. The terrible "S. P." is no longer in politics. Its agents no longer

have to do with political affairs. Its policies are so subject to dictation and discipline under the authority of the state as to menace no interest and inflame no prejudice. That terrible hobgoblin, the "Old Guard," is broken and dispersed. Whatever in any man's view may be wrong in the political life of California now, the blame must rest, not upon those dominant in 1910, but upon those who succeeded them in 1911 and who have overturned and reorganized our political affairs. In the coming campaign Mr. Johnson's indubitable powers of denunciation must be laid upon the shelf; he must substitute for them whatever powers he may possess of justification and defense. The prosecutor of 1910 is the defendant in 1914.

Mr. Johnson will be called upon to explain a good many things. First, he will be required to justify the fact that having been the candidate of a political party and elected by its votes he abandoned that party and used the powers of his office in so far as he might to destroy it.

Second, Mr. Johnson will find it necessary to justify the course by which he first espoused the cause of the La Follette faction and later threw over the cause of this faction and its candidate to ally himself with a movement having other inspirations and other aims.

Third, Mr. Johnson will find it necessary to explain to the satisfaction of many citizens difficult to convince his part in excluding the Taft electors from the last presidential ticket, thus practically disfranchising a large element of his fellow-citizens.

Fourth, Mr. Johnson must defend himself against charges of legal and political immorality in promoting the election of Judge Works to the Senate, whereas the man entitled to the election under the system of his (Johnson's) own devising was Mr. Spalding.

Fifth, Mr. Johnson, who posed in 1910 as a furious critic of close organization in politics, will be required to justify his principles then with his present policy as exhibited in the existence of a political machine acting under his hand and under a system of authority more centralized and positive than anything California had previously known.

Sixth, Mr. Johnson must face a definite and widespread moral resentment based upon the scandals of the San Francisco harbor administration, likewise the scandals growing out of his interference with the operations of the State Bureau of Mineralogy and other departments of the state government.

Seventh, Mr. Johnson must face the fact that while his reform proposals have without exception been accepted and incorporated in the constitution and the laws of the state, they have yielded nothing tangible in the forms of augmented prosperity or improved morality. He and those who have stood with him have indeed recast the system and reorganized the politics of California, but where is the good of it all? He promised a millennium. He was given free rein. But where is the millennium? What are the differences between a system of organized politics under the old régime, and a new system of organized politics administered from the governor's office and in large part paid for out of public funds under various devices calculated and established for this obvious purpose?

Eighth, Mr. Johnson will be asked to explain why it is that under the new dispensation which he urged upon a thousand promises of popular advantage the demands of the tax gatherer in 1914 are heavily in excess of the tax rates as they stood in 1910.

This list might be indefinitely extended, but enough has been said to suggest that the lines of Mr. Johnson's campaign in 1914 must in the nature of things be vastly different from those in 1910, when all that was required was a fire-eyed and unctuous denunciation of men and things, supplemented by rosy promises and flattering prophecies.

The public has been told by those who are to co-

operate with him in this new campaign that Governor Johnson counts upon "one more victory" in the old cry against the "S. P." The changes, we are told, are again to be rung upon the infamies of conditions past and gone. But such a campaign must obviously be self-stultifying. If the reforms of Mr. Johnson's official career have been what he claims them to be, if the system upon which he has devised and established be not an effective one, then upon what grounds of logic or common sense may he ask for reelection? If the whole machinery and all the resources of state government, including two subservient legislatures and a perfected system of regulation over all public utilities, has not yielded a definite and permanent reformation, then in the name of common sense what is to be gained by re-commissioning an administration which has so failed in the enforcement of its purposes? Denunciation of abuses which, whatever they may once have been, now no longer exist will not serve the purposes of an agency in politics which stands responsible for all the present conditions in public affairs.

The omens are not favorable to Mr. Johnson's success in 1914. Among other things, habit and propensity stand opposed. In the more than fifty years of California's career as a state no governor has ever been re-elected. Then there is the failure of the independent party movement as proved by the reports of registration. Furthermore the people of the state are weary of an agitation which, whatever its original motives, has lost its significance and ceased to be other than a disturbance of the public peace.

Time for Action in Mexico.

In view of the progress of events in Mexico it is idle to speculate upon what might have been. Only facts need now be considered. The Huerta government is on its last legs. It has failed to command recognition abroad; it has lost the confidence of the better element at home. As the result of desperate efforts to sustain itself it has created fatal enmities. Now, without means of effective action, it is face to face with overwhelming problems both military and fiscal.

In the meantime the general situation in Mexico has gone from bad to worse. Rebellion, while it has developed no force capable of pacifying the country, has attained a measure of success that makes it a special source of confusion. The exhausted and starveling refugee army which found its way across the American border a few days ago illustrated by its condition the poverty, the desperation, and the suffering of the country. It is a racked and distressed land in which the spirit of savage war has demoralized the people, and the uncertainties of the future paralyzed every wholesome activity. The well-to-do are suffering from their fortunes; the less prosperous are suffering from idleness and want of food; the poor and improvident elements are in abject misery. And there is no help in sight. It is idle now to talk about what Huerta might have done. The opportunity was denied him; and the conditions under which a similar opportunity might have stood open to some other man of the country no longer exist. None of the leaders of rebellion are capable either morally or in a military or fiscal sense. The time is past when Mexico may redeem herself, even if it be allowed that there has ever been such a time since the fall of Diaz.

The mistake of those in places of high influence—particularly at Washington—has been the assumption that the normal state of Mexico is a state of peace. True, there was peace for thirty-five years under Diaz, but it was peace devised by a great organizer of military powers, plus the genius of a great administrator—a peace enforced under the shadow of the sword. For so long as did Diaz maintain a status which wore the outward aspects of peace, so long did he maintain an enforced order, that those not definitely informed forgot that Mexico is only a half-civil-

country, possessing none of the powers essential to the maintenance of social order under a self-governing system.

It ought now to be plain to every observer that if peace is to come to Mexico its source must be from without. Some strong nation or combination of nations must take up the work which fell from the relaxed hand of old Diaz and carry it forward for an indefinite period. It must be done first of all in the interest of humanity, for the world can not stand by and witness a turmoil attended by unspeakable cruelties and incalculable sacrifices. Second, it must be done as a salvage enterprise, for there is invested in Mexico billions of capital, domestic and foreign, which the civilized world would not be justified to see wasted even if it were willing to suffer its share of the loss.

Who is to take the initiative? Plainly the first obligation lies to the hand of the United States. Mere proximity presses this duty upon us; and in addition to proximity we have the obligation which rests upon a certain identity of interests, plus assurances which in one way or another we have given to the world. The countries of Europe have tacitly consented that Mexico is the immediate problem of the United States. They have so far acceded to our Monroe Doctrine as to stand aside, leaving the field of action open to us. They have put it up to us. And under these circumstances we can not longer—certainly not much longer—stand idly by and witness the progress of a social hurricane which under circumstances of unspeakable cruelty is involving twenty millions of human creatures, not to mention enormous investments and incalculable native resources.

There are two ways in which the United States may act, both to the same end—one indirect and in an intellectual sense at least, dishonest, the other open and aboveboard. We may follow a policy suggested in dispatches from Washington of promoting a new dictatorship (under this name or some other) at the hands of Francisco de la Barra or some other Mexican, nominally representing his own country, but really representing United States authority; or we may openly take over the job of pacifying, reorganizing, and administering the country through American agents, military and civil, precisely as we did in Cuba. Either of these courses would be in effect the assumption of possession and control of the country by the United States. The one way would be indirect and diplomatic; the other would be open and aboveboard, at least commanding respect for its honesty.

On the whole we are convinced that a situation has arisen, whether through our own blundering or not need not now be considered, in which the United States is under obligation to act. Continuation of the present reign of horrors and terrors is inconsistent alike with humanity, with established interest, or any other motive commanding respect under civilized standards of national obligation.

How to go about the business of direct intervention is truly a serious question. Probably the best way would be to counsel informally with England, Germany, and France, then proceed upon the basis of an understanding which these nations would be glad to concede. This, let it frankly be confessed, would be out of line with assurances which have been unwisely given. Declarations on the part of President Wilson stand in the way. But where mistakes have been made, as they have in this whole business of Mexico during the past year, the best way is the way of frank confession of error, plus open dealing upon lines above suggested, with a problem for which there appears to be no other solution.

That active intervention in Mexico with assumption of administrative authority in that vast country must in the nature of things react upon our own system, goes without saying. It will take a strong hand to govern Mexico. The work can not be done by a government organized upon the standards of our own. Mexico in the hands of the United States must inevitably create another kind of government for the United States. That is a risk which we must take. Men of conservative temper everywhere will regret it. But when necessity presses upon a people it must be guided by the lights of moral obligation, leaving the effects whatever they may be, to take care of themselves.

The President and the Canal.

A suggestion in these columns last week to the effect that President Wilson grows in statesmanlike understanding finds both confirmation and emphasis in a

report from Washington that he favors such modification of the law regulating the use and charges of the Isthmian Canal as will eliminate the discriminating advantage accorded to American ships. Our treaty with Great Britain is as plain as words can make it. "The Canal," says Article 3 of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, "shall be free and open to all nations * * * on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise."

This pledge, simple and understandable, is as binding as when it was made. It commits the United States without reserve to a policy which the act of last year directly contravenes. This act should never have been passed by Congress; it should never have been approved by executive authority. It was a blunder—worse, an act of bad faith. And we shall do well frankly to admit our error and revise the law in conformity with the pledge. President Wilson has been slow in coming to an understanding of this matter, curiously slow. It is gratifying that at last he has found the resolution to take a stand for faithful performance of a promise in the spirit of honest dealing.

While Congress is about it, there should be still further change in the law governing operation of the canal. Everybody in the United States has contributed to the creation of this work. It should be open to any and all ships seeking to use it upon equal terms. To discriminate against certain ships or classes of ships because they happen to be owned by certain persons or corporations is a denial of essential rights and of plain equities. Furthermore the policy of the thing is bad, since its effect must be to drive from the ocean nearly all of the few remaining vessels in international trade which fly the American flag. It would be amazing indeed—and amazingly stupid, indeed—if the first fruits of the Canal should be to limit the privileges and curtail the range of American commerce in ships bearing the Stars-and-Stripes.

A Badge of Chivalry.

Among the signs of grace not wholly lacking even in this degenerate age may be counted the present movement in Chicago "for the revival of courtesy to womankind." Doubtless Chicago knows her own needs and it would be ungracious to criticize the stirrings of a penitential spirit. But we may note with some regret that the new courtesy is to be confined to street-cars and trains, although an initial success may justify its extension even to the home. And for the better encouragement of the cult its adherents will be furnished with buttons as outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual redemption. The color and the inscription have not yet been determined. In fact a prize of \$100 has been offered for the best suggestion. But doubtless the button will be of the detachable kind and easy to remove as one steps upon the rear platform of the street-car.

It is now some time since women were first accorded the privilege of maintaining an erect position in our street-cars, but the present easy effrontery with which the male passenger retains his seat was not reached without some transitional pangs. There was a stage when the cultivation of a certain superhuman absent-mindedness became an art. The newspaper and an appearance of extreme shortsightedness also played their useful rôle. The occupant of a transverse seat might affect a concentration of interest upon the sidewalk, and there were even those who acquired a certain enviable dexterity in simulating a profound slumber immediately upon taking their seats. But these were merely sedatives to a now extinct social conscience. They are no longer needed. The man of today is able to sit four square, unblushing and unashamed in the presence of the lady who is perspiring ice-cream at every pore and who grasps in her hand the one and only trophy of the day's "shopping" in the shape of a neat little parcel of corned beef snatched from the delicatesten counter as a propitiation to the domestic gods. For is she not one of the "housekeepers of the nation"? But modern man no longer offers even the apology of deception. Women, he argues in his blind and brutal way, have demanded their rights. They have yearned for equality. They have been summoned to stand up for their sex. They may now do so.

Perhaps women do not greatly object to standing in the street-cars. Indeed nothing is more noticeable than the placidity with which they will grasp the kindly strap in the presence of half a dozen vacant seats. Nor do we often find that their acceptance of the old-time

courtesy is a gracious one. Possibly they scent the white-slaver under the hundred disguises which that ubiquitous beast is well known to assume like the protective coloration adopted by some animals for the most nefarious purposes. Even the Chicago button may be vilely used to cloak the base designs which the whole male sex is well known to harbor against a womankind not yet entirely encased in the saving knowledge beneficently imparted by the moving-picture shows for the nominal sum of a nickel. Indeed we may yet hear that the wearing of a courtesy button has proved the undoing of some poor wretch thus convicted not only of iniquity but of hypocrisy. There is now nothing that demands such instant police interference as an act of courtesy, and perhaps the woman does well to adopt that familiar arctic demeanor toward any unchaperoned male who so far forgets himself as to be polite. On the other hand her willingness to stand in the street-car may be not wholly unconnected with sartorial reasons and with a consciousness that a costume abbreviated by a seat is a costume spoiled.

The Registration and What It Implies.

Progress of registration throughout California since January 1st tells its own significant story. In San Francisco the return of Republicans as compared with Progressives runs in the ratio of about five to three; in Fresno, which has been represented as a Progressive stronghold, about six to five; at Santa Barbara, about two to one; at San Jose, about two to one; at Bakersfield, two to one; at Stockton, four to one. But the most surprising returns come from the strictly southern counties. In San Diego the ratio of Republicans to Progressives runs nearly five to one; in Orange County, about two and one-half to one; in Imperial, two to one; in San Bernardino, two to one; Los Angeles, two to one. Only in Alameda and Sacramento have the Progressive registrations passed the Republicans, and in each case there are special reasons. In Sacramento, for example, there are centered the more important state institutions, including the Capitol and the State Printing Office.

Governor Johnson, Mr. Rowell, and others of the inside coterie of Progressivism professes to see "nothing serious" in the registration reports, though their assurances have something of that hollow tone which characterizes the music made by a boy whistling through a graveyard. They profess to believe that multitudes of citizens whom they can not by any sort of pressure induce to join their party will none the less vote the Progressive ticket on election day. The state of mind which can produce this cheerful conviction ought not to be without interest to the professional alienist. Its bias, however, has the interest which perennially attaches to an unshakable optimism, and therefore may be regarded rather with an amused tolerance than with the reproach which ordinarily attaches to sheer stupidity.

For all the professed belief of the Progressive leaders that "full half" of those who are registering as Republicans and Democrats will vote the Progressive ticket, their course indicates that they are not definitely relying upon this outcome. All along the line we see them trying by devices of political strategy to strengthen the Progressive position. First, there was the retirement of Mr. Johnson from a dearly cherished plan to be a candidate for the Senate—this under the menace of Mr. Heney's amiable influence. Second, we now see Mr. Johnson, after his first angry outburst over the Heney incident, endeavoring to placate the Wild Ass of the Desert and so bring about a state of party harmony. To this end he appears even willing to sacrifice the ambitions of Mr. Rowell under circumstances of some embarrassment to the last-named gentleman.

More significant still is the strategy which has taken Mr. Eshleman, chairman of the Railroad Commission, from a post wherein, despite some early eccentricities, he has been eminently useful and successful, to enter a doubtful candidacy for a perfunctory office. The reason is plain enough. Mr. Eshleman stands today before the people of the state as the most highly commended and popularly approved member of the Progressive party. He hails, too, from Southern California, once a stronghold of Progressivism, but now, as the reports of the registration show, falling back into its normal party affiliations. The bringing of Eshleman into the contest is an obvious effort to give to the Progressive ticket an element of popularity; likewise an obvious effort to bolster up the candidacy of Governor Johnson.

The Democratic party, as the registration shows, is

holding its own in every part of the state. In truth, the situation has not been so favorable for Democratic success in many years. The old Republican party is hopelessly divided. While its regular wing still claims the allegiance of the greater part of the old rank and file, those who have deserted to the new Progressive movement are still numerous enough to put it in the minority. With the old Republican party split into two parties, Democracy, even if it should gain no recruits, is thus made the dominant political organization in California under the plurality principle. It would seem that all the Democrats now need to do to establish themselves in complete control of the state is to put up candidates who will command the full party strength. A more discreet policy, however, would be to select candidates who while commending themselves to Democrats would also be acceptable to many Republicans, willing to give their votes to Democratic candidates by way of assuring defeat of their more immediate and more dearly hated Progressive rivals.

Mr. Knowland Has Made No Announcement.
The editor of the *Argonaut* has received a personal note from Hon. J. R. Knowland, dated Washington, January 23d, from which we excerpt the following:

I have before me an article in the *Argonaut* in which you express regret that I have announced my candidacy for the United States Senate at this time when the Republican party in California is in process of reorganization. I have to say in comment upon this statement that you have been misinformed. For the reasons that you name I have made no announcement, publicly or privately, believing it far more important at this time for the Republicans of California to perfect an organization and give attention to registration. There will be ample time later on for the party to consider candidates. Just what my future plans will be I can not state at this time. Personally I am more interested in seeing the party in California reorganized along proper lines than in advancing my candidacy for any office.

This sets Mr. Knowland right and establishes him in a new title to the consideration of his party. The *Argonaut* congratulates Mr. Knowland upon an attitude which subordinates an ambition which he may very properly cherish to the proprieties of a confused situation and to the manifest interests of his party at this time.

It is to be regretted that the enthusiasm of some of Mr. Knowland's friends overstepped the bounds of restraint and published announcements which Mr. Knowland's own course has not sustained.

The Health of Fitzsimmons.
The *Argonaut* has scant sympathy with prize-fighting nor for the euphemism that describes pugilism by the gentler name of boxing. But it has still less sympathy with a paternalism in government that is rapidly advancing toward the extinction of the few elementary human liberties that remain to us.

It seems that New York has a legally constituted commission for the regulation of athletics in general and prize-fighting in particular and that no one may fight or box within the limits of the state except under license from this commission. Acting under its powers the athletic commission has now prohibited Robert Fitzsimmons from pursuing his ordinary avocations in the ring, not because of any moral disabilities on the part of Fitzsimmons, but simply and solely because he is fifty-one years of age and certain doctors believe that further contests may be physically injurious to him. Thereupon Fitzsimmons applied for an injunction against the commission and the case has been taken under advisement.

Now we may well ask ourselves where this sort of thing is to end. If a commission is to prohibit an individual from working at his lawful trade upon the ground that he may possibly catch cold or strain his respiratory organs we may as well at once surrender all claims to personal liberty and the exercise of the simplest human rights. If the law may be so tenderly solicitous of the health of a prize-fighter there seems no reason why the police should not order bankers or clergymen to stand away from a draft or even send them home to put on their overcoats or chest protectors. At the moment there is no commission with power to do these things, but some feather-brained legislature could make good that little deficiency overnight. That Fitzsimmons is fifty-one years of age and that he has won seven out of his last twelve battles seem to show that he is not exactly a child in matters of self-preservation. Then why put him into swaddling clothes? And if this is to be the fate of Fitzsimmons how long will it be before we are all in swaddling clothes and being

fed by disinfected policemen from germ-proof bottles upon pasteurized milk?

Editorial Notes.
Approving the action of the Philadelphia Daughters of the Revolution in opposing the project to exhibit the Liberty Bell at the San Francisco Fair, the *Providence Journal* declares that "a unique historical relic should not be carted about the country." Why? To what better use could the Liberty Bell be put than by its physical presence in a relatively new part of the country to proclaim that the liberty which it bespoke in 1776 has been extended to new lands and to new peoples? At the Charleston fair a decade ago the old Liberty Bell was the most popular of all the exhibits. It touched the chords of national sentiment as nothing else could have done. Why should an object so mutely eloquent be held in a perpetual confinement in a little hall in Philadelphia to be seen only by a few curious tourists when by being "carted about the country" it may touch the hearts of millions with reverence for the past and with inspiration for the future?

One Dr. Merriam, editor of the *Watchman Examiner* (a Baptist church publication) remarks sententiously that Dr. Eliot's talk about "twentieth-century Christianity" will not "turn the world upside down." Verily we suspect that the last man in the world to wish to turn the world upside down, religiously or otherwise, would be Dr. Eliot. He probably knows much better than Dr. Merriam that spasmodic and radical movements in religion or in other things do infinitely less good than harm. If there is one man in America above all others who knows that the march of the world towards better things must be by slow degrees and under conservative standards that man is Dr. Eliot. It is never men of light and leading like your Dr. Eliots who seek to turn the world upside down, but your furious preachifiers of the Merriam type, whose shallow minds are easily thrown from the track of conservative common sense and whose aspirations for the millennium, always with a front seat reserved for themselves, lead them constantly into extravagant appeals for radical reform with excited denunciations of those whose opinions and policies are governed by a richer wisdom and a steadier common sense.

Representative Whitacre of the Eighteenth Ohio District announces that he will not be a candidate for reelection to Congress. He gives his reasons. "Congress," he says, "is no place for a man who wants to be intellectually honest." He is tired, he says, of "looking wise while bartering convictions for political expediency." "There is no chance for an honest, wide-awake, frank, and open business man in Congress." Somehow this explanation, no doubt intended to be profoundly impressive of sincerity of character, carries with it to the *Argonaut* the suggestion that Mr. Whitacre is a poor creature whose conceptions of right are clear enough but who lacks the resolution—the weight of character—to make them effective. If there is any place in the country where the need cries aloud for men intellectually honest, for men who will not barter their convictions, for honest, wideawake, frank, and open men of business, that place is Congress. And we have yet to observe that any man in public or private life has lost public respect or self-respect through the exercise of these qualities. To be sure there is a familiar type of cowering, cringing, small politician in Congress and out of it. But the men in Congress and elsewhere who guide their courses by the lights of honesty, conviction, courage, and manly openness are pretty uniformly successful. Broadly speaking, it is the men who "aint afeard" who succeed in Congress as elsewhere. We suspect that if Mr. Whitacre would practice the virtues which he knows so well how to name he would find himself a stronger man politically and otherwise than he has ever been under a policy of "looking wise and bartering convictions for expediency." And if he should go down to defeat because he pursued a course of "honesty, courage, and manly openness," he would retire from Congress with a higher public respect and with a greater respect for himself than by his present policy of turning-tail and running away, apparently fearful of what he would have us believe to be his own moral shadow.

This is to be an active political year in our neighboring state of Oregon. There is to be elected a United States senator and a full line of state officers, including

four justices of the supreme court. Almost of equal importance in a political sense is a coming election in Multnomah (Portland) County of a full list of county officials. George E. Chamberlain, Democrat and incumbent, is seeking reelection to the United States Senate. He is openly opposed by Robert A. Booth, Republican. Although his candidacy is not announced, it is believed that ex-Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., will enter the race as a Republican candidate. Eight candidates for the governorship are announced, with probably as many more to be heard from.

"Why," asks Sarah Bernhardt, "shouldn't your American Mr. Bryan augment his income? Isn't it better than being a grafter like so many of those holding similar offices in Europe?" Really now, here is a point. Mr. Bryan with a grape-juice flask in his suitcase going the Chautauqua rounds in company with a group of beribbon-legged yodlers is a bit ridiculous. But after all isn't it better to be thus ridiculous than to practice the thousand forms of conventional graft which mark the course of pretty much every administrative official under European systems? Really, Mme. Bernhardt would appear to be something of a political moralist as well as an artist.

The *Boston Transcript* suggests that this interesting addition be made to the standard dictionaries:

- LIND, n. A project, secretly conceived and carried forward in mystery, from which great results are expected, but of which nothing comes.
v. 1. To intermeddle, where there is a half-assumed right so to do.
2. To consume a great deal of time in waiting seriously for what does not happen.

AN APPEAL FROM MEXICO.
A Foreign Resident Tells of the Cruelties and Woes Imposed as a Consequence of American Policy.

CITY OF MEXICO, January 10, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: I beg to congratulate you upon the article, "Our Mexican Policy," which was copied by the *Mexican Herald* yesterday.

It has been my belief for some time past that if the American people realized the amount of misery and awful sufferings that your President's policy towards Mexico is occasioning in this country it would not be tolerated.

Mr. Wilson's intentions are, without doubt, good, but unfortunately for this country he forgets that the ideal government that he is trying to push down through the throat of the Mexican people does not suit this country. The medicine is good and should be applied at the proper time; at present it acts like poison. A government such as Mr. Wilson insists this country must have is all right for a country like the United States, but in a country like this, where over eighty per cent of the population know neither how to read nor write it is the rankest nonsense to try such an experiment.

The proof of the above is that the moment Mr. Madero tried to introduce a free government the whole country rose up in arms, traducing liberty into libertinism. Mr. Wilson's political coat will not fit this country as yet. Once the lower classes become educated, which will take a few generations, Mr. Wilson's ideal government for this country will develop itself.

The non-recognition of this government by the United States, its encouragement of the revolution in the north and the financial boycott instituted against Mexico is causing the complete ruin of this country and causing it an injury from which it will take many, many years to recover.

You can hardly have an idea of the extent of the destruction of property that has taken place in some parts of this republic. For example, in the State of Durango magnificent haciendas have been razed to the ground, literally speaking; all buildings have been blown up with dynamite, fences and water-works destroyed, all cattle stolen, and even the monuments marking the boundaries destroyed, leaving the bare ground; and its owners, who were rich yesterday, are actually begging today.

I will give you a few instances of the barbarities and atrocities committed by the so-called Carrancista army in the State of San Luis Potosi, into which they have penetrated through the State of Tamaulipas. All the following incidents mentioned are of recent origin:

A federal military train was blown up by the rebels a little over a week ago at the station of Venado, San Luis Potosi. The military commander was one of the survivors of the explosion. He was caught and the flesh pared off the soles of his feet and made to march along a great distance with the rebels. When a stop was made his two eyes were poked out, his genital organs cut, stabbed several times, and tied high up a tree by his feet and allowed to die gradually in that position. The man, so eye-witnesses say, begged to be killed, but no attention was paid to him.

At Las Crucitas, between San Luis Potosi and Taupico, a freight train was detained by rebels and valuable merchandise burned. Aboard the train were three Juchiteco federal soldiers and the wife of one of these. The soldiers were murdered most brutally and the wife had her tongue cut out of her mouth whilst still alive. She was then outraged and murdered. Whilst the tongue-cutting operation was being done a poor peon woman tried to intercede. She was beaten for interfering and made to eat the tongue of the murdered woman.

At El Coco Station, on the same railroad line, an American was surprised in his house with his two daughters by several rebels. He was taken outside and tied to a tree and his two daughters, girls of sixteen and eighteen, were

raged right before his eyes by all of them. When this crime became known in Mexico City President Huerta ordered a special commission of soldiers to get after the bandits. Four of these were caught, taken to Cardenas, San Luis Potosi, tried by a judge, and taken to a little town called Los Ranchos and shot.

At Ciudad Victoria, Tamaulipas, when the city was taken by the Carrancistas last month, a young lady who tried to defend her honor was outraged most brutally and her breasts slit open with a knife.

At a ranch near Valles, San Luis Potosi, on the approach of the rebels the inhabitants ran away and two children, four and five years old, one a girl, were left behind. The bodies of these two children were after found cut in half vertically.

At Tampacan, San Luis Potosi, a young fellow, ranch owner, was caught by rebels, the flesh from his arms dressed off, and walked around the market place until he died of exhaustion and loss of blood.

With these samples of crime you will get an idea of the kind of warfare that is being carried on in this country. In every town that is entered by rebels every girl in the place is immediately outraged; peaceful citizens are robbed, their houses burned, and them murdered. Many other crimes, aside from those mentioned, are being committed every day which are so repulsive that decency prohibits their description.

The people who do these things appear to have the sympathy of your President. If through his efforts in their behalf they come into power in this country does President Wilson expect for a moment that they will institute a good and orderly government? The day President Huerta falls the whole republic will become a mass of ruins, and I don't exaggerate things a bit when I say this.

People in the United States don't seem to realize that the disappearance of Mr. Madero was a political necessity. That this was not done in a legal form does not alter the case. Mr. Huerta may be all you like, but he is the only man in this country who has the energy and pluck to restore peace, and would have done so from the beginning and peace would be an established fact in Mexico had it not been for the American policy that the United States has initiated towards Mexico.

I don't wish to be misunderstood. I am not a Huerta man. All that foreigners in this country wish is a man at the head of it that will give guarantees and allow us to live and do business peacefully. If Mr. Wilson has such a man at his disposal let him produce him by all means, and I believe Mr. Huerta patriotic enough to step aside without any compulsion and see peace and order restored. We understand very well that all this is purely a personal matter between President Wilson and President Huerta, against whom the former mentioned has taken a dislike. The price that foreigners and Mexicans alike are paying for your President's whims is most awful.

If Americans really wish peace and orderly government in Mexico, which doubtless they do as I firmly believe, let the United States recognize its provisional government so that Huerta may be able to obtain sufficient funds to restore order, stop the smuggling of ammunition and arms that has been carried on in enormous amounts, and do away with the sympathy for the rebel cause, which is criminal.

I don't favor intervention by the United States. In saying this I voice the sentiment of all foreigners in this country. It's too late now for this step; it would be a mistake on the part of the United States. After receiving so much bluff from the United States, the Mexican people have lost respect for Americans and their government.

Your President has committed many mistakes in the attitude he has assumed towards Mexico. No man is infallible, and notwithstanding that he has acted all through with the purest motives, he should further demonstrate his greatness to the whole world by acknowledging that he is wrong and do his utmost to remedy the great evils and calamities that his mistaken policy has brought on this country.

Before closing I wish to tell you that I have absolutely no axe to grind. I am a foreigner in this country; have been here for many years, and see ruin staring me in the face if this continues many months longer. You seem to have studied the Mexican situation and I write you this letter so that you may understand it still better. This is for your information, for as you will readily understand, should my name be made use of and published it would put my property and even my life in jeopardy should the rebel cause win in a future date in this part of the country. I give you my name and address that you may know I write in good faith, but I must sign this writing with initials not my own. G. S. K.

In ascertaining the height of Mount Rainier last year to forever set at rest the question of its exact height the government engineers found the elevation to be 14,408 feet, and while engaged in the operation nearly lost their lives. A terrific blizzard was encountered; in fact, two ascents of the upper portion of the mountain were necessary. The first ascent of the upper 4550 feet was begun at five o'clock a. m., August 16, and dawn broke with every indication of developing into a beautiful day. On reaching the summit the men encountered a terrific gale, clouds enveloped the mountain, preventing observations, and by noon snow began to fall. A descent was attempted, but the party became hopelessly lost in a labyrinth of crevasses, the storm developing into a blizzard. To descend further was impossible; to remain was suicide. Consequently a return to the crater was ordered, and the men reached it after a two hours' climb, utterly exhausted and nearly frozen. Here they sought shelter in one of the steam caves, where during the long night they were thoroughly steamed and half frozen in turn. Strenuous measures were employed by the men to keep from falling to sleep and freezing to death. As it was, their fingers and ears were badly frozen. Finally, with a rising barometer, they succeeded in descending 9000 feet to a temporary camp, making the descent in three hours. Here they recuperated and prepared for another ascent, which was accomplished on August 20, the start being made at one o'clock in the morning. Good weather was encountered and the mapping of the entire summit was finished by one o'clock.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

I have personal reasons for a certain unwillingness to realize how many years ago it is since I first met Lord Strathcona. At that time he was Mr. Donald Smith, and I was a very young stenographer in the London office of a Canadian corporation. Mr. Smith was pointed out to me by Mr. Alexander Begg, who at that time was the London representative of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, then in course of construction across the prairies of the Northwest. Alexander Begg had been something of an Indian trader and fighter in the early days, and it was in that connection that he had met Mr. Smith, who had been largely instrumental in the suppression of the first Riel rebellion, and Mr. Begg in his more loquacious moments was wont to tell great yarns of the Indians and the half-breeds and of Mr. Smith's extraordinary success in dealing with them. I must have been about at that stage when Fennimore Cooper appealed to me as the greatest of all story writers, past, present, or to come, for Mr. Begg's reminiscences made a great impression upon me, and I remember looking upon Mr. Smith as second to no one in the world except perhaps Leather Stocking himself. There was one story in particular about the effect of a galvanic battery upon a band of hostiles, but I do not remember if it was Mr. Begg himself who was the hero or Mr. Smith, but it was certainly a great story. During the next few years I was destined to see a good deal of Mr. Smith, who presently became "Sir Donald" and later on Lord Strathcona, but while my earlier impressions were naturally modified, I never lost my first conception of greatness. He was one of the very few men who conveyed the idea of conferring an honor when he asked for a service. Perhaps this was due to a certain courtly stateliness that belonged peculiarly to his day and that has now disappeared. Lord Strathcona's manner never varied in the slightest, no matter with whom he was dealing. His bearing toward a housemaid and a duchess were identical. There was never a deviation from the ceremonious and exquisite deference that he showed to every human being who deserved it. But Lord Strathcona could be grim and stern and inexorable in the presence of chicane or duplicity. I remember being told once of the consternation that he had created in the offices of the Hudson Bay Company by his refusal to pass some important accounts until the disposition of a certain chicken coop had been accounted for. And it is within my knowledge that he once spent hours of precious time and no small amount of money in driving about London in vain search of a cabdriver to whom he had given a sovereign in mistake for a shilling and who had driven off without rectifying the error. I heard him say that he would rather have supported that man for the rest of his life, had there been need for it, than allow him to profit by a fraud. But he never found him.

Lord Strathcona's generosity seemed to me at that time to be almost unlimited. I had once written some letters for him, and I hope that it was because of my efficiency that he used sometimes to borrow my services when a pressure of work had overpassed his own powers of penmanship. Many of the letters that he dictated to me were answers to begging appeals, and I believe that he answered every such appeal without exception. He seemed to have some methods of inquiry, for he consulted memoranda before dictating the reply. But he seemed always to send money. He would dictate up to the point where the sum to be enclosed was to be mentioned and then there would be a few moments of concentrated thought beneath the shaggy eyebrows as though determining upon the needs of the particular case. I remember that the daily aggregate of these charities staggered me at the time, although probably they were not exceptional among men as rich as he was, but Lord Strathcona's beneficences were never spectacular. He never sought the publicity of the subscription list. I think his charities sprang from a real kindness just as did his courtesy. No one who knew Lord Strathcona could conceive of him as adopting a pose. There was no veneer. The real man was always in sight. I think this fact must have been recognized by Li Hung Chang, himself no mean student of human nature, for the old Chinese statesman fell in love with Lord Strathcona at first sight. The two men met in London and Li Hung Chang courteously inquired the age of his visitor and then, if I remember right, his income, for Li Hung Chang usually asked these questions of those in whom he was interested. Then, looking with curiosity at Lord Strathcona's stature, he said: "You must be nearly as tall as I am. We will measure." And so the two stood up back to back and settled the matter, but with what result I have forgotten.

Another occasion that stands out clearly in my memory was a visit that I paid to Lord Strathcona at his London hotel for the usual purpose of helping him with his correspondence. The hour grew late and he asked me to dine with him and Lady Strathcona. We had a little table to ourselves, and while everything was ordered for me that the youthful heart could desire, and with a courtliness that one associates usually and incorrectly with princes of the blood, Lord and Lady Strathcona ordered for themselves a little soup, and toast, and weak tea. And I remember with a peculiar vividness the exquisite demeanor of the old Canadian to his wife. It was like nothing so much as the attitude of a young man to his first sweetheart, finely tender, and deferential and attentive. Actually it is always the small things of life that are most indicative of character, and with the memory of that dinner-table it would be impossible to persuade me that Lord Strathcona was ever other than the very perfect gentleman in the best sense of that tortured and outraged word.

And speaking of Lady Strathcona, there is a story that I do not personally know to be true, but that I believe to be

so in its main features, and that is so characteristic that it is worth repetition. It was told to me by Captain Campbell of the steamer *Lake Ontario* when we were once lying fog-bound off the Newfoundland banks and trying to creep our way into the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Captain Campbell said that when Lord Strathcona was a young man he was a Hudson Bay factor at one of the far northerly stations of the company. A ship put into the station and the captain sent his young wife for a day ashore and was then compelled to slip his cables on account of a sudden gale. He was away for two or three days, and in the meantime his wife found accommodation at the Hudson Bay house, the only building that was available. Evidently the captain was of an inordinately suspicious nature or else he wished to get rid of his wife, for on his return he said that as she had evidently been living with Mr. Smith during his absence she had better return to him, for he would have no more to do with her. Fearful and terrified, the poor lady told Mr. Smith of the brutal speech of her husband, and at once he replied that in that case it must be even so, and it was under such circumstances that Mr. Smith found his life partner and companion. Now the story may not be true, or it may be a distortion of the facts, but it has been told to me more than once since I first heard it from Captain Campbell. And it seems to be partially confirmed by the semi-official stories of Lord Strathcona's life that have been printed since he disappeared from the scene a few weeks ago. These stories say that Lord Strathcona met his wife in the far north and that the marriage ceremony was necessarily dispensed with since there was no one either civil or religious to perform it, and that when he received his peerage it was thought well to regularize Lady Strathcona's position by a formal wedding. But if the story is a true one it is so far from being scandalous that it reflects an added distinction upon the man who was so prompt to offer shelter and protection to an innocent woman who was so grievously in need of both. Indeed it would be hardly improper to express a hope that it is true, for a finer deed was never done nor one of a purer chivalry. And it was rewarded by a lifelong devotion that robbed even death of its power to separate.

Lord Strathcona was, of course, enormously rich. How rich he was we shall presumably know through the usual channels, and it is a fact worthy of note that there has never been a voice raised to question the means by which he acquired his fortune or to question his right to the public position and influence that came so naturally into his strong hands. The Canadian system may be inferior to our own, just as Canada is inferior in population and in wealth, but it can at least be said of it that it prefers to use rather than to abuse its great men of ability and fortune. Lord Strathcona was obviously the one man to represent Canada in the mother country. He was the one man who was typical of all that the Dominion ought to be and hoped to be. He was the personification of the past and present of the country, and so he was permitted to remain undisturbed in his position of High Commissioner no matter what administration might rise or fall. He was above all parties and all platforms. His prestige, his character, and his capacities were national possessions and among the unshakable permanences of his day and generation. The last time that I saw Lord Strathcona was some fourteen years ago. He was crossing the road just outside the Houses of Parliament in London, and supposing himself to be menaced by an approaching cab he ran to the sidewalk with all the agility of a man of twenty. He must then have been eighty years of age, since he was ninety-four when he died, but until the last few years there was practically no diminution in his physical force and energy. He was always too busy to grow old. It was about the only occupation for which he could find no time.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Normal life in Bulgaria is starting afresh. The territory of the Kingdom of Bulgaria includes today a total area of 43,305 square miles, with 4,700,150 inhabitants. Of the 8926 square miles recently acquired, only 987 are cultivated. If it can not be said that the remaining part—plains and mountains—is unfit for cultivation, nevertheless the lower lands will only be reclaimed after the draining of the marshes. As for the mountains, almost completely denuded, the replanting of their woods will take time. In the really fertile parts the principal crop is tobacco. Mulberry trees are also grown, and sericulture brings in revenues worthy of consideration. The development of the new country depends upon the creation of means of communication. At present these means scarcely exist. There are no ports, hardly any roads, and only 136 miles of railway—128 miles on the Dedeagatch-Saloniki line and 7.46 miles on the Mousapha Pasha-Constantinople line. The new outlets Bulgaria has obtained on the Aegean Sea constitute an immense advantage for the development of the whole country, first because the rules governing the right of way through the Dardanelles, and the subjection they enforced, will be avoided. Secondly, because the distance between Port Lagos and Sofia is only 252 miles, while there are 286 miles between Bourgas and Sofia and 336 miles between Sofia and Varna. The double benefit of reduced distance and of security is clearly apparent. The geographical situation and the comparatively short distance which separates Port Lagos from Sofia and the topography which facilitates the construction of a railway in that region have decided the government of Bulgaria to choose Port Lagos rather than Dedeagatch for the location of a port. Foreign industry will certainly be called upon to build the railroads. The Bulgarian government has already received propositions from Belgian and English companies and from the Société des Grands Travaux de Marseille, and rail extension is required for national development.

ON THE L.

Jerome, Who Was Given to Making Believe.

Riding downtown on the elevated train, Jerome felt more sharply than ever how like one day was to another. The alarm clock awakened him—if not his own, then the next-door lodger's, that went off twenty minutes before. He knew the voice of his neighbor's clock—but not his *vox humana*.

After the alarm clock, and dressing, and a snatch of breakfast in his room, it was a plunge into the streets. They were cold and gray in winter, those streets; in summer, tepidly stale. Afterwards, the elevated railway for forty minutes before he reached the wholesale paper house where he was one of a dozen clerks—at the bottom of the proverbial ladder. When he had "nailed" that position how big the salary looked to him! Now only its inelasticity was impressive. By scraping he saved just four dollars a week. Save he did, however, as every lonely man in a great city must try to do. Such as he find life in the maelstrom too terrifying and too unfriendly, unless they can take comfort in the thought that there is a bank account at least. And so it happened that an evening often meant to Jerome sitting in his hall-room, in his oldest coat and slippers, conning the figures of his bank book. An economical entertainment.

"In nine months," he said to himself, "I shall have \$300. At three per cent that makes \$9 interest." Such were his prospects.

And the city seemed to him so desperately big. The streets stretched so far and so straight—the crowds of the avenue were so impersonal—the buildings, reaching heavenward in an ugliness more intolerable with every added story, were so uninhabitable. Pavements full of hurrying figures, showing sinister faces; streets swimming with taxicabs sickening in their escaping odors, in their hideous note of warning, in their ruthless progress. It is the motor-cars that make the Socialists, Jerome said to himself once, when he was spattered with mud. (Most of his remarks were said to himself.) Could so many men in New York really afford to use them? If so, why was it so hard for him to save four dollars a week?

His fellow-clerks at the paper house were unlike him in being city-bred. Wise youths were they, and proud that they had been cheated out of boyhood in the city streets. They had rotted before their ripening time, was Jerome's idea, but he didn't try to express it. The nearest he came to that was when he read in the hundred and twenty-third Psalm the verse: "Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease and the contempt of the proud," and marked the margin. And his associates' pleasantries seemed to him as unhumorous as they were unwholesome. Jerome turned away in spite of himself when they exchanged informations about the cashier, who wore baby blue frocks and a golden chain and an inviting smile. Not that he cared for her—on the contrary, she repelled him—and it wasn't only her doubtful complexion. But she was a woman. Jerome was old-fashioned enough to be chivalrous. No wonder they laughed at him at the paper house!

It is, no doubt, companionship that the Jeromes chiefly crave. That explains their drab virtue no less than their dreary vices. The monotony of life in a small town has ended by driving them into the great city. The four-wall prison of life in a great city is—for some of them—worse than the small town's. The desperate fact is, too, that life in the trade capital makes the thought of returning to the smaller town unbearable. Yet small-town people were at least interested in other people, whereas, at Jerome's paper house he was only a cog in the machine. So long as his functioning was efficient that seemed to be enough. No one blamed him, and no one praised. The other clerks told him that promotion from the ranks was rare.

"This house is on the blink," said the one whose judgment he best trusted. "There are too many cousins and nephews in it—too much family about it. Oh, I forgot Miss Purity was listening."

"Miss Purity" was their name for him. He thought it hardly just, but he wasn't sure. He was no Puritan. He was a sentimentalist—a romanticist, if you prefer. He craved, not the moon, to be sure, but something of illusion, of glamour. In the big careless city he failed to find it—just as he failed to find companionship. Would the paper-clerks have understood Jerome any better had they known that the two pictures he alternately wanted to buy for his hall-room were the familiar Sir Galahad—a large framed engraving could be had, second hand, for four dollars—and a certain girl of Henner's—a girl with thoughtful eyes and auburn hair and bared breasts? The only reason why he didn't get one of them was that he wanted the other so much. Both made too great an extravagance. You understand his predicament? After all, you are likelier to understand him than those paper-clerks.

In the end he bought neither picture. He took refuge in studying his bank book of an evening—or in dreaming. Perhaps the time would come—*sometime*—when he would no longer have to return to an empty hall-room. He worked harder than before—though his fellow-clerks often told him, at this stage, that he put too much steam into his labors.

"You aint going to get any forwarder for it," was

their murmur; "and you just make it harder on the rest of us—see?"

"Making believe" is a great resource—almost as great as the sense of humor that Jerome so wholly wanted. Jerome did make believe. And when he found that almost always the same girl sat in the same seat of the same elevated train for downtown he made a point of being as regular as she; and made believe that they were old friends. Not that he let that show. But now and again he would look quickly in her direction (she was good to look to) and thus he made believe that they saw a good deal of one another. And he pretended that her name was Marie Chester (which seemed to him a charming name) and that she lived in East One Hundred and Eighth Street with her father—though what reason he had for supposing that she had a father is more than I can say. He never tried to follow her or to scrape up an acquaintance. If he had planned such things I doubt if he could have carried them through. Whole weeks passed, and it only grew harder for him to give her one of his half-scared glances. But when by any chance either of them missed the express train his morning was more than half-spoiled. He was the romanticist, and no mistake.

As for her, she was a tidy little figure, as timid eyes like Jerome's, even, could make out. Since big hats were universal, she wore a big hat, too—but not the biggest. In winter, as it was now, she was always gloved. She moved from platform to train or from train to platform as one to New York born, yet one somehow did not confuse her with the other girls seen in street or subway or quick lunch rooms. She was almost always alone; rarely was there a girl companion, and then it was always the same one—who seemed to Jerome to stare at him. The girl had big brown eyes: eyes worth remembering day and night. Why, Jerome used to ask himself vainly, why couldn't he know her? In Warwick he would have met her—Warwick being his home town, upstate. Probably he would have known her girl companion at least, who would have introduced him. Oh, this heartless city! Men had made it, but it was not made for men.

Yet even in cities there are opportunities for the alert. One day she was alone, and standing. Jerome took the same elevated train, at his different station, and he, too, stood. But soon there was an old lady, very fat, who got up and made for the door, puffing. At least she left a seat behind her. A young barbarian made for the seat, but Jerome was too quick for him. He did not take it himself; instead, blocking the way, he boldly raised his hat and looked straight at his Fair Unknown—with a fixedness and control that surprised him even at the moment. She, blushing, moved across and took the offered seat—that left them face to face.

"Thank you," she said; and he—quite unnecessarily—said, "Not at all."

One could have hoped that the incident would break the ice between them at once, but it did not. What happened next day but one is another story.

For next day but one they met again, only this time he found her already seated. She blushed as before, and bowed, and said—very modestly, it seemed to him—that she had appreciated his keeping the seat for her the day before yesterday. And the ice was broken. It was high time; and no harm in it either.

Days passed more quickly now, and Jerome felt that the great city was already grown habitable. He had been weakening in regard to it all—wondering if it had not been a mistake, his leaving home against his parents' wishes and seeking his fortunes in the Greatest Town. But now he ceased to think of that except in one connection. If only—he still loved to make believe—if only his Lady of the Elevated were, like himself, from Warwick, and could talk over old times!

He found out where she did come from; and if it wasn't Warwick, at any rate it wasn't New York City. She was a stenographer, as he had already guessed, and roomed with the occasional companion whose stare had afflicted him—though this formidable person usually went downtown half an hour later. Jerome and the Brown-Eyed Girl had walks together, talks together; they even visited the Palisades one Sunday, and discussed Warwick. She was a very dear young person, it was Jerome's opinion; and he decided to save only three dollars a week instead of four. The clerks at the paper house remarked that Jerome was more than commonly abstracted at the noon hour. Yet he worked as hard as ever, and won a "raise" over all of them—disproving their theories and losing even that small degree of sufferance that he had once commanded.

"Rotter!" said Fellow-Clerk No. 1.

"Of all the machines that ever operated in this shop he is the limit," said another.

"Iceberg," said No. 3; and, "He's not fit to talk about," said the oldest of them, jingling the loose change from his last dollar bill.

And as that was the general opinion they all discussed him abusively till he himself hove into view, when they effusively congratulated him on his promotion.

"You've earned it, old man," said No. 1.

"Hope you won't waste your income on riotous living," was the second's comment.

"Be good!" echoed the third, putting on his overcoat, while their senior put the general question, "Who's for the eats at Childs's today?"

Jerome extravagantly offered lunch to the crowd, and his offer was accepted before he had time to repent.

"To me," said Jerome to the personage whom he had made believe was named Marie Chester, but who long since had told him she was Ruth Kelly, "to me these streets seem like great canals, and the people in them are the water: only they rush about twice as fast as either canals or people do anywhere else."

His language was twisted, but Ruth didn't mind that. "Don't you rather like your old canals, though?" she inquired.

"No!"

She looked at him in some surprise. "If you were to leave New York, though, I guess you'd never be satisfied with any other place. It kind of gets into your system, they say; into your blood."

"That's what they say."

"Broadway at night is wonderful. All the lights and theatres and taxis and people—"

"That's right, put the people last!"

"Well, they hardly count when there's so much else. And it is wonderful. Say at eight—or after the theatres let out, even if one doesn't go often."

"I say, let's go tonight!"

"But, Jerome, aren't you in too much of a hurry? We went Saturday, you know. Wasn't Maude Adams sweet, though? I shan't forget her ever. But about Broadway. They say no one can ever forget it, or get along without the lights, and the crowds and the noise. Could you?"

"I could. What's more, I can. They say all kinds of rubbish. Now, I've a letter I want to show you, Ruth—show you now. It's from my father. We write just once a month, regular. He's come back to an old proposition of his; only he makes it better this time. You see I've had a raise, and so he has to. He wants me to go back home and go in partnership. It's hardware, you know: biggest hardware business in Orange County. It's a stupid town, folks say; I've said so myself. It wouldn't be so stupid now as it used to be. That is, it wouldn't be if—if you'd go with me. Will you?"

Somehow, Ruth had expected this. How, oh you adorable mothers and wives of ours, how have you always first news—inside information—of proposals? For you knew before we—or our fathers—what we were going to say. Men start out on their blundering offers from far distant points. They make detours. They only arrive, finally, by plunging in head foremost, as if it were cold water. And yet—yet you know! You beat us to it. You wait for our floundering as a matter of course. How do you know? How did Ruth know?

For know she did. And she gave Jerome her gloved hand, and blushed again, and said: "Let's talk it over."

Perhaps she had, as a matter of fact, engineered the whole proposal. If she did, one must take off his hat to her. It is really a girl's duty to engineer these matters, just as she must engineer refractory callers doorwards. Jerome in his happiness has certain pleasant memories even of the city where he—a round peg—was trying to fit into a square hole; and I think that, too, is largely due to Ruth. The elevated system, for instance, seems to him an institution worthy of praise. Aren't there seats enough to go around? That at least gives an opportunity to some one, if he'll only see it. Jerome remembers the city as a place, not for him indeed, yet full of chances for others. Withal he does not regret the white lamps of Broadway. He finds that they improve with distance. And Ruth regrets them no more than he. She has even forgotten most of her stenography. But she will often say, when there are callers in to see the new baby: "Oh, Jerome, do you remember that time on the elevated train when a fat woman got up, and you saved the seat for me?"

Callers don't see quite the point of this little bit of reminiscence. But Jerome kisses first Ruth (he's not bashful about it nowadays), and then Jerome the younger, and thanks his stars the fat woman got up just when she did.

W. B. BLAKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1914.

Motor-cars are so numerous in the central western part of Kansas, once termed "the Great American Desert," that in some counties there are almost one-fourth as many cars as there are families, and in many counties there is a car for every fifth or sixth family. There is an average of one car for every forty-eight persons in the state. Edwards County is the prize county. It has one car for every twenty-one persons.

By law a native Samoan is not allowed to sell his land, and the freeholds held by whites are seldom for sale. The German government is averse to planters coming in with a small amount of capital. Land on the beach in the municipality of Apia, a strip four miles in length, is valued at \$1000 per acre.

Japan, aside from shipping one-third of her exports to the United States, now dominates the trade of China in piece goods which formerly were largely imported from Great Britain and America.

JOHN JASPER GUILTY.

But G. B. S.'s Jury Limits His Crime to Manslaughter.

There's no slump in Dickens. His descendants have no occasion to insert an "In Memoriam" notice in the *Times* on the anniversary of his death. Wreaths are still plentiful in Westminster Abbey every 9th of June. And the publishers who trade in his novels are flourishing.

Then why the trial on January 8 of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood? First, because Dickens did not try him or sentence him; second, because the Dickens Fellowship is not averse to increasing its reserve funds; third, because G. B. S. and others are not too modest to decline a little more publicity; and, fourth, because Bardell versus Pickwick is too old a story.

Of course it was Dickens's fault to begin with. But that is no blame to him. Heaven knows he worked hard enough on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," rarely leaving that little chalet at Gad's Hill save to keep necessary engagements. Indeed, he probably worked too hard. Having sapped his strength by his public readings, he would probably have lived far longer had he let his pen lie idle for a year. But once the serial publication of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" had begun, there was nothing for it save constant application. The climax is one of the most pathetic chapters in the history of literature; the sudden collapse, the swift death, and the story a torso. Other unfinished novels have been completed with fair success; but as Dickens left no clue as to whether Edwin Drood was really murdered by John Jasper because of the jealousy of the two over Rosa Bud, this unfinished novel has created more discussion than any of the same author's completed stories.

Indeed, as the Dickens lover is well aware, Edwin Drood has been the occasion of a literature of its own, several notable additions to which have been made during the past year. For no one has accepted as satisfactory that continuation of the tale which was published in America nearly forty years ago under the title of "John Jasper's Secret." So the problem remains, or, rather, the numerous problems suggested by the incomplete story. If Jasper murdered Drood, how did he kill him? And in that event what did he do with the body? And if Drood escaped the fate Jasper obviously intended for him, how did he escape and whither did he go? And if he escaped how came his body to be found? But the "ifs" and the queries are endless.

All this promised well for the evening's entertainment devised by the Dickens Fellowship. It was an ingenious idea to have all the problems thrashed out after the fashion of a real murder trial in a court of law, and the idea was so attractive that there was no difficulty in getting together an all-star cast of literary celebrities for the characters of the novel and the equipment of a court of justice. The only trouble was with G. B. S. He was first choice for the post of foreman of the jury, but he was coy to almost the last hour. And for this reason: It had been stipulated that all the actors were to be garbed in the dress of the period, namely, about the year 1860, and on that point Mr. Shaw declined to give way. When, however, he pointed out that his own regular dress was "characteristic of no period in history," the rule was broken in his case. Unfortunately G. B. S.'s example was catching; for when the court was set it was discovered that others of the jury had saved themselves the expense of hiring a suit from the theatrical properties people.

But these defects made no difference to cockney enthusiasm. The uniqueness of the event, the prospect of seeing G. B. S. and Max Pemberton and William de Morgan and W. W. Jacobs and Arthur Morrison and Hilaire Belloc as jurymen, with G. K. Chesterton as a judge and other literary lights as counsel for prosecution or defense, was sufficient to create such an abnormal demand for tickets that the venue of the trial had at last to be transferred to the King's Hall, Covent Garden, which will seat several thousand people. Even then the demand exceeded the supply, and at the eleventh hour as much as twenty-five dollars were paid for admission.

On the stage had been constructed an admirable copy of a law-court interior, judge's seat, jury-box, prisoner's stand, reporters' bench, well for the barristers—everything, in fact, to help out the deceit of the evening. Nor was legal garb neglected, from the full-bottomed wig of Mr. Chesterton to the robes of the barristers and the 1860 uniform of the police attendants. We even had dissertations on the costuming of the characters, as when the court dresser explained the difficulties he had experienced in clothing his lordship's ample form and headpiece with robe and wig large enough for the circumstances.

That confession was the keynote of the proceedings. If any one had imagined this was to be a serious attempt to solve a literary problem, he was quickly undeceived. For example, when it was announced that "evidence" was to be called in support of the statement of the crime alleged against John Jasper, the jury's foreman, G. B. S., immediately rose to remark that if the counsel imagined the convictions of a British jury could be influenced by such a thing as evidence he little knew his countrymen. Yet the actors whose duty it was to be solemn were sober enough. There was John Jasper, for example, who, faithful to his period in side whiskers and long hair, with pale and haggard face, looked the picture of misery between his two 1860

policemen. And the press men were a sad-looking lot, unwashed, unshaved, shabbily attired, and bored to extinction except when the judge ordered an interval for "refreshments." Nor was it the fault of the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, the minor canon of Cloisterham, that he for a moment lost his clerical dignity. G. B. S. arose to disclose his true character; he was, he declared, far from the saintly being he pretended; as a matter of fact, he had been convicted under another name as being a snob and had been more a snob than ever since he became a minor canon of Cloisterham. This was one of G. B. S.'s most effective impromptu interruptions, the fun of which was keenly relished by those who knew that in real life the Rev. Septimus is none other than the highly respectable Arthur Waugh, managing director of Dickens's publishers.

Five witnesses were called, but in their evidence as in their examination and cross-examination it was the understood rule of the game that there was to be no straying from within the limits of the story as Dickens left it. In the evidence of the witnesses and their examination the distinguished foreman of the jury received quite as much attention as the guilt of Jasper or the supposed suffering of Drood, for when one of them was asked why he was not a famous dramatist he retorted that he had had no time "to push his own merits." The hit of the trial was made by Mrs. Lawrence Clay as Helena Landless, who claimed that she was the mysterious Mr. Datchery, and gave a satisfactory account of her sustaining the impersonation to the extent of ordering "a man's dinner" when she visited Cloisterham. What was such a meal, counsel asked. "A fried sole, a veal cutlet, and a pint of sherry," Helena answered promptly, adding that a woman's repast would have been "a glass of milk and a Sally Lun."

And so, save for that interval for "refreshments," the trial was carried out to the bitter end, speeches for the prosecution and defense, and summing-up and all. But the jury did not retire to consider their verdict; instead the foreman announced that they had come to an agreement "in the luncheon interval." Some were for "not guilty"; others for conviction; hence, in the good old British style of compromise, they had found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter only. Up jumped counsel for the prosecution. It was a scandal, he shouted, and nothing would satisfy the majesty of the law save the discharge of the jury. "We shall be delighted to go at any moment," rejoined G. B. S., whereupon Judge Chesterton arose in all his amplitude and committed everybody for contempt of court.

So Jasper versus the Crown bids fair to eclipse Bardell versus Pickwick, for G. B. S. or another jurymen is certain to make a farce out of the trial. And perhaps this lucrative method of settling old problems will become the fashion, leading to kindred trials of Mary Stuart and the Man in the Iron Mask and Junius.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, January 15, 1914.

Generally speaking, the carpets of India can never excel those of Persia, as the materials used in the former are not of the same superior quality as those employed in the latter country. The wool of which many of the best carpets are manufactured is obtained from Kashmir. Sometimes carpets which are mistaken for silk are really of an extremely fine quality of wool known as "pashm." This is obtained from the goats of Kashmir and grows close to the skin, being protected by the long and coarser wool. It is as smooth and lustrous as silk and is used for the beautiful soft shawls for which Kashmir is famous. Peculiar methods are employed by the Indian weaver in converting his original design into a textile. Instead of working from a colored drawing or diagram, the weaver has the pattern translated on paper into rows of symbols, each of which expresses the number of stitches and the color. With this written "key" in his hand, the head weaver sits behind his subordinates and dictates the pattern to them, one row at a time, all through the breadth of the carpet. These weavers—generally quite small boys—sit in front of the warp strings and tie in the requisite number of stitches of each color as called out to them by the reader from his ciphered scrip. These boys, who perform the actual process of weaving the pile, follow day by day the dictations of the head man, knowing nothing of the pattern they are preparing, but gradually building up in a mechanical way the carpet on the strings before them.

London's famous old mayoral seal is not to be broken up after all, but will be preserved for its great historical interest. It bears the earliest known representation of the city's coat of arms, and so desirous is the court of aldermen for its perfect preservation that on its withdrawal it was not even defaced by the customary method of cutting a groove across it. It was simply "damasked" by the ceremonious tap with a small hammer. An interesting history attaches to the old city seal. It bears the image of St. Thomas à Becket and St. Paul, and when Henry VIII ordered the destruction of all images and pictures of the former throughout the realm the common seal of the city of London, which bore his effigy, was destroyed. But the mayoral seal was by error described in official records as depicting St. Peter instead of St. Thomas, and it is to this fortunate mistake that it no doubt owes its preservation.

Great Britain is now consuming large quantities of cider, the output increasing yearly.

OLD FAVORITES.

Dow's Flat.
1856.

Dow's Flat! That's its name;
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,—

For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how

Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to that huckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.

Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail, the derved thing 'ed get up and huck.

He mined on the har
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car

When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
But the hoys they stood by,
And they hought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;

And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;

And he sunk forty feet down for water, hut nary a drop to be seen.

Then the har petered out,
And the hoys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,

And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous way.

One day,—it was June,—
And a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon

To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell

Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's

Kinder flapped on a hay;
Not much for a man to be leavin', hut his all,—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss
Thet you've got—aint it now?
What might he her cost?

Uh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,

Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—heg your parding, young man,—there you lied!

It was gold,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts

Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same isn't had for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that

Through sheer contrairiness:
For 'twas water the derved cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yer, say?

Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow,—and thet's me.
—Bret Haric.

"Spacially Jim."

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Clipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.
—Bessie Morgan.

The *Stormbird*, undoubtedly the oldest operating steamship afloat, is engaged in trading on the New Zealand coast. She is an iron vessel, built on the Clyde in 1854, and went to Australia the same year.

FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN.

Eden Phillpotts Makes a Successful Picture of the Mind of the Boy at His Start in Life.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has made so deep an impression by his serious novels that a departure from his accustomed vein is likely to arouse some curiosity. Nor does it matter much whether "From the Angle of Seventeen" is intended to be autobiographical or not. All stories that faithfully reflect the mind of youth are necessarily autobiographical. To record the doings of youth is easy enough and rarely worth the trouble, but few writers who attempt the task are able to go back in imagination to the old angle of vision or to reproduce a state of mind that has been utterly effaced by years of so-called discretion. To write about a boy of seventeen is quite a different thing from writing as a boy of seventeen. Any one can do the former, but only a high order of literary art can do the latter, and although the art of Mr. Phillpotts needed no demonstration we now have it exemplified from a new point of view.

"From the Angle of Seventeen" describes the life of a boy who has come fresh from school into the business life of London. His view of himself and the world is one of solemn importance which a less skilled writer would allow to degenerate into self-conceit. But Norman Bryan Corkey is not conceited. He is just a boy, and with a boy's confidence and sense of values. A few days after he has become a clerk in the office of the Apollo Insurance Company he stops to examine a bookstall and is accosted by a venerable gentleman, evidently a poet, who expresses a hope that he loves books:

"You city men don't know what you are missing," he answered. "I have just come from Paternoster Row, where I have been arranging with a great publisher—one of the greatest, in fact—for my next volume of poems. Strangely enough, I saw you handle a book of mine on this bookstall only a few moments ago, and I felt drawn to you."

"Then you are Mr. Martin Tupper!" I exclaimed, "for I picked up a book of his just now—though only to see what was under it, I am afraid."

He felt disappointed at this, but admitted that I was right in my suspicion.

"I am Tupper," he confessed, "and though perhaps nobody in the world has more unknown friends, yet I allow myself no intimates. It is owing to my terribly sensitive genius. I read men like books. That is why I am talking to you at this moment. My knowledge of human nature is such that I can see at a glance—I can almost feel—whether a fellow-creature is predisposed towards me or not."

The venerable Mr. Tupper invites Corkey to lunch and listens graciously to his stage ambitions, that are quickly forthcoming when it seems that the poet is well acquainted with that truly great actor, Mr. Wilson Barrett:

"Perhaps some day," I said, "years hence, of course, when I have learned elocution and stage deportment and got the general hang of the thing, you would be so very generous and kind as to give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Barrett?"

Mr. Tupper filled my glass with more beer and sank his voice to a confidential whisper.

"I couldn't give you an introduction, Mr. Corkey, because Wilson himself would not allow that. I am, of course, enormously rich, but it is always understood between me and the great tragedian that I get some little honorarium for these introductions. Personally, I do not want any such thing; but he feels that a nominal sum of three to five guineas ought to pass before young fellows are lifted to the immense privilege of his personal acquaintance, and enabled actually to tread the boards with him in some of his most impassioned creations. The money I give to the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen at Newington Butts—in which I am deeply interested. Thus, you see, these introductions to Mr. Wilson Barrett serve two great ends: they advance the cause of the Decayed Gentlewomen—the number of whom would much distress you to learn—and they enable the aspirant to theatrical honors to begin his career under the most promising circumstances that it is possible to conceive."

It was Corkey's habit to indulge in a frugal lunch of a glass of milk and a bun, but Mr. Blades, one of his coadjutors in the Apollo office, assures him that that sort of thing won't do at all, and that "it is far better to pay for a chop or steak or even a sausage and mashed and half of bitter ale than to find yourself in the doctor's hands." So the obliging Blades takes his young friend to a city eating-house and introduces him to the way in which things are done by city men:

It was like this: the waiter cruised round among the customers and collected orders for soup. Two men ordered ox-tail soup, three had mock-turtle soup, Mr. Blades decided for vegetable soup and I had pea soup. Well, of course, that was far too much to shout down the tube, so the genius of a waiter said, "Two ox, three mocks, a veg, and a pea!" And there you were! In less than no time the various soups appeared, and the funniest thing of all to me was that nobody saw anything funny about it. But I roared—I couldn't help it, and much to my regret annoyed Mr. Blades, who told me not to play the fool where he was known.

Another valuable business acquaintance is Mr. Wardle, whose hobby is music and who plays the church organ on Sundays. Wardle invites Corkey to accompany him to church

and to admire the amazing ease with which he handles the instrument:

During the collection the hymn came to an end too soon, and doubtless, with a less complete master of harmony than Wardle, an awkward pause would have ensued; but, with a nerve hegot of long practice, he permitted his fingers to stray over the "Ivories," as they call them, and his feet to stray over the pedals, with a result both rich and harmonious. A solemn melody reverberated through the aisles and rolled from the instrument, and entirely concealed the mean sound of pennies and threepenny pieces falling into the collecting dishes.

I praised this feat warmly after the service and Wardle was gratified that I had noticed it. Then I asked him why he did not commit such an improvisation to paper, so that it should not be lost, and he laughed and said:

"Why, it was a music-hall tune: 'Father's teeth are stopped with zinc!'"

Mr. Corkey states that he has no objection to girls as a class, or in a general way, but they were not so interesting to him as men. There were plenty of nocturnal girls in London known as "light," and "I may say that they have often linked their arms in mine, when I have been returning home after night-fall through some of the main London thoroughfares":

The first time this happened, being new to their unconventional ways, I explained to two girls, who approached me simultaneously, that I didn't know them. Whereupon, with the swift repartee for which this class is famous, they told me that they were the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Empress of Russia, and that they were stopping with Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and had just popped out for a breather before supper. Of course, the right thing to do is to take these dashing meteors in their own spirit; and when they invited me to return with them to the palace, I explained that some other night I should be delighted to do so, but that I was bound for Marlborough House myself on this occasion, and already half an hour late. They appreciated the *bon mot* and rather took to me. Though doubtless they might have been called bad girls, nobody would have called them bad company. They had an air of abandon and heartiness which put you entirely at your ease with them. In fact, when they asked me to stand them a drink, I very nearly did so; but not quite. Instead, I left them abruptly and vanished into the night, followed by epithets humorous in their way, but not intended for publication.

Corkey receives his first lesson in democracy when he attempts to patronize the tailor to whom he graciously extends his custom. The tailor, who is a man of substance, laughs at him and recommends him to have a yarn about such matters with Mr. Bright and Mr. Walter of the Apollo office, who will "tell you a thing or two well worth your knowing." Mr. Bright counsels him thus:

"To put on side, because you think you are more important than that tailor, is absolute foolery, my dear Corkey," he declared. "That tailor, if you'll excuse me for saying so, is worth forty thousand of you. He's richer; he's wiser; he's smarter; he's worked harder; he knows more; he's traveled farther; he's better-looking; in fact, he can give you yards and a beating in every possible direction; so why the deuce do you think yourself, in some mysterious way, the better man? Where do you reckon you're better?"

"Well," I said, "my father was a soldier and died for his country."

"That's all right," said Mr. Bright. "Your father was a hero, no doubt, and any properly minded person would have treated him as such. But you're not. You haven't died for your country, by the look of you, and haven't the smallest intention of doing so. My grandfather was a bishop; but I don't expect people to ask for my blessing on the strength of it. There's only one exception to the rule that one man's as good as another, my dear Corkey—only one exception."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"The only exception is—when he's a jolly sight better!" answered Mr. Bright. "You must judge of a man by himself, not by the accidents of birth or cash. The tailor next door has won his place in the world by hard work and sense and brains; therefore he has a perfect right to reserve his judgment, so far as you are concerned, until he sees what you are good for. And, seeing that he's got probably a thousand pounds to every one of your shillings, the spectacle of you advancing a quid on your clothes—to keep him going—naturally amused him."

On Corkey's birthday his Aunt Augusta suggests a bottle of champagne by way of celebration and he assents, although with many misgivings in view of the then existing social upheaval, since "it was that sort of callous indifference that caused the French revolution." But Aunt Augusta happens to be in funds at the moment and therefore out of sympathy with the sufferings of the people:

Champagne is a most hopeful wine, which you can have sweet or dry, and after drinking a full glass, I began to suggest plans for improving the state of the proletariat, accompanied by a suspicion that their condition was not so bad as they wanted us to think. I talked a great deal to Aunt Augusta, and smoked a whole packet of cigarettes. She also smoked and drank her coffee and listened to me intently.

Presently, I began to discuss myself and my career, and thanked her very heartily for helping it forward to the best of her power, as she was doing.

She was kind enough to say that I had brought a great deal of pleasure into her life, and she didn't know what she would

do without me when I started rooms on my own account. I allayed her fears in this matter and promised I would not leave her for at least another year.

"From eighteen till nineteen you may count upon me," I said, "though after another year has passed, I don't know what may happen, because life is so full of surprises."

Corkey is in every way a nice boy, and also a clever one. The success of the portrayal is due to the fact that it is of Corkey himself and not of his biographer. It is one of the few successful efforts to depict the mind of youth.

FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

And still the humorous continues to happen around Rabindranath Tagore, the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1913. One of the most recent amusing incidents is found in an order received at a New York City book store. "Please send me a copy," so runs the communication in question, "of that book by Rabindranath Tagore which drew the noble prize." And again in the same mail this same dispenser of literature received the following: "Kindly send me a copy at once of Tagore's 'Rabindranath.'"

A painting by Anna Whelan Betts, reproduced in full colors with the timely title "A Valentine Fantasy," is the frontispiece of the February Century.

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get good soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

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	Express Insured		Express Insured		Express Insured		Express Insured	
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
St. Louis	.65	.80	2.00	2.50	4.70	5.50	9.20	11.00
Dallas	.61	.80	1.83	2.00	4.27	4.50	8.35	9.00
Denver	.53	.80	1.51	2.00	3.47	4.50	6.75	9.00
Butte	.49	.80	1.35	2.30	3.07	4.75	5.95	9.50
Chicago	.65	.80	2.02	2.75	4.75	5.75	9.30	11.50
New York	.71	.80	2.24	2.85	5.30	6.75	10.40	13.50

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Social Evolution.

Even a superficial examination of Professor F. Stuart Chapin's "Social Evolution" discloses the presence of a distinctive and valuable work. Modestly disclaiming any pretense to learning or novelty, he gives us something that is certainly learned and that possesses the novelty of comprehensiveness and clarity. For a survey of human evolution before the historical period we must have resort to highly specialized works, and yet such a survey is absolutely needed if history and social science are to be studied with anything approaching completeness. Here at last we have a work easily to be understood by every one, and that throws all available light upon human evolution during the pre-historic periods and knits it up with the phenomena of the day. Nothing more illuminating of its kind has been written.

The author divides his work into two parts. Perhaps the first, devoted to Organic Evolution, is the more interesting because it is the more unusual. We have a singularly illuminating account of the origin and antiquity of man, and although the author is cautious in his conclusions he tells us that the first fossil remains of man come from the early or lower quaternary strata, which began about three-quarters of a million years ago. Perhaps it is unfair to wish that the author had ventured upon an opinion either as to the age or the capacities of the Pitted man about which there is now so keen a discussion. The age he gives as "hundreds of thousands of years" and of the capacities he says nothing.

With the second half of the book we are on more familiar ground. It is a presentation of some current conclusions on social evolution and of the forces that have co-operated to force mankind upward. But if no new theories are advanced—and we are not hungry for new theories—the author does at least present the old ones with an enviable lucidity and with the restraint that is eminently appropriate to all such discussions.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By F. Stuart Chapin, A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

Merrillie Dawes

The author chooses the familiar theme of the man who engages himself to one girl and then discovers that he is in love with another. But perhaps the ordinary terms of sentiment are a little out of place here. They do not mingle amicably with the jargon of colossal finance, and in this story they appear in about equal quantities. John Adrane has built a railroad and he is also engaged to Annie Whitney, who was "designed by nature for a man of—well, very large means." Then he meets Merrillie Dawes, whose fortune almost defies computation, and naturally they discuss finance, markets, and prices, until finally they fall in love with each other, or what passes for falling in love in these exalted circles. Then comes the panic, and Adrane is driven to the wall by a series of thieving manoeuvres that are doubtless comprehensible enough to the initiated. Merrillie comes to the rescue and sinks her whole fortune in the effort, and so we find at last that the railroad has passed wholly into her hands and that it is likely after all to be worth the price paid for it. Of course the fair Annie relinquishes all claims upon Adrane as soon as his fortune seems likely to be incommensurate with her needs.

Doubtless this well-written story will appeal to a certain class of reader, but we come regretfully to the conclusion that we should not care to include any one of these people among our friends and that even the loveliest of ladies lose something of their charm in the iniquities of the stock market.

MERRILLIE DAWES. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Brief Reviews.

"The Larger Vision," by A. R. Lambert (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a devotional book apparently of the commonplace type. It is made up of a series of essays on the religious life.

The Macmillan Company has published "The Suburban Garden Guide," by Parker Thayer Barnes (50 cents net). It seems well adapted to the needs of the gardener and is compact and portable.

"Mewance, the Little Indian Boy," by Belle Wiley, is an attractive story of Indian life prepared for children's reading, well illustrated and printed in large type. It is published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

The American Book Company has published "Reading, Writing and Speaking Spanish for Beginners," by Margaret Caroline Dowling, B. L. (75 cents). The book contains thirty lessons with vocabularies and all the usual aids.

Three late additions to Everyman's Library are, "An Inland Voyage, or Travels with a Donkey," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "A Literary and Historical Atlas of Africa and Australasia," and "A Century of Essays: An Anthology of the English Essayists." Everyman's Library is a national benefaction, not

only for its range of choice, but for its price. It is a liberal education in itself. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.

Admirers of Dr. Samuel McChord will welcome his little book on "Prayer, What It Is and What It Does" (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents). The author treats his subject in an eminently practical way and without offense to the reason.

Sarah Pratt Carr has won something of fame by her "Billy Tomorrow" stories, and therefore there should be a welcome for the latest addition to the series, entitled "Billy Tomorrow's Chums." It has just been published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (\$1.25).

Candy makers will find a bewildering assortment of recipes for nice things in "Dame Curtsey's Book of Candy-Making," by Eliye Howell Glover (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net). It is a book to delight the heart of the girl with access to a cooking stove.

Among the latest books for boys is "The Trail to El Dorado," by Joseph Mills Hanson (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net). It is a story of the days when hostile Indians roamed the plains and the buffalo herded on the grazing places of the Far West, a story well and vigorously told.

A late addition to Macmillan's Fiction Library is "The History of David Grieve," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The library contains a large assortment of the best popular novels that have been published in recent years, and at the popular price of 50 cents net. The publishers are the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Thomas L. Masson, the managing editor of *Life*, ought to know a good story when he sees one, and his little book, "The Best Stories in the World," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. (\$1 net), may therefore be recommended with confidence. A better collection of its size has never been printed.

"Auction Developments," by Milton C. Work (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net), is a companion volume to "Auction of Today," by the same author, supplementing but not duplicating the contents of the former volume. It is described as "indispensable to successful play." The book is of substantial size and appears to be inclusive.

The Sturgis & Walton Company has published "A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish," by Cornelis DeWitt Willcox. The book is intended for colleges and technological schools, and it seems well adapted to its purposes. It contains nearly six hundred pages with vocabulary and notes, the exercises being well selected and graded, the type of comfortable size, and the technical illustrations of a high order.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Between lecturing in New York, Boston, and Chicago and the reading of more than one thousand pages of proof, Dean C. Worcester is one of the busiest men in the country these days. Mr. Worcester's book on the Philippines is being rapidly passed to press. It will probably appear early in February, coming from the press of the Macmillan Company.

The American ambassador in Paris, Myron Herrick, has written to James D. Whelpley highly commending his book, "The Trade of the World," published by the Century Company. He adds, "I wish that it were obligatory for every public official in the United States to read your book from beginning to end. While we are awakening to the importance of our relations to the outside world, we are not informing ourselves as we should on this vital external question."

The picture of the "poor whites" in the Ragged Mountains of Virginia drawn by Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock in "A Son of the Hills," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is heartily endorsed by all those who have lived among the Southern mountaineers.

Kathleen Norris has just released the proof of her new novel, "The Treasure," which the publishers hope to bring out about February 4. "The Treasure" is said to reflect a certain side of home life with a most satisfying vividness and completeness. It will be published by the Macmillan Company.

Recently the London house of John Lane published "When William Came," a story of London under the Hohenzollerns, by H. H. Munro, who is well known for his amusing work as a satirist.

"Who's Who," for 1914, published by the Macmillan Company, is more than double the size of the original book of ten years ago, and the increase in price is well justified by the size and thoroughness of the volume. It is indispensable to the magazine and newspaper office and is a welcome addition to the library of the man who desires to keep fully informed about people of note.

Two thousand miles beyond Shanghai, and far above snow level, E. H. Wilson, author of "A Naturalist in Western China" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) discovered the smooth-stone

peach growing just over the border line of Tibet, the "forbidden land." To acquire its seedlings he risked death at the hands of fanatical natives. From these seedlings Mr. Wilson has raised a number of peach trees which have survived two New England winters at the Arnold Arboretum, and one is flourishing at the Country Life Press of Doubleday, Page & Co. in Long Island. Not less remarkable than their apparent liking for cold is their stone, which is no larger than a plum-stone, and perfectly smooth.

Joseph K. Goodrich, whose book, "Our Neighbors the Chinese," is published by the Browne & Howell Company, resided in China during his youth, and having held for a time a professorship in the Imperial University in Kyoto, Japan, Mr. Goodrich possesses the sort of first-hand knowledge of the Orient which is essential to a satisfactory discussion of any of the peoples and problems of Asia.

This month the Putnams are publishing "Horace Blake," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, author of "Great Possessions"; "The Rocks of Valpre," by E. M. Dell, author of "The Way of the Eagle"; and "The Business of a Gentleman," by H. N. Dickinson, author of "Keddy."

Edward J. Clode announces for early publication William Somerset Maugham's "The Land of Promise," Sewell Ford's "On with Torchy," Louis Tracy's "The Terms of Surrender," and Frank Froet's "The Grell Mystery."

One of the recent "best sellers" in Chicago has been Milo M. Quaife's "Chicago and the Old Northwest, 1673-1835," issued by the University of Chicago Press. Since the publication of the book the author, who is an alumnus of the University of Chicago, has been appointed superintendent of the Wisconsin State Historical Society at Madison.

Miss Clare Howard's book, "English Travelers of the Renaissance," is the result of reading and research work accomplished during her fellowship of the Society of American Women in London, and while she was working at Girton College and at Oxford University from 1908 to 1910. The book is published by the John Lane Company.

Dr. Williamson is editing a book on the Keats relics at Hampstead, with an account of the portraits of Keats, and photographic facsimiles. Every document will be transcribed in full and annotated by Buxton Forman. Some of the later letters have never been transcribed. The edition, to be published by the John Lane Company, will be a limited one on special hand-made paper.

The first group of books for general readers for 1914 from the house of Henry Holt & Co., issued on January 24, includes two novels, namely, "Angel Island," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, author of the "Phoebe and Ernest" stories, and "Bransford in Arcadia," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, author of "Good Men and True." At the same time this house issued Clayton Hamilton's "Studies in Stagecraft," a companion to his "Theory of the Theatre," which is already in its fourth edition, and a revised and much enlarged edition of Lord Avebury's "Prehistoric Times."

Alan Sullivan, the Canadian writer, is at home on all the great trails of the Dominion between Quebec and the Far Northwest. His new volume of short stories, "The Passing

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of Oul-i-but," is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Sullivan is, by the way, the most recent winner of the Montreal *Globe's* annual prize for the best poem, not exceeding one hundred lines, based upon some incident in Canadian history in which bravery and resource were conspicuous human elements.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By," which will be published today, January 31, by the Houghton Mifflin Company, takes up the four issues, work, play, love, and worship.

"Haremlik," Mrs. Kenneth-Brown's story of Turkish life, published a few years ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company, which has already been translated into French, Swedish, Danish, German, and Italian, is now being translated into Dutch.

Tryphosa Bates-Batcheler, author of "Royal Spain Today," had exceptional opportunities while gathering material for the book. She saw the royal families of Spain and Portugal often, had entrée to the fashionable society, and used her camera freely, with the permission of the powers that be. Longmans, Green & Co. have issued the book.

"Books for Travelers," and for those stay-at-homes who enjoy reading of other lands is on the press of Paul Elder & Co. The books selected are comprehensive, covering "The World Tour," "In and About Europe," "Through the Orient," and "On Pacific Shores."

A new edition of W. H. P. Phye's "12,000 Words Often Mispronounced" has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Very material additions have been made in the new edition, which, by virtue of its larger range, bears the title "18,000 Words Often Mispronounced."

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Magie.

Mr. Chesterton's comedy is a little disappointing, simply because we do not know quite what he means or where to draw the line between his fun and his philosophy. He gives us a medley of mysticism, materialism, and religion, and if he intends that we shall draw any inference or learn any lesson we must frankly confess that we fail to do so. There is a duke without convictions, a niece who believes in fairies, and a nephew who believes in business. A conjuror who is hired to amuse the company poses as a real magician with superhuman powers and produces all sorts of marvels for the confusion of doubters. He is as mysterious as Mr. Chesterton himself. That the whole play effervesces like champagne goes without saying, but at the same time we should like a peep behind the scenes at Mr. Chesterton's intentions, which are doubtless honorable, but obscure.

MAGIE. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Booklover's London.

Mr. A. St. John Adcock, who writes this delightful book about London, tells us that as he was going up Cornhill some years ago he remembered that Bob Cratchit of the Christmas Carol was so carried away by the joyous spirit of the season that he "went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve." Now if any one should actually go down a slide on Cornhill nowadays he would unquestionably be "run in," but no one can prevent Bob Cratchit from doing this very thing so long as there is any human memory to preserve the fact and to repeat it. And so London is filled with the ghosts of fiction, with the imagined people who did all sorts of surprising feats there and whose immortality is as assured as that of any of the real people of history. There have been books and to spare about the real people of the history of London. The author

thinks it time that we should have one about the unreal people who are nevertheless such dear and intimate friends of us all. And so he gives us a volume of about three hundred pages, a volume not arranged upon any definite plan except to select a route and to go along it gossiping of what memories he has of the imaginary men and women connected with the places passed on the road. Sometimes real people insist upon intruding, but that is a way that they have, and it can not be prevented. Moreover, they give contrast.

Now such a book can be well or ill done and it will be correspondingly readable. In this case it is well done and with a certain graceful tenderness that befits the theme. It is a book for lovers of great fiction and for lovers of London, and its value is increased by the twenty illustrations furnished by Frederick Adcock.

THE BOOKLOVER'S LONDON. By A. St. John Adcock. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

New Books Received.

SOME OTHER THINGS. By Charles Halsted Mapes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1. A dozen new stories and sketches.

HORACE BLAKE. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net. A novel.

RELIGIOUS ART IN FRANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Emile Male. Translated by Dora Nussey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6 net. A study in medieval iconography and its sources of inspiration. A third edition, revised and enlarged, with 189 illustrations.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE WITH NULLOS. By R. F. Foster. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.20 net. A new edition of Foster's handbook, brought up to date.

THE REVOLT OF DEMOCRACY. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net. Essays on social reform.

OLD MOLE. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

PUBLIC LIBRARY ADMINISTRATION. By Walter S. C. Rae. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

The general management of the library and a plea for its extension.

A WAYFARING SOUL. By Walter Raymond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. Some mystic sketches.

LILLECRONA'S HOME. By Selma Lagerlof. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

A PEPSY OF MOGUL INDIA, 1653-1708. Translated by William Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An abridged edition of the "Storia do Mogor" of Niccolao Manucci.

THE FAMILY AND SOCIETY. By John M. Gillette. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the National Social Science Series.

THE AFTER HOUSE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of love, mystery, and a private yacht.

WILL O' THE WASPS. By Margaret Warner Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An account of the wasp, written for children.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. Kluhevsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

The third and final volume of the only complete history of Russia that has ever been written.

ENGLISH TRAVELERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Clare Howard. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

A series of extracts from, and comments on, the innumerable little volumes of directions for foreign travelers issued during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the guidance of English youths about to venture on the Continent.

BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES. By E. J. Thomas, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 70 cents net.

Issued in the Wisdom of the East Series.

BUDDHIST CHINA. By Reginald Fleming Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

A general survey of Buddhism in China and of its activities.

A BOY IN EIRINN. By Padraic Colum. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

BOYCOTTS AND THE LABOR STRUGGLE. By Harry W. Lauer. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

A discussion of the economic and legal aspects of the boycott as used by the various groups in society, and especially by labor.

THE NEW DAWN. By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE WHITE SAPPHIRE. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net. A novel.

DEUTSCHE LIEDER. Zusammengestellt von Peter Secher and Louis H. Dirks. New York: American Book Company; 25 cents.

For use in classes studying German.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Countess de Chambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

"New light and old evidence."

HISTORY OF GEOGRAPHY. By J. Scott Keltie and O. J. R. Howarth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents.

Issued in A History of the Sciences Series.

The Putnams have just published a new edition, with valuable introductory material by the Countess de Chambrun, of "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare." The Countess de Chambrun comes from a family whose taste for scholarship and appreciation of the best literary traditions has not infrequently resulted in the production of works that have won recognition alike from critics and public. The author's father, the late Judge Nicholas Longworth of the Ohio supreme bench, made during his college days what Lowell pronounced the most beautiful poetic translation of the "Electra" of Sophocles, published by Robert Clark & Co. On her maternal side Mme. de Chambrun is the granddaughter of Judge Timothy Walker, author of Walker's "American Law," a work which may not unfairly be described as the American Blackstone.

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"ADELE"

"Adèle," which is classified as a French operetta, is something of a novelty, really a novelty. It is what musical-comedy purports to be—a comedy set to music. Only it happens to be a real comedy, of a very light order, it is true, but there is grace, wit, and charm to its lightness.

The hook is by Paul Hervé, and Jean Briquet has furnished number after number of the most delicious melodies in his delightfully tuneful and expressive score. The dialogue, which has been done into English by Adolf Phillip and Edward A. Paulton, crackles with smart witticisms and very neat epigrams, and the story reaches an audience very agreeably on its sentimental as well as its humorous side. In truth, after spending an evening full of musical and sentimental gusto listening to "Adèle," one is justified in thinking that the old guard is falling into ruts in its jokes and situation; for witness the above list of comparatively new names.

The French author has availed himself of Sardou's idea in "Divorçons," that of lending spice to the carresses of a married pair—in this case a bride and groom—by supplying a motive for prohibiting them. The resulting effect may be divined, but, even in the English version of the play, there is no actual grossness felt, as the situation is handled with a sort of French lightness of touch. It is, of course, as one gossip said to another, "very"—hesitating for a word—"very"—to which the other responded, "Quite so."

Fortunately, since it is "quite so," the principals in "Adèle" are of the best and handle the situations with due delicacy. John Park, who fills the leading male rôle, that of the bridegroom, though handicapped by a cold which on Tuesday night had knocked his singing voice out of commission, is one of those agreeable actors who never utters a word or casts a glance without making his point and pleasing his audience. He is an excellent light comedy actor with that ease and devil-may-careness of manner which banishes all suggestion of effort. Of the technic behind his work we receive no hint, because the result is so eminently satisfactory.

The rôle of Adèle, the little bride, could not possibly have been more felicitously stewed. Carolyn Thomson is a fresh, pretty, clear-eyed, attractive little blend of daintiness and wholesomeness who doesn't look one second over seventeen. She is just eighteen. A girl with the over-cultivated graces and that look of premature consciousness which is stamped on the features of so many girl workers on the stage would have been all out of place. Adèle is supposed to move innocently between the extending arms of the two men who claim her, and gradually veer emotionally toward her legitimate owner. The situations are certainly piquant, and gradually reach that stage which we euphemistically describe as "Frenchy." But this sweet little bit of youth, in her slender immaturity, with her clear, candid gaze of unawakened girlhood, and her pretty, innocent smile, walked over, not exactly burning plowshares, but certainly very warm situations, and escaped uncontaminated.

Robert, the lover, who was to claim Adèle as his bride after she had been released by divorce from a previous "framed-up" wedding, is played by Alfred Kappeler in a similar spirit. That is to say, he seems boyish where the little bride is girlish, and, like her, innocent and inexperienced beside the sophisticated baron and Myriane, his handsome and intriguing innamorata. The rôle of Myriane is also capably assumed, Nanette Flack's handsome face and opulent physical advantages making due contrast with the delicate, girlish graces of little Adèle.

In fact, the piece was played as it ought to be by people who fitted into their rôles to a charm.

Two robust comedy rôles, that of the fathers of the two innocent "love-birds," were filled acceptably by George O'Donnell and Jules Espailly, and Ralph Nairn by the cleverness of his dry, restrained comedy lifted the rôle of the valet to the level of the most important ones.

"Adèle" is one of those productions which does not offend our San Francisco pride by giving us the leavings. The costumes of the two pretty women in "the leads" are as fresh as the petals in an opening flower. Carolyn Thomson treats us to a succession of the daintiest of bridal negligés, which suit her as the calyx its bud, and Nanette Flack

gratifies our eyes in the last act with a deliciously fresh and dainty morning outdoor costume, which, very bouffant on the hips and scanty at the ankles, is of the style of the minute.

The chorus girls, all gowned in correctly long evening and calling costumes, are also up to the minute in modes, and sumptuous to a degree in the costliness and beauty of their beautifully fresh costumes.

Carolyn Thomson and Nanette Flack are also both delightful singers, the former possessing a sweet, youthful, larklike voice, the natural appanage of her girlish charm, while Nanette Flack's richer and more sophisticated notes harmonize with her sumptuous and more womanly attractions. The men, too, are, vocally, thoroughly up to all requirements. And the chorus girls know how to sing, and render Jean Briquet's sweetly flowing melodies in full, rich, and wooing harmonies.

"IF I WERE KING."

"If I Were King" is romance pure and simple. The radical realist would not be able to lose himself in this play, because, although it contains much beauty both of diction and presentation, it lacks the poignancy of appeal to which the more modern play is accustoming us.

But there are still many romanticists among theatre-goers who love to see beautiful fancies incarnated on the stage, and of all our famous actors Sothorn is perhaps the one preëminent in romantic charm. In the rôle of Hamlet he reached the apex of his career. No one should miss seeing it who wishes to treasure the recollection of an ideal Hamlet, young, sad, romantic, princely, beautiful. We have seen so many elderly Hamlets with bald pates under their unconvincing wigs that the idealism of that image of princely beauty becomes slightly blurred. Sothorn, of course, as we all know, is no longer young. But the main thing is that he looks and seems so. He has the voice, the mien, the gait, the elegance of outline of youth. In "If I Were King" when he shed the womanishly magnificent robes of the Lord High Constable and appeared in undraped doublet and hose, with his pale face shadowed by the loose dark locks worn in Villon's time, he looked a mere youth, and kindled within us an anticipatory thrill that whispered "Hamlet."

When Justin Huntley McCarthy wrote "If I Were King" he based his appeal on the love of romance and the delight in beauty. And so the music of Villon's graceful verse rings through the play, and the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles floats like a living picture through the rose pleasure of the king, and all the emotions are either base or exalted. When Villon, stripped of his fantastic rags and stains and wild beard, and clothed in the sweeping robes of a state dignitary is seen descending that picturesque stairway that seems to lead to the garden of romance we find that Sothorn has modified that rapt and dreamlike regard of the bewildered poet by adding to it a touch of restrained comedy. It comes not amiss in a play abandoning itself so frankly to unrestrained romance, more particularly as the comic characters are cast in that mould of old-fashioned simplicity which does not inspire extreme mirth in a sophisticated twentieth-century audience.

Fortunately for the success of the engagement Miss Marlowe's absence does no harm to "If I Were King," since she never appears in this play. Miss Elizabeth Valentine is a young and pretty woman, tall and graceful in her flowing court dress, and practiced in picturesque pose and attitude. She has a carrying voice, and she speaks her lines well, her only noticeable fault being occasionally a slight abruptness of manner, which seems like an unnecessary speeding up of the slow, musically correct tempo of this romantic play. In all other respects as the high-born maid at court she fits gracefully into a series of beautiful pictures.

An excellently played rôle is Mr. George W. Wilson's personation of Louis XI. Not only is his make-up and general appearance strikingly in character, but there is a consistency throughout in his dry, juiceless tone, his quiet, furtive appearances, and the chill expressed by a cold and cruel heart warmed up by occasional fugitive glimpses of something that is curiously compounded of caution and good-will.

I am inclined to think that the generally fused recollections of this play when Sothorn first brought it out centre more particularly on Villon's first appearance at the court of Louis XI, as, preceded by obsequiously howling lackeys, he descends the stately, rose-wreathed stairway questioning with dark, bewildered eyes, what pleasant trick is this that fate has played? But there is a last act full of action, of picturesque tableau, and of a certain effect of historic atmosphere. In this Sothorn is quite dazzlingly handsome in his steel armor, Mr. Wilson's Louis XI gives us a bit of curious psychology to remember, and Miss Valentine is quite a picture of mediæval grace. It is sad to have missed seeing Miss Marlowe's arch Beatrice and exquisitely pathetic Ophelia. But every cloud has its silver lining. Every one feels immensely sorry for Mr. Sothorn, but one heart, and perhaps two and three—

for there must have been several changes of rôles—are made happy. For to the understudy an occasion of this kind is always the Great Opportunity.

PAVLOWA.

Anna Pavlova's engagement has been a record-breaking one. The Valencia through storms and gales and playful little cloud-bursts has been crammed from pit to dome during her one week in San Francisco. People who had seen the famous Russian dancer could not live without seeing her once more, and people who hadn't, resolved to rectify the omission if they had to pawn their watches.

And Mr. Greenbaum is, or ought to be, happy. For our local impresario has to run many risks in bringing out musical stars to this distant coast. Music does not appeal to so large a constituency as drama, and if we did not possess this enterprising impresario there are many famous artists that we who stay put in this our little corner of the world would never have the opportunity of seeing or hearing. There were, however, no risks attached to the bringing out of so spectacularly renowned an artist as Anna Pavlova, more particularly as the whole world at present has dancing dementia. Mr. Greenbaum did well to arrange a number of different programmes, but although there were many new things the same gem of purest ray serene shone preëminently, eclipsing all the others.

It goes without saying that every number was a gem. But Theophile Gautier's graceful and exquisite fantasy, "Giselle," contains such a dramatic motive for the dance, and the pantomimed story rises by beautiful gradations to such a pitch of poetic and spiritual beauty that to me it eclipses everything else I saw. "The Magic Flute" is a gay and amusing conception, and when all the motley characters, hearing the magically irresistible strains, dance with motions nicely proportioned to their age, occupation, or individuality, a unique opportunity is afforded to witness the versatility and variety of these wonderful Russian dancers and pantomimists.

The "Divertissements" appeared on nearly every programme, and were immensely popular, their marked variety appealing to a wide margin of tastes. The "Danse de Printemps," with those airy figures draped in the vernal and rose tints of the herbage and bloom of spring, might have served to illustrate a Keats poem. So might the picture made by the rhythmic gambolings of those three Grecian sprites in "Moment Musical."

"Rose et Papillon" revealed the charm and technical perfection of Mlle. Plaskowiczka, another solo dancer, and the "Hungarian Rhapsodie" was both in color and action a magnificent expression through the medium of the dance of the passionate abandon of the music.

The "Gavotte Pavlova" exhibited the slower and more graceful phases of Pavlova's execution, while "L'automne bacchanale," in which she is assisted by Novikoff, shows the two in whirlwind, wind-blown flights around the stage which are the extreme superlative of the beauty of motion. There is something singularly youthful and, indeed, almost child-like in the delicacy of Pavlova's outlines. She offers absolutely no suggestion of allurements, but the eye feeds with pure delight on the poetry, the exquisite felicity, of her motion. One scarcely looks at her features, for the little dancer is always an airily floating body. In the "Invitation to the Dance" I missed this sense of joying in the sight of the free, graceful play of unfettered limbs. It was pretty to see the quaint 1830 hall-room dancers with their tilting crinolines, but the crinolines, seen after the more revealing costumes, gave the dancing a more automatic aspect.

Novikoff is no such remarkable dancer as

Mordkin. Not that it is Mordkin's almost feminine beauty of feature and form that we miss, but Novikoff is built more for strength than grace, the "Danse de Pirate" being well adapted to his heavier and stronger style of work and massive build of body. It is not improbable that little Pavlova wanted no such powerful pretender as Mordkin close to her throne, but she may have chosen Novikoff for his strength, for in those dances where this feat is required he lifts her like a feather. Pavlova is, in any case, of fairy-like size, and goodness knows the average man would find her a very light weight. Her delicate shape and ethereal graces are peculiarly well adapted to conveying the idea of the apparition of Giselle in the second act of Gautier's pantomimed poem. And it is of the wraith Giselle that I shall always think of Pavlova. Giselle, raised by the friendly night spirits from her little green grave and whirling around with them in the maddest circles of ecstasy; Giselle the radiant incarnated spirit, watching her constant lover mourning over her grave, and urged on by the warm, human love that survives her death, showing herself a little apparition hatched in a white light of supernatural beauty, in one of the green forest glades. Her lover takes a step toward the radiant white figure, and it disappears like a blown-out light, only to reappear in more distant shadows of the night. Anything more incredibly beautiful than the posture and swift gliding motion of this exquisite wraith it would be difficult to imagine.

People who have not seen her ask if Pavlova has beauty of countenance. I should judge not, as seen from a distance, but it doesn't particularly matter. One thinks of her as a thing of beauty in its entirety, an artist inspired to the expression of beauty by God-given instinct as well as by training who has done much in these few years to restore the ballet to its rightful place as a refined and even spiritual art.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.



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Spring 1914

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Adele" Continues Attraction at Columbia.

The season's records will chronicle no greater success for any theatrical offering presented in this city than "Adele," billed as a French operetta, and which was seen for the first time at the Columbia Theatre last Sunday night. The audience gave the piece a typical San Francisco welcome. Business at the Columbia Theatre has been more than gratifying, and it will not be surprising to find during the second week of the engagement, which begins with the coming Sunday night's performance, that the seating capacity of the playhouse will be unable to accommodate the demand.

A word of praise must be given to the producers of "Adele," who have given the piece three magnificent stage settings. The augmented orchestra gives splendid renditions of the tuneful score. Matinees during the engagement of "Adele" are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Following Sothern Come McIntyre and Heath.

E. H. Sothern, who began a fortnight's engagement at the Cort Theatre last Monday night, is again proving his remarkable popularity in this city. At the present time Mr. Sothern is presenting "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," and Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic play, "If I Were King." The Shakespearean plays named afford him opportunities for some of his finest impersonations. His revival of "If I Were King" has proved a fine success, and is duplicating the popularity which it won at the time of its original production ten years ago.

The star has a capital supporting organization, and his productions are superb scenically. "If I Were King" forms the bill for Monday and Tuesday nights and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, the remainder of the time being devoted to Shakespearean repertory.

McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" come to the Cort Sunday, February 8.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of headliners, Willa Holt Wakefield, "the Lady at the Piano," and one of the most brilliant entertainers in this country, will play her last vaudeville engagement in this city and will sing a number of new and smart songs to her own accompaniment.

Eddie Leonard, the popular minstrel, will make his first appearance in white face. Assisted by Mabel Russell, he will sing his own songs and indulge in soft-shoe dancing, at which he is unrivaled.

Those favorites, Claude and Fannie Usher, will appear in a new sketch, entitled "The Straight Path," in which they will have the assistance of the famous "Sparteribs."

Dr. Carl Herman will perform marvelous feats with electricity, over which he has a perfect control. So fully charged is his body with it that his attendant easily lights paper by bringing it in contact with his nose, elbow, knee, etc.

Goleman will introduce his marvelously trained animals, consisting of dogs, cats, pigeons, and squirrels.

Nance O'Neil will return for next week only, and present her famous characterization of Leah, in the "Curse Scene" from "The Jewess," which is recognized as one of the greatest histrionic triumphs of the present day.

The only holdovers will be the Original Four Perez and Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron in their successful musical skit, "A Bit of Broadway."

Tivoli Continues "The Lion and the Mouse."

"The Lion and the Mouse," the filmatization of Charles Klein's powerful play of the same name, has made such a hit at the Tivoli and so many San Franciscans have been unable to see it, that the management has decided to continue it for another week, commencing Sunday. When "The Lion and the Mouse" was first produced in this city just before the fire it created a sensation, which has been repeated every time that the remarkable drama of high finance has been given here since, and it is unanimously agreed by all those who have witnessed it that the photo-drama as produced at the Tivoli is of just as great a degree of interest as the stage presentation. The cast is made up of sterling players, especially selected for their respective rôles by Charles Klein himself, and there are so many more scenes and incidents shown on the screen than are given in the play that the spectator gets a much better insight into the author's intentions than by witnessing the four acts as ordinarily played.

A new Keystone comedy will lend variety to the bill and the big Tivoli orchestra will furnish delightful music as usual.

Only two cities in the State of California are to see Klaw & Erlanger's production of the comedy-drama, "Milestones," presented by the London-New York cast. Many out-of-town orders have already been received at the Columbia Theatre box-office.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford Today

This (Saturday) afternoon, January 31, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Clara Butt, the great contralto, and Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone, will give an exceptionally beautiful programme of song in many tongues. These artists are equally at home in the operatic repertory and the songs of Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, etc., and more varied and beautiful programmes have never been offered music lovers.

Mme. Butt will sing the Arias from Verdi's "Don Carlos" and Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and songs by Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Stanford, Loughborough, etc., and Mr. Rumford's contributions to the list will include "Figaro's Song" from "The Barber of Seville," and gems by Brahms, Franz, Davies, and some old Irish and Hungarian folk melodies. For the final number of the programme the artists will join their voices in the exquisite old duo, "Au Clair de la Lune," by Boileau. Tickets may be secured at the hall today. After a short visit to the southland these artists will return for a few more concerts, including one in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday afternoon, February 13.

Pavlowa's Return and Farewell.

Anna Pavlowa, whose engagement at the Valencia Theatre proved one of the greatest successes in the theatrical history of this city, will return with her great organization and give two special farewell performances at the Valencia Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and night, February 1. The matinee will commence at 3:15 on this occasion, and Pavlowa and Novikoff will be seen in the exquisite romantic ballet in two acts, "Giselle," by Gautier and Adam, and a series of divertissements, including, of course, "The Bacchanale," "The Swan," etc. In the evening at 8:30 the programme will include "Les Preludes," founded on the Lamartine poem with music by Liszt, the gorgeous "Oriental," and eight of the most popular of the special dances.

The tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre after ten o'clock.

In Oakland Pavlowa and her company will appear Monday night at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The programme will include "Oriental," "Les Preludes," and a group of divertissements. For this event tickets are obtainable at the box-office of Ye Liberty Playhouse only. The splendid stage of this theatre will be of great value in the display of the Bakst and Anisfeld scenery.

This will be the first visit of the great dancer to Oakland.

Sketch of the Hofmann Programmes.

Josef Hofmann, whose genius has been acknowledged ever since he was a mere child of six, will give two concerts at the Columbia Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoon, February 1, and Sunday afternoon, February 8.

At his first concert, tomorrow afternoon, he will play a great programme, including Sonatas by Beethoven and Chopin, standard numbers by Chopin, Beethoven, and other masters, and some novelties by Debussy, Dvorsky, and Rachmaninoff.

At his second concert he will play a group of Schumann gems, seven Chopin masterpieces, and the one and only "Sonata" by Franz Liszt, a work of such prodigious difficulty that few artists attempt it in public.

The sale of seats is now in progress at the usual music stores and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Columbia Theatre. Hofmann will not play in Oakland this season.

Hofmann with Symphony Orchestra.

The eighth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which will be given at the Cort Theatre, Friday afternoon, February 6, gives every promise of being the "event" in the life of the orchestra. Beethoven, Rubinstein, and Richard Strauss will be represented by their greatest compositions and the programme will have the assistance of Josef Hofmann, the great pianist.

The conductor and music committee have decided to substitute the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven for the Sixth. The Seventh Symphony was finished in the year 1812, and was first performed at a concert in Vienna for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau. Of all the Beethoven symphonies the Seventh is the most romantic as well as the most happy.

The audience will rejoice in the playing of Rubinstein's D minor concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, a work of emotional variety and almost magic charm, by Josef Hofmann. Hofmann's amazing technical skill and emotional fervor will have free rein in the Rubinstein work.

The novelty of the programme will be the Richard Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the old-fashioned roguish manner, in rondo form and requiring a quaint orchestral effect.

Seats for the concert will go on sale next Monday at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kobler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

The prices will be 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; box and loge seats, \$3.

John McCormack Soon to Be Heard.

To hear a voice like John McCormack's in operatic selections, German, French, Italian, English, and Irish songs all on one afternoon, is a treat worth going miles to enjoy.

McCormack is now probably the greatest of the lyric tenors, and the young Irishman, barely thirty years of age, possesses a voice that has the first bloom of youth and will continue to grow more round and beautiful for some years to come. It is not often that San Francisco music lovers get the opportunity of hearing a tenor voice like this, still in the very height of its beauty.

The McCormack concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 15; Tuesday night, February 17, and at a special farewell concert on Washington's Birthday. On Thursday night, February 19, McCormack will sing in Oakland.

Sincerity Marks Kreisler's Art.

Fritz Kreisler, who is making a tour of America this year under the direction of C. A. Ellis of Boston, manager of Geraldine Farrar and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is making his only appearances on Friday afternoon, February 20, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, in concert at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Scottish Rite Hall, Thursday night, February 26, does not belong to that school of violinists which seeks to win the plaudits of the public by sensationalism of gestures and interpretation. The hallmark of his art is sincerity. He demands it of others and he rigorously exacts it of himself. Mr. Kreisler is under the local management of Mr. Frank W. Healy.

Chicago Grand Opera Company's Season.

Max Hirsch, the representative of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, paid a flying visit to the city the early part of the week to make the preliminary arrangements for the coming season of grand opera to take place at the Tivoli Opera House for the two weeks beginning Monday, March 16.

The organization is just completing the most successful season that it ever had in Chicago, ten weeks in all, goes to Philadelphia for four weeks, and then jumps across the continent, playing only Cleveland, Dallas, and Los Angeles en route. The company, under the managerial and musical direction of Cleofante Campanini, numbers over three hundred people, including forty principals, a chorus of sixty, orchestra of sixty-eight, and a big ballet. Great interest centres in the first appearance here of Titta Ruffo, the world's greatest baritone and foremost singer, who will sing the title-rôle in the opening opera, "Rigoletto."

Reserved seats for the season will range from \$5 down to \$2, and the sale will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Tuesday morning, February 10. Seats for single performances will range from \$6 downward and will be placed on sale a week before the first opera.

Mme. Daynes-Grassot, who is now appearing as the Marquise de Trevillac in "La Belle Aventure" at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, is eighty-one years of age. Mme. Daynes-Grassot plays the part, which is one of the most important rôles in the play, to perfection. She has been on the stage for seventy years, having made her first appearance at the age of eleven in a revue at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre. Her first real engagement was at the theatre built by Napoleon III at Chalons camp to give healthy amusement to the soldiers and keep them from the wine shops. The programme varied nightly, comedy and comic opera being given alternately. The soldiers did not pay for their seats, and the theatre was a cold, miserable place so that they were by no means a pleasing audience to play to. The emperor came two or three times a year. At the end of her three years' engagement a benefit performance was given for Mme. Daynes-Grassot which realized \$100 net. Such a magnificent result had never before been attained by any artist of that theatre. She has for years been at the Vaudeville.

Recently there died Count Yukyo Ito, fleet admiral of the Japanese navy, who had more to do with the development of the Japanese navy than any other man. He entered the service in 1868, and studied for a considerable time in the United States. In the war between China and Japan, in 1894, he took a prominent part, commanding the combined squadrons of the Japanese fleet which fought the battle of the Yellow Sea, afterward blockading the port of Wei-hai-Wei and destroying the Chinese fleet. He was then appointed chief of the naval general staff, and many honors were conferred on him for his services in the war. During the Russo-Japanese War he contributed greatly by his strategy to the retention of the command of the seas by the Japanese fleet. He was aged seventy-one.

Gives Manuscript to University.

The manuscript of the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" is on view at the library of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in a glass case just inside the main entrance. The manuscript is in the form of a bound volume, upon the flyleaf of which appears in writing Dr. Mitchell's bequest of the original papers to the university. The manuscript has been attracting considerable attention since the author's recent death. The words on the flyleaf, dated April, 1907, are as follows, written by the author himself: "This, the manuscript of 'Hugh Wynne,' I have been over and over asked to sell. Other requests to deposit it in, or give it to, certain libraries have been made by librarians who are good enough to think it has value. I have thought it proper, therefore, at the solicitation of our own librarian to deposit this manuscript in the library of the University of Pennsylvania."

Bessie Abbott, late of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will make her first appearance in San Francisco in the artistic revival of "Robin Hood." Klaw & Erlanger promise the identical performance as given at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

At a recent sale in London of a well-known American amateur's collection the famous "Compleat Angler" (1653) sold for \$2800. The "Etched Work of Whistler," issued only four years ago, brought \$215.

AMUSEMENTS

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SOLOIST—JOSEF HOFMANN (Pianist)

Programme includes: Beethoven Symphony No. 7, "Pastoral," F major, Op. 68; Rubinstein, Concerto for Pianoforte No. 4, D minor, Op. 70; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Rondo, Op. 28. Tickets on sale Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase's. Prices, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; box and loge seats, \$3.

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Next—Sun., Feb. 8, MCINTYRE & HEATH in "THE HAM TREE."

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge tells us in his volume of reminiscences that manners have changed a good deal since he was young. He was taught, and vigorously taught, that he must never refer to physical ailments in general company and that it was the height of vulgarity to speak of money or of the cost of anything. But all that has now been changed. Money talk is as common around the social board as it is in Congress, and as for physical ailments there is simply no line drawn anywhere.

Well, what else shall we talk about? Conversation is necessarily confined to the topics that interest us, to the things that we understand, and in this particular year of grace, of progressivism, and of reform we are interested in nothing and we understand nothing but money and disease. Charles Eliot Norton tells us that toward the end of his life it became impossible to collect half a dozen or so persons who could pass a few hours in intelligent conversation, and this was in Boston. It would be much more impossible now, if there can be such a thing as degrees of impossibility.

Disease as a topic of conversation is due first of all to an increase in individual selfishness, which in its turn leads to a coarsening of mental fibre. The conventional question of "How do you do?" is no longer accepted as a greeting of courtesy. It is regarded as a serious pathological inquiry, and the lady to whom it is addressed considers it necessary to enter into minute and delicate revelations that would bring qualms to the stomach of a crocodile and a blush to the cheeks of a satyr. And it must be admitted that in this respect it is women who are the chief offenders. They seem positively to revel in medical discussions that would make a man feel a little bit sick. It is fairly safe to assume that two women conversing in a street-car are talking about diseases, or that they will be doing so the moment some chance word gives the opportunity to begin. And so we see another conventional theory in its death struggles. There was a time when the feminine mind was supposed to be one of peculiar delicacy. There was a whole category of subjects that must not be mentioned before women. Now it is men who feel a certain apprehension of improprieties and indelicacies as soon as women begin to talk.

Another evidence of a changed sexual relationship comes from New York. A man traveling on the subway during the crowded hours was accused of insulting a woman. She not only accused him verbally, but she slapped his face. Now it has been one of the immemorial privileges of a woman to slap a man's face, and it has been one of man's immemorial privileges to be slapped in the face. But in this case the man promptly gave the woman in charge for assault and he intends to proceed against her to the limit of the law. And it is to be hoped that he will.

But the curious part of the case is the applause that has followed this man's action. The New York *World* says that he has "rendered a service to his sex for which his less courageous fellow-men will be inclined to thank him." The *World* then continues:

To such complexion have things come under the white slave and "Damaged Goods" disease propaganda. A mental atmosphere has been created investing men and women in public places with mutual suspicion. . . . Happily men may still travel in the subway without serious danger of being arrested as white-slavers. But, appreciating their peril, they will applaud the act of one of their number in going to court to protect himself.

That this is not merely the individual opinion of the *World* is shown by the letter of a correspondent, who says:

If a few years ago any one had ventured the opinion that it would soon be unsafe for men to walk the streets of the city unprotected, he would have been greeted with cries

of derision. Yet today, what with white-slave hysteria and "poisoned-needle" scares, we seem to be tending toward such a ridiculous state of things.

It is a sorry business, but such incidents as these mark a condition that is now more deeply seated than may be supposed. It is a condition of sex antagonism, and a waning of the marriage rate and a hundred other like phenomena are its symptoms. For a long time men were disposed to look upon the feminist movement in its cruder aspects with a certain amount of amused toleration. But that particular phase is passing away. The spectacle of a number of respectable men thrown summarily into jail on the vilest charge known to the law and upon the unsupported accusation of a few dirty little creatures who ought to be in the psychopathic ward is not one to be lost on the male mind. The further spectacle of the ecstasy of delight with which these proceedings are welcomed by those who claim unchallenged to be the representatives of their sex is being duly digested. And the result is a growing sense of disgust and aversion. And there will be other results to come.

It is always a quite easy matter to settle any question of the proprieties or the moralities in England. All that is necessary is to ascertain the opinions of a sufficient number of titled ladies and the thing is done. Why the views of a lady of title on a question of virtue should carry more weight than those of any one else it is not easy to say, except upon the theory that if the aristocracy disapprove of something it must be so intolerably bad as to preclude further discussion. But it does seem something like appealing to a Democratic convention for a conclusive verdict on the spoils system.

And so the London *Daily Express* heads a column with the question, "Is the Tango Immoral?" and then proceeds to give us the opinions of Lady this, the Countess of that, and the Viscountess some one else. Curiously enough they are nearly unanimous. The Countess of Coventry says that she "does not think it desirable that the tango should be danced at social functions." Viscountess Castlereagh believes "that it is just a passing craze that will soon die out." Viscountess Templetown has never seen the tango, and "I am in great hopes that I never may see it." Lady Helmsley regrets "nigger dances" in general and is sure that the tango "will never be taken up seriously as a ballroom dance." Lady Layland-Barratt considers it "an immodest and suggestive dance altogether impossible for any girl of refinement or modesty." Lady Beatrice Wilkinson has not seen the tango, but "if it is anything like the horrible dances of negroid origin which have for the moment ruined English hallrooms I very strongly object to it." Lady de Ramsey says, "I would never let it be danced in my house." And Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart thinks "the modern mania for extraordinary dances has become quite ridiculous."

And so there you are. The aristocracy has spoken.

But the plebs are not confined exclusively to the aristocracy, although the aristocracy gets a column all to itself, which is very fit and proper. It would appear from another column of opinions that the world of art, dramatic and otherwise, is similarly opposed to the tango. Miss Isadore Duncan and her brother say they "desire absolutely to ignore the tango, and refuse even to mention its name." Mme. Bartet of the Comédie Française is no less decisive. She says, "I have not seen the tango danced and I do not desire to do so." La Belle Otero, on the other hand, likes the tango and dances it, "but the way people dance it at present is degrading it into a vulgar exhibition." Mme. Polaire says "it is simply disgusting." Rodin has not seen the dance, but he has seen pictures of it and he thinks it might be beautiful, "but nowadays people generally transform dances into things that are horrible to see." And so it goes.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irishman went into a hardware shop to buy a looking-glass. The shopman brought him some to choose from. Pat left one on the counter, and, walking back a few feet, closed his eyes. "What are you closing your eyes for?" said the shopman. "Bcdad," said Pat, "I want to see how I look whin I'm sleepin'."

A retired army officer was in his back garden one day when a tramp came round the end of the house. "I've been at the front," he began, "and—" The old officer heamed on him as he interrupted to ask, "Have you, indeed, my man? And were you wounded?" "No," said the man, "no, sir, not exactly. But I couldn't make no one 'ear, so I come round to the hack!"

In one of the Brooklyn courts a recent case required the testimony of a young German immigrant. "Now, Britzmann," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what do you do?" "Oh, I vos pooty vell," replied the witness. "I am not inquiring as to your health. I want to know what you do." "York." "Where do you work?" continued the counsel. "In a fecktory." "What kind of a fecktory?" "It vos a pooty hig fecktory." "Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "if this goes on we'll need an interpreter." Then he turned to the witness again. "Now, Britzmann, what do you make in the fecktory?" he asked. "Eight dollars a week." Then the interpreter got a chance to earn his daily bread.

Henry Ward Beecher did not believe that the most juicy things in the world necessarily were sermons. He was visiting Dr. Alexander at Princeton University, and the venerable Presbyterian president showed him a polished cabinet in which were all the sermons of his long New York ministry. There they were, standing in stately array. "This is a beautiful present made to me by some of my people," said the doctor. "Yes," said Beecher, "I am glad to see this place." "Why?" inquired Dr. Alexander. "Well, I am glad," replied the witty preacher, "to know that this place is in existence, Dr. Alexander, because if ever there is another flood I will start for this spot—there will be one dry place."

A minister was invited out one afternoon for a motor-car ride with one of his friends. The minister, who enjoyed all outdoor sports, was very enthusiastic over motoring, so he was allowed to drive the car. While speeding along, he was stopped by a constable and ordered to the station-house. "Well," said the captain, after listening to their story, "you say you were going at only fifteen miles an hour, but the constable declares you were traveling at forty. Now, I don't like to doubt the word of either of you. Can you think why he insists you were traveling at that rate of speed? Is there any grudge he owes you?" "No," said the clergyman, a humorous gleam in his eyes. "No, I can't think of anything—unless it is that I married him four years ago."

Brahms was always credited with a frugal mind, and the following tale is related of him, the late Erich Wolff, and a cigarette: The cigarette had been offered by the former to the latter, who received it with emotion and placed it carefully in his waistcoat pocket. "Why do you put the cigarette away? Why not light it now?" asked Brahms, who had already struck a match. "I can not smoke it," replied Wolff. "I shall take great care of it; it is not every day that one gets a cigarette from Johannes Brahms." Thereupon the great man opened his cigarette case again and said, with a smile of satisfaction: "Then just give me back the good cigarette, will you; for your purpose an imitation will serve just as well."

Miss Mary Moran, the English actress, tells of an incident that occurred when she was playing Belle, the wicked lady in R. C. Carton's play, "The Tree of Knowledge," to a holiday audience. At the end of the fourth act Belle leaves her husband, and goes away with the villain of the piece. In a moment of remorse she hends over her sleeping husband, kisses him, and, taking from her neck his mother's chain, she places it beside him, remarking as she exits: "The best and the worst of us are fools." On this particular occasion the clasp of the chain refused to unclasp. Twice she tried to remove it, when a voice from the gallery exclaimed: "Keep it, Belle. You'll want something to pawn if you're going to skip with that other bloke!"

When Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania was a struggling young lawyer in his home town a neighbor entered his office one day and asked: "What could I do if another man's dog entered my yard and killed one of my chickens?" Mr. Palmer replied that the damage done could be collected from the owner of the dog. "Well," said the

man, "since it was your dog, you may as well pay me the worth of the chicken, about a dollar, Mr. Palmer." Mr. Palmer smiled as he handed the man the amount named, and said: "Now, then, as I have paid all that I owe you, don't you think it only fair you settle up that matter of the little hill you owe me?" "But," protested the neighbor, "I don't owe you a penny." "Ah," smiled Mr. Palmer, "don't you? Kindly pay me five dollars for the legal advice which I gave you concerning the loss of your chicken."

The hutter's hoy had been husy all day, and was now beginning to feel very despondent about the shortage of tips. His last errand was to take a present from his master to an old customer who lived on the outskirts of the town. Arriving at the house, he rang the bell, and was answered by the old gentleman himself. Handing up the basket he said, "From Mr. Smith." "Come," said the old man, "that's not the way to address your customers; you should say, 'With Mr.—' But here, take my place, and I'll show you what I mean." The hoy gave the old man the basket. He mounted the steps with it on his arm, and then turned to the hoy. "With Mr. Smith's compliments, and will you accept this present," said the old man. "Haw!" replied the hoy, diving his hand into his pocket and pulling out an imaginary coin, "Ere's arf a crown for you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

An Appeal.

Powers that be, before I die,
Grant, in thy goodness, please, that I
May for myself have means to buy
A knitted green two-dollar tie!

And then, if you will be so kind
As still to grant what's in my mind,
I want a tall bat, satin lined,
Whose saucy bow sticks out behind!

Could still another wish come true,
'Twould be, O kindly Powers, that you
Would let me sleep one whole night through
In silk pajamas—baby blue!

But, best of all, let me some day
Have means enough to fool away
On every tonic, cream, and spray
That first-class barber shops display!

—Town Topics.

The Dear Old Farm.

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born;
The gaps between the siding where the sun came in at morn;
The nail heads that in winter wore a crown of silver frost,
The small, old-fashioned window panes, by the same band embossed.

I remember, I remember, the stovepipe through the floor;
The kitchen stove that, always fed, was always wanting more;
The coal I used to carry, the wood I had to get;
The boots that stuck so tightly when I got them cold and wet.

I remember, I remember, the grindstone where I ground
Some forty million sickles—bow I turned it round and round
Till at last I felt like dropping—asked if we were not most through—
Learned that we were nearly finished; just another hour or two.

I remember, I remember, how those summer nights would speed;
How I thought that I could never get the sleep I seemed to need;
I recall the voice that woke me when the dear old clock struck four,
And the ever-ready bootjack that bung up behind the door.

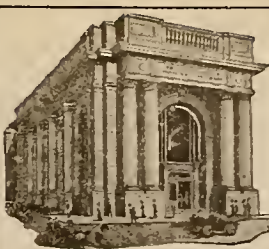
I remember, I remember, how the pigs would grunt and squeal,
As I came across the barnyard with their early morning meal,
And I've some slight remembrance of the calves I used to feed,
And do I recall the woodpile? O yes, very well indeed!

I remember, I remember, how sore my feet would get,
I think some of the tenderness is lingering in them yet;
I remember quite distinctly that I thought it very fine
To start to work at four a. m. and work at night till nine.

I remember, I remember, how I used to long to be
One of those swell city-fellows that I sometimes chanced to see;
And I think that I remember how the folks all used to smile
When I said I'd try the city in a very little while.

I remember, I remember, I got away at last,
And I found that fame and fortune didn't come so very fast.
But the work I hated hardest I liked better than the best
That I managed to discover on that dear old farm out West.

I remember, I remember, they write the fiction yet—
How they told us that the farmer was the one best winning bet;
But so long as I remember all the work I used to do
I will stick right to the city—I will stick—I'll stick like glue.—F. L. Orton, in New York Sun.



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Capital.....\$1,000,000
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DECEMBER 31st, 1913:

Assets.....\$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund.....166,570.12
Number of Depositors.....64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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American Boy and Argonaut.....	\$4.30	Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.85
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Delineator and Argonaut.....	4.75	Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.15
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.00	Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.15
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House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	5.85	St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.10
International Magazine and Argonaut...	4.30	Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.85	Thrice-a-Week New York World (Demo-	
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	7.85	cratic) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Life and Argonaut.....	7.85	Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and	
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut....	5.15	Argonaut.....	4.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10	Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut	4.75
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20	Youth's Companion and Argonaut....	5.50

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

At a tea Tuesday afternoon Miss Geraldine St. John announced her engagement to Mr. Marion Terry of Los Angeles. Miss St. John is the elder daughter of Mr. Richard St. John of this city, a sister of Miss Carmelita St. John, and a niece of Mrs. John Gaffey of Los Angeles. Mr. Terry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moss Terry of Louisville, Kentucky, a brother of Mrs. Kenneth Spruce, and a nephew of Mrs. Wylie G. Willis of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fay announce the engagement of their sister, Miss Edna Fay, to Mr. Marshall Dill. Miss Fay is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Fay of this city. She is a sister of Miss Maud Fay and of the Messrs. Charles W., Stanley, Paul, and Philip Fay. Mr. Dill, who is the son of Mrs. Laura Dill, is a member of one of the large importing firms of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Oliver announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Oliver, to Mr. Horace E. Chambers of this city. Mr. Chambers is the son of Mr. Edward Chambers, vice-president of the Santa Fé railroad. The wedding will take place in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, and Mr. Hamilton Murray, Tuesday afternoon, February 17, at their residence on Scott Street. Miss Rhoda Niebling will be Miss Sonntag's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Olive Wheeler, Edith Slack, Elizabeth and Mary Murray, sisters of Mr. Murray.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Hannigan and Mr. Arthur Hooper took place Tuesday evening, January 27, at the home on Sacramento Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Hannigan. Mrs. Ruth Merrill and Mr. Arthur Hooper were the only attendants.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen de Young and Mr. Ferdinand Theriot took place Wednesday evening, January 28, at St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Phyllis de Young was her sister's only attendant. Mr. Harry Simpkins was Mr. Theriot's best man. A small reception following the ceremony was held at the home on California Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Dr. Harry Tevis has invited a score of friends to an informal dance Friday evening, February 6, at the Palace Hotel. The affair will be in honor of Miss Sadie Murray and Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., whose wedding will take place February 11.

Mrs. Kernan Robson was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Frank West of Stockton.

Mrs. Clyde Payne will give a series of luncheons in February at her home on Jones Street. The first will be February 9.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at the thé d'ansant at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Delaware Neilson of Philadelphia gave a thé d'ansant and reception Saturday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Neilson's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone gave a dinner at the Cliff House Thursday. Accompanied by their guests, they attended the dance given by the Dolce Far Niente Club.

Mrs. Harry Holbrook was hostess at a large bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening preceding the Cinderella Ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. William Brevoort.

Dr. T. C. Chu, commissioner from Peking to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and Mrs. Chu were the guests of honor at an elaborate dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Jackson Street.

Lieutenant Emery Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith were the complimented guests at a dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike.

From Monte Carlo comes the news of a large dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels at Ciro's Christmas eve. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels have leased a villa on the Riviera, where they will spend the winter. They have as their guest Mrs. Spreckels' niece, Miss Ory Wooster, of Yonkers.

Lord and Lady Balfour entertained eighteen friends at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marguerite Maundrell was hostess at a bridge-tea Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Flora Zeigler, whose engagement to Mr. Bertram Johnson has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner Saturday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Kathleen de Young and Mr. Ferdinand Theriot.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Miss Fanny Friedlander was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Thursday, when she entertained a dozen friends informally.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. Gordon Blanding entertained a dozen friends at luncheon Tuesday in the gray room at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Sadie Murray was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday, when Miss Margaret Robert-

son entertained a number of friends at her home on Greenwich Terrace.

The members of the Southern Cotillon Club gave a dance Tuesday evening in the ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. Among the members are General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Waldron, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cook.

The third Assembly dance will take place tonight at Scottish Rite Hall under the auspices of Mrs. Bowie Detrick. The series closes February 13 with a Pierrot and Pierrette hall.

The artillery section of the Army Relief Society will give a benefit thé d'ansant at the Palace Hotel Thursday afternoon, February 5.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends at a supper party at their home at Fort Winfield Scott Friday evening after the weekly hop.

Mrs. William H. Bennett was hostess at a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. Edward L. Hooper was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday given by Mrs. Charles Humphrey at her home at the Presidio.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Mason. The affair was in honor of General John Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George A. Moore and her son, Mr. Kenneth Moore, are at present in New York, where they will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler (formerly Miss Carol Moore).

Mrs. William H. Thomas left the same day to join her daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, who has been spending several months with relatives.

Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard and her sister, Miss Mary Eyre, were called East suddenly by the illness of Master George Pinckard, who has undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will leave the first week in February for Santa Barbara, where she will visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie. Mrs. Tallant is going south to attend the wedding of Miss Barbara Stevens and Mr. Mann, who will be married Saturday, February 7, at the residence of Dr. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale are expected home from New York the first week in February.

Miss Sophie Beylard is expected home shortly from Boston, where she has been the fêted house guest of her aunt, Mrs. William H. Howard, and her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Whitwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their daughters, the Misses Frances and Ruth Lent, will leave Saturday, February 10, for New York en route to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton and their two sons will sail today for Europe. Mr. Sutton will return home in May after establishing his wife and sons in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern are expected home within a day or two from New York, where they have been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale of Vancouver were recent guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy is taking a rest cure at the Florence Ward Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bigelow of Santa Barbara have been spending the past two weeks at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Bigelow was formerly Miss Bessie Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have given up their house in Berkeley and have gone to Augusta, Georgia, to spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahl and Miss Leonline de Sahl will depart February 10 for London, where they will reside indefinitely. They will be accompanied by Miss Laura Perkes, who will be their guest for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned to their home in Burlingame after a visit in town of two weeks, during which time they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mrs. Fritz Nave and her cousin, Mrs. Duncan Edwards, who are here for a visit of a few weeks, are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis gave a house party over the week-end at his country home near Los Gatos and entertained Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., the Misses Jane Hotelling, Frances Stewart, and Anne Peters, and the Messrs. George de Long and Alfred Swinnerton.

Miss Isabel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County after a week's visit in town with Miss Evelyn Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., and Mrs. Eugene Gallois have returned from Omaha, where Mrs. Hill has been ill for the past two weeks. They are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. Walter McEnery and his step-daughter, Miss Isabelle McLaughlin, are established for a few weeks at the Burlingame Country Club, having rented the cottage of Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Miss Violet Whitney of Oakland will be the guest of Miss McLaughlin during her stay in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin arrived last week from Colorado Springs and are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will return today to their home in Woodside, to remain until June 1, when they will go to Santa Barbara for the early summer months.

Mrs. Richard McCreery will arrive early in February from England and will spend several weeks in Burlingame, where Mr. McCreery has engaged rooms at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins have engaged a cottage in Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bobbin arrived last week from their home in Montecito for a visit with their friends in this city and returned south Saturday. They were accompanied by their niece, Miss Florence Bandman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kaufman have leased their home on California Street and are residing at the Kellogg.

Miss Ernestine McNear is visiting friends in

St. Louis, where she went to be maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Marian Turner and Mr. Lambert Wooster.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Harrison are here from Denver for a few weeks' visit at the Palace Hotel.

The Misses Cecilia and Cornelia O'Connor have returned from a visit in Los Angeles and are residing at the Hotel Cecil.

Miss Lucy Bancroft and her aunt, Miss Griffing of Santa Barbara, are spending the winter in Rome. En route home they will visit Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin are again occupying their home in San Mateo after a week's visit in town.

Miss Helen Ashton has arrived from Sacramento and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Brown (formerly Miss Ethel Melone) at their home on California Street. Miss Ashton and her mother, Mrs. George F. Ashton, will remain several months longer in the Capital City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are still at the Fairmont Hotel and will not reopen their cottage at Ross until early in April.

Mrs. Laurence B. Simonds, wife of Captain Simonds, U. S. A., has sufficiently recovered from an illness at the Letterman General Hospital to return to her apartment at the Hotel Cecil.

Major James R. Pourie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pourie, who are residing at Petit barracks in the Philippines, have recently been entertaining Governor-General Frank Burton Harrison and Mrs. Harrison and Congressman Miller and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Pourie is anticipating returning to this city on the *Mongolia*, which will arrive February 23.

Lieutenant Paul K. Johnson, U. S. A., has left the Presidio and has gone to the Benicia Arsenal.

Captain Charles M. Gordon, Jr., U. S. A., of Nevada, Missouri, has been ordered to California, Missouri, where he will be instructor-inspector of the organized militia of Missouri.

Colonel Lea Feibiger, U. S. A., has moved into the Presidio quarters recently occupied by Brigadier-General Ramsey D. Potts, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General Thomas F. Davis, U. S. A., is assigned to the command of the Sixth Brigade.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove, wife of Commandant Gove, U. S. N., has returned to her home at Yerba Buena after a two weeks' rest cure at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mrs. John M. Ellicott and her daughter, Miss Priscilla Ellicott, have returned to Mare Island after a few days' visit at the Hotel St. Francis.

Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sharp arrived last week from Mare Island and have since been at the Hotel Granada. Mrs. Sharp will leave February 1 for Coronado, where she will remain during her husband's absence in Mexico.

Captain E. P. Bartlett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bartlett have come from Los Angeles to spend a few weeks at the Hotel Stewart.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Lawson was formerly Mrs. Gertrude Eells Bahcock.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Newhall was formerly Miss Anna Scott.

Fortunes made from songs are extremely rare, and as for the phenomenal sales of some of the cheap popular songs, this is no indication that the person who wrote the song is piling up money, although the public generally thinks so. Publishers of cheap songs often spend thousands of dollars in getting their wares before the public. They arrange to have a song interpolated in some musical comedy. Then the song perhaps is played as the people enter the theatre, played in the intermissions, played as the people go out. Sometimes fabulous prices are paid to the persons who sing the song, especially if the singer is a person of note. Whether the song published is good, bad, or indifferent it is pressed on the public until it has worn itself out and, in the meanwhile, the publishers reap the harvest, providing there is one. Song manuscripts, declares a prominent music editor, may be divided into three classes: first, the very few that in their own kind are well written and contain that indescribable something that makes them worth publishing both for themselves and for the returns; second, a very large class that start off well and never get anywhere; third, a very large class that are hopelessly bad.

The eagerness of the player-folk for publicity is so often a subject for jest that there is a refreshing novelty in the fact that the article on "The Theatre of Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in the *February Century* (the mid-winter fiction number), is the first magazine article ever written by that distinguished actor. Like the other great Hamlet, Sir Henry Irving, Forbes-Robertson omits the Sir in his programmes, and there is nothing to intimate in this *Century* article that he is a knight.

Theatregoers who feel that vice plays are meeting with more than their share of attention and success should note that in America alone "Ben-Hur" has been presented 4404 times to gross receipts of \$6,497,543. The business in Great Britain and Australasia brings the total receipts of this extraordinary play to \$7,891,601.50. Of this sum General Lew Wallace and his estate have received a large part. "Ben-Hur" is still touring the United States with as much success as it had ten years ago.

A Job That Looks Easy

"It looks easy."

No matter what the undertaking, many people say that. It does look easy, after the best engineers have planned out the details, after the project has been perfectly financed, after the foremen have their men working smoothly, each knowing just what to do and doing that thing with good will. So many have said, after viewing the giant Drum-Cordelia tower-line, carrying the mysterious electric power from the high Sierras down to the floor of the valley, "It looks easy." But they did not know—and very few know—that the Drum-Cordelia line cost one-sixth of the total outlay of the Bear River-Spaulding development to date.

The distance from Drum power-house to Cordelia over the route laid out for the tower-line is 110 miles, being but a slightly greater distance than a straight line between these points. Preliminary surveys were started February 1, 1912. The first construction work was commenced September 15, 1912, in clearing rights-of-way and building trails and temporary roads in the mountain sections. Twenty-five miles of this line was built through the heart of the Sierras, through a section of country subject to heavy snows during the winter months. The work of putting in the foundations for the towers followed closely the clearing of timber from the right-of-way and the buildings of roads. The foundations were of concrete throughout the entire length of the line.

The first foundations were placed November 16, 1912, and the work was completed October 7, 1913. All of the towers were made in New York and were shipped to San Francisco via Panama. The first shipments began to arrive early in March, but it was April before any of the steel was in the field, a good deal of time being taken up in segregating and checking up the steel in San Francisco before it was ready for re-shipment to its ultimate destination. Wherever possible the towers were assembled on the ground and then raised to place on the foundations. However, much of the country crossed by the tower-line was very rough and it was found economical to build up, piece by piece, about thirty per cent of the total number of towers used in the line. In the high mountains there were two very deep cañons to cross. One of these required a span of 4000 feet and the other 3600 feet. They are in the snow belt, and conductors of sufficient tensile strength had to be provided to withstand a considerable snow load, in addition to their own weight in these spans. The first towers were erected on April 12, 1913, and the last tower of all classes was completed October 23 the same year.

In excavating for tower foundations 17,000 yards of earth and rock were removed, all by hand work.

In placing the foundations 7600 yards of concrete were used. All of the mixing was done by hand, and the water to mix this concrete had to be hauled by teams from one to five miles.

The amount of gravel and cement that had to be hauled to the tower-sites to make this concrete amounted in weight to 27,000,000 pounds, or 13,500 tons, with an average haul by team of about five miles.

The steel for the towers weighed 5,000,000 pounds, or 2500 tons, with an average team haul of about eight miles.

The wire weighed 664,000 pounds, or 332 tons.

In putting the towers together 200,000 individual pieces of steel had to be handled, requiring 600,000 bolts.

20,000 insulators were used on the line.



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FREDERIC GEORGE, Manager.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William C. Van Antwerp, who has been elected a governor of the New York Stock Exchange, is well known as the author of "The Stock Exchange from Within," a book which has created much interest among financial men.

Professor Anton J. Carlson, inventor of a hunger-testing machine, which he recently demonstrated in the medical laboratories of the University of Pennsylvania, is a member of the department of physiology in the University of Chicago. He is also secretary of the American Physiological Society and associate editor of the *American Journal of Physiology*.

Dr. Catherine B. Davis, just appointed by Mayor Mitchel of New York as correction commissioner at a salary of \$7500 a year, received her doctor's degree from the University of Chicago in 1900 for work in the department of political economy. This is thought to be the most responsible position ever given to a woman in administrative work in this country outside of the field of education.

The Honorable Sir Mackenzie Bowell, K. C. M. G., former prime minister of Canada, has just entered on his ninetieth year, at his home at Belleville, Ontario. He entered the Canadian Parliament in 1867. The former premier when in the city is found daily at his office in the building of the Intelligencer Printing and Publishing Company, of which he is president and with which he has been connected for over three-quarters of a century.

Dr. John Huston Finley, to whom the National Institute of Social Sciences has just awarded its gold medal in recognition of his notable achievements in social science and education, is state commissioner of education of New York. Born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, he graduated from Knox College, later receiving degrees from Johns Hopkins, University of Wisconsin, and Princeton. Since 1903 he has been president of the College of the City of New York. He has also been decorated by the Emperor of Japan.

One of the appointees of the new mayor of New York is Andrew E. Kalbach, who was educated for the navy and has already had quite an interesting career. He will be deputy commissioner of street cleaning in charge of the Bronx. Andrew E. Kalbach is a graduate of Annapolis. He resigned from the navy in 1903 to take a place as assistant engineer for the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company. Later he became chief engineer and general manager of the New York City Interborough Railway Company in the Bronx.

Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, one of the greatest living authorities on the science of chemistry, has entered on his eighty-second year, and is still hale and hearty. He is a native of Lancashire, and at the age of seventeen went to London and entered University College. Of his achievements, it may just be mentioned that in 1873 he received the Royal Medal of the Royal Society for his scientific researches, especially for those on the chemical action of light and on the rare metal vanadium. From 1885 to 1895 he represented South Manchester in Parliament, and did much to promote legislation having relation to the public health. But it is for his scientific work that his name is destined to live.

Herbert C. Hoover and his wife, Lou H. Hoover, former graduates of Stanford University, have been jointly given the first award made by the Metallurgical Society of America "in recognition of their distinguished contributions to the literature of mining." The field of award is not confined to the United States, but includes the world in general. The

literary work in which the Hoovers collaborated last year was the almost monumental translation of the mediaeval Latin treatise of mining and metallurgy, "De Re Metallica," by Georgius Agricola, published in 1556, and for nearly two centuries the standard work on geology and mining.

Enver Bey, who has been appointed minister of war for Turkey, succeeding Izzet Pasha, has from the first been a prominent figure in the new régime. He earned a great reputation for leadership in the Tripolitan campaign, and he was largely instrumental in bringing about the rupture of the first peace negotiations between Turkey and the Balkan Alliance a little over a year ago. The imperial iradeh announcing the appointment confers upon the hero of Tripoli the rank of brigadier-general, which carries with it the title of Pasha.

CURRENT VERSE.

Benedicite.

I heard at eve a soft-toned bell
That seemed to bid the day farewell
And brought the world of troubled care
The calm that follows answered prayer.

I listened to the measured beat
Of pulsing bell-notes, low and sweet,
And all the burdens of the day,
That lay upon me, fell away.

Then silence—but the soft-toned bell
Had left the spirit of its spell
Upon the hour, the place, and me—
A blessed benedicite.

—William J. Lampton, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Joan.

Fated for conquest, rode she from the door,
Cast a look at ripening harvest-field,
Shimmering leaves, and all the fruitful yield
Of Domremy's emblazoned autumn floor,
Yearning and silent for the love she bore
To the quaint, homely place. It was a shield
For all her brooding girlhood. Here revealed
Each tiny stream, each tree, its hidden lore.
And elfland bells rang through the wood's green close,
And brilliant birds flashed by with fairy gleams.
But with each wandering breeze forever rose
Voices that called her from those girlish dreams—
Voices that stirred her heart from its repose
With flaming visions of the road to Rheims.

—Laura Benet, in *Century Magazine*.

A Symphony.

Holloa, my hully, and hang the drum!
All the fun of the fair!
Waxwork figures from palace and slum
Move with a lifelike air.
Here we show you, in all their variety,
Moths that enrich the flame
Of gas-fed, spluttering Notoriety,
Often mistaken for Fame,
And flies, disgustingly stuck in the honey
They thought to have found so sweet,
When the loot of the hives where bees make money

Was potted in Lombard Street.
Here are samples of new Nobility,
Seated on hags of gold,
Trying to look, without imbecility,
Feudal, baronial, and old;
And, beyond, in procession never ending,
All who are lured by the chance
Of a lucky coup in the great Pretending,
A prize in the shadow-dance;
Eager snobs and strenuous gluttons,
Hunters of trivial loves,
Souls made happy with stars and buttons,
Serious judges of gloves,
Pot-house oracles, chapel thunderers,
All the various fry
Of toilers, dreamers, chatterers, blunderers—
You—and the others—and I.
With few illusions left

In our various ways we grope
Through the dusky paths of a world herefit
Of a highly respectable hope.
Each of us setting a price
On that which he values most,
Some paying high for a favorite vice,
And some for a harmless boast;
Most of us weaving a net
Of gossamer words, to bind
Unruly visions and dreams that fret,
And the over-candid mind.

But out of the make-believe and the sham,
And the doubt as to whether I was, or am,
Or ever shall be—or who, and how,
Is the conscious Mystery living now,
Emerges Something, perfectly sure
Of deep veracities, that endure
Behind the ridiculous waxwork show.
And those who have courage to look below
The veil of delusion round the earth
Will shortly be getting their money's worth.

—From "A Symphony," by Arthur E. J. Legge.

Content.

O worshippers of cities, I have seen
The price you pay for all your tinsel toys:
For walls of gray you give the ways of green,
For straitened streets a wilderness of joys.
You give your daughters up to sacrifice,
You slay your sons as Abraham of old—
God! It has seemed to me you pay a price
For all your glitter and for all your gold!

And you, you dare to pause to pity me!—
Who dwell beneath the sovereign sun and stars.
You catch but echoes of earth's melody;
I hear the morning play its opening bars.
When banners wave, when guns assault the air,
When splendor shouts across the continent,
When noise and strife are kings, then you are there,
And I am here. And I am well content.

—Douglas Malloch, in *American Lumberman*.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

William G. Irwin, president of the Mercantile Trust Company and pioneer among the sugar planters of Hawaii, died on Wednesday morning at his home at 2180 Washington Street. At his bedside when death came were his wife, Mrs. Fannie Ivers Irwin; his daughter, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and her husband. He was a native of England, aged seventy years. He had long been one of the most active of the great capitalists of the West. His entire career was identified with the Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands. He leaves a fortune estimated at more than \$10,000,000.

All of the nine national banks in San Francisco will become members of the regional bank system to be created under the new federal reserve act. Stockholders of the First National Bank, the last of the nine, took action at a special meeting Tuesday empowering the directors to take the necessary steps to join the system.

Consecration of the crypt of Grace Cathedral and benediction of the new St. Luke's Hospital were solemnized this week during the sixty-fourth convention of the Episcopal diocese of California. Bishop William Ford Nichols officiated at the ceremony in the crypt at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Suit against Rollins & Sons, the Rollins syndicate and others to collect \$4,746,000 and \$4675 interest on a bid for San Francisco harbor improvement bonds was begun Tuesday in the superior court by U. S. Webb, acting for the State of California.

Funeral services for the late John L. Howard, late president of the Western Fuel Company, were held at the family home, 87 Vernon Street, Oakland, last Saturday afternoon. The services were conducted according to the rites of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. E. L. Parsons of St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, officiated.

In honor of his sixty years in California and their resultant achievements Raphael Weill was host on Sunday night at the Palace Hotel to an assemblage of 800 persons of both sexes and all ages, friends, business associates, and White House employees. The head of the White House was attracted to California by the gold discovery, but San Francisco appealed to him from a business standpoint and here he remained and prospered. The event was fittingly celebrated with a ball and banquet.

President William Sproule of the Southern Pacific was host Sunday night at a dinner given in the Bohemian Club's Red Room to E. E. Calvin, who resigned the vice-presidency of the road to become vice-president of the Oregon Short Line properties. Forty prominent Southern Pacific officers associated with Calvin for many years were present.

John W. Gunn, Pacific Coast manager of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, died on Tuesday morning after an illness of less than a month. He is survived by a widow. He was forty-nine years old.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you a good loser?" "I ought to be—I've had practice enough."—*Town Topics.*

"I just adore caviar," said Mrs. Gottit. "Isn't he a swell singer," answered Mrs. Newrich.—*Columbia Jester.*

"They say he is extremely stingy." "Yes; he wouldn't even entertain other people's opinions."—*Town Topics.*

Mother—Willie, is it possible you are teaching the parrot to swear? Willie—No, mamma; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.—*Boston Transcript.*

Golfer (in rain, to caddie sheltered by tree)—Here, why don't you come and help to look for my ball? Caddie—Show me the rule that says I've got to.—*Punch.*

Constable—Come along; you've got to have a bath. Tramp—A barf! What, wiv water? Constable—Yes, of course. Tramp—Then kill me right 'ere.—*Punch.*

"Old Rockybilt is a great benefactor," said the Boob. "He has done a lot of good things." "Yes," replied the Grouch. "I'm one of them."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Get up, get up! There's a burglar in the house," whispered the penniless poet's wife. "What of it? Let him find out his mistake for himself."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Guest—Delightful party you are having to-night, old fellow. Host—Yes, I am giving it to my wife. It is the seventh anniversary of her twenty-eighth birthday.—*The Censor.*

Crawford—I remember your wife used to make you go shopping with her. How did you manage to get out of it? Crabshaw—I made a point to flirt with the pretty sales-girls.—*New York Globe.*

Financier—What's all the hubbub in the directors' room? Steno—Some wise minority stockholder just found that the office cat is on the payroll for \$3000 a year under the name T. Feline.—*Milwaukee News.*

"And so your next-door neighbor, you say, is a real philanthropist." "You hear he is," said the commuter enthusiastically; "why, he bought \$10 worth of flower seeds for my chickens last spring."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Bonk Teller—This check is all right, but you must be introduced! Can't you bring in your bushand? Woman—Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter, suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually—er—remember me, sir." "I don't wonder," said the customer, cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget."—*Dallas News.*

The Caller—You say your son dislikes the country and wants to go to the city. Does he seem restive at home? Mrs. Tungtwist—Yes, he's awful restive. He aint done nothin' but rest since he graduated from college.—*Princeton Tiger.*

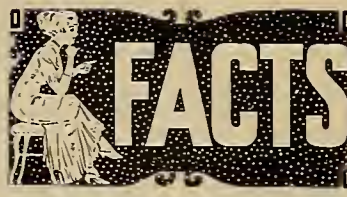
First Tramp—After all, it pays to be per-lite, pardner. Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf and dumb when a man gave me sixpence, I says, "Thank you, sir," and he had me arrested.—*New York Globe.*

Kind Lady (to applicant)—I am sure you would learn to love my children. Nurse—What wages do you pay? Kind Lady—Fourteen dollars a month. Nurse—I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.—*Life.*

Mrs. Subbubs (to tramp)—Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up, and I was just going to send for a man to do it. Tramp—That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Conductor, can you tell me bow that brakeman lost his finger?" asked the inquisitive woman. "He seems to be a very nice fellow. It is a pity he should be crippled." "That's just it, mum. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."—*Chicago News.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mexico.

President Wilson's order permitting the Mexican insurrectionists to bring in arms and munitions from the United States is not likely to change a desperate situation excepting as it may serve to emphasize the sympathy of the Washington government with the forces which oppose Huerta. There is little doubt that either surreptitiously or by connivance the forces of Carranza and Villa have been fairly well supplied from the American side of the boundary now for many months. In view of all that has been said it would be futile to discuss the President's action, but it is pertinent to point out that in making the American markets a resource of the Mexican rebels, we are doing precisely what we condemned when during our Civil War England gave aid and comfort to the Confederate cause. We demanded reprisals in that instance and England ultimately paid the bill. May not something like this happen in the case of Mexico?

The President's optimism as regards the outcome of affairs in Mexico seems unshakable. The President is still hopeful that Mexico will "be able to meet her

obligations and resume her full international responsibility if she is left to determine her own affairs, first by domestic force and then by domestic counsel." He still thinks that "no one outside of Mexico can now accommodate her affairs." This we believe—indeed we think we know—to be an absolute misconception. The fact is that there is now no force in Mexico capable of accommodating her affairs. Either there must be an indefinite continuance of anarchy, cruelty, and progressive ruin, or there must be help from without.

We have yet to hear of one man practically familiar with Mexican affairs who holds any other view of the situation. That President Wilson still hopes for the establishment of peace and order in Mexico in the spirit of her parchment constitution is simply evidence of the failure of a man of academic mind to distinguish between fact and theory. So long as Mr. Wilson shall maintain his present views, and his present course of action, Mexico must suffer under that combination of cruelties and terrors so forcibly described in a letter from the City of Mexico printed in last week's *Argonaut*. One well-intentioned but unfortunately misinformed and curiously stubborn man is practically holding Mexico prostrate to be scorched and flayed. It is truly a terrible responsibility.

Government and the Constitution.

The *World's Work* for January, a publication of which Ambassador Page was the editor prior to his nomination to the Court of St. James, and of which he continues the guiding spirit, prints an article by Mr. Burton J. Hendricks from which we take this significant remark:

And whatever certain pedants of limited knowledge of history may say of "balanced government" and separation of powers into executive, legislative, and judicial, the mass of the people look to the President for action, both legislative and administrative, and do not look primarily to congressmen and senators.

We reproduce the paragraph, not with the vain idea of refuting it, but rather to confess the extent to which the idea which it embodies has become fixed in practice. The record is startling even to those who may believe that they have kept close tab upon the tendencies alike of public judgment and of progress of concrete legislation.

The movement towards "one-man responsibility" in government did not begin with President Wilson. It began in fact with Mr. Roosevelt within the period of his second term. It was continued by President Taft, notably in his practice of submitting formulated bills to Congress. The system has been tremendously extended in the presidency of Mr. Wilson. And even in its new and more extreme development it finds outspoken support in many quarters. "Thanks," remarks the editor of an important New York paper, "to executive encroachment on the legislative branch of the government, we have had only three weeks' debate on the banking subject instead of two or three months that experienced observers were confidently predicting at the beginning of the regular session. * * * The Senate submitted because it knew that the President had the authority of the country behind him. And we have quite as good a bill as though debate had run on all spring."

There can be no doubt that this remark, disturbing as it is to those who realize the value of the balance of powers prescribed in our system and who deplore the hazards of departing from it, reflects a widespread sentiment. It is a sentiment which has been persistently fostered by the campaign of distrust and detraction which now for several years has been carried on throughout the country, by the "uplift" press and by the more reckless of the leaders of progressivism. In truth, it represents the inevitable logic of a kind of progress which has sought in reckless spirit to carry forward radical and even revolu-

tionary purposes in contempt of the limitations of our basic law. To be sure, nobody worth attention has openly suggested abandonment of the constitution and abolition of the legislative principle in the nation or in the states, but there are abundant indications that there are many—and every man of them is an avowed Progressive—who think that this would be desirable. "Rule-of-the-people" is the phrase under which this idea is concealed; but the principle, so far as it has been illustrated in national affairs and particularly as it has revealed itself in reorganization of our California system, means nothing less than the substitution of an elective despotism for the kind of government devised by the founders of the republic.

It is a curious fact that the man who is now doing most to translate this sentiment into practice is a man who for many years as a teacher and a publicist stood firmly opposed to the drift away from the great landmarks of our system. Few have spoken in louder tones in condemnation of the progressive movement in those phases wherein its disregard of the constitution has been shown than Mr. Wilson. His books and his published addresses are full of clean-cut and emphatic protests against movements in disregard of the constitution; yet today we find Mr. Wilson, as President, at the very forefront of a species of revolution, occupying the place which Roosevelt held, and even, if we may borrow the language of the street, going him one better. It is likewise a curious fact that the political party which is now being made through its organized power to serve this movement, is the very party which for more than half a century has professed as its sustaining principle an undying devotion to our fundamental law.

On the other side there are to be heard wholesome notes of caution. And it is encouraging to observe that they come from the abler men of all parties. In a recent speech Senator John Sharp Williams, Democrat, of Mississippi, sounded a definite note of warning. "You want to add," said Senator Williams, "just as little to the functioning of government as you can. The less functioning you give to the government the more freedom there is left to the citizen." Continuing, Mr. Williams said:

So far as I know, there has been no government in this world that ever began, continued, and fell that did not fall by top-heaviness, by gradually assuming to itself every interest and every industry of the people, until the number of those in direct employ of the government became a resistless power, naval, military, and civil. In France I am informed that today every fifth man is in the employ of the government in some more or less lucrative position. We are beginning to feel it already here. There is not one of you who can resist or who dare attempt to resist the united voice of the civil service employees of the United States today. You are already coming close up to the point where you have got to have a civil service pension list, or where you will think you must have it, and within twelve years after you inaugurate it it will cost the people more than the entire pension list of the United States does today. Top-heaviness, over weighting, over-functioning are the things that cause the destruction of governments.

In an address delivered in New York City in December Senator Sutherland, Republican, of Utah, said:

Law is a prescription for future behavior; judgment is a certificate of past conduct. To make law is an act of will; to interpret law is an effort of the reason; and any system under which the meaning of law is made dependent upon the will is unjust, and an arbitrary and a despotic system, whether the will be that of monarch or of multitude, for injustice is an evil which does not depend for its quality upon the machinery by which it is inflicted.

In another part of the same speech Senator Sutherland said:

The guaranties of the constitution are primarily for the protection of the minority. The majority can take care of itself. But if the majority assume the judicial power of interpretation, the rights of the minority are no longer guaranteed by the definite terms of the constitutional compact, but are subject to the will of the majority, for it is obvious that the majority are more likely to reflect the wishes of the voter than the

judgment, since a judgment, unlike a desire, involves patient investigation, in which few have time to engage, and dispassionate application of general rules to particular circumstances, which many will be in no frame of mind to make.

Senator Borah, a Republican of progressive tendencies, a man who sees with a singularly clear vision, remarked in the Senate during the currency debate and with respect of the movement away from the constitution: "One hundred years of the same drift, and whatever else we may have we will not have a representative republic."

It requires no great acuteness of mind to see that in respect of this movement away from the constitution we have now the supreme issue before the American people. It is quite needless to remark that it is an issue involving tremendous consequences. We are either going to have government as hitherto under the constitution or we are going to have a tremendous experiment under the pressure of insistent forces and tending to—no man knows whither. As Senator Borah has put it, "If the drift away from the constitution continues, whatever else we may have, we will not have a representative republic."

The British Pharisee.

Not least among the obstacles to frank discussion of any question involving British interests by an American newspaper is the distinctly stupid Phariseism of the British press. Take, for example, the question of the Canal tolls. Several among the foremost statesmen of our own country and a majority of our more intelligent and responsible newspapers have stood for the faithful performance of our obligations under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. This position has been taken and held consistently because it has seemed intrinsically right and just, without regard to national, financial, or other interests involved. Among other newspapers, the *Argonaut* has spoken its mind freely, sustaining its position with arguments based on considerations of national integrity. But now come half a dozen English newspapers with commendatory comments because the *Argonaut* "has taken the English view" of the Canal question. That is to say, a position held for principle and in the face of a not unnatural national sentiment, brings upon the *Argonaut* a form of commendation which wholly misinterprets its motives and tends to its prejudice in multitudes of American minds. An American journal ought to be able to discuss an international question in which the interests of England are involved, favorably to the English interest, without paying a penalty to gross insularism and ignorant assumption. It ought to be apparent even to an English newspaper that an American journal may have right views because they are right, and not because they happen to coincide with British interest. But we fear that the happy day will never come when an Englishman or an English newspaper may regard views respecting any question which coincide with their own other than as a tribute to the superiority of British intelligence or the sacredness of British interest.

Mr. Wheeler and the Interstate Commission.

A dispatch from Washington to the *Chronicle* describes the Pacific Coast delegation in Congress as "bitterly resentful" because the President has failed to name a Pacific Coast man for the Interstate Commerce Commission. Even if we allow something for the emotional equation of the correspondent, this statement is ridiculous enough. The very last place in the government to be filled upon considerations of "local feeling" is the Interstate Commerce Commission. What is needed is intelligence and judgment, and it matters not at all where these qualities come from. The *Chronicle* dispatch proceeds to illustrate the grievance of the Pacific Coast congressmen by citing the candidacy of Mr. William R. Wheeler. Now Mr. Wheeler, as everybody in California knows, is an amiable man of alert intelligence, an experienced man of affairs, and an excellent neighbor. But everybody further knows that with respect to transportation matters Mr. Wheeler is an extreme partisan. He has for several years made a business of criticism, and even more positive forms of assault, against the transportation interests. He is, in season and out of season, "foe of the railroads." His appointment to the Interstate Commission, therefore, would have been one of obvious impropriety, because it would have established in judicial authority a man of open and pronounced bias. Mr. Wheeler's appointment would have been precisely similar in principle to appointment of

the traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Probably either one or the other would be capable for the work, in a sense. But the appointment of either would have been a ground for criticism. What is wanted in a post like that of the Interstate Commerce Commission is not a man known in a partisan sense to be either against or for the railroads, rather a man of open and disinterested mind. If instead of presenting to the President the name of an antagonist of railroad interests there had been suggested some other man of demonstrated capacity and of known impartiality those who appealed in the name of the Pacific Coast might have had better luck. But since, with reference to the recommendations presented to him, the President had no choice but to appoint a man of fixed prejudices long connected with anti-railroad agitation, he did eminently the right thing in passing over demands in the name of the Pacific Coast and naming a man of neutral character. We have sufficient confidence in the intelligence and judgment of Mr. Wheeler to believe that he himself would, in view of his interests and affiliations, see the impropriety of his own appointment to the Interstate Commission. At least he would be able very clearly to see the impropriety of the appointment of a man in equal degree identified with the other side of what may be called the railroad issue as it stands in the Pacific States. The President may have made a mistake in appointing a college professor without practical experience in business affairs to the Interstate Commission. Time will determine this point. But he certainly did the right thing in declining to put into the hands of an active partisan the authority over the railroads which rests with a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A Pressing Problem.

Various concurrent news items concerning the status of the domestic servant seem to point to the existence of a nearly world-wide inquiry into a problem that is now a pressing one. It is an inquiry to which the *Argonaut* with its well-known feminist proclivities can hardly be indifferent. If there is any way by which women can be released from the domestic duties that now encompass them so that they may devote the whole of their time instead of only the larger part of it to the saving of the race and to the promotion of eugenism and other expedients for the final extinction of human liberty it is a part of good citizenship to foster and promote it. And how can women thus be liberated without an adequate supply of the "menial" help that now seems to be increasingly remote?

The first of these news items may be considered as representative of all. A correspondent of an Eastern newspaper writes to comment upon the mass meeting of unemployed women that recently took place at the Cooper Union in New York and that passed unanimous and vociferous resolutions to the effect that a long-suffering government be called upon to employ them. Why, asks this correspondent, do not these women enter domestic service? Why do they prefer starvation to employment in "good homes" where their morals will be assiduously cared for and where they will receive \$20 a month together with an ethical supervision that can not be expressed in terms of money? Why do they thus neglect the means of grace and throw themselves upon the bosom of Tammany Hall—if such a thing may be said without impropriety—rather than upon the tender mercies of their own sex that are yearningly extended to them? And it may be said that England, Denmark, and France are asking the same questions in various forms consonant with their respective systems.

Now perhaps the *Argonaut* may venture upon a diffident suggestion that by no means covers the whole ground, but that may be not without an indication of larger things. The suggestion is borrowed from the formulated demands of the domestic servants of Norway, who ask why it is that they alone are invariably called by their first names and without those titles of courtesy that are extended to the rest of the human race? Why should there be a continuance of the ritual of "mistress" and "maid," when the former may be a girl in her twenties and the latter a mother of many children? Why should the stenographer, the shop assistant, and the factory worker be dignified by the titles of formality, while the domestic servant sinks at once to the status of Jane or Ellen?

The reply is quite simple. The stenographer, the shop assistant, and the factory worker are employed by men who have shaken off the feudal system and who have learned to buy labor in the same impersonal way that

they buy tobacco or cheese. Women, on the other hand, have not shaken off the feudal system. The position of mistress and maid is not that of the buyer and the seller of a commodity, but that of the social superior and the social inferior. Caste is still the dominant obsession of the relationship, and caste—at least so far as it is avowed and proclaimed—has now become abhorrent to the thought of the day. And of this we have abundant proof in the thousands of unemployed women who would rather starve than enter the employ of their own sex. It is a phenomenon of which we ought to have some explanation from the feminist point of view.

Miss Ida Tarbell, herself a woman of extraordinary distinction, supplies the explanation. Women, she says, are now demanding political powers to be used in the protection of their own sex. But at the one point where women have had exclusive control of the labor situation, the point of domestic service, they have not dignified that labor, but on the contrary they have enslaved it. Domestic work is now the one and only variety of labor that carries with it the stigma of social inferiority. There alone we find the feudal system established and defended. There alone we find an insistence on the badge of servitude in dress, in demeanor, and in speech. There alone we find the exaction of a personal deference as a factor in a relationship that should be impersonal and commercial.

Therefore there can be no doubt that the Danish domestic servants are in the right of it. If women are in the least interested in the status and dignity of their own sex—which of course they are not—let them show fruits meet for repentance. Let them speak to the women in the kitchen whom they happen to employ in the same way that the shopkeeper speaks to the women whom he employs behind his counter. Let them cease to insist upon a humiliating terminology of servitude and upon a personal deference that is no more than a badge of social inferiority. Death will then no longer appear as the lesser of two evils in comparison with domestic service.

My Lady's Purse.

It seems that the soul of the dressmaker—for even dressmakers have souls—is still exercised over the proper disposition of my lady's purse. This necessary but inconvenient receptacle has been moved from one site to another as the available geographical areas have steadily diminished under the pressure of inexorable fashion. There was a time when the most capacious of pockets was compatible alike with comfort and with the mode, and when the storage space was ample for all demands. But with the economy of the skirt came the eviction of the pocket, and the unfortunate purse was left without a habitation. Then some daring soul recognized the qualifications of the stocking at its northern terminus as a sort of safe deposit accommodation, and so the stocking had a brief and not inglorious vogue. But there were disadvantages. The stocking could hardly be asked to disgorge its gains except under conditions of privacy and segregation that were not always available. So far as practical utility was concerned the stocking might as well be empty—financially speaking—for all the use that it was in the presence of the sordid, and male, car conductor. Under such circumstances even the humble nickel was unattainable. Cash payments of all kinds had to be suspended except under the most auspicious circumstances that were rarely to be found in the hour of pecuniary stringency. Moreover, the fashions once more intervened. Ladies could no longer carry their purses in their stockings, and it may be said that this is not a matter of conjecture, but of knowledge. We should inevitably know it if they did. Concealment of the fact would be impossible. Speaking once more in a purely financial sense, there is now no room for anything in the stocking. An extraneous presence, or what the doctors would call a foreign body, would be detected in a moment. And so the purse was once more evicted, and for a time it found a home in the hand-bag. But the hand-bag was incompatible with the muff. Moreover, the hand-bag was invariably left on the shop counter or in the street-car, and so the reign of the hand-bag was brief and inglorious.

And now it seems that the purse is to be carried strapped around the ankle. It is the only remaining site, and if this, too, should prove unavailable we shall have to believe that the resources of civilization are exhausted and that women have proved themselves as incapable of grappling with currency reform or the

fiscal situation in general. And we have our forebodings about the new experiment. A careful survey of the situation combined with inference have persuaded us that the modern woman, for causes into which it would be indiscreet to inquire, is unable not only to reach her ankle, but even to sit down when she is "dressed for the street." The tortures of Tantalus would be as nothing to the woman whose ankle purse is so near and yet so far. But there seems now to be no alternative. The feminine geography has its limits, and in the absence of a change of fashion and the consequent opening up of new territories those limits have now been reached.

Sex Hygiene at Chicago

The sex hygiene lecture course has been withdrawn from the Chicago schools after a career as brief as it was disgraceful. It lived for about a month. It was indirectly the cause of the scandal in connection with Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. It spread a miasma of nastiness throughout the country. And it was finally buried under the protests of outraged parents.

Beyond the fact that these hygiene lectures in their printed form were banned by the United States post-office as "obscene" we know very little of their actual nature. The Federal authorities did what they could to isolate the plague, but the editor of the *Minneapolis Bellman* tells us that he so far connived at a breach of the law as to receive through the mails a copy of these school lectures. He read them and then burned them, as they were "unfit to be kept on file." Now the *Bellman* is by no means a Puritanical journal. There is no trace of Comstockism in its columns. It deals frankly and freely with the topics of the day, but its editor tells us that these lectures "were incredibly and unspeakably vile, bald, coarse, and crude." He tells us that loathsome diseases of which decent people know practically nothing were described in detail, and that the most abominable of the lot was written by a woman. It was almost incredible, he says, that even old people should tolerate such filth as had been carefully prepared for children. It conveyed the impression that "the powers of hell were let loose on earth" with special license to corrupt and contaminate the young. And this iniquity was perpetrated in the name of reform, at the instigation of verminous minds, and to the applause of the maniacs who seem momentarily to have taken over many departments of the government of this country. Fortunately the experiment lasted only about a month. Unfortunately there is no way in which its child victims can be quarantined and disinfected until the poison instilled into them can be neutralized. If Mrs. Ella Flagg Young countenanced this iniquity—and she seems to have been its champion—it can only be said that she, too, should be isolated and labeled.

The editor of the *Bellman* tells us that he was most struck by the absence of all reference to moral restraint. The lectures seemed to be addressed to the hopelessly defiled, to those who were beyond the reach of any force except the lash of physical disease in its most horrible forms. And there indeed we have the heart and the kernel of this whole evil business, the numbing and coarsening materialism that blinds the vision to all those finer forces of life that should be evidenced more in education than in anything else. The child that has been taught the innate values of self-government simply because it is self-government is proof-armored at every point, and not against one specified temptation only, but against all temptation. To avoid a moral wrong because of its physical consequences is merely to add cowardice and baseness to an inevitable mental, if not bodily, libertinism. Of course no one ever does avoid a moral wrong for such a cause as this. Fear has produced cunning and caution in a thousand instances, but it never yet produced a virtue or even the semblance of one. The only tolerable motive for avoiding evil is the fact that it is evil. Nothing else counts nor ever will count. Even the ignorant mountebanks who seem to be in control of the Chicago schools should know that.

This abominable business has received a check at Chicago, but we have by no means heard the last of it. It is certain to show itself here, and indeed it has already done so, and nothing but a vigorous public opinion will kill it. The determined appeals of vicious penny-a-line ministers eager to hover on the profitable edge of indecency, of hysterical women hag-ridden by pruriences, and of those who trade greedily in the obsessions of the moment will take care to keep it alive. But at least we can record some part of the immeasurable outrage inflicted upon the children of

Chicago thus debauched by a fanaticism that is beyond the reach alike of reason and of virtue.

Editorial Notes.

That great, good, and wise man, ex-governor, ex-doctor, ex-pretty-much-everything, George C. Pardee, appears now an open advocate of abandonment of the federal constitution. "The constitution," says his excellency, "should be construed * * * in the light of the living present. * * * We are going to make little progress * * * if we are to be absolutely bound to a constitution that was framed one hundred and thirty years ago." When wisdom, patriotism, and loyalty are found in chunks like this, comment would appear superfluous.

The more-or-less reverend Brother Aked has stirred up the dry bones by declaring that while for twenty years an occupant of orthodox pulpits and the cheerful acceptor of the dignities and benefits thereunto attached, he has not personally believed the dogma of the miraculous birth of Jesus. There is wrathful protest and the more-or-less reverend brother has been asked to step down from certain church dignities bestowed in respect of his presumed orthodoxy. An amusing element in the situation is that probably no one of the clerical gentlemen who have demanded his resignation accept the above-named dogma any more than Dr. Aked. In his heart every brother of them all regards the story as a pious fake invented by priests and cherished by tradition to the end of sustaining churchly discipline. Of course this fact does not justify Mr. Aked, who in his relations to the church affiliations with which he has been connected stands very much in the case of Governor Johnson, who accepted the governorship at the hands of the Republican party only to betray that party. Mr. Aked undoubtedly has the right to believe what he chooses, but he ought not to have waited twenty years to declare the limitations of his faith. But whatever opinion we may have about Mr. Aked's honesty, we must pay to him a tribute of admiration for his exceptional powers as an advertiser. He has an instinct for publicity which would have made him an even more valuable aid in the publishing department of the Hearst newspaper trust than he has proven to be as an editorial contributor. Mr. Aked's gifts have indeed served him as a pulpiteer, but they might have wrought an even greater success if he had applied them to the circus business.

Just what Brother Aked is aiming at through his varied religio-politico-social activities is a subject of interested speculation in many quarters. He was until very recently a subject of Great Britain and his taking over of American citizenship is a very recent fact, and was accompanied as most of his doings are by a quite unnecessary amount of drum-beating. It is suspected in certain circles that he is attempting to emulate the example of a clerical mountebank of another and earlier period in our civic history. Those who remember the career of the late more-or-less-lamented Kallock are wondering if Brother Aked is not casting a lustful eye upon the mayoralty of San Francisco. It seems not unreasonable in respect of the curious seeking after notoriety exhibited in Mr. Aked's course since his arrival in San Francisco. It is evident that he is working his way out of the church, and where so natural a place for a man of his gifts and tastes to fall as into the arena of small politics? Beyond a doubt he would shine in the character of a rabble rouser and rabble leader. He would fit beautifully into a civic record already illuminated with the names of Kallock, Schmitz, McCarthy, and Rolph.

We hear a good deal of stupid talk with respect to location of the regional banks authorized by the new currency law. Pretty much every town in the country of any pretensions presents itself as a candidate for one of these institutions. In truth, it matters not at all where the regional banks are established, but it does matter very much that the banks, wherever established, shall be strong both in capital and administration. The regional banks are intended as reservoirs of money, available for all the banks within their specified districts. One strong bank for the Pacific Coast at Milpitas, California, or Muddy, Oregon, or Skomakawa, Washington, would be infinitely better than four weak banks, one at Los Angeles, another at San Francisco, another at Portland, and another at Seattle. Division of the funds appropriated by the currency law means weak banks and heavy costs of administration; concen-

tration means strong banks with less expense. From the central position of San Francisco—central not more in the geographical than in the financial sense—it would seem that the city is a rational place for a regional bank. But the point of location is a secondary consideration. The desirable thing is that there shall be a strong bank somewhere on the Pacific Coast. And any compromise of local interest that will bring about this result is worth the making.

In the argument presented by Mr. C. K. McIntosh to Secretaries McAdoo and Houston with respect to the location of a regional bank on the Pacific Coast there was matter worth attention, quite apart from its bearing on the subject under consideration. The banking capital and surplus of the whole United States, according to Mr. McIntosh's exhibit, is \$3,584,847,182, and of this total \$252,146,052 belongs to the Pacific Coast states. Twenty-eight per cent of all the banking capital of the Pacific Coast states is in San Francisco. Forty-eight per cent of the deposits of banks with other banks in the Pacific Coast states are deposited with banks in San Francisco. Twenty-eight per cent of the individual deposits of the Pacific Coast states are in banks in San Francisco. Thirty-four per cent of the national bank capital of the Pacific Coast states, more than twenty-nine per cent of the national bank deposits with other national banks, and more than twenty per cent of the deposits in national banks are in San Francisco. The combined annual clearings of the banks of Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland for the last year were \$2,503,281,945. The clearings of San Francisco alone for the same period were \$2,624,428,532. These figures tell nothing not previously known. But they serve, and with emphasis, to remind whoever may be interested that San Francisco now as in the past is easily the financial centre of the Pacific Coast country.

Of the many amusing incidents in which Brother Bryan appears as the hero perhaps nothing is more characteristic than an experience reported in the *Chicago Tribune*. In September, says the *Tribune* correspondent, Mr. Bryan accepted an invitation to speak at Leesburg, Virginia, fifty miles from Washington, the occasion being an annual exhibit of the Heavy Draft Association of Loudon County. It was merely an invitation to be the guest of honor, extended and accepted. A special train was supplied to Mr. Bryan; he was feasted, given a gold replica of the key of the city, and otherwise graciously entertained. It is related further that after returning to Washington Mr. Bryan sent the Heavy Draft Association a bill for \$300. In view of the informality of the circumstances and the absence of contract, Mr. Bryan stated that \$300 would be satisfactory, although he customarily charged \$500 for similar engagements. The officers of the fair were astonished, nevertheless they paid the bill.

An incident even funnier if possible and exhibiting another interesting phase of Mr. Bryan's character was his staging of an occasion when he as Secretary of State should be called upon by all the foreign diplomats at Washington, in uniform. It is related that as the gold-laced representatives of the powers of the earth filed past the Secretary of State a moving-picture camera duly installed in the gallery made of the scene an imperishable record to be worked off through the nickelodeons of the country. More interesting still, we fancy, would have been a series of snapshots of the inside minds of the diplomatic gentlemen required to play a part in this ridiculous spectacle.

It is suggested, and with some plausibility, that the President, who quite well knows how to curb the activities of his official subordinates, has given Mr. Bryan free rein to air his infirmities of mind and breeding, to the end that he may make himself ridiculous before the country and so in office destroy the unique prestige which he won in the sphere of political agitation. This would seem a graceless calculation; yet it is not impossible that there is foundation for it. And if it has been the President's purpose to let Mr. Bryan kill himself off as a political factor, the game has been shrewdly calculated. For never in the history of American politics has any man of high rank so cheapened and discredited himself as has Mr. Bryan within the ten months of his official life. Not that he has been guilty of any crimes or done anything really bad, but because he has exhibited himself as a vain and money-hungry man unable to conceive the seriousness of very serious

sibilities or to understand that high official rank calls for special standards of dignity in the matter of personal conduct.

Physicians and nurses of San Francisco appear to be a unit in condemnation of the law which with a sweeping impartiality prohibits the employment of women in any occupation for more than eight hours of any day. This law has already forced the closing of the Chronic Ward of the Children's Hospital, and it is working a hardship not only in hospitals, but in pretty much every sickroom. The fact illustrates for the tenthousandth time the mischief which follows upon arbitrary meddling with individual rights. It is one thing to correct obvious abuses—quite another to make prohibitions so sweeping as to interfere with the normal operations of life.

De La Barra, reported to be a probable choice of President Wilson for the provisional presidency of Mexico, is described by one who has known him both at Washington and in his own country as "a man of education, suave in deportment, capable of carrying water on both shoulders fairly well." He is further characterized as "a cross between a diplomat and a pothouse politician, a man devoid of real ability and totally unfit to be president of Mexico." He would, however, in the opinion of this discriminating critic, make "a nice little playmate for Willie Bryan."

When the *Carnegie*, the sailing vessel which circumnavigated the globe charting the earth's magnetic currents, returned recently to New York, it had been away four years and covered a distance of 93,000 miles. The scientists of the *Carnegie* wished to chart the vagaries of the magnetic currents which the mariner relies upon to guide him safely to port across the pathless seas. There are many things remaining to be learned about magnetism. Why do the magnetic poles change their location? They have changed in the course of the last century in some places as much as five degrees, and in some parts of the earth they may change ten degrees in the course of the same period of time. It is necessary for the sailor to know the world-wide as well as the local deviations in order to determine to what extent his compass will change in sailing a certain course, at what points the changes will occur, and the allowance which must be made in each case to prevent shipwreck. The supplying of magnetic charts and compass data is one of the chief objects of the magnetic survey which the *Carnegie* is making. It is expected that it will require fifteen years to complete this work. It is reported that many errors in existing charts were found and corrected. The instruments have been taken to Washington for tests, in order that any inaccuracies in the data may be detected.

Annually about 14,000,000 boxes are utilized in the district of Valencia, Spain, for the exportation of its crops of fruits and vegetables, but now a condition is seen which means, probably, that foreign shooks will eventually find a market there. Prior to 1910 practically the entire demand for shooks was met by native sawmills, of which there were over 200 in the region, handling pine logs felled from the forests covering the watersheds of the Rivers Turia and Jucar. Foreign shooks could not compete in price, consequently their importation was altogether impracticable. Gradually, however, these mills were deprived of economical sources of supply through the denudation of near-by wooded areas; and as the forest line fast receded to more rugged country and away from the rivers which were utilized for floating logs to the mills, transport difficulties forced many box factories out of business. Today the surviving mills draw precarious supplies of timber long distances from the interior or by sea from the Province of Cataluna and the Balearic Islands; but their output is supplemented each year by larger and larger quantities of shooks cut and saved in Portugal and Spanish Galicia and shipped to Valencia in bundles ready to be nailed together.

The original autograph journals kept by Captain Scott throughout his Antarctic expedition, including those carried with him to the pole in which his last "Message to the Public" was written, have been placed by Lady Scott in the British Museum. The trustees have authorized the exhibition of the journals in a temporary case in the department of manuscripts.

At present there are 10,000 marines in active service, but since 1885 only 527 have served long enough to receive a government pension. The age of enlistment is between twenty-one and thirty-five and the term four years. The pay of the private on entering is \$15 a month, which increases with service and promotion as well as deputation.

"Radium banks" have been established in a few European cities. These banks possess a few milligrams of radium. They lend their radium for one day for \$2.00 for surgical or other use. Radium salts, it is said, may be repeatedly used without losing any of their properties.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There are some parts of Europe where even the finest conversational abilities should be kept in leash. I remember in particular one attempt to be sociable that ended in a stern and salutary warning. It occurred on the Russian railroad line running eastward into Odessa. The only other occupant of the car was a man of about my own age to whom I offered first a newspaper and then a remark. The newspaper was hesitatingly accepted, but the remark, which concerned some semi-political topic, was countered effectively. "Excuse me," said my fellow-traveler stiffly, "but one does not speak of politics or religion with strangers, and while in Russia I should advise you to govern yourself accordingly." I did so, with the recollection that Russia is not a good country in which to disappear mysteriously, and such things have happened before and will doubtless happen again. I met with a similar but somewhat less pointed rebuff in a town of Alsace, and from a shopkeeper to whom I had made the somewhat foolish remark that the Germans did not seem very popular. He replied apologetically that it was not wise to talk of such matters except among friends, and then he added that there was no fault to be found with Germans unless they had uniforms on. There was a very profound philosophy hidden in that remark of the Alsatian shopkeeper, although he was probably unaware of the fact. Uniforms do make a difference. Uniforms may turn decent men into fools or into hectoring bullies. Uniforms are as corrupting as money. Henry George was right when he said that men will do and suffer more for a bit of sartorial decoration than for all the wealth of the Indies—or words to that effect. The distinction that comes from money may easily pass unnoticed. But the distinction of the uniform is unescapable and the craving for distinction lies very near the roots of human nature.

The Zabern incident has now become the talk of the world, not because it had any intrinsic importance, but because it seemed to bring the German military system to the bar of civilization, there to plead for itself by the standards of modern ideals. There are such occasions in the lives of individuals as well as of nations, occasions that seem to be trivial in themselves, but that are none the less indications of a fundamental ethical status. Zabern is a town in Alsace and the seat of a German garrison. Now a few years ago Alsace was a French province, and the people of Alsace are to all intents and purposes a conquered people. If we can imagine a state of the Union riven from the republic by force of arms and held by foreign military force under the command of a foreign king we can imagine somewhat how the Alsations feel and also how the French nation feels when it thinks of its lost territories beyond the Rhine. We can also imagine how the Alsations regard the spectacle of German regiments parading up and down their streets. Patriotism is pretty much the same all over the world, but among Frenchmen it is apt to be more explosive than elsewhere and more emotional. What is now called the Zabern incident began when certain citizens of that ordinarily peaceful town jeered and laughed at the German soldiers in its streets. They did no more than jeer and laugh, and apparently they did even that in a quite subdued way, but the German colonel began at once to consider the dignity of his uniform, which was all the dignity he had, and to order reprisals. With the colonel were associated Lieutenant Shad and Lieutenant von Forstner, both young gentlemen suffering severely from the dignity microbe and willing to do all sorts of fearsome deeds for the discouragement of laughter. Lieutenant Shad promptly struck a man in the crowd and knocked out his front tooth, which was calculated at least to change the manner of his laughter, while Lieutenant von Forstner drew his sword and valiantly attacked a crippled cobbler and inflicted a scalp wound. The colonel then placed the town under martial law, organized a series of domiciliary visits, and arrested a large number of people who had been distinctly observed to smile. If an American officer had acted in such a way in a Moro village he would be promptly shut up in a cool cell almost without the formality of a court-martial, but military officialism in Germany has all the impeccable characteristics of a god. It can do no wrong. It is a law unto itself.

But of course there were legal proceedings. Something had to be done, for even the fettered rage of a conquered province is not wholly negligible. Moreover, there were mutters from France, while the press all over Europe began to ask if Germany was actually a civilized country or only seemed to be so. And so there was a court-martial at Strassburg at which all the interested parties were present. Among the witnesses was the man who had his tooth knocked out, and he had brought the tooth as a sort of exhibit and also the place where the tooth used to be. The cobbler was there with his damaged scalp, and a large number of other persons, French as well as German, who had seen the affray and were disposed to testify as to its causes. There is no need to review the evidence, especially as it had no sort of effect upon the result. Evidence is no more than an elegant superfluity in Germany where the army is concerned, and a quarrel between a soldier and a civilian simply resolves itself into a deferential hearing of the military version. Lieutenant Shad was acquitted on the spot. There could be no doubt that his victim had lost a tooth, but neither could there be any doubt that the lieutenant had not been the cause of the loss. For the lieutenant denied having struck the man, and the lieutenant was a soldier and a gentleman and therefore incapable of deceit. Now that is not a parody of the proceedings. It is a statement of fact. That is precisely what occurred. The judges said this very thing. Then came the turn of Lieutenant von Forstner. He, too, was acquitted, and for various reasons that remind us very much of the "Arabian Nights" and "Alice in Wonderland." The lieutenant admitted that he had struck

the lame cobbler with his sword, and so there was no doubt about the fact. But the lieutenant "assumed" that the cobbler was a dangerous rascal, and when a lieutenant "assumes" that a man is a dangerous rascal what else can he do but attack him with his sword? Once more this is not a parody. Once more this is exactly what the court said. But there is more to come. The court went on to say that the cobbler might have had a knife. As a matter of fact he did have a small pocket-knife in his pocket, the kind of knife that one uses to sharpen pencils, but since it was obviously true that he might have had a knife, and that it might have been a murderous knife, and that he might have had it in his hand for all the lieutenant knew to the contrary, what else could he do but strike him with his sword? But there were further damning counts against the crippled cobbler. In the first place he was a very muscular man and therefore an object of extreme suspicion. In the second place at the moment when the lieutenant struck him he was being held and hustled away by three or four good-natured friends, who saw that he was likely to get into trouble and were anxious to save him. Now would those friends have held him unless they had known that he was a dangerous character? Of course they would not. It is necessary constantly to remind ourselves that these things actually happened, that the court said these very words. And in order to clench the matter the court went on to point out that the lieutenant's sword was a service weapon and was not ground to an edge, and that the cobbler was not so severely hurt after all, since he was confined to bed for only eight days. Therefore the lieutenant was acquitted. As for the colonel himself, the court held that he was justified in all that he did. These Alsations had to be taught a lesson. They had to be shown that there were seasons for laughter and also for tears, and that to smile at a German regiment was no small crime and would certainly result in a time for tears. And so the proceedings ended so far as the court-martial was concerned, but not, we may believe, without some other results that will eventually lead somewhere. In the meantime the German press is up in arms once more against militarism and against a system that leads to the sabreing of loyal Germans themselves just as much as of disloyal Alsations.

Now all this seems very shocking, at least to those who have been born and bred in an atmosphere of the legal equality of all classes. But we may safely believe that while a good many Germans are now resolved that the system must end they do not view it with any keen sense of legal injustice. For an inequality before the law, which in most other countries is regarded as an iniquity and strenuously denied as a shameful thing, is a recognized part of the German system. There is no concealment or evasion about it. Legal inequalities exist elsewhere. Probably they exist everywhere, but they exist furtively and secretly. They are neither proclaimed nor defended. But the German officer avowedly stands above the ordinary law. The uniform entitles him to deny the jurisdiction of courts that hold sway over every one else. He can be tried by court-martial, and by court-martial alone. And the court-martial places the "honor" of the soldier above everything else. There is practically nothing that he may not do if he believes that his honor is impugned, and the civilian has no redress against the finding of a military caste. Judges, prosecutors, and defenders are all soldiers, and we need hardly ask what chance the civilian has who appeals for justice to such a tribunal as this. Therefore a court-martial consists, as has been said, of a deferential inquiry into the story of the accused officer, and that story is necessarily true, since the accused is a soldier and a gentleman and therefore incapable of prevarication or deception. It is all delightfully simple. Legal proceedings are greatly facilitated by the assumption that one only of the parties to the suit is of an impeccable veracity, while the other, who does not happen to be wearing a uniform, is quite likely upon that account to be a veritable son of Belial. It appears to be an idiotic system, and one that is quite incompatible with even the most rudimentary ideas of human rights. So it is. But then all nations have their pet idiocies, to which they themselves are apt to be blind while vividly conscious of the corresponding idiocies of others. A good German maintains that the existence of his country depends upon the army, and that this is more true of Germany than of any other country. Therefore the army must have its privileges. It must be a caste that is set apart and above all others, and perhaps if we could put ourselves in the position of the aforesaid good German we might be willing to submit that there was something in it. There usually is a good deal "in" the things to which we are used and among which we were born and reared. So let us be charitable. But the incident is said to have added many a gray hair to the head of the emperor. He wished to be pacific. He is now too old and too wise to trail his coat in the dust. A serious affray in Alsace and Lorraine would be watched with glee all over the world. He knows that the game is not worth the candle, and yet he does not dare to affront the army. And to make matters worse the crown prince, while the legal proceedings were still pending, took it upon himself to send a congratulatory telegram to the inculpated colonel, warmly applauding what he had done and virtually advising him to do it again. And for that little escapade his father promptly stripped him of all his military commands and sent him back to that disgrace from which the young hopeful now so rarely emerges. At least the emperor will be master in his own household. He himself will do whatever has to be done in the way of military tyranny, but we may shrewdly suspect that the days of military tyranny in Germany are numbered.

SYDNEY G. P. CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1914.

Where the Garden of Eden once flourished, according to some eminent authorities, irrigation is about to be introduced from the Euphrates.

UNTER DEN WALDEN.

A Boycott Which Led an Artist to Fortune.

"Hi li, Hi lo,
Hi li, Hi lo."

Blithely caroled Carl Blitzner and his good frau, Charlotta, as they tramped along an alluring trail high in the Berkeley hills. "In the wood and on the meadow," as that familiar old song goes, they took their holiday. But Blitzner's vacation was an involuntary one, for it was enforced by the fiat of labor agitators who had thrown him out of employment. In the art room of a leading San Francisco daily he had wielded his brush and pencil until the week before. On the first of the year the unions had declared a great strike and boycott against the publishers of the city. In common defense the editors of the principal papers were compelled to confine their activities to printing very limited editions. When Blitzner's chief announced that pictorial features would be discontinued indefinitely and that the art room would close, Carl collected his week's salary, packed his personal belongings, and returned with a forced smile and simulated cheer to break the news to Charlotta.

All their savings were invested in a suburban lot on which they had planned to build a home. And as often happens in so unhappy an emergency, they could realize no ready cash upon it. For a week Blitzner had tramped the streets of the bay cities in a fruitless search for work. Efficient, thorough, and ingenious as he was, according to the testimony of all who were associated with him, all opportunities for him to secure a situation were barred by the boycott and lockout, which promised to continue for many months. Several times he saw an army of unemployed parading with pitiable appeal for public sympathy.

"So," he muttered, "I, too, may come to that myself in one more week unless I can get something to do."

The Blitzners, like philosophic German folk, refused to "paint the devil on their window" and steadfastly resolved that they would hold their heads up, for well they knew that their misfortunes were not of their own making. But, at the end of one bitterly dreary day, Carl came home exhausted in mind and body. Charlotta, realizing that he must be made to forget his worries even for a day, declared: "Carl, we must get out of this hopeless rut. Tomorrow let us take a holiday in the hills just as we used to do. We both need a bracer, and the tonic of a good tramp will give us fresh strength and courage. *Unter den walden*, let us wander. Perhaps there the wood sprites will whisper in our ears and tell us what we must do. Am I not right?"

"*Das ist recht*," Carl assented. "But where shall we go? Remember, we must count our carfare. We must have a care."

"So, that we must," Charlotta admitted. "If to Tamalpais we go it will cost us eighty cents the round ride. Instead let us go to Berkeley. It will cost but half as much. There we will find high hills and wild woods. *Unter den schoener walden* will we picnic."

Carl apportioned out forty cents for ferry fare and an equal amount for a delicatessen lunch, which included a quart of lager. The streams were turbid from recent rains, hence they deemed this portable beverage more potable.

When the trolley-cars began to click their castanets over the crossings the Blitzners were breakfasting. The clouds of the overcast night had scattered and a cheering luminary of morning hung its high sign over the horizon of dawn. An hour later, corduroy and khaki-clad, the twain were bound for the Berkeley ferry. Strapped to Carl's shoulders was a much-traveled ruck-sack in which were the makings of a most generous picnic lunch for the pair. Commuters, swarming up Market Street, turned in their haste to look at this apparently care-free couple playing hookey from the workaday world.

Arriving at Berkeley, the Blitzners followed a flock of students hastening to their halls up through the University campus. Pausing beneath the patriarchal branches of the Le Conte Oak, they noted a streamlet which seemed to whisper hints of hidden dells and woody glades far up and away. Yielding to its "invitations sweet," they followed its varied course upward through the classic campus and out of the grounds among blocks of splendid residences which all but concealed the hill-born brook. Finally they came to the end of an avenue lined with wisely spared oaks. Under a culvert of concrete the wild stream dashed down and out of the mouth of a savage cañon. With their backs to the works of man, they turned their faces up the densely wooded gorge where the spell of the untamed wilderness brooded. In a minute the forest-lovers were in their natural element. Mouldering logs still held their evanescent veneer of frost, for night still lingered among these ancient oaks and bay trees. For hours Carl and Charlotta threaded faint trails made by wild-wood creatures and but slightly improved by occasional human ramblers like themselves. At length they came to a sunny ledge close to a beckoning arm of cascading whiteness. There Carl dropped his ruck-sack on the rocks, announcing, "Here will we lunch."

While Charlotta spread out their simple luncheon her husband gathered dry fagots and brought a small kettle of water from the brook. Soon a thin blue column of smoke towered like a signal fire above the

encompassing oaks. And a signal fire it proved, for it caught the eye of the owner of the property on which they were technically trespassing. Just as Mrs. Blitzner had pronounced the frankfurters ready there came the sound of hurrying feet. A heavy-set, yet agile, elderly man crashed through the wild currant thicket, and behind him followed his husky son.

"Here!" the elder shouted. "You've got no right to build a fire on my land. Haven't you seen my notices? Out with it."

"All right, sir. Out it goes," Blitzner good-naturedly responded. With his big tramping-boot as a scraper he covered the coals by one effective kick.

"Now, sir, the fire is out," Blitzner resumed as he reclined at ease upon the rocks. "But please notice that I made it in a place where it could not possibly spread at this season when the woods are wet and the grass is green."

The owner and his son, still in a hostile mood, were framing further objections to their presence on their property, when Charlotta, as though she were addressing old friends, turned the trend of their thoughts to pleasant discussion.

"You surely have not eaten your lunch yet," she broke in. "We have more than plenty. Pray join us."

The olive branch was waved at a timely psychological moment. Murmuring a few futile protestations as he mopped his brow, wet with unwonted exertion, the father glanced at the amber bottle. Yielding to a sober second thought, he said: "Yes, I will. Thank you. My, but it's warm for January. The water's too rily to drink, so I will take a few drops to wet my whistle, since you're so accommodating." Like unto the father, the son followed suit.

Carl had whittled a couple of forks from a branch of Californian laurel. Impaling a frankfurter on each, he passed the juicy sausages to their unexpected guests. Casting aside their unfavorable first impressions, they accepted the peace offerings. Nor did they refuse refreshing slices of spicy *appel brod* proffered to them by these polite trespassers upon their domain. Melting influences at work upon the inner man speedily led to more amicable relations.

"I suppose you know who I am," the landed proprietor demanded.

"No, sir, I have not the honor of that knowledge," Blitzner replied with Continental politeness. "Except that you say that you are the owner of this property."

"Well, I thought that everybody who read the local papers knew all about Enrick Keaton. Every summer they run articles telling about some fellow I've had pinched for building fires upon my land. Then they relash a stereotyped story about me, telling what a crabbed old ogre I am. Now the fact is that I don't care how many people roam over my land as long as they behave themselves. But when they set fires they risk ruining the market value of my property, and when we catch them making fires we make it warm for them. Of course, as you say, there's no danger of a fire spreading at this season. Besides you are different from the run of Sunday picnickers. Now you folks are welcome here any time."

As Keaton rose he pointed down the cañon towards Berkeley. "I have kept these woods as long as I could in their natural state in the hope that it might be preserved as a park. But the people don't seem to care enough for its wild beauty, so I'm going to subdivide the property and sell it off in villa lots. My son, here, is a newly fleged civil engineer—graduate of U. C. As soon as he can get some competent help I'm going to set him to work on his first big job, surveying this tract."

"Well, Mr. Keaton," the pardoned trespasser broke in, "since I am right on the spot, maybe your son can start right in with me as a helper. I have just lost a good job." And Blitzner summed up in detail the conditions of which he was a victim.

"You are an artist; but are you a draughtsman?" interposed young Keaton.

"That I am," replied Blitzner.

"But you don't know anything about surveying, do you?" continued the graduate in civil engineering.

"Yes, sir. I studied the principles of surveying at the Gymnasium at Berlin," Blitzner modestly replied.

"But what practical experience have you ever had?" young Keaton persisted.

"For three years I served as a subaltern with the colors in the Imperial Engineer Corps. During that time, with my regiment, I helped to re-survey the Bavaria-Bohemia and Bavaria-Tyrol frontiers. Since coming to America I have preferred the life of an artist."

The younger Keaton had preferred to employ a classmate who was then out of work, but the question was settled by the senior Keaton. A keen judge of men, he appraised the German as a man who not only would do his work thoroughly but ingeniously. He engaged him on the spot for five dollars a day to begin with, and intimated that if he proved satisfactory he would be made superintendent of the development work. Then Keaton hurriedly proposed: "Let's call this picnic off now. You've saved me a trip home for lunch, so I'll put in the rest of the day up here. Let's get busy."

All that afternoon the three men threaded their way through the brush and woods. Young Keaton blazed trees with a hand-axe, while Blitzner, with his powerful bare hands, broke branches and cleared the way for the trio. Charlotta, tiring of the more tedious task of

a spectator, at length lay down on a soft, sunny bench and dreamed of an ideal home that would be all her own some time, somewhere among these wooded hills. At sundown the rough work of marking the general route of curving roads was completed. And as dusk dropped down on Berkeley town the quartet separated at the car line, with the mutual understanding that the regular work would begin early the next morning.

On their way back to the city Carl proposed that Charlotta should seek an apartment in Berkeley the following day.

"*Ach! Nein*," she protested. "We never did save up for a rainy day. Now we have learned our lesson. The rainy day came; but the clouds are blowing away already. Maybe Mr. Keaton will let us camp up near that beautiful waterfall. Instead of a cold lunch you will have a warm one every day."

The Keatons readily agreed that the Blitzners could camp in a sheltered little glade where dry wood was plentiful and a clear spring bubbled, and ere the close of the week they had erected their tight storm tent between two budding buckeyes. By the first of February the surveying of the tract was complete. Throughout February and March gangs of men constructed roads and built artistic rustic bridges across the plashing creek. Blitzner, now directing the work, blossomed forth as a landscape engineer of talent and foresight. All the more lovable wildwood charm of the cañon was spared and even enhanced in beauty under his care. His artistic training enabled him to see infinite possibilities in each rocky ledge and every gnarled oak. He tapped springs which insured a copious flow throughout the summer's drought. In the forest mould he planted luxuriant ferns and a profusion of tiger lilies and shade-haunting flowers.

April came with showers of letters from realty dealers and investors who sought to get in on the ground floor. Still no selling plan had been made public. There was a reason why the owners had held back on the placing of their tract on the market. For "the flowers that bloom in the spring" had much to do with the case.

Early one Saturday morning in March Blitzner detected a roughly garbed and shaggy-bearded old man delving in a mass of green young shoots. He decided to go out of his way to see what he was doing. So quietly did he approach the stranger that the latter did not see him until his shadow fell across a bed of shyly hiding trilliums. Suddenly the old man, bent on botany, looked up with a startled exclamation in German. Then, apologizing, addressed his disturber in English, faultless in grammar, yet tinged with a Teutonic accent.

"You who develop real estate are robbing me of my woodland fairies."

But Blitzner, answering him in German, put him at his ease and bade him botanize to his heart's content. The old German proved to be no other than the noted Von Berner Pilsker, professor emeritus of the Teutonic languages and literature at the University. Blitzner insisted that the Herr Professor should lunch with them, and Charlotta spread an appetizing table daintily served. From botany to business their conversation changed. The professor deprecated the despoliation of his favorite woodland retreat, but as Blitzner outlined his plan for conserving and enhancing its rare natural beauty he became enthusiastic.

"Why not set this place apart primarily as an exclusive suburban tract where cultured German folk may build their homes?" ventured the venerable professor. Then he unfolded a plan in which he believed many desirable fellow-countrymen would coöperate. Two heads were better than one. And a third "went them one better." For the next day Pilsker returned with his friend, Colonel Bendeman, veteran of the Franco-Prussian War and a retired merchant prince. In consultation they decided to secure a sixty-day option upon the property. Their terms were satisfactory to the Keatons, and until May 15 the tract was tied up by agreement.

Then the artist and landscape engineer, Blitzner, again displayed his talent in a practical way. He prepared a most attractive folder, tastefully colored and illustrated. Its text was all in German. The arguments to prospective buyers were graced with nature-loving lines from Schiller and other German poets which Professor Pilsker judiciously inserted.

On May Day a notable gathering of German-Americans congregated upon the flower-starred hill slopes. The German consul made an appropriate speech, approving of the improving of this wild wood by the exiles from the fatherland. Colonel Bendeman and Professor Pilsker outlined a mutually advantageous plan of collective purchasing of homesites by an association bound not only by fatherland ties but by common interest to each other. As a result sufficient deposits were made before the expiration of the option to pay the stipulated purchase price of the Keaton property. And Blitzner, as sales manager, cleaned up a comfortable fortune in the course of the summer.

Blending in artistic harmony with the ancient oaks, the turrets of the castle of Carl and Charlotta may be seen from afar by all who gaze upward to that charming community of culture and refinement known as "Unter Den Walden."

HAROLD FRENCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1914.

The lighthouse reservations on the great lake are able to grow all the white cedar needed for spar work in their district.

STATESMEN OUT OF BUSINESS.

The Cases of Joseph Chamberlain and Arthur Balfour.

When the great British public begins to take liberties with the given name of a politician plus the use of the term "good old," that politician, however much he may wince at the familiarity, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has become a national figure. "Tis true Gladstone was never known as "good old William," or Disraeli as "good old Ben," but that was because accident had christened one "the G. O. M." and the other "Dizzy." In the case of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, however, "good old Joe" was a familiar synonym in the palmy days of his career. And therein consisted the difference between that statesman and the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour. The latter was never known to the Great British public as "good old Arthur." On the golf links or in the lobbies of the House of Commons I have heard his intimate friends address him as "Arthur," but the man in the street or the most excited voter at a public meeting has never so far lost himself as to acclaim him as "good old Arthur." The nearest approach to such a familiarity was made by the students of Glasgow University the other day when they insisted upon singing "Vivat Balfour" ere allowing him to proceed with the first of his Gifford lectures.

For now that Mr. Balfour is no longer the leader of the "stern unbending Tories," it may be confessed that he was never popular with the masses in the sense that Gladstone or Disraeli were popular. He was respected, undoubtedly, highly esteemed for his unsullied character, looked upon as a consummate debater in the House of Commons, as a statesman of unimpeachable honesty, or as a philosopher of rare intellectual quality; but he never carried the country with him in such waves of enthusiasm as the G. O. M. or "Dizzy" could create at will. And the explanation was simple. He was no orator in the popular sense of that term. The House of Commons has rarely known a more effective debater; but in the great public meeting, where there is no opposition to whet his intellect, he is practically a failure. With a voice which has little volume or ring, and with an unfortunate habit of reconstructing his sentences while in the course of uttering them, his inability to awaken enthusiasm is inevitable.

Quite the contrary was true of Mr. Chamberlain. Not even Gladstone himself in the prime of his powers was more effective in getting at the people. As alert as Balfour as a debater, for many of his best points were made in reply to unexpected interruptions, his voice was clear and resonant, his sentences sharp-cut and lucid, his epigrams keenly barbed, and his whole manner suggestive of the man who knew whereof he spoke and was convinced of its truth. And there were two other assets which helped his popularity because they appealed to the caricaturist: his eye-glass and his orchid buttonhole. It was known, too, that he was an inveterate smoker, a sure passport to the affection of the man in the street. All these things combined made "good old Joe" a power in the land, which was never so cogently illustrated as when he stumped the country in favor of his new gospel of Tariff Reform.

For more than seven years, however, his services have been lost to his party. In the summer of 1906 he was seized with a severe attack of gout, and from that day he has not been seen in the House of Commons or on a public platform. His loss has been so great that his followers have hoped against hope for his recovery. Politics without "good old Joe" were unthinkable as long as he was alive. He has kept his seat for West Birmingham all the time, and with increased majorities whenever it has been attacked, hoping himself that he might return to the scene of his old triumphs in the Commons. But now he has intimated to his faithful constituents that at the next general election he will definitely retire to private life.

But his policy remains to embarrass the Unionist party. In fact in this matter there is a parallelism between Gladstone and Chamberlain which has been lost sight of. The G. O. M. smashed his party by his conversion to Home Rule and sent it into the wilderness of opposition for many years; Chamberlain disrupted his party by Tariff Reform and has lost it two elections. Whether, however, the parallel will be completed by the Unionists recovering power at next election only that event can decide. With characteristic sluggishness it takes England a decade or more to grasp an idea, but whether it has yet grasped Tariff Reform remains to be seen. Chamberlain's absence from the arena has made all the difference; and he, like Balfour, taken a little golfing exercise and smoked fewer cigars, his health might have held out until he had converted the voters. As it is, he can look back upon a strenuous and successful career. Birmingham is his monument as a municipal reformer; his record in breaking away from Gladstone on the Home Rule issue is his memorial as a statesman; for if he had agreed to follow his leader he must have succeeded him as prime minister.

By a suggestive coincidence, the announcement of Chamberlain's retirement has been followed by the appearance of Arthur Balfour in a new but quite appropriate rôle. Although since his resignation of the leadership of the Unionists he has given loyal and effective support to his successor, Bonar Law, Balfour has kept himself in the background as a political figure.

His rare appearances on public platforms is now explained by his popping up as Gifford lecturer at Glasgow University, in which character he has had many illustrious predecessors, including Professor Max Müller. No doubt the effect of his lectures will be to arouse as much discussion in philosophical and religious circles as his political utterances were wont to create in quite another sphere, yet it may well prove that his tenure of his present office will prove a landmark in the Gifford foundation. That owes its existence to the munificence of a Scots advocate who bequeathed a sum of eighty thousand pounds for the endowment of a chair of natural theology in the four universities of his native land. It is estimated that Glasgow's share of that sum represents a comfortable fee of eight hundred pounds for each course of ten lectures, and as each lecturer has to give at least two courses Mr. Balfour will be the richer by sixteen hundred pounds, plus his royalties, for his disquisitions on natural theology. Perhaps the electors of Glasgow were stimulated in their choice by the example set in the case of ex-President Taft.

Meanwhile the Unionists as a body are rallying to the support of their new leader, Bonar Law. He is a repetition of the Chamberlain type. For just as "good old Joe" spent some twenty years in commercial life, thereby securing an independent fortune ere he entered the political field, so Bonar Law had made his "pile" as an iron merchant ere he decided to enter the House of Commons some thirteen years ago. By his first speech he made a great impression on that critical audience, even though, as he told Balfour, he had learned all his political economy from his business experience. He has, then, the Chamberlain practical knowledge of affairs, and he possesses, too, the Chamberlain gift of incisive, lucid, and telling speech. That he should have been elected to the leadership of what is called the aristocratic party in British politics is a notable departure for that party. Years ago it used to be thought that Chamberlain would never "make good" because he was not an Eton and Oxford man; at that time it would have been scouted as preposterous that a mere business man would become the Tory leader. That that fact has happened is a significant proof of how even the Unionists are responding to the democratic spirit of the age.

No leader of practical experience has ever been tested as Mr. Bonar Law will be during the next half-year, for the critical condition of the Irish question is a problem that might well baffle the most experienced statesman. But he has pledged his word to Ulster that unless the government submits their measure to the verdict of the country he will back up their resistance with all the force of the party he leads, and he is not the man to break such a pledge as that. On the events of the next few months, indeed, will turn the question as to whether or not merely Ireland, but England too, is to be plunged into the horrors of civil war. Only those who move to and fro over the country are aware of the bitter feeling which at present exists against the autocratic conduct of the present cabinet, a feeling which is admitted by the *Liberal Daily News* in its issue of this date by the confession that the "task of Liberalism must be the emancipation of Parliament from the excessive power of the cabinet."

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, January 15, 1914.

It was only within recent years that the art of making window glass by machinery was mastered, the old crude hand methods which had been the only means known for hundreds of years dying hard and slowly. Inventors and skilled mechanics found all their efforts resisted, not so much because of any particular opposition on the part of the hand-workers, but because they were unable to perfect the correct form of machinery for their purpose. Even now a considerable quantity of window glass is still hand made, but machinery is everywhere displacing this process. Until about twenty years ago a man with a blowpipe represented the only method of producing window glass, and the sheets were limited to about two feet by three feet, even then containing defects which could not be avoided. By the perfecting of the cylinder and sheet-drawing process it has recently become possible to manufacture glass of good quality and beautiful clarity in about the same manner that paper is made—that is, in a continuous sheet. Machinery does everything, taking the glass from the molten mass in the furnace, handling it automatically through all its changes until it is delivered on a table, ready to be washed, cut and boxed for shipment. These machine-made sheets have already been made as large as five feet wide by ten feet long, and apparently the size is limited only by the size of the machine. The first commercial factory for making continuous sheet drawn window glass was built in Pennsylvania in 1907.

Protestant churches of the United States and Canada sent into foreign countries last year to propagate their religious plans and beliefs \$16,458,000. It is almost exactly one hundred years since Americans began Christian work in India, China, and other foreign fields.

The United States Steel Corporation has paid \$1,063,053.43 in pensions to more than 2000 former employees during the last three years, according to the third annual report of the pension fund, just published.

OLD FAVORITES.

Plays.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!

But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!
—Walter Savage Landor.

The Hindoo's Death.

A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do,
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, be hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome to my son!
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the bliss he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No; what then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married heen,
And so on earth has suffered for all his sin."
"Married?" 'Tis well, for I've been married twice,
"Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise!"
—George Birdseye.

The Philosopher's Scales.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear,
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, hussy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a hee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas the Pearl of Great Price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.
—Jane Taylor.

During the last two weeks of January there were on simultaneous exhibition in New York at different galleries old masters valued at more than \$30,000,000. Among them were ten Fragonards of the J. Pierpont Morgan collection, considered worth more than \$4,000,000. Three exhibitions, which comprised only a small part of the art treasures in the hands of American collectors afforded a striking idea of the extent of the importations of old masters from Europe during the last few years.

In southern France the fig tree is now cultivated almost exclusively for the production of the fresh fruit, which has always a ready sale in the large centres. The drying of figs has been practically abandoned in this region, except for the personal requirements of a small number of growers. Moreover, the country's production is not equal to the domestic demand. No figs have been exported from Marseille to the United States in recent years.

THE BARBARY COAST.

Albert Edwards Describes Some of His Adventures Among the Mohammedans of Algeria.

At a time when Mohammedanism as an aggressive world force has been brought into renewed prominence by the Tripoli and the Balkan wars there should be a marked welcome for so lively and entertaining a book as the one written by Mr. Albert Edwards on the Barbary Coast. It is one of the few books that are wholly free from a certain irritating condescension that usually marks the efforts of the Occidental to describe the Oriental. Mr. Edwards frankly admits that he is a victim to the spell of the East. He says that its fragrance, although his friends called it "stench," laid hold upon him at once. For two years he had been in Christian Russia, and he tells us of the relief with which he set out for Algeria, where one does not have to be on the lookout for spies, and where a man can go about the ordinary business of life without fear of spending the night—and the rest of his days—in jail. There was a joyous relaxation in stepping out from under the shadow of the Czar.

Mr. Edwards found at once that with the exception of the obvious difference in clothing the Mohammedans of Algeria seemed to be very much like other men, although "they do not care for the same things—at least not for the same reasons." Of this he had a striking example during his first winter in Algeria:

I had asked my host about the jackals which howled the night through in the *brousse* about his home. I was curious to know how much they resembled the coyotes of our Western plains. A few days later he called me from my desk with the news that some of his Arah workmen had trapped a jackal. I followed him out into the patio and found a half-dozen natives squatted about an earthen pot. Two of them were holding the animal while another skinned it. A jackal looks like nothing but a very sick and mangy dog. I can not imagine anything less appetizing. I was surprised and rather nauseated to see that the men were preparing the beast for cooking.

"Do the natives eat these things?" I disgustedly asked my host in French.

The man who seemed to be the chief cook understood the language of the conquerors. He looked up surlily.

"Yes," he growled. "But we don't eat pig."

I thought of our slaughter-house scandals and the doubtful cleanliness of our food supply, and felt very much like the owner of a glass house who had thoughtlessly begun to throw stones.

The author describes a chance encounter with a band of desert Arabs, who received him with all the hospitality of the East. The Sheikh reminded him of Abraham and the youngest of them David, but there were linguistic difficulties in the way of conversation, and so intercourse was restricted to the customary sign of peace. While he was eating the Arabs stared at him with an oppressive hospitality:

Then I opened my saddle-bags and took out a cake of sweet chocolate. They watched me intently as I stripped off the wrappings. The tin foil layer especially caught their eye. I handed the entire cake to the Sheikh. He looked it over carefully, then passed it to the man at his side. One after another examined it, and at last young David gave it back to me uninjured. I broke it up into little pieces and gave one to each of them. Then I began to eat some. In dead silence they turned to watch the Sheikh. He weighed his piece on his open hand a couple of times, smelled it suspiciously, then looked at me. I smacked my lips and made "The Sign of Peace" to reassure him. He solemnly took a discreet little nibble. Instantly they all took a bite. Then the silence was broken; they all jehanned away excitedly. When I passed it round again they helped themselves eagerly. I had made good. I noticed that the Sheikh took two pieces, and hid one in the folds of his burnous.

"For the girl with many bracelets," I said to myself.

The chief fault of the native Algerians seems to be a certain predilection for lying. It appears to be an instinctive desire to deceive, not so much for the sake of profit as for the sake of deception. The author tells us that he asked his French host why one of his workmen wore green braids on his turbans, since in Persia only those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca are thus attired:

"Mohammed!" my host called. The tall, dignified native left his plow and came over to us.

"Have you been to Mecca?" M. Gardet asked in Arabic.

"No, *Sidi*," the Arab said, and went back to work.

"He says 'No,'" M. Gardet translated to me. "But like as not he has been there six times. If they would always lie, you could understand them. But sometimes they tell the truth. Perhaps he hasn't been there. If I should ask six of my workmen about it, three would say that Mohammed had been to Mecca, three would say he hadn't."

So I stopped asking my host questions about the Arah. But in all the time I have been in Algeria I have never found a Frenchman who felt differently about it. Guy de Maupassant, whose eyes pierced so deeply through the lies of French life, could not fathom the Arahs. "They are incomprehensible," he writes; "they lie."

Mr. Edwards records many conversations with intelligent Arabs. One of them tells him how incomprehensible the white man seems to the African. The Arab can not understand the European's interest in mere matter or why he should think it important to classify the vermin which live on fleas. "All these centuries," he says, "when we have been thinking about ourselves, you have been thinking about things":

"Another thing which makes it hard for the East to understand the West," he went on, "is that we are so much more religious than you are. A Christian comes to Morocco. The Moors instinctively think that he has come to spread his religion. They rally to the defenses of their mosque. Before they know it the Christian has stolen everything else in sight. The one thing they protected—their religion—was the one thing which didn't interest him."

"Of course I have been in Europe enough to know that there are relatively few Christians in Christendom. I mean few who make their religion a rule of life, as we do. Chris-

tianity would be a wonderful religion if you lived up to it. I have met a few who did. I have respected them very highly. Some of them come here as missionaries. They are good men. They seem to have more hope of making real converts here than at home. Their chance here is very small. They preach love; and one of their 'Christian' battleships shells a sleeping town, massacres women and children, as the French did at Casablanca, with those wonderful bullets of yours. Your missionaries preach purity, and tell us it is wrong to have more than one wife; and the Europeans make prostitution a public show in the streets of Tangier. If your missionaries would first convert their coreligionists, they would make better progress with my people."

The author gives us a surprising account of the performance of Hadje Akmet, the story teller, whose recitals were received by adoring crowds very much as we receive the displays of our great dramatic stars. Hadje Akmet's gestures were extraordinarily illuminating, but the author had to be content with the gestures, for neither the threats nor blandishments with which he tried to extract a translation from his own servant, Abd Allah, had the slightest effect. The story was not of the kind to be told to the infidel and that ended it:

On the morrow he came to my room as if nothing had happened.

"*Sidi*," he said, "this morning finer than tomorrow for too long ride up Jihel Kebir."

"Too" in Abd Allah's lingo means "very." If the eggs he buys are not rotten, he calls them "a too fine eat."

"No," I said; "this morning you tell me the story of Hadje Akmet, that I may write it down in my book."

"La!" he seemed decisive. "We go up Jihel Kebir. A too fine day."

"Guess again, thou son of Satan. We sit right here in this room and you tell me the tale of Hadje Akmet."

"La!" he grunted.

I became violent in my urging.

"It is not a story," he said, "which can be told to an infidel."

I have beaten the Slave of God with my riding-crop. I have spit in the direction of the tomb of his grandmother. I have discharged him from my service. I have tempted him with a Winchester rifle. The Maxim silencer on the end of it is indisputably an invention of the *jinn*, a work of the lower, middle and high magic. It would make him a considerable man in his village; more to be envied than the *ulema*, even on a par with the *kaid*. But he insists that the story of Hadje Akmet can not be told to an infidel.

I am sure it was the best story I ever heard.

On board a coasting steamer at Casablanca the author made acquaintance with another aspect of native life, and in this case the incident ended in tragedy:

Mlle. Potin and I were on the port side. Presently the chief engineer touched my arm.

"What's that chap down there by the forward hatch doing—the one in a blue *jillab*?"

I watched the fellow closely. He was sitting on a coil of wire rope and very slowly turning himself around.

"I give it up."

"Well," the chief said, with a grin, "when he gets up, that cable he's sitting on will be wound around him inside the *jillab*. He's one of the fellows who came on to handle cargo. We've lost many a fathom of good cable that way. I've tipped off the first officer. If you want to see some fun, keep an eye on him."

Presently the Moorish thief got up slowly and sure enough the cable had vanished. Sensing that he was detected, and perhaps seeing the threatening belaying pin in the mate's hand, he jumped for the lighter:

We who understood the affair rushed over to starboard to see the outcome. It would have been an easy jump under ordinary circumstances. But with a hundred odd pounds of steel wire about his waist it was a different thing. He landed fairly on the little steersman's deck. His foot slipped a hit; he struggled to gain his balance. The weight was too much for him; with an ear-rendering shriek he tottered over the edge. The steersman grabbed at his clothes, but the time-worn *jillab* tore; there was a second shriek and a splash.

A paralysis fell on all of us as we watched the air bubbles which came up through the water with spasmodic irregularity.

"Why doesn't somebody save him?" Mrs. Brail sobbed.

Save him? A hundredweight of steel about him in forty feet of water? Davy Jones's locker had closed over him with a click.

We have an amusing account of the author's attempt to establish a housekeeping ménage at Mogador. The purchase of every separate article demanded a bargain, and bargaining is a high art and not likely to be undertaken. The author says that you will often see Moors actually running across the street to listen to some particularly brilliant effort of the kind:

Only once was the hargaining interrupted. An animated huddle, wrapped up in a soiled white *haik*, appeared at the door of the shop. An eye peeped out of a one-inch triangle near the top and two hattered red slippers stuck out below—so I knew it was a woman.

"This lady come cook for you," the Shareef informed me. "She wife of dead man who worked for Mr. Hadje Omar. He say she moral lady. She cook with you for four *diro* a month. Cook, wash, clean dishes, house, everything. Will she do?"

Of course I knew that Mussulmans sometimes choose their wives without having seen them, but it had never occurred to me that they hired their cooks in the same trustful fashion.

If she was being presented to me as a possible wife, the fact that she was a "moral lady" would of course have great weight. But this consideration did not seem so pertinent in regard to a cook. So I questioned Muley Khamedo on her ability to make bread and *kous-kous-soo*.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "she cook good, good. She very old."

So, as he also would have to eat her cooking, I hired her on his recommendation.

Mogador was full of beggars, but the most persistent of all beggars were the *teebbeets*, described as a cross between the English sparrow and the thrush. They seemed to have been influenced by the customs of the country, since there were always two females in each family. When the first trio arrived in the patio the author was congratulated, since they were the bringers of good fortune, but he soon had occasion to alter his opinion:

But they have presumed on my good nature in a disgusting

manner. They notified all their relatives that I was "easy." I now have six families on my hands, eighteen in all. They consume nearly a loaf of bread a day. I do not grudge them the sustenance, but they give me no peace. They are always quarreling over their intricate matrimonial affairs. And eighteen *teebbeets* arguing at the top of their voices are distressing. Worst of all, they are such infernally early risers. At the first faint glimmer of the false dawn they begin to sputter for food. For five minutes they discuss it in a committee of the whole, and then an indignant delegation fly into my bedroom window. I can not sleep with half a dozen *teebbeets* scolding at me. They bother me more than all the rest of the beggars in Mogador. And, besides, they are very careless in their personal habits. It is necessary to look carefully at my chair before I sit down in it. Some days ago I formed a project of a *teebbett* pie. But when I confided in Muley Khamedo, he was horrified.

"Oh, no, *Sidi*!" he said. "It must not be done. It would be a *lharam*—a sin. They are God's own beggars."

Upon the occasion of the Hamadsha pilgrimage the Europeans were warned to stay within their houses on account of the fanatical nature of this particular order. But dressed in Moorish clothes and with his camera hidden, the author smuggled himself through the gate and so secured a good view of the proceedings, which seem to have been disgusting enough in all conscience:

The dance ceased abruptly, the hanners waved unsteadily, and the crowd surged forward. A hundred yards from us a group suddenly detached itself. A giant Sudanese negro led them. His white tunic was soaked with blood. He carried a cruel-looking battle-axe, supposed to resemble the legendary one of Saint Hamdushi; its double blades were crescent-shaped. He walked uncertainly, as though half fainting. Suddenly he turned to those who followed him, and with a shout of "LA-LA!" brought the axe down on his shaved head. The blood spouted. The crowd closed about him.

"Now," said Muley Khamedo. "Now take picture. Not good when very close."

The scene gradually became hideous in the extreme as the excitement increased and spurred the dancers to greater efforts. At least twenty men became drenched with blood and were on the point of collapse. Seven others set themselves to the celebrated Dance of Blood, three of them bearing axes with which they hacked themselves more and more mercilessly:

But the men with the axes were not so desperate as the other four. Three of them had immense knotted clubs. They could smash themselves much harder blows with these, and, I suppose, stun themselves the sooner into the bliss of insensibility. But the skin of their heads, instead of having clean cuts, was literally mashed. The other man had a three-inch cannon ball, which, after various genuflections, he now and again threw into the air and let fall on his bare head. Although the surface of the ball was smooth, it had knocked loose a piece of his scalp, which flapped about with every movement. He was the most blood-soaked, and was evidently regarded as the most holy of the lot.

The author has much to say in praise of Mohammedan institutions, which are often more tolerable in practice than in theory. Polygamy, he says, is rarely practiced in spite of the tolerant religious law:

Probably the one saying of Mohammed which is most widely known in Christendom is that in which he tolerated a limited polygamy. But certainly ten Mussulmans are monogamous to one who has a plurality of wives. The Berbers of South Morocco consider it shameful except in cases of sterility. Their women have a freedom and are held in a respect which I have never seen surpassed, and rarely equaled, in Christian lands.

The author is introduced to a vendor of perfumes, Adje Ahmed, whose son was in the French service and who did the introducing. He is shown the Pomade of Wild Cats, which is made from the perspiration of wild cats who are tormented to death in squirrel cages:

"You are shocked," Ahmed said, "at the idea of hundreds of wild cats slaughtered to add zest to a Moslem holiday. What hypocrites you Christians are," he went on, when I did not deny his charge. "Today," he seemed to feel that some explanation of his outbreak was necessary, "today I am not a French official. I do not have to lie—for a salary. Tomorrow, if you will come again to the bureau, I will once more be polite. But today"—he waved his hands—"I am a Mussulman. And I prefer our Prophet—may Allah grant him repose—to yours. I prefer perfumes to whisky and soda. It is certainly impolite—but true."

"I wonder if you realize," I said, "how much more interesting your impoliteness is than your politeness."

"It certainly is more interesting to me," he said. "It is revolting to pretend all the time. One superiority I grant you Christians," he went on after some consideration, "your bullets and battleships. But on the rest of your civilization—I spit." He picked out a stone in the pavement as typical of all those things we are wont to boast of and suited an action to his words. "I grant that you can kill us. That is no matter. *Mektub*. We—and you—are dust under the feet of Allah."

Here we must leave a very unusual book, unusual both from its point of view and for its treatment. It is one that may be heartily recommended to those who are anxious for an unconventional and sympathetic glance at Mohammedanism as it is to be found in Algeria.

THE BARBARY COAST. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Having closely observed, during the Tripoli campaign, the conduct of 225 soldiers who had been convicted of various crimes before the war, Dr. Consiglio, a prominent Italian surgeon, now makes known the result of his investigations. He finds that the worst criminals manifested aggressiveness toward their superior officers and were faint-hearted in battle. Some who had been driven to crime by the abuse of alcohol or had received disciplinary sentences distinguished themselves in actual fighting, but were unable to adapt themselves to regular warfare. He considers that the fittest soldier for modern campaigns is the man who is a good citizen in time of peace and that the time is at an end when the blind courage of an adventurer can be utilized with advantage.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Story of Louie.

Mr. Oliver Onions is a novelist whom it would be unwise to overlook. Not only has he something to say, but he says it in an irreproachable literary manner. He now gives us the third of the trilogy that began with "In Accordance with the Evidence" and that was continued in "The Debit Account." It will be remembered that the first story described the jealousy between Jeffries and Meridew and the resulting murder of the latter, certainly one of the strongest incidents that has found its way into modern fiction. In "The Debit Account" we saw the slow and inexorable processes of Nemesis and now the same period is again traversed in order to tell the story of Louie, the rather titanic young woman to whom we felt that the author had not done full justice in his previous stories. The first of the three is undoubtedly the strongest, but the trilogy as a whole is a masterly piece of analysis that derives its strength from an apparent recognition of mysterious retributive forces of nature that come into play with the act itself and that are a part of the act itself, however long may be the delay in their operation. Mrs. Wharton has used the same idea of relentless retribution, of the identity between the act and its consequences, and while Mrs. Wharton is sometimes more subtle than Mr. Onions there is marked similarity between their themes and their methods of presentation.

A word of special praise should be given to the author for the skill with which he tells the whole of his story in each of its parts, so far at least as is necessary for their intelligent reading. His success in all respects is so marked that henceforth his name on a title-page will be a sufficient claim for precedence.

THE STORY OF LOUIE. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The After House.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart seems to be as much of a tragedian as of a humorist. She finds it as easy to thrill us with horror as to convulse us with laughter. Her latest story is as skilled a performance as any of its kind, and to say that it rivets the attention to the last page is no mere conventional figure of speech, but the literal truth.

When the yacht *Ella* put to sea on a pleasure cruise there was nothing to indicate the tragedy that was to be enacted on board. Indeed her passengers were of the most untragic kind, just a party of wealthy holiday makers on a jaunt. But then the horrors come thick and fast. There are two mysterious murders and two or three attempted murders. There are baffling shadows that move about on deck, and faces that peer horribly through portholes. A veritable reign of terror prevails on board the luckless yacht and there is no one of the passengers or crew that is wholly above suspicion. And so the *Ella* makes her way slowly back to port towing in her wake a boat containing the bodies of the murdered men and under the grewsome necessity of lengthening the rope as the summer sun does its horrid work.

The author succeeds in placing us all under the spell of terror and keeping us there, since there is no likelihood of the hook being laid aside until the last page has been reached. For we can not imagine who committed these murders, and however ingenious our conjectures they will assuredly be wrong.

THE AFTER HOUSE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Michael.

It will appear to many that Mrs. Henry de la Pasture was ill-advised when she allowed herself to write a piece of undisguised religious propaganda in the form of a novel. Human sex love ought not to be a religious motive, and it can not be a religious motive without a grave injury to both. There is no literary skill that could persuade us that Michael Ferrys became a Catholic because of a sincere conscientious persuasion. He became a Catholic because he knew that he could never marry Winifrede unless he did so, and the author's effort to identify conviction with a patent and obvious self-interest is not only a failure, but it will be felt by many to be a little repulsive. The depiction of the woman characters is fairly good, but Michael himself will command neither sympathy nor credence from any male reader.

MICHAEL. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Conception of Art.

Mr. Henry R. Poore's new book on art is modestly described as "a painter's opinion of the meaning of art." He seems carefully to avoid the perilous path of dogmatism in definition, since art, he says, is not a science, and that it is the discernment of the spirit that counts and the spirit must be spiritually discerned. Thus it is that we are continually lying, the wrong formulas and using our credence to measure those of the other. But Mr. Poore has no doubt that art

is addressed to the intelligence, though seemingly to the aesthetic sense, and that thus its foundation is safeguarded from varying degrees of taste. Art must therefore be judged by her intentions.

But he tells us that art is divided into three classes: that which is created as decorative, that which is created for the expression of an idea, and that which is purely imitative and is created solely as an expression of reality. But the same art may include two or all three of these divisions.

While Mr. Poore refrains from anything that the uninitiated can carry away with him for use as a sort of artistic yardstick he has none the less written a book of unusual suggestiveness and one that should produce in the reader what may almost be called a state of artistic charity. He deals with theories and misconceptions, with realism and idealism, and with individual expression. There are chapters on Tolstoy and Delsarte, on Chinese and Japanese art, on Post-Impressionism and Futurism, all of them written untechnically and all with the note of sympathy and comprehension.

THE CONCEPTION OF ART. By Henry Rankin Poore. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2 net.

Mr. Roosevelt's Essays.

This volume contains the addresses delivered by Mr. Roosevelt before the American Historical Association, the University of Oxford, the University of Berlin, and the Sorbonne at Paris, together with some half-dozen essays prepared for the *Outlook* and the *Century*. While their general purport is therefore somewhat widely known there will be many who will welcome the opportunity to possess them in this more permanent form.

The volume is indeed a desirable possession for those who value a presentation of some aspects of literature and sociology from the popular standpoint rather than from that of scholarship. If the thought is neither original nor profound it is invariably expressed in a way that is both direct and forceful. And it is always interesting.

HISTORY AS LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Bedtime Story Books for little children is "The Adventures of Reddy Fox," by Thornton W. Burgess. The publishers are Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents net.

Sherman, French & Co. have published a volume entitled "Flora Transmuta" and consisting of brief translations from famous writers, divided into three hundred and sixty-six parts, making one for each day of the year. The translator, who seems to have done her work well, is Maria Brown, and the price is \$1 net.

A late addition to the Fellowship Books now in course of issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. is "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys. The series, which is tastefully prepared, is described as a new contribution by various writers toward the expression of the Human Ideal and Artistic Faith of our own day. The price is 75 cents net.

Modern Biographies, now in course of issue by the Houghton Mifflin Company, has been enriched by the addition of "Paul Bourget," by Ernest Dimnet. The author's task was a difficult one, since there are no biographical accounts of Bourget. But he gives us an account of the literary life of the French writer which we are glad to possess, not only as a fine piece of appreciative writing, but as a just survey of Bourget's career. The price is 75 cents net.

Devotees of tennis would do well to procure a little book just issued by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, entitled "Tennis for Girls." Ostensibly written for girls, it contains little that is not equally appropriate for the other sex. The concluding words might certainly be taken to heart by a good many players whose fine performances are often marred by their bad manners: "Be a modest, gracious winner and a generous loser." The author, Miriam Hall, has written a book of practical value to the player. The price is 75 cents.

Under the title of "The Efficient Age" we have another volume by Herbert Kaufman, described a little flatteringly as "a guide-book to self-mastery and success." Doubtless there are many to whom this sort of pistol-shot philosophy is helpful and stimulating, but there may be others to whom the author's frantic worship of Things seems excessive and wearisome. There may even be those who think that he does not know the meaning of the word success, about which he writes so voluminously. The book is published by the George H. Doran Company. Price, 75 cents net.

The latest addition to the Tudor Shakespeare is "The Facts About Shakespeare," by the general editors of the series, Dr. W. A. Neilson and Dr. A. H. Thorndike. The little work is of course admirably written and contains some useful appendices devoted to bibliographical documents and authorities, an in-

dex of the characters in the plays, an index of the songs, a bibliography, and a general index. This concluding volume should serve to draw renewed attention to an edition of unusual value and attractiveness. The publisher is the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents net per volume.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

President Yuan Shih-k'ai has announced his intention to decorate Mr. William F. Mannix, the *Sun* correspondent in China, with the Sacred Order of Abundant Grain. The decoration proposed by the Chinese president carries with it the title of "Sir." President Yuan Shih-k'ai has repeatedly commended the *Sun* correspondent's work and has shown his special favor by granting Mr. Mannix a number of interviews of world-wide interest and importance. Recently Mr. Mannix presented to the head of the republic a volume of his work, "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" (Houghton Mifflin Company), and the president was so pleased with this edition of his benefactor's literary writings that he insisted upon Mr. Mannix's immediate acceptance of the proposed honor.

Henry Holt & Co. have just concluded a contract with Herr A. Müller-Fröhelhaus of Leipzig by which they are to publish a German translation of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother," which is already in its sixth edition here and has been republished in England, while a contract for a French translation has been concluded with the Librairie Fischbacher of Paris and the book has already been translated into Italian.

Midsipmen in the United States Navy are to have an opportunity to see for themselves how they appear in the pages of present-day fiction. The Navy Department at Washington has just notified the Houghton Mifflin Company that Roger West's recently published book, "Midsipman Days," has been placed on the list of books to be purchased for crews' libraries of vessels of the navy.

The publishers of Kate Dickinson Sweetser's "Book of Indian Braves"—one of this season's contribution to younger readers—have been approached by a well-known foreign publishing house who have a German translation of the book in view.

In connection with the recent publication of Zane Grey's new novel, "The Light of Western Stars," it is interesting to note that the prediction of Madero's fall in Mexico was not only verified, but strangely—his death was reported to be according to the famous "ley fuega" or fugitive law, of the Mexicans. In his new story, which deals with the lively conditions that make the border between that country and our own a hotbed of romance, Mr. Grey brings his "ley fuega" into thrilling and dramatic use.

"Exercises for Women," a new book by Florence Bolton, A. B., has just been published by Funk & Wagnalls. The author was formerly director of Women's Gymnasium, Stanford University.

Lord Morley's new book on politics and history is among the publications just off the Macmillan press. Its author needs little introduction to the serious reader. He is known to literature as Gladstone's biographer and as the scholar who has written with authority of Voltaire, Rousseau, Cromwell, and Burke. The material in the volume was originally delivered as an address before the University of Manchester, but it has been considerably amplified and entirely recast.

Few things are more interesting than the reactions upon books that come from men of action. A striking instance is a letter just written to Mr. Hendrik Van Loon, author of "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," by General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army. General Wood writes: "I have finished and read again some portions of your work, 'The Fall of the Dutch Republic,' and feel that you have set forth a very good illustration of the folly of a great commercial development unaccompanied by a maintenance of a military (by this term I mean army and navy) establishment adequate to protect it. I trust some other countries will take the lesson to heart before it is too late."

That Anne Warner (Mrs. French), the American author who died in her English home early in 1913, wrote what promises to be her most popular book of fiction in "Sunshine Jane" is the assertion made by her publishers, Little, Brown & Co. The creator of "Susan Clegg" and the chronicler of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" has for her heroine in her last book a sunshine nurse whose mission was not to care for sick bodies, but to heal sick souls. How well she succeeded in her mission is set forth appealingly in this joyous story, which will be published February 14.

In England they are talking about the "twelve best books" just as they are in this country, but one of the most interesting phases of the whole affair is that out of the twelve volumes which James Milne selects as being the most notable in the past year four

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

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are having a considerable vogue here. These are Theodore Roosevelt's "Autobiography," Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup," E. T. Cook's "The Life of Florence Nightingale," and Rahindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali."

Lee Foster Hartman, author of the just published mystery story, "The White Sapphire," was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1879, and was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1901. Since that time he has made his home in New York City, engaged in journalistic work. In 1904 he removed from the staff of the *Associated Sunday Magazine* to enter the employ of Harper & Brothers. Since 1908 he has been a member of the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. "The White Sapphire" is Mr. Hartman's first venture in the realm of fiction.

American readers have apparently endorsed England's approval of Arthur F. Wallis's romantic novel, "Idonia: A Romance of Old London," for Little, Brown & Co. announce a third printing of the book.

To the readers of a generation or more ago the name of George Borrow was a familiar one. As the author of "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," and more especially "The Bible in Spain," Borrow won a high place in literature. During the last decade, as Mr. Clement Shorter points out in his new volume, "George Borrow and His Circle" (Houghton Mifflin Company), a number of biographies of him have been written, and several collected editions of his works have been published both in England and here, showing a genuine revival of interest in this eccentric and fascinating writer.

Willia Sihert Cather, author of "O Pioneers!" has just received a vote of thanks from a gathering of Bohemian editors, who recently met in Chicago, for her "depiction of true conditions existing among the early pioneers of Nebraska." The story has been assigned for class work in the Bohemian department of the Nebraska State University and is arousing much interest.

The Houghton Mifflin Company have been obliged to make a second printing before publication of Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest novel, "The After House," in order to fill the large advance orders which have followed in the wake of its announcement.

The February *Atlantic Monthly* levels a broadside of three articles against the present administration of athletics in school and college. All the writers recognize that systematic sports have become a main factor in the making of boys into men, and all agree that for this very reason it is of vital importance that they should be cleansed of the pervasive dishonesty which still characterizes them in spite of sporadic improvement. The charges made by the writers are so serious that one would besitate to believe them were they not printed in a magazine so responsible as the *Atlantic* and written by such men as Alfred E. Stearns, headmaster of Phillips Academy at Andover and C. A. Stewart of the University of Idaho, who has seen long service among the colleges.

An archaeological expedition is planned at Calcutta to visit the Jogmari Cave, in the Ramdayal Hills, Orissa, to secure as complete a set as possible of the extraordinary series of paintings which are to be found there. These paintings are supposed to date from the second century before Christ, and in any case can not be later than the first century B. C. They are of great interest but lie in remote jungles, difficult of access.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Bulwer-Lytton

Lord Lytton has occupied so large a place in the popular esteem that an earlier biography might have been looked for. It seems that such a work was begun by the present author's father, the son of Bulwer-Lytton, but it was never finished. The present Earl of Lytton had the choice of continuing the work of his father or writing the whole biography afresh and he wisely decided upon the latter course.

The task has been done in a highly satisfactory way and with an admirable blending of frankness and discretion. There is no reason why there should now be any reticence about Bulwer-Lytton's domestic misfortunes, and therefore the author is to be congratulated upon a frank statement of fact and sustained by correspondence, without any undue attempt to apportion the blame. The efforts made by Bulwer-Lytton toward a reconciliation might, he thinks, have been more effective had they been less grandiloquent, but then grandiloquence was peculiarly a fault of the Victorian age and of Bulwer-Lytton himself.

The author certainly succeeds in persuading us that his portrait of his grandfather is an accurate one, and that he deviates neither into censoriousness nor partiality. He is unsparing in his condemnation where the circumstances seem to call for condemnation—as they often do—but his appreciation is equally spontaneous. He says that Bulwer-Lytton was "remarkable rather for the universality of his genius than for his supremacy in any one particular sphere," and then he adds: "Distinguished as a novelist, as a dramatist, and as an orator, he was also essentially a man of the world. In business capacity, in judgment, in brain power, in industry, he was equally remarkable—in the last almost unrivaled." Such an eulogy is well deserved, as is evident enough from the story before us. Possibly there will be no renewal of the popularity that was once his, since the Lytton novels can hardly be considered as representative of the day in which he lived, but nothing can lessen the large distinction that was accorded to him and that is not likely now to be disputed. And the present volumes will not lessen the admiration evoked by his attainments.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD BULWER, FIRST LORD LYTON. By the Earl of Lytton. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7.50 net.

Prostitution in Europe.

Dr. Flexner contributes this second volume to the series of the Bureau of Social Hygiene publications in connection with the Rockefeller investigation. Previously unconnected with such work, he went to Europe without prejudices or predilections, while his eminence as a cautious and competent scientist seems to make of him a sort of court of appeal for the conflicting theories of which we have already heard far too much. Many of these theories, and among them the most popular, he destroys at a blow, and while it is too much to hope that he can silence the voice of public hysteria his judgments can not fail of their effect upon intelligence and responsibility.

Dr. Flexner holds that medical inspection and official interference are worse than useless, not only from the technical and pathological point of view, but because they open the road to abuses that are almost worse than the original trouble. Regulation, he tells us, is losing ground everywhere. France proposes totally to abolish it and forty-eight German cities have abandoned the practice. The examinations are worthless as well as repulsive and become so perfunctory as actually to spread the disease. Officials are corrupted and are liable themselves to become procurers and abettors.

There are other fables that fare no better at the hands of Dr. Flexner. Indeed it would seem that most of the panaceas of the moment are based upon fables, such as the myth so dear to the heart of minimum wage advocates that prostitution is due to wage conditions. A full survey of Dr. Flexner's admirable work would be out of place here, and it must suffice to say that it is admirable both from the care that it displays and the luminous manner of its presentation. It is a distinct contribution to social science, and one that ought to have a profound influence alike upon philanthropy and legislation.

PROSTITUTION IN EUROPE. By Abraham Flexner. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

Graphics.

That these stories by Harris Merton Lyon appeared originally in the St. Louis *Mirror*—Reedy's *Mirror*—is sufficient proof of their excellence, for nothing ever appears in that delightful paper that is not excellent. It is the best thing of its kind—east of San Francisco.

Mr. Lyon gives us fifteen of these sketches, most of them of city life. Now sketches of city life are comparatively easy, but it is not easy unflinchingly to see the beryllisms, the martyrdoms, and the nobilities that so often underlie the commonplaces of crowded humanities. And here the author shines conspicuously. He writes in such a way as to give

us a higher conception of human nature and that seems to be no mean kind of literary skill.

GRAPHICS. By Harris Merton Lyon. St. Louis: William Marion Reedy.

ONCE FAMOUS PUBLISHER DIES.

Benjamin Holt Ticknor, Whose House Brought Out Many Great Writers.

Benjamin Holt Ticknor, the last of the great publishers of half a century ago, has passed to his rest, after a long, honorable, and interesting career. In 1862, when he entered his father's firm, the house of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, stood second to no firm in the country, and in fact probably headed all other American publishing houses.

As early as 1832 the firm began business under the name of Allen & Ticknor, William D. Ticknor and John Allen forming the partnership. In 1833 Allen left the partnership, and until 1845 William D. Ticknor continued the business alone, and during this period acquainted the public with Longfellow, Lowell, and Tennyson as poets, while at the same time producing the works of many eminent scientists and scholars.

The early catalogues present among the earliest publications Mrs. Norton's poems, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," the first volume of Whittier, and the poems of Barry Cornwall and Robert Browning. It was Mr. Ticknor's judgment which made known to the American public De Quincey, Charles Reade, and other eminent English names.

From 1845 the "Old Corner Bookstore," as the shop became known, developed into the resort of the literary men from all parts of the world and there were welcomed Dickens, Thackeray, and many other of the Old World celebrities. Mr. W. D. Ticknor won the gratitude of the English authors, for he not only discerned their worth, but he also tendered just payment for the use of their works. It was to his initiation undoubtedly that the first unsolicited payments from American publishers for copyright to foreign authors and the first regular purchases of "advance sheets" were due. This practice, always maintained by his house, he began in 1842 with a check to Alfred Tennyson.

Looking back over a list covering so many years one reads that in the 'fifties the house produced volumes for Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Grace Greenwood, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lowell, Horace Mann, John G. Saxe, Mrs. Jameson, Julia Ward Howe, Bayard Taylor, Mary Russell Mitford, Mayne Reid, Phoebe Cary, Thoreau, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Charles Sumner, Kingsley, Charles Reade, De Quincey, and many others of that notable era. Benjamin Holt Ticknor, soon after entering the publishing house, enlisted in the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment and remained in the service until 1864, when he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father.

During the quarter of a century following the war the successors to Ticknor & Fields added to their lists of distinguished writers the names of W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Edward Bellamy, Lew Wallace, E. C. Stedman, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Ellen Olney Kirk, Edwin Lasseter Bynner, Eugene Field, Jane G. Austin, Rose Terry Cooke, Norah Perry, Clara Louise Burnham, Blanche Howard, and many others of note. During this period *Our Young Folks* and *Every Saturday* flourished in the periodical world, and many standard reference works were produced, including "Poole's Index" and the "White Mountain and New England Guide Books." The heliotype process was also introduced into this country by this firm. Mr. Ticknor was actively interested in the preparation of the "Memorial History of Boston," which remains a monumental accomplishment.

After the final consolidation with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Ticknor became associated with the latter house, remaining there until his retirement on account of ill-health some eight years ago.

Since Dr. Robert Bridges has been in the office of poet laureate he has written one official poem—his recent Christmas hymn to the king. His appointment dates from the middle of last July. His predecessor, Mr. Alfred Austin, was only ten days in office before he turned out the lamentable verses on the Jameson raid, "There Are Girls in the Gold-Reef City." His appointment was announced in the New Year's honors list of 1896, and the poem appeared in the *Times* (London) of January 11. Tennyson, who became laureate in November, 1850, inscribed a dedication to the queen in a fresh edition of his collected poems published early in the following year. Southey produced his first official ode—one on the New Year—just one hundred years ago; he had worn the bays in silence since September. Wordsworth, oddly enough, did not write a line of poetry during his laureateship of seven years. As a matter of fact, his only literary output during the entire period were two letters in 1844 on the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway.

New Books Received.

THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL MONOPOLY. By Oswald Whitman Knauth, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Robert Moses, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

GERHART HAUFFMANN. By Karl Holl, Ph. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net. His life and his work, 1862-1912.

EXERCISES FOR WOMEN. By Florence Bolton, A. B. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net.

Suggestions on matters related to exercise and development. With illustrated details of mat exercises.

TAXATION AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. By Frederic Mathews. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A study of the effects caused by the taxation of the staples of life and industry in the distortion of the entire process of wealth production and distribution.

GOLDWIN SMITH: HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS. By Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co.

To which is appended "U. S. Notes," being Goldwin Smith's journal during his first visit to America in 1864.

JACK AND JILL. By Greville MacDonald, M. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A fairy story by the son of George MacDonald. With illustrations by Arthur Hughes.

THE SALE OF LAOY DAVENTRY. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE LAW OF LIFE. By Carl Werner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE POWER OF MENTAL DEMAND. By Herbert Edward Law, F. C. S. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A consideration of some of the finer forces of the mind.

THE SOUL OF LIFE. By David Lisle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

ORIENTAL VERSES. By Bernard Westermann. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Company.

A volume of verse.

CAKES AND ALE. By Edward Spencer. New York: Duffield & Co.

A dissertation on banquets interspersed with various recipes, more or less original, and anecdotes, mainly veracious.

THE FLOWING BOWL. By Edward Spencer. New York: Duffield & Co.

A treatise on drinks of all kinds and of all periods, interspersed with sundry anecdotes and reminiscences.

CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Percy Mackaye. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net.

A play. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

KINDLING. By Charles Kenyon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net.

A play. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

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THE ORPHEUM.

There is plenty of variety—an unusual amount, in fact—on the Orpheum programme this week, although no one number rises to the highest levels of vaudeville merit. Now perhaps I oughtn't to say that, for Nance O'Neil is on the bill. But then with, of all things, "The Jewess"! The frosty, musty old "Jewess," who should have been buried—as she unquestionably was dead—a long time ago. To play a scene from "The Jewess" before a vaudeville audience is like carrying around a cadaver, placing it before them, and trying to electrify its dead limbs into some kind of galvanic motion. "The Jewess" does not belong to this day and generation, and if Nance O'Neil continues to play it, it will be thought that she, too, has forfeited her place there. In a way, indeed, her methods and temperament are out of her times. Gifted she is, indeed, still very handsome, and with the impressive voice of tragedy, but there are comparatively few of the modern rôles that call for frenzied emotional acting. Even "Mrs. Dane's Defense," at one time so valuable a vehicle for Margaret Anglin, has become rather old-fashioned, and the naturalistic conversation, in which emotion is suggested rather than openly expressed, has all but displaced scenes of emotional display. Alas for the changes that time brings! Desirable as change is, it always bears heavily on individuals, and Nance O'Neil may have to face the hard alternative of having her once valuable and rather uncommon dramatic temperament exploited, instead of normally exercised in her congenial profession.

All the rest of the week's bill is purely and normally vaudevilian. They have put the four Perez equilibrists up at the beginning of things, yet they really give the audience quite a lot of apprehensive thrills; which, presumably, is what the audience wants. True, these vaudeville acrobats often play with us, but their comes a stage during their performances—and I noted it several times in that of the Perez family—when the cheerful and reassuring stage smirk either becomes fixed and rigid or refuses to work at all. Well do these fearless gentry of the performing bar and its substitutes—in this case unsupported ladders—know that they venture life and limb nightly, and no matter how calm and controlled their movements that final bark of a signal to disintegrate the general balance uniting the dangerously poised group speaks of a relief from a state of mental as well as physical tension.

Fannie and Claud Usher and Spareribs have come back, this time in a playlet which shows the child impersonator in the expensive garb of a social climber. The two Ushers give a realistic representation of a family scrap between a brother and sister over the dinner-table, and the play ends on the pathetic key. Fannie Usher, as before, shows real acting ability, and amuses by her matter-of-fact bursts of tough slang. She is decidedly clever in portraying the manner and ways of a ten-or-eleven-year-old girl.

I should say that the most highly enjoyed number on the week's bill is Dr. Carl Herman's exhibition of a novel use of electrical forces. He says he plays with death in allowing his body to become highly charged with electric currents, and I am willing to take his word for it. But, being a ready-tongued individual, quick at turning the joke against himself as well as against those in the front who take liberties with his dignity, he speedily gets the audience into a very jocular frame of mind and then proceeds to discharge currents of electricity on his hand of volunteers—most of them patently hired—so that the whole house, amused by their wild contortions, soon abandons itself to delighted roars of laughter.

Willie Holt Wakefield, with her babyish countenance and intonations and with her plump and pretty proportions sheathed in the most chic and expensive of the modistes' creations, pleases the audience by half-sung and half-recited doggerel, set off with running piano accompaniment manipulated by her deft fingers.

And those who like to be cheered by the sight of alluring feminine beauty are no doubt greatly pleased by "A Bit of Broadway," as conveyed by Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron. They give us a sort of medley from such popular operettas as "Madame Sherry," "The Merry Widow," and "The Chocolate Soldier." Of the two, Walter Law-

rence is the better singer, Miss Cameron relying more for her appeal on the fascinating conglomeration of rich dark hair, white flesh, opulent curves, and beautiful clothes which make up her physical being. As to the mental side of it, she does not shine, on account of an excess of self-consciousness, which shows in her voice as well as her smile and manner. She is, nevertheless, the very type and picture of the musical-comedy star.

A successful animal act of the usual order and Eddie Leonard and Mabel Russell's white-face minstrelsy complete the bill. Eddie, by the way, is a foxy youth, and an accomplished performer as well. He dances with a sort of inimitable suggestion of relaxed muscles in the very height of the exercise, and sings woefully. Mabel Russell serves principally to fill in. But anent his foxiness. The orchestra tuned up, "Ida, sweet as apple cider." Eddie Leonard's partner asked him if he were going to sing it. Eddie dodged the question, and launched upon a stream of verbal nonsense. But the suggestion had been made to the audience, and thereupon they proceeded to express their wish for the song by a series of clappings, stampings, whistlings, and even shoutings. And foxy Eddie, looking overwhelmed, modest, and deprecatory, said that he *surely* would sing it next week, but couldn't infringe further on the time, and the more artless and primitive-minded of the audience graciously accepted this apology, quite unconscious that they had been cleverly manoeuvred through an employment of the law of suggestion.

"TRAFFIC IN SOULS."

About eight years ago Owen Johnson wrote a novel called "Max Fargus," in which he introduced a character who conceived the financially brilliant idea of syndicating vice. Probably that idea was, to many idle, pleasure-loving, dress-worshipping, novel-reading women, the first suggestion of that sinister wave of traffic in women which has since risen, like a hideous, murky flood, to obtrude itself on the comfortable consciousness of the public. During those eight years there have been many revelations and a startling amount of candor in the discussion of questions of this nature. The world is awakening, the public conscience is uneasy, and, no doubt, much prurient curiosity has been stimulated. Plays have been written, exciting, absorbing, even poignant plays. And now the moving pictures have taken hold of the subject, and that means that the last word will have been said in the enlightenment of the masses. After that any native-born American girl who will not know enough to look out for traps and snares for the unwary must have been brought up in a nunnery.

But in the meanwhile, Lord-a-mercy, what's going to become of our trustfulness in human nature? For here, in the "Traffic in Souls," the film play that is being unrecited at the Savoy this week, we see the whole ugly machinery laid bare. Hundreds of men and women have been going daily to absorb themselves in this systematic and lengthy exposé of the methods of getting women into the dens from which they rarely emerge to live a normal life. We are shown, in the first place, the head—"the higher-up"—of a systematically organized business, sitting in one of his extensive suite of offices, spying automatically, and purely in the spirit of business, on his secretary collecting liberal toll from the "madams" and other creatures financed by Trubus, the "higher-up." We see their methods, the workings of the system by which they send out cadets to entrap girl immigrants, to corrupt the young and frivolous who are out earning their living, and therefore emancipated from parental supervision. We see the rich find of newly arrived immigrant girls, who are decoyed and steered into one of the regular dens. Then things become sensational, and rather melodramatic, in order to stimulate the interest of the movie patron and make him feel that he is seeing a play.

A heroic policeman, single-handed, gets on the track of the crew attached to the service of this special house, and, stimulated by commands from headquarters, begins a lively course of sleuthing, from which he emerges at the end of a raid covered with glory. His sweetheart's sister having been spirited away provides opportunity for the introduction of the heart interest. We see the public dance of working girls and their mates that we have all read about, the ragging, the subsequent drinking and the drugging of the youthful sister mentioned. The girl is solicitously conveyed to a taxi by her cadet escort, borne while in a state of unconsciousness to the before-mentioned den, and imprisoned, beaten, and cowed. She is so young, so pretty, so gay naturally, and so altered in spirit by the terrors and the brutality around her, that dramatic expediency decrees her rescue before she becomes smirched. This takes place under duly exciting conditions, during which we witness sensational and rather improbable defiance on the part of one of the gang and his spectacular death.

The ingenious composer of the photo-play

has also showed us the luxurious home of the Right Honorable Trubus, the "higher-up," and his expensive wife and daughter. I found it rather difficult, however, to believe that a citizen whose wealth was built upon the traffic in women could so hide his financial tracks as to be honored and acclaimed by his fellow-citizens and invited to deliver "delightful" public discourses on the social vice. The inventive author, however, does not stop at this, and by placing his "higher-up" on a giddy pinnacle makes his fall all the greater. However, in spite of his employment of melodrama and sensationalism, the author of "Traffic in Souls" has arranged a very well-planned series of pictures that have made a strong and even painful impression on many spectators who were unaware of the completely organized methods employed by those who "Traffic in Souls."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

DEBUT OF KATHLEEN PARLOW.

For two centuries past great masters of music have industriously labored to develop and perfect the art and method of violin playing. Corelli and Tartini in Italy, Spohr, David, and Dont in Germany, Baillet, Viotti, Kreutzer, and Massart in France—all devoted their lives to that one purpose. These illustrious names in the realm of tone are naturally associated with those of the famous violin makers—De Salo, Maggini, Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivarius—who brought the model and physical structure of the instrument to that completion which made unavailing all subsequent effort to improve upon their triumphant work.

In turn the most renowned composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Max Bruch, Saint-Saëns, and Tchaikowsky—have written for the violin concertos of imperishable worth and have created novel and engaging forms of musical phrase for the instrument, thus developing hidden sources of unexpected brilliancy and interest.

But all the labors of the schools, the precious handicraft of the Brescia and Cremona makers, and the priceless contributions of the great composers would count for little were there not produced from time to time artists to interpret these works, to give vitality to these creations, and, by their classic rendering, charm and take captive the musical world.

Few know or adequately appreciate the self-denial and constant devotion demanded of one who aims at perfection in art, and especially in the art of the violin. The mere physical exertion needed to overcome its mechanical difficulties is enormous. The training of the ear in correct intonation, a most essential requisite in playing a stringed instrument, alone involves long and exacting study. A correct ear is not a natural gift, as Wilhelm's Studies in Thirds soon convince any one in doubt; it is an acquired proficiency which comes only after unremitting attention to just, musical intervals. Next there is the incessant and fatiguing training of the right arm and wrist in the production of tone by that magic wand, the bow, and the equally important drilling, during years of practice, of the wrist and fingers of the left hand to create the notes the bow gives life to. Indeed all this painful drudgery must surely prove exhausting to the student were he not cheered by the hope of final success and recognition.

Therefore when a truly gifted violinist, a real virtuoso, modestly appears upon the public stage, a candidate for favor, but haunted, it may be, by fear or forebodings of failure, should not every generous-minded person sympathize with the artist at such a moment and later cheerfully accord to merit the applause so long and faithfully striven after?

These reflections are suggested by a recent violin recital of Miss Parlow at a San Francisco symphony concert. With artless grace and composure she faced a large audience in

the city of her birth and essayed to please us with an interpretation of the brilliant and difficult Third Violin Concerto of Saint-Saëns. The selection of this piece was most happy, as it enabled the young artist to display almost every characteristic feature of violin technique, both in fingering and bowing. The playing was masterly and embraced the most intricate runs, arpeggios, spring bows, staccato passages, chords, octaves, and tenths, all executed with confidence, authority, and perfect intonation. Her trills were excellent beyond all praise; they rang out like tinkling silver sleigh-bells, and were produced on the E string even between the bridge and the end of the finger-board with faultless accuracy and finish. Chords were rendered with all the tone power her beautiful Guarnerius instrument could yield, while her flageolet notes warbled like birds. Her tone is full-round and sympathetic and possesses that timbre which only great artists acquire after monumental practice. In rapid passages the notes sprang from beneath her fingers like a flight of chirping linnets, while those runs which terminated with an harmonic note on the open string fairly sparkled like showers of stars discharged from a rocket. Throughout she played from memory and with great aplomb and confidence, never once feeling for a note or missing one.

I think Miss Parlow has vindicated her claims to the highest recognition. Her playing unquestionably places her in the front rank of the great living violinists, and her career must be considered assured in the musical world. For years the writer constantly attended the classes of violin at the Paris Conservatoire, and time and again has witnessed the budding triumphs of the young artists of that institution, but none of these ever showed more talent, technique, or musical sensibility than Miss Parlow exhibited in her recent début, and her playing marks an epoch in the history of music on the Pacific Coast.

She did not essay a down bow staccato, but her staccato up bows were deliberately and brilliantly achieved, the notes being both clear and crisp, and strung together like pearls on a silken thread. If she is to be criticized at all it is in the exaggerated elevation of her bow arm, which prevents the bow being drawn parallel with the bridge, and so some tone is lost. In playing Miss Parlow also sways to excess. But such slight faults did not interfere with her rendering the concerto in a thoroughly correct, refined, and artistic manner.

H. P. BOWIE.

Opera Seats on Sale Tuesday.

The musical community is manifesting great interest in the coming season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House, from March 16 to 28, inclusive. The organization, under the managerial direction of Cleofonte Campanini, the eminent musical director who has five assistant conductors, opened a four weeks' season in Philadelphia last Monday, and reports from that city give a most flattering account of the excellence of the company and the big business done. Titta Ruffo, the wonderful baritone, is the bright star among the male singers, while Mary Garden is again with the company. Jane Osborn-Hannah will be heard in the Wagnerian operas, and among the newcomers are Florence Macbeth, Julia Claussen, Swedish contralto, and Rosa Raisa, a Polish soprano. In all the principals number forty, the orchestra sixty-eight, and the chorus sixty.

There will be a season subscription of twelve performances, and there will be four additional performances. The season sale will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, and subscribers will have the privilege of securing the same seats for any of the four performances at the subscription price, which ranges from \$5 to \$2, upon application on or before March 7.

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"Milestones" at the Columbia.

The greatest interest is attached to the two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday evening, of "Milestones," the famous Bennett-Knoblach comedy-drama that has created such a sensation everywhere, not only because of its literary and dramatic value, but also because of the remarkable work of the company of English artists selected for its interpretation by Klaw & Erlanger and Joseph Brooks. It is a distinct novelty for a three-act play to depict so fully and truthfully the history of its people through three generations, and to carry out the idea of the authors requires a degree of versatility and thoroughness on the part of the actors that is rarely met with.

The company brought to this country from London for the interpretation of these exacting rôles includes Auriol Lee, Sybil Walsh, Cathleen Doyle, Florence Born, Marie Hassell, Katherine Brook, Stanley Warrington, Harold Holland, Ernest Lacey, Frederick Lloyd, Douglas Jeffries, Myles Wood, Frederick Penley, and Montague Weston. "Milestones" is making a record trip around the United States, during which it will play but two cities on the Pacific Coast—San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Savoy Continues "Traffic in Souls"

"Traffic in Souls," which will enter upon its third successful week in this city at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday, is the best of the so-called "white slave" plays thus far to have put in a local appearance. It has many highly colored scenes and there is plenty of cause for all of the advertising it has received in New York, where it has been playing simultaneously at half a dozen theatres, but in it there are no salacious and suggestive features such as one might suspect from the nature of the story and the vogue just now of "going the limit," as stage slang has it. On the contrary, it is well-written story, concise, dramatic, and splendidly staged, and takes advantage of all the most modern possibilities of the film drama. "Traffic in Souls" is shown continuously every day, from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, with dancing on the stage of the Savoy Theatre after every performance.

"The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety.

The success of "The Merry Gambol" at the Gaiety Theatre last Monday night was attested by an audience that tested the capacity of the playhouse in O'Farrell Street, and Miss Marie Dressler resumed at once the popularity she won when here a few years ago in "Tillie's Nightmare."

In production the piece is mounted beauti-

fully—as lavishly in fact as most "two-dollar shows" that come over the long roads that lead from New York. The book, by Addison Burkhardt, is bright and full of comedy surprises. Miss Dressler's first entrance is achieved on the hilarity of her song, "A Great Big Girl Like Me," and the merriment increases to the end of the act, in which Miss Dressler and Charles Judels do a Tango dance supported by the entire company, the steps of which are joined by the orchestra, the scenery, and the "props."

The Marvelous Millers sustain their difficult title by some of the most amazing dancing flights, and the whole company and production, in fact, are worthy of praise.

"The Merry Gambol" will run throughout next week, with matinees Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill next week will have as joint headliners W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols and their company and Gertrude Barnes. Mr. Murphy and Miss Nichols will present a new travesty styled, "The School of Acting," which is even funnier than their "From Zaza to Uncle Tom," in which it will be remembered they scored a great comedy hit on the occasion of their last visit here.

Miss Barnes, whom the Eastern critics style "That Wonderful Girl," will introduce her singing impersonations. She is possessed of an unusually fine voice and great personal magnetism, the effect of which is heightened by beautiful costumes.

The Maxine Brothers, clever, original, and daring acrobats and dancers, bring with them as their principal feature their comedy dog Bobby, a diminutive fox-terrier, who is a canine revelation.

Demarest and Chabot, two talented and versatile young men, will present a fascinating act, which includes instrumental music, comedy, and dancing. They play a violin and cello duet exquisitely. One of them is also an excellent pianist.

Next week will be the last of Willa Holt Wakefield; Dr. Carl Herman, the electrical wizard; Goleman's European novelty, and Eddie Leonard and Mabel Russell.

McIntyre and Heath at Cort Theatre.

Those who remember "The Ham Tree," which is starting tomorrow night (Sunday) for a week's engagement at the Cort Theatre, know it has all the good qualities of musical entertainment, pleasant melodies, rollicking comedy, and picturesque settings. During its career as a Klaw & Erlanger production it led the field of lively entertainment. That was five years ago.

Its revival by John Cort this time should yield its own reward, for it brings back a musical play that was always enjoyable with the two black blossoms of laughter, McIntyre and Heath, in their original rôles, one as a "chambermaid" in an Alabama stable and the other a sure-enough minstrel man. A new feature has been added this year—it is "Ebenezer," a trick mule. "Ebenezer" is a real thing and he knows his business.

It is said that John Cort has done much in his revision of this musical comedy this season in surrounding his stars with pretty chorus girls, chorus men, costumes that charm and music that pleases, and a notable cast, which includes Edward Wade, Arthur Barry, John Lorenz, Ted Holmes, Otto Johnson, George C. Youngman, Edward S. Holden, Norman Woodward, Mildred Beverly, Lulu Wells, and Mabel Elain.

Strong Bill at Pantages Theatre.

What is promised by the management to be the strongest bill ever shown at popular prices is scheduled to open at the Pantages tomorrow (Sunday). The topline attraction is a gripping romance of the underworld, entitled "Vice," the story of which is based on the actual testimony given by unfortunates at the investigation held by the Illinois Vice Commission at Chicago. The plain, unvarnished truth is told in a manner that compels vivid attention and tells a powerful moral.

The added feature on the bill will be a rollicking musical tabloid called "The Candy Ship," with Ethel Davis and a company of fifteen dancing girls.

Bob Albright, known as the "Male Melba," is playing a return engagement with an entire new repertory. Albright is one of the most popular vocalists that has appeared on the Pantages Circuit.

"The Critic and the Girl" is a breezy travesty on newspaper life which will be presented by Julia Redmond and company.

"Twenty Minutes in Daffy Town" is a nonsensical skit with Dunbar and Turner as the participants of the ludicrous chatter.

Reed's acrobatic bulldogs, a genuine novelty in animal acts, with the Two Samsons, modern Hercules, will round out the programme.

"Vicar of Wakefield" at Tivoli

"The Lion and the Mouse," which has enjoyed a most successful run of two weeks at the Tivoli, will be shown for the last time today, and on Sunday "The Vicar of Wakefield," adapted from Oliver Goldsmith's famous novel, will be shown for the first time

in San Francisco. It is said that those who have read the immortal story of English life in the eighteenth century will be amazed at the delightful manner in which this tale of the minister who was also farmer and philosopher-controversialist has been produced as a photo-drama. Great attention has been given to the costumes, a matter of much importance in a story written one hundred and fifty years ago, and the same care has been bestowed on the interiors. The actors are well-known English stars of the film drama, Warwick Buckland playing the Vicar, Mrs. Mary de Solla being his wife, and Jack Raymond enacting Richard Thornhill, the young rake. Harry Buss is Mr. Jenkinson, the villain.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" is filmed in four parts, and the usual Keystone comedy and other features will complete an excellent programme. The music furnished by the Tivoli orchestra is always notable.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Josef Hofmann's Farewell Tomorrow Afternoon.

Josef Hofmann, who again demonstrated that the word "genius" is not misapplied when used in describing his musical gifts, will give his final concert at the Columbia Theatre tomorrow afternoon, February 8, at 2:30.

The programme on this occasion will be a most delightful and interesting one, the principal feature being the "Sonata" in B minor by Liszt. This is his one and only Sonata. A group of five Schumann gems will precede the Liszt work, and one of six Chopin masterpieces will follow it.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Columbia Theatre after ten o'clock. Hofmann will be the last of the famous piano virtuosi to come here this season.

The Butt-Rumford Programmes.

Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, assisted by William Murdoch, pianist, will give three programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being tomorrow afternoon, February 8, at 2:30, next Tuesday night, February 10, at 8:15, and Saturday afternoon, February 14, at 2:30.

At the Sunday concert Mme. Butt will sing the aria, "Divinité du Styx," from Gluck's "Alceste"; "In Questa Tomba," Beethoven; "Das Mädchen Spricht," Brahms; "Joyous Easter Hymn," Old German; "The Lover's Curse" and "I Know My Love," Old Irish; "Fairy Pipers," Brewer; and "The Promise of Life," Cowen.

Mr. Rumford's numbers will include works by Richard Strauss, Schumann, Vaughan Williams, Walford Davies, and Harold Craxton, the last composer being the accompanist for the artists.

Mr. Murdoch's piano numbers will consist of gems by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein, and Debussy.

Tickets are on sale at the usual Greenbaum box-offices.

On Friday afternoon, February 13, the Butt-Rumford organization will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland at 3:15. For this events seats may be secured at Ye Liberty box-office on and after Monday.

The John McCormack Concerts.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, will give three concerts under the Greenbaum management at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, February 15, Tuesday night, February 17, and Sunday afternoon, February 22 (Washington's Birthday).

At the opening concert the glorious voice of the young Irish artist will be heard in the recitative and aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still," from Handel's "Jephtha"; the aria from Messager's "Fortunio"; the "Finale" of Leoncavallo's setting of "La Bohème"; "Intermezzo," Brahms; "J'ai pleuré en rêve," Hue; "The Lord Is My Light," Allitsen; and a group of Irish melodies—"Sbe Moved Thru the Fair," "The Lagan Love Song," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." "Mother Machree" and "I Hear You Calling Me" will be given as extra numbers.

The sale of seats for the McCormack concerts will open next Wednesday morning and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at either box-office.

In Oakland John McCormack will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday night, February 19.

The Kreisler Concert Dates.

Critics everywhere are expressing themselves in unmistakable terms of the highest praise in commenting upon the appearances of Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, who will be heard in but two recitals in northern California—at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday night, February 26. Mr. Kreisler is under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

Kreisler to Appear with Orchestra.

The ninth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's 1913-1914 season will be given at the Cort Theatre,

Friday afternoon, February 20. The programme, the most important of the season, will have the assistance of Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist. Seats will go on sale Monday, February 16, at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. The complete programme follows:

Concerto No. 3, G major (for string orchestra) Bach
Concerto in D major (for violin and orchestra) Beethoven
..... Mr. Kreisler
Legend, "Swan of Tuonela" Sibelius
"Devil's Trill" Tartini
..... Mr. Kreisler
Overture, "The Bartered Bride" Smetana

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W. H. MURPHY, BLANCHE NICHOLS
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CHABOT, Musical Variety; WILLA HOLT
WAKEFIELD, "The Lady at the Piano"; DR.
CARL HERMAN, the Electrical Wizard;
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Last Week, EDDIE LEONARD, the Minstrel,
assisted by MABEL RUSSELL.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box
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E. H. Sothern in "Hamlet"
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JOHN CORT presents
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In the Big Joyous Musical Furor
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The World's Greatest Dancing Chorus
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Second Big Week Begins Monday
Matinees Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
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A SENSATIONAL SHOW
Positively the greatest underworld sketch ever
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"VICE"
With a cast of twenty principals
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Ethel Davis and company of fifteen
A GREAT EIGHT-ACT SHOW!

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Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s
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The Great Irish Tenor
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Sunday aft, Feb. 15
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Cort Theatre—Friday, Feb. 20, 3 p. m.
SOLOIST—FRITZ
KREISLER
(Violinist)

Programme includes: Bach, Concerto No. 3,
G major, for string orchestra; Beethoven,
Concerto in D major, for violin and orchestra;
Sibelius, Legend, "Swan of Tuonela"; Tar-
tini, "Devil's Trill"; Smetana, Overture, "The
Bartered Bride".
Prices, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; box and loge
seats, \$3. Tickets on sale February 16 at box-
offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase,
and Cort Theatre.

VANITY FAIR.

At last the agony of suspense is removed. The university professors constituting the National Conference on Race Betterment has met at Battle Creek and has now promulgated its conclusions. The nation is saved. But the uncertainty while it lasted was something horrid.

Our debt to these great and good men may never be known, since the newspapers have evidently entered into a conspiracy of silence with regard to the proceedings. The editorial blue pencil mows down whole regiments and phalanxes of resolutions and motions and the editorial voice is heard to murmur something about the usual advertising rates. But something has percolated through to the palpitating heart of the world and eventually we shall know it all.

Take, for example, the solemn warning issued by Professor Cattell of Columbia University. He tells us that in the next century there will probably be no births at all. Now just think of that. And we are so powerless in the matter. Our first impulse is to rush wildly forth resolved to do or die and to accomplish all that a man may to avert this catastrophe. Heaven knows it is little enough. But then came the terrible reflection that the professor was speaking of the next century, and we shall not be there. We shall be in paradise, in spite of some vivid and friendly assurances to the contrary. We shall be helpless so far as this particular problem is concerned. And for the life of us we can not see how the race is to be perpetuated without births, although it is truly marvelous what strides science is making nowadays.

It seems that the trouble is mainly with the university graduates, for the professor tells us that if these young people continue at their present gait the graduates of 1925 will not be having any children at all. Now there must be some reason for this, although being merely a man we can not conceive what it is. Belonging to a past generation, we were educated without an adequate knowledge of sex hygiene. We were kept in ignorance of what the young ladies who are saving the world call the facts of life. But although we ourselves are now too old and too shy to learn about such things, there is no conceivable reason why the women's clubs should not investigate this matter. At least it might be done by committees of the younger members. The point to be determined is why graduates, male and female, singly or in combination, do not have babies, and to recommend such legislation as may be necessary to compel them to have babies, such legislation to become operative at once or even sooner. Can it be that the mere fact of graduation is a factor in this matter? If so it must be prohibited. We speak of these things with some diffidence, not understanding them because of the aforementioned neglect in our early education, but, thank heaven, we shall soon be able to call upon even a high school girl for due elucidation of all such mysteries. These wretched college graduates will not for long be able to refrain from having babies and to shelter themselves under a veil of popular ignorance or even themselves to plead ignorance of such matters. The young women of the nation are aroused in this matter. They can not be deceived. They will wrest the truth and bring it into the light of day.

But Professor Cattell is not the only luminary to shed the beams of a beneficent wisdom upon a benighted race. Dr. A. E. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania stands shoulder to shoulder with his learned brother from New York. He, too, has turned his prodigious mind upon the problems of the race and is prepared to solve them either retail or wholesale and with a celerity that leaves us gasping in the rear. But we wish that Dr. Taylor had chosen some other subject than women's dress. It seems hardly nice, to say the least of it, that a gentleman from Philadelphia should show such an uncanny knowledge and we should like to know where he got it from. Heaven forbid that we should cast aspersions or point the finger of suspicion, but this is not the sort of thing that we expect from Philadelphia. It might be excused in a professor from New York, where a certain amount of knowledge is forced upon one, so to speak, at any time after about six p. m. Moreover, Dr. Taylor was talking about underclothing and he must therefore either have been guessing, or he must be married, or—but slander and innuendo shall find no place in this column.

Dr. Taylor's actual topic was the high cost of living. A more feeble mind would have presented figures and would have reveled in tariff talk and economics. Not so with Dr. Taylor. His eagle eye pierces deeply into facts, probes the actual conditions, and then reveals the dreadful truth. The high cost of living, he says, is due to the fact that women are no longer wearing underclothing, or at least are wearing it not so long as they used to. Let us hope that he will write a book upon this topic. All explorers write books, and we feel that this simple unvarnished statement by Dr. Taylor conceals a story of

adventure and research that should find its place among the annals of heroism.

But the unscientific mind may be pardoned should it fail to see the connection between women's underclothing and the high price of living. The unscientific mind is, of course, far too modest even to try to see such things, although now and then we can not help it when we accidentally catch a woman between the lights. Why even one of the women's own newspapers that is usually devoted to the uplift and the single standard—and if women descend at their present velocity they will soon reach the single standard all right—even this admirable journal, after describing a new sort of dress, remarked that its wearer would do well not to stand in front of a bright fire. But to return to Dr. Taylor. He says that when women abandoned their underclothing they found it necessary to eat more, at least ten per cent more, and that it is this new voracity of unclothed women that accounts for the present high prices. They are simply eating us out of house and home.

Now we intend to observe this phenomenon more closely than we have yet done. We had already noticed some of the penetrative powers of light, but we had supposed that a dull and cloudy day would necessarily deprive us of this source of information. But it seems that now all we have to do is to watch the lady at her dinner. If she asks for a second helping of rice pudding we have her. She will be convicted, so to speak, out of her own mouth. Ham and eggs will be the indication of unmentionable things. Kidneys on toast will reveal the sanctities of the dressing-room, and as for porridge, we positively blush at the thought of its implications. No longer can we hospitably press our viands upon a lady guest lest we be accused of indelicate inferences or perhaps even of white slavery. We shall have to revise our whole standard of proprieties in view of this distressing revelation by Dr. Taylor of Philadelphia.

"Gaby Deslys," said a Chicago modiste (according to the New York Tribune), "is the most extravagantly dressed woman in the world. Her chinchilla and sable mantles alone are worth a fortune—mantles on which the most priceless furs are draped and folded like soft silk, regardless of the number of skins used. But when Gaby Deslys comes to America even her most expensive robes are duplicated here. For American women spend more money on clothes today than they ever spent—and very much more than they should spend in many cases. A \$200 dress worn by the wife of a man whose income is, say, \$100 a week, looks unbecoming and extravagant."

Smiling, the modiste continued: "One of my customers, wearing for the first time the other day an imported robe trimmed with skunk, said to her husband, with whom she was walking: 'How people stare at my new dress! I suppose they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris.' 'More likely,' her husband replied sourly, 'they wonder if I've been embezzling.'"

A dispatch from New York announces that the Houston liner *Hilarious* with a cargo of champagne is returning to port. Doubtless the captain was well advised. Port is better than champagne in such weather as we have been having.

All classes are combining to do honor to Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet who won the Nobel prize for 1913, and his home, Santi Niketan at Bolepore, has been converted into a veritable Mecca for the literati of his own world. Recently he received a deputation of 600 admirers, who presented him with an address. Among the passengers were judges, barristers, scientists, and other men of light and leading. On arrival the deputation was met by students from the poet's school, dressed in yellow garments. The road from the station to the Home of Peace—a distance of more than a mile—was beautifully decorated with mango and lotus leaves and festoons of flowers. The way was strewn with cowries, coins, garlands of flowers, and paddy grain. At the Santi Niketan, shaded by mango trees, was a high altar with a professorial chair. The scene was typically Hindu, and the blowing of conch shells, the smell of burning incense, the mango groves, the picturesque robes, and the distant temple all added to the poetry of it. Mr. Tagore, clothed in silk dhooli and chudder, sat on the vedi, which was covered with lotus leaves. The poet was presented with a painting of the sun and declared that he was delighted with the picture and honored by such a fine assemblage at his home. The neatly brushed flowing hair, the chiseled features, the erect figure, and meditative eyes all combined to present a perfect picture of the best type of Aryan philosopher. He had never, he said, longed for fame. His claim was to the heart.

The final chapter in the "Mona Lisa" case will be written soon, for Vincenzo Perugina, self-confessed thief of the famous painting, has been committed for trial at Florence. The trial will probably begin on February 26.

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Ar. Tacoma, 2nd Day	1:40 p. m.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The stage-drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired: "Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?" "Oh, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."

A little Southern girl who had had a quarrel with her sister was very angry and was vowing all sorts of vengeance. Her aunt said to her, "You must not feel that way. Remember, the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord.'" The child studied a moment, and then said, "Yes, but you know, Auntie, God's a gentleman, and he couldn't do anything to a lady!"

A gentleman, rushing from his dining-room into the hall and sniffing disgustedly, demanded of Jeames, the footman, whence arose the outrageous odor that was pervading the whole house. To which Jeames replied: "You see, sir, today's a saint's day, and the butler, 'e's 'igh church, and is hurning hin-cense, and the cook, she's low church, and is hurning brown paper to hohviate the hin-cense."

Casey and Callahan were attending their first circus, and were all eyes. They wandered around the menagerie tent taking in all the sights. "An' it's the quare names they do he havin' for all them bastes," said Casey. "It is that," replied Callahan, "an' here's wan more," as his eyes spied the word "Exit." "Wonder phat kind of a haste that is?" "We'll go in and see, annyhow," said Casey, and next moment they found themselves out under the stars.

It was the morning of the Sahhath. As Sandy was making his way homeward after attending kirk the minister happened to overtake him. "Eh," said Sandy, "that was a powerful discourse on 'Thrify' ye preached this morning." The minister smiled benignly. "A'm glad ye were able to profit by it," was his gratified reply. "Profit!" exclaimed Sandy. "Why, mon, I would ba' put ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought but for yer providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then."

The bride was overwhelmingly pleased with the progress she was making in cooking, and hubby was always so encouraging and so kind in making excuses if by any chance she did make a little mistake when guests were present. This same opinion of her forbearing husband might have continued indefinitely had she not inadvertently made use of a bit of slang. Noticing that Harry was a trifle downcast when the dinner was about half over, she exclaimed gayly: "Cheer up, Harry, the worst is yet to come!" Her husband glanced up quickly, and with a despairing look inquired: "What! have you made a pie?"

A well-known American divine was reading one afternoon in his drawing-room when his wife espied coming up the steps a certain Mrs. Jones, who was her husband's particular pet aversion. The doctor halted upstairs, leaving his wife to meet the caller. Half an hour passed and the minister came out of his study and listened at the head of the stairs. Hearing nothing below, he called to his wife: "Has that horrible old hore gone yet?" The lady was still there. The minister's wife, however, was quite equal to the emergency. "Yes, dear," she answered. "She left nearly an hour ago. Mrs. Jones is here now."

One day while in Trenton, a man from a small town happened to collide with a bunch of hygienics, and among other things they referred to the water supply of his home town. "It isn't as good as it might be," said the Jerseyman when questioned as to its quality. "There is something like 10,000,000 microbes to a drop, but it is the best we can do at present." "What do you do to safeguard yourself against water of that kind?" queried one of the hygienics, with a look of concern. "You surely take some precautionary measures." "Oh, yes," smiled the Jerseyman. "First we filter the water and then we holl it, and then we drink applejack."

The proprietor of a well-known shop is a man of most excitable temperament, who is forever scolding his clerks for their indifference in the matter of possible sales. One day, hearing a clerk say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glassy eye on his clerk, he said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am; plenty downstairs." Whereupon the customer looked dazed, and

then to the amazement of the proprietor, hurst into hysterical laughter and quit the shop. "What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk. "We haven't had any rain lately."

An expedition for the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of the Southern states some years ago for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse. The day preceding the event one of the professors said to an old colored man who was employed in the household wherein the scientist was quartered: "Sam, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow morning you will find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock." Sam, as might be expected, was skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened and the chickens, as foretold, retired to roost. At this the old negro's amazement knew no bounds, and he excitedly sought out the scientist. "Perfessor," said he, "how long 'go did you know dem chickens wuz ergoin' to roost disaway?" "About a year ago," said the professor, indulging in a faint smile. "Well, ef dat don't heat all!" was the frightened man's reply. "Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"

John Butler Yeats, who paints portraits and, incidentally, is the father of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, is a regular patron of a certain New York restaurant. Among the habitués of this place he has acquired a reputation as a raconteur. "In my part of Ireland," he tells, "there was a noisy Scotchman whose abuse of everything Irish riled the neighbors considerably. At first, however, he refrained from bragging about Scotland, and we decided to wait until he should be guilty of that indiscretion before acting drastically. The chance came at last. He had been swearing at the Irish peat fires, the Irish rain, and the Irish spuds, and ended up by saying that, 'Hoot mon, Scotland was verra deefrent! It was a land flowing with milk and honey.' Well, we went for him. Scotland, we pointed out, was known to be a barren waste inhabited by starvelings, and the biblical quotation he had used could not have been more outrageously misapplied. He looked us over with his canny eye. 'Ye're wrang,' he said, 'and I can prove it. Scotland flowed wi' milk, and maybe honey, a' the time that I wis there. I left when I wis ten months auld.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Very Thing.

Maude went to a department store:
And told her plan:
"Oh, something nice I'm looking for,
For a young man!"

The clerk was very tactful who
Suggested this:
"I think you ought to look into
A mirror, miss!" —Town Topics.

In a Restaurant.

Oh the oysters are not so inviting
And the soup and the fish aren't much;
The chef seems inclined to be slighting
Each dish that he chances to touch.
The roast isn't what you expected
And the service is marked by delays.
But cheer up! You've not been neglected—
How sweetly the orchestra plays.

The strains of a beautiful ballad
With keenest enjoyment are heard;
So who shall find fault with the salad
Or speak with disdain of the bird?
Mere food is not worth admiration,
While art is a thing to adore;
Don't eat, but observe with elation
The dancers trip out on the floor!
—Washington Star.

The Lots.

Old Abraham's nephew must not be forgot
When we're searching for woman's comparative worth;
While it's true that he was not at all a bad Lot,
His wife was admittedly the salt of the earth.
—New York Sun.

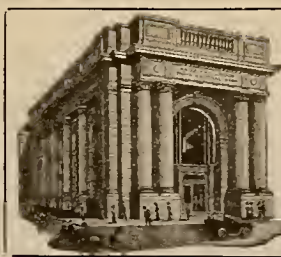
King Committee.

I'm the nice, demure Congressional Committee,
I'm the most convenient creature ever made;
I'm a being without human love or pity,
But I'm very good at bargaining and trade.
I can take the wisest Bill and knock it silly,
I can bring the greatest cause to dire defeat,
I can make the noblest statesman, willy, nilly,
Come and bow in low petition at my feet.

I'm a marvel at obscurity and hiding,
I receive an Act, and lo! it disappears.
In my cubby-holes capacious are abiding
Nearly all the Bills of many, many years.
I discuss them, calm and cheerful, if I choose to;
Give a hearing, or a dozen, if I wish;
But report them back to Congress I refuse to,
And to every mild request I answer "Pish!"

I'm an irresponsibility in power,
I'm anonymous, or what amounts to that;
I'm Democracy's most modest little flower,
But I make the People wonder where they're at.
For the nation and the State, the farm, the city,
All may want a thing, but all of them are weak
When I, the calm Congressional Committee,
Stick my tongue, a mite sarcastic, in my cheek.
—Amos R. Wells, in Life.

Jahn—Why don't you hank on women?
James—Because they have a natural inclination to pad figures.—Town Topics.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dickson of Belvedere announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Dickson, to Mr. Adolph Ehrhorn. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robert Jones announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Lumpkin Jones, to Mr. George Henry Cutter. Mr. Cutter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bowie Cutter of this city.

The wedding of Miss Vera de Sabla and Mr. Herbert Payne took place at noon Tuesday at the home in San Mateo of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla. Miss Amy Brewer came from Chicago to be maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Leontine de Sabla and Laura Pearkes.

From Annapolis comes the news of a large tea at which Mrs. James A. Parker, Jr., was hostess. Mrs. Parker, who was formerly Miss Julia Langhorne, has resided at the Naval Academy since her marriage a year ago. Among those who assisted her in receiving were Mrs. Richard Hammond and Mrs. Henry Kent Weaver (formerly Miss Floride Hunt) of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have issued invitations to a dance Saturday evening, February 7. Mrs. Cullen Veltz was hostess at a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon at her home at Presidio Terrace. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles Bailey, who with her husband, General Bailey, U. S. A., is the house guest of her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon, when she entertained a large number of friends at her new home on Broadway.

Miss Edith Treanor gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Edwin Lowe of Raymond, Washington, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Miss Ila Sonntag was the guest of honor Wednesday at a luncheon given by Miss Teresa Harrison. Miss Olive Wheeler entertained at a luncheon Friday at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Sonntag.

Mrs. Harrison Smith gave an informal tea Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Thomas Dibblee and Miss Delphine Dibblee of Santa Barbara, who are spending a few weeks in this city as the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Helen Tallant was hostess at a small dance Saturday evening, when she entertained the sub debutante set at the home on Buchanan Street of her mother, Mrs. Frederick Tallant.

Dr. Harry Tevis was host Friday evening at a small dance at the Palace Hotel. The affair was in honor of Miss Sadie Murray and her fiancé, Lieutenant H. Conger Pratt, U. S. A., who will be the guests of honor again Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray will entertain a number of friends at dinner at their home at Fort Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Dent Robert entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton, who have recently returned from the East.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Franciscan Club in honor of Miss Vera de Sabla. Miss de Sabla and Mr. Payne were the complimented guests Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained a number of congenial friends at a dinner and bridge party Wednesday evening at her home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of Brigadier-General Charles A. Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey.

Mrs. Spencer Buckbee was hostess at a luncheon and matinee party Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Charles Bailey.

Mrs. James Keeney gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Buchanan Street. This is the second of a series of luncheons that Mrs. Keeney contemplates giving.

Mrs. Joseph L. Moody gave a reception Monday afternoon at the Century Club. Her guests were the members of the various chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Henry Brevoort entertained a few friends informally Thursday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins was hostess at a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson gave a large dinner in the gray room at the Fairmont Hotel Friday evening preceding the Cinderella Ball.

Miss Janet McGregor was the guest of honor Thursday evening at a dance given by Miss Christine McNab at the home on Broadway of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McNab.

Miss Katherine Strickler was hostess Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher entertained about fifty friends at a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon at the residence on Jackson Street of her father, Mr. William Whittier.

Miss Ila Sonntag and her fiancé, Mr. Hamilton Murray, will be the honored guests Tuesday evening, when Miss Rhoda Nicbling will give a theatre and supper party.

Captain McCulley, U. S. N., entertained a dozen guests at a farewell dinner Saturday evening on board the U. S. S. California. The ship sailed the next morning for Coronado en route to Mexico.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy was hostess at a bridge-tee in honor of Mrs. Charles Bailey.

Mr. John D. Spreckels was host recently at a dinner at his home in Coronado.

Mrs. Joseph Libbey King entertained a number of guests at a bridge-tee in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ralph King.

Miss Mary Bates gave a bridge-tee last week in honor of Miss Ila Sonntag, who was again the

complimented guest Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Erna St. Goar.

Mrs. Otto Grau was hostess Tuesday at a tea at her home on Green Street in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Ellis, of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at an informal dance at their residence on Pacific Avenue. The Russian dancers, Mr. and Mrs. Mieczkowski, delighted the guests by a repertory of dances.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown gave a dinner recently at their home on Washington Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois were at last accounts in London with Mrs. Gallois's brother, Mr. John McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote have returned to their home in Grass Valley after a visit with Mrs. Foote's father, Mr. John Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan have moved into an apartment on Sacramento Street near Laguna. Miss Mary Ayres has returned from Munich, where she has been studying vocal music during the past six years. Miss Ayres is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grove Ayres and a sister of Mrs. David Searles.

Mrs. Ralph King is here from her home in Calaveras County and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libbey King.

Mr. and Mrs. John Craig Havemeyer arrived Monday from the East and are en route to the Orient.

Judge Findlay Johnson and Mrs. Johnson are here from Manila for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford and the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smythe, left Tuesday for the Rutherford ranch, near Pleyto, after a visit in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Sr., have arrived from their home in Louisville, Kentucky, and have decided to reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle of this city sailed a few days ago for Algiers.

The Misses Elizabeth Bull, Madge Wilson, and Elsie Sherman will sail February 12 for Honolulu.

Mrs. Edward Preston Brinegar has sufficiently recovered from an illness at the Adler Sanatorium to return to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent left yesterday for a pleasure trip to Panama and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Richard Ivers has arrived from Honolulu and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. William G. Irwin, at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clarke has recovered from a recent illness at the Adler Sanatorium and is again at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton and their daughter, Miss Helen Hamilton, have returned from a four months' visit in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard of New York are contemplating coming to this city to visit Mr. Howard's mother, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard.

Mr. Edmunds Lyman has recovered from his recent illness at his home in Burlingame.

Dr. E. B. Perrin is expected to arrive soon from Williams, Arizona. He will join Mrs. Perrin, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk are established in an apartment at the Lafayette on Sacramento Street.

Miss Ysabel Chase has been spending a few days recently with Miss Lee Girvin at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. William Delaware Neilson left Sunday for his home in Philadelphia after a brief visit with his wife, who is established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. J. L. Howard and Mrs. Howard have gone to Honolulu to visit Mrs. Howard's relatives.

Mr. George Robinet departed Wednesday for New York en route to his home in Paris.

Mrs. Barry Coleman, Miss Sophie Coleman, and Miss Lucy Hill have come from San Mateo to spend several weeks and are occupying an apartment on Pacific Avenue near Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins left Tuesday for Kansas City, accompanying Mrs. Elkins's sister, Miss Josephine Oliver, who has been their guest during the past two months.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn are en route to this city from Manila via the Suez Canal. They will spend several days here with the former's daughter, Miss Dora Winn.

Lieutenant Ralph Chrystal Harrison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harrison have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new quarters at Fort Scott.

Captain C. A. Martin, U. S. A., has arrived from Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, and is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

A new retiring board, consisting of Brigadier-General J. J. Pershing, U. S. A., Brigadier-General J. P. Wiser, U. S. A., Colonel J. L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Frick, U. S. A., Major William P. Lewis, U. S. A., and Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., has been appointed for this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Ellis, U. S. A., arrived in this city Monday en route to Fort Ruger, Honolulu.

Captain Harry Howland, U. S. A., has returned from Los Angeles, where he went to attend the wedding of Miss Josephine Smith and Lieutenant-Commander Freeman, U. S. N.

Major-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., has been relieved from the command of the Second Division and will resume command of the Central Department.

Lieutenant C. A. Nichols, U. S. A., is here on a visit from his station at Schofield Barracks.

Mrs. Howell, mother of Lieutenant James B. Howell, U. S. N. (retired), is visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Alexander Sharp, Jr., left Sunday for Coronado to join her husband, who sailed with his ship, the U. S. S. California, the same day.

La Gazzetta, founded in 1600 by the poet Gozzi, is still being published at Venice.

NOTED MEN AS SMUGGLERS.

Old Masters Their Object, and Some of the Devices to Which They Resorted.

A deep and holy joy pervades the soul of the man who manages to evade duty on some dutiable article—who by "ways that are dark" smuggles something, even though it be a package of tobacco, past the eyes of the customs officials. In these days of lynx-eyed officialdom the gentle art of smuggling, as far as articles of real value go, is largely confined to jewels, and the man who would attempt to emulate good old Sir Joshua Reynolds, who dared to lend himself to the high crime of making off with old masters from Italy, would hardly have the same success which attended Sir Joshua. But Reynolds was not alone in the daring undertakings, as witness a number of his old letters, which have lain apparently unknown in the British Museum for nearly twenty years.

Now these yellow and faded epistles afford glimpses of the methods employed to acquire from Italy the masterpieces whose continued deportation to America and the Continent is so much deplored today in England. There was no scruple at breaching the Italian law, which forbade the transportation of works of art to foreign lands without the sanction of the authorities.

Lord Cowper, when British minister at Florence, carried out of the Tuscan city Raphael's beautiful painting, known as the "Niccolini Madonna," which he hid in the lining of his carriage. The picture is now in the National Loan Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and its companion, the "Smaller Cowper Madonna," doubtless smuggled to England in a somewhat similar fashion, has been sold recently for an enormous sum.

This traffic in old masters aroused the indignation of the papal government, which tried every expedient to prevent the despoliation. The British agents, aided and abetted by native owners and men like Sir Joshua Reynolds, James Byres, and Gavin Hamilton, upset all their plans by devising new schemes whereby the officials were neatly tricked.

Lady Spencer said, "It is now death to attempt sending pictures out of Rome without being first examined," but this did not deter Sir Joshua one whit in the plan to secure the "Seven Sacraments." This transaction in question was the purchase of the Bonapaduli palace at Rome of a series of pictures of the "Seven Sacraments," painted by Nicholas Poussin for the Cavaliere del Pozzo in 1636. At one time Sir Robert Walpole purchased the paintings, but he was not allowed to remove them to England, and in 1777 James Byres sent a letter to the Duke of Rutland (then Marquis of Branhly), who was anxious to acquire the "Seven Sacraments," intimating that he had failed to secure them.

Eight years passed, and on June 10, 1785, Byres wrote that he had unexpectedly succeeded in obtaining the Sacraments by substituting copies of the originals. The greatest secrecy had to be observed. The duke was implored not to refer to the affair until the pictures were in his possession, "or it might bring me to some trouble here in Rome," said Byres, and to the Bishop of Kilhala he wrote: "For my name being mentioned might be attended with the worst consequences to me here, where we live under a despotic government, who are more jealous than ever of fine things going out of Rome."

Sir Joshua was in raptures at the intelligence, says Alleyne Fitzherbert, and Reynolds wrote: "I would by all means recommend your grace to close with the subject of Mr. Byres's letter—that is, Poussin's 'Seven Sacraments.' Though £2000 is a great sum, a great object of art is procured by it, perhaps a greater than any we have at present in this nation. Poussin certainly ranks among the first of the first rank of painters, and to have such a set of pictures of such an artist will really and truly enrich the nation. I have not the least scruple about the sending copies for originals."

In another letter, of October 4 the same year, Sir Joshua said: "Lord Spencer tells me that he stood next, and was to have had them if your grace had declined the purchase. One of the articles, he says, between Byres and the marquis, was that he should bring the strangers as usual to see the copies, and which he says he is obliged to do, and, I suppose, swear they are originals; and it is very probable those copies will be sold again, and other copies put in their place."

This was not the first time that Sir Joshua connived at smuggling pictures out of Italy. The Alfred Morrison manuscripts include a letter, also unpublished in any biography of the artist, in which he discusses a project for the purchasing for \$1500 two badly damaged paintings by Rubens, and restoring them to their original beauty. He proposed to replace the originals with copies so toned as to have a deceptive appearance of age and genuineness.

The home at Fort Scott of Captain George Wertenhaker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wertenhaker has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The Care of Men

Few great undertakings have ever been successfully accomplished without great physical waste. Sickness, accident, death, all play their parts. When the French undertook the Panama Canal they reckoned not of the climate. Thousands of workmen died of tropical diseases, and it is fair to presume that death due to accident was not uncommon. What a vast difference now in the Canal Zone. The United States government cleaned it up and has kept it clean, until it is as healthful as any other part of the favored world, and accidents are rare, indeed.

Everything depends on the care given the workmen, the foresight in planning for healthful conditions, and arranging to give prompt and able medical attention and skilled nursing. No large concern would undertake a task employing hundreds of men without first providing for their welfare in health and in sickness. In large camps there is always bound to be more or less sickness, but it is something worth while for all concerned to be able to point to a clean slate in the way of fatal accidents.

Among great projects necessitating the employment of many hundred workmen was that of Lake Spaulding Dam, the Drumm electric power plant, and the erection of the power line from the Sierras to the floor of the Sacramento Valley. This work, as part of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's holdings, was recently completed, and it is very interesting to note how the company cared for its men.

Provision was carefully made for the care of the sick and injured on this work, and hospitals were established at the dam, at the power house, and at important points along the canal, wherever large bodies of men were employed. A doctor and a hospital steward were permanently stationed at Lake Spaulding and at Drumm.

As a result of this system every workman on the project received prompt and high-class medical care. And not a man left the work with any defect or disorder that medical science could cure. As an incident to the hospital service, every camp was regularly inspected for sanitation and food supply. Ventilation and drainage were especially guarded. In consequence there was an entire absence of camp disorders or epidemics of any kind. In hand with this complete medical care, every man injured on the work, whether through negligence or not, was compensated for his injuries. And out of it all—nearly two years' work on a giant undertaking—there was but one personal injury action, and that was decided in the company's favor.

This, in brief, recounts the manner in which the employees were cared for, how camps were selected with a view to natural advantages, and how they were maintained after once established. It also tells in a few words that one of the greatest projects ever attempted in the West was carried out with humanity and kindness as well as with speed and efficiency.

The work performed by these men was more or less hazardous in the very nature of things. Working in ice and snow, in all kinds of hard climatic conditions, underground as well as in the open, there were chances every minute for serious accidents—the slip of a foot on a high place, the discharge of explosives, the falling of a rock, the caving of a bank of earth, the glancing blow of an axe, or the kick of a bad-tempered mule.

That the work was completed with such a splendid score is indeed a matter of congratulation.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Belle Van Dorn Harbert, recently elected first president of the International Congress of Farm Women at Ghent, Belgium, lives in Colorado. At the convention twenty-one nations were represented.

Francis H. Deuhay, just appointed to succeed Robert V. Ledow as superintendent of federal prisons for the Department of Justice, recently completed an investigation of the Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary. His profession originally was that of a contractor and builder.

Alfred Craven, chief engineer of New York's public service commission, is now the highest paid public official in his state. His salary has just been increased from \$15,000 to \$20,000. He was educated at the United States Naval Academy, and went to New York from the West.

Sir E. Hildred Carlile, who recently gave sum equal to \$500,000 to the endowment fund for Bedford College, England, as a memorial to his mother, has been a member of Parliament since 1906, representing St. Alban's. He has been a director in the Coats thread firm, and is an extensive landowner, finding recreation in farming.

W. L. Moody, president of the American Bank and Trust Company of Galveston, Texas, is about twenty years old, and many say he is the youngest chief executive of a bank in the United States. He comes from a line of bankers. W. L. Moody, Sr., is president of the Moody Bank at Galveston and W. L. Moody, Jr., heads the City National Bank of Galveston.

Dr. B. E. Fernow, just elected president of the Society of American Foresters, is dean of the forest school of the University of Toronto, and is recognized as an authority in his field. The honor to which he has attained is further interesting because of the fact that the Society of American Foresters is the only organization of professional foresters in the Western Hemisphere.

Lij Yasu, grandson and successor to the late King Menelik as King of Abyssinia, is eighteen years of age, unmarried, and bearing no resemblance to the pronounced negroid type of his grandfather. The semi-caucasian cast of his features is probably due to the Galla blood in his veins. He dresses in Abyssinian garb, but is said to be a very wide-awake young man. He is well informed on the affairs of the great powers as they affect his country, speaks a little French, and has among his councillors more than one European.

N. V. Tilak, an Indian poet whose fame in the western portion of India is said to be greater than that of Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel prize winner, is a Christian minister of Ahmadnagar. Claim is made that the name of Tilak prevails over Tagore in all the wide region where Marathi is the people's tongue and Bengali is unknown, and that Tilak in his realm is every whit as much the idol of the masses as Tagore in his. Tilak's lyrics are saturated with the gospel. He is now composing an epic poem telling the story of the Christ in Marathi verse.

Agamemnon Schliemann, the newly appointed Greek minister to this country, although a Greek subject, is a son of the world-famous German archaeologist and traveler, Heinrich Schliemann. He is thirty-three years old. Twelve years ago, soon after his marriage, he passed a year in America. He speaks English almost as well as he speaks Greek, and is familiar with the problems that confront his countrymen in this country. He received his education in Germany and France, and is a thorough cosmopolitan. The Schliemann home is a show place of Athens and the rendezvous of scholars and statesmen.

The Duke of Atholl, in private life John James Henry Stewart-Murray, the most titled man in Scotland, has just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as head of the house of Stewart-Murray. He is a large landed proprietor, owning about 202,000 acres, and despite his seventy-three years, is an active hunter and shoots with remarkable skill. In all he possesses no fewer than twenty titles, and he sits in the House of Lords as Lord Strange, being one of the five Scottish dukes who are not in the upper house in their ducal capacity. His interest in the present is shown by the practical help he has given to aviation, as it was on his estates that the now famous Dunne biplane was first tested.

Abbe Lemaire, veteran member of the French Chamber, of which he is a vice-president, has resigned, giving as the reason that he has been coerced by the clerical members for his republicanism. During the twenty years that he has sat in the Chamber he has endeavored to reconcile the divorce of church and state, but his action has only made the enmity of his ecclesiastical superiors more pronounced. They endeavored to coerce him into resigning his seat, but he refused. His steady republicanism, however, only increased the anger of his opponents and the persecution

became so marked that the Chamber made his cause its own and voted him one of the vice-presidencies.

CURRENT VERSE.

In Cornwall

At twilight I came upon a little quiet bay
Of slow blue waters, when the tide swung full,
The clear skies over it were following the day;
The clear stream, welling from a wide brown pool,
Dropt down in silver to the silence of the shore.
All along the headlands there hardly was a sighing;
The waves lay hushed, and the wind had given o'er.
Folded into gentleness, the vales low-lying
And the rough, sad moorland were one forevermore.
Faintly down the valley came the notes of a song;
A young girl singing to the broad stones gray,
And the bracken in the meadow, as she lightly went along.
The words of her ballad were scattered on the way;
Evening only gathered up the echoing refrain.
"Come back to your true love, as trusty as a brother;
Your friend and your comforter, in pleasure and in pain,
Come back to your true love, you'll never find another,
The wide world over, so good to you again!"
—Rosalind Travers, in New Witness.

The Country Goes to Town.

The Country walked to town, and what did she find there?
Not a bird nor flower, the trees forsaken were;
The folk were hurrying to and fro in every lane and street;
You scarce could hear your neighbor for the racket of their feet.
She could not see the sun shine for dust about the sky;
She could not hear the wind call, the walls went up so high;
And even when the night came to brush aside the day,
She found the garish city lights were driving it away.

"Then what have you got here?" the Country asked the Town;
"There's not a green leaf anywhere, the world is bleak and brown;
I haven't seen a red cheek or heard a woman's laughter;
I'm going back to Bird Land, but won't you follow after?"

The Town rode to the country, and what did she find there?
Just a lot of emptiness, with wild flowers everywhere.
The birds were screaming overhead, the sun was on her face;
The fences were untidy and the brambles a disgrace.

"Then what have you got here?" the Town cried in her scorn;
"I haven't met a four-in-hand or heard a motor-horn.
It'll cost a pretty penny to restore my riding-clothes,
And my beauty is nigh ruined for the freckles on my nose!"

"What have I got here? Just azure hills and peace,
Green moss and green fern on roads that never cease;
And if my heart grows weary of such pleasurings as these,
There's a baby who comes romping through the nursery of the trees!"
—Lloyd Roberts, in Munsey's Magazine.

Third Chamber Music Concert.

The third of the chamber music concerts by Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, pianist; Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist; and Mr. Herbert Riley, 'cellist, will be given in Sorosis Club Hall, 356 Sutter Street, on Tuesday evening, February 10, at 8:20 o'clock. The programme follows: Novelleten Trio, Op. 59, by Theodor Kirchner; Passacaglia, by G. F. Handel-Halvorsen, for violin and 'cello; Trio in D minor, Op. 49, by Felix Mendelssohn. Mrs. Anna Miller Wood-Harvey, mezzo contralto, will be the soloist.

Jean Gerardy, Violoncellist Coming.

There are only two or three really great violoncellists in the world, and of these Jean Gerardy is preëminent. A master of his instrument ever since he was eight years old, Gerardy is one of the unique figures in the world's musical history. This artist can make his instrument veritably sing. Assisted by Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist, Gerardy will give three concerts here during the week of March 8 to 15.

Preparing an Art Exhibit.

Probably on February 20 an exhibition of oil paintings and water-colors, by Charles Partridge Adams of Denver, will be opened at the Paul Elder art rooms. Mr. Adams has discovered much that is really charming in the high altitude of the Rocky Mountains and considerable that is decidedly new.

Emperor William has accepted and expressed to Miss Mary E. Phillips, through the imperial foreign office, his thanks for a copy of her book, "James Fenimore Cooper."



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

News of the death in England of Mrs. Hilaire Belloc, wife of the famous English writer and member of Parliament, who was a California girl and a sister of the late Mrs. Garret W. McEnerney, was received here on Tuesday. She died on Monday. Before her marriage to the English author in 1896 Mrs. Belloc was Elodie Agnes Hogan. She was born in Napa. Besides the late Mrs. McEnerney she had another sister, Mrs. Julia M. Hopkins, and a brother, John S. Hogan, both of San Francisco, and both of whom survive her. Besides her husband, Mrs. Belloc leaves three sons and two daughters.

Incorporation papers were filed Saturday of the Sloss Securities Company and the Sloss Corporation, in carrying out the plan announced for protecting the holders of the Northern Electric notes during refinancing negotiations. Louis Sloss is president of the Sloss Corporation, Frank B. Anderson vice-president, John S. Drum secretary and treasurer, and L. Greenebaum assistant secretary. Leon Sloss is the president of the Sloss Securities Company, and the others officers are the same as of the Sloss Corporation. Frank B. Anderson is named chairman of the trustees, John S. Drum vice-chairman, and H. C. Hoover will act as secretary. The Sloss Securities Company is capitalized at \$5,000,000, and the Sloss Corporation at \$1,500,000.

Jules Clerfayt, for a quarter of a century a railroad man here, was knighted this week in the name of the King of Belgium and made a member of the honorary Order of Leopold II. This distinction is in recognition of Mr. Clerfayt's services for the Belgians in this city. The official presentation of the medal was made by the local Belgian consul. Mr. Clerfayt is passenger agent for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company on Tuesday secured from the State Railroad Commission an extension of time until March 21 on the order which makes a sweeping reduction in long distance telephone charges throughout the state. The average reduction in long-distance rates will be about twenty-five per cent.

By the decision of Judge Seawell the validity of the \$9,000,000 bond issue for the improvement of the San Francisco harbor was decided on Monday in favor of the state, and \$4,740,000 worth of the securities, all the unsold portion of the issue, was at once taken over by the Rollins-Halsey syndicate. The board of state harbor commissioners will go ahead with all of the improvements planned by the engineering department.

J. H. Skinner, for twenty-two years connected with the First National Bank, has been selected to assist in the management of the Bank of Italy with the title of vice-president. He is now filling the positions of cashier and secretary of the First National and the Federal Trust Company, in which institutions he is also a director.

Sophie M. Brannan gives an exhibition of paintings at the St. Francis. February 5 to 9.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They tell me that woman is a gossip. Do you think she is reliable?" "I know that whatever she says goes."—*Baltimore American*.

Johnny—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust? Po—Don't let the question hother you, my son. It's impossible.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Counsel—I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you. Convicted Client—Don't mention it, guv'nor; aint five years enough?—*London Opinion*.

"Does your husband play cards for money?" "I don't think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But those who play with him do."—*Washington Star*.

Post—Thinks he's the whole thing, does he? Parker—Well, I'd hardly go as far as that; but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—*Smart Set*.

"And how's your husband, Mrs. Bloggs?" "E's still rather poorly, ma'am, thank ye kindly; 'e's hin suffering a lot with 'is gastric ulster!"—*London Opinion*.

Wife—I wonder if Mr. Van Dusen hasn't seen better days? Husband—Oh, yes; Van Dusen wasn't always married, I don't think!—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Reggy—I thought you'd forgiven what I said and promised to forget it? Peggy—But I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"There's nothing so hard to ride as a young broncho," said the Westerner. "Oh, I don't know," replied the man from back East. "Did you ever try the water wagon?"—*Toledo Blade*.

Professor (in geology)—The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years. Sophomore—Great guns! And I loaned a geologist ten dollars yesterday!—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

"How did you come to be a professional beggar?" "I aint no professional heggar. I'm employed to git up statistics on how many heartless people there is in this town."—*Stray Stories*.

Algy—Mother, I may as well tell you the truth. I've married a chorus girl. Mother—Oh! Oh! How could you? Algy—I did it to save father. He was desperately in love with her.—*Life*.

Golfer (unsteadied by good cheer) to Opponent—Sir, I wish you clearly to understand that I resent your unwarrant—your interference with my game, sir! Tilt the green once more, sir, and I chuck the match!—*Punch*.

First Company Promoter to Second Ditto—Darned insult, I call it! Second Promoter—What's wrong? First C. P.—See what the old scoundrel did! Carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him!—*Tatler*.

"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?" "She hasn't the time. We have two children." "Well, well! After all, children are a blessing!"—*Dollos News*.

Medium—Your wife is very, very happy on the other side, and wants to know, when you are to join her, how she'll know you among so many. Singlepoy—Well, I'll stumbl'e up the golden stairs some morning about three.—*Life*.

The Luncher—Look here, waiter, I'm very sorry, but I've only just sufficient money with me to pay the bill, and nothing left for a tip for you. The Waiter (confidentially)—Would you mind just letting me 'ave another look at the bill, sir?—*Sketch*.

"What are you thinking of, Beatrice?" inquired Mr. Hainer of his wife one morning while they were at breakfast. "I am dreaming of my youth," replied the woman. "Well," replied the brute, "I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"What do you understand by 'edible fungi'?" "It has somethin' to do with mushrooms an' toadstools," replied Father Corn-tossel. "But whether it's what you swallow or what happens to you afterward I wouldn't like to say without writin' to the department."—*Washington Star*.

Reverend Person (doing an odd job with the church fence)—You appear to be watching me very closely, boy. Do you take an interest in carpentry? Boy—No. Rev. P.—Then what are you waiting for? Boy—I'm waitin' to hear wot a parson says when 'e 'its 'is fumb wiv the 'ammer.—*Punch*.

"Any good seats left?" asked the tall, cadaverous-looking man at the box-office. "Plenty of 'em," said the box-office man. "All down in front, too." "Gee, I'm sorry!" said the tall, cadaverous man, turning away with a sigh. "I'm the author of the play."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Republican Reorganization.

Meetings of "regular Republicans" at Santa Barbara and of "progressive Republicans" at Stockton within the week indicate a stirring of the Republican heart in California without really implying anything definite as to the party platform or party leadership. Taken in connection with the heavy registration, it is clearly indicated that the Republican party in California, when it shall ultimately get itself reorganized, is very far from being the "dead one" that its critics have declared it to be. It is no light task to bring into organized and working form a party abandoned and betrayed as the Republican party of California has been by those into whose hands it placed its official authority. That reorganization will be made upon terms calculated to reinspire the party, to restore to it its old incentives and its old hope, there is not a doubt. The creed of Republicanism has a profound hold in California, for reasons fundamental, historic, and sentimental. Our economic interests are bound up in policies traditionally Republican and still dependent for their enforcement upon men of the traditional faith. The line of common welfare for California is the line

of Republican policies and of Republican ideas in administration. All this being so, it is only a matter of time—probably a very little time—when California will be back again, positive in its support of the Republican party. Not, indeed, of the party as it was, since nothing ever returns in just the old form. New times call for new leadership and for revised aims. But the principles and economic theories upon which the old Republican party was founded will supply the policy and the inspiration of the party now working its way into renewed form. If as yet new leaders of Republicanism have not developed the fact is hardly surprising. It takes time, with comparison of opinions and sentiments, and perhaps some conflict of ambitions, to develop and establish an effective party organization and a new and authoritative leadership.

The "Unmerging" Issue.

Attorney-General McReynolds does not appear in a light calculated to command approval on the part of reasonable men in his plans for "unmerging" the Central and the Southern Pacific properties. In the Pacific Coast states, where the situation is thoroughly understood, both by the public and by state officials, there is practically but one opinion about this proposal. To tear the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific properties apart would be in effect to disrupt a single and consistent system, developed in response to the requirements of the country for transportation and aiming to answer these requirements in the most economical way. That the system in its several parts has been constructed under different names—one set of tracks bearing the name Central Pacific and another the name Southern Pacific—is due to causes in no sense limiting their essential unity. To destroy this unity means to destroy the efficiency of the properties. And it is on this account that the communities of the Coast through various agencies of expression have spoken in protest as with a single voice.

In an address to Congress only a month ago President Wilson declared with a candor which won the instant and hearty commendation of the country that the policy of his administration henceforth was to be "peace, not war." "What we are proposing to do," said the President, "is happily not to hamper or interfere with business as enlightened business men prefer to do it, or in any sense to put it under the ban." Again: "Patriotic men will wish to see [changes] brought about with as few, as slight, as easy, as simple business readjustments as possible in the circumstances, nothing essential disturbed, nothing torn up by the roots, no parts rent asunder which can be left in wholesome combination." Still again: "Our object is not to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses athwart." These expressions seemed then and seem now to apply directly to the case of the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific. They seem a commitment on the part of the President himself to a policy with which Mr. McReynolds's course now seems in positive disregard. Curious it is that the head of the national administration should speak with such directness and that, concurrently, a cabinet official should proceed in open contempt of the assurances of his chief.

The suit filed on Wednesday at Salt Lake is in the spirit, not of peace, but war. It seeks to rend asunder properties which can be left in wholesome combination. It tends to unsettle business and seriously to break its established courses athwart. It undertakes to do precisely what the President in his speech of last month declared he did not intend to do. To put it in plain words, it flies in the face of the President's assurances.

Likewise in the spirit of war, not peace, is Mr. McReynolds's attitude with respect to appeals made to him in behalf of the business interests of the Pacific states. It was not in the spirit of the President's assurances

that Mr. McReynolds should decline to await the coming of the commissioners sent by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and other business bodies. Again, it was not in the spirit of the President's assurances that when he finally yielded so far as to receive the commissioners he met them with a blunt assertion that he had "made up his mind" and that discussion of the matter was "useless." This is not the attitude, this is not the manner, of a fair-minded man. It certainly is not the attitude which the country, after reading the President's speech to Congress in January, had the right to expect from an agent of the administration.

Rowell Opposes Heney.

There is significance in the candidacy of Mr. Chester Rowell, now definitely announced, for the Progressive nomination for the senatorship. It emphasizes the failure of Mr. Johnson to hold his party to the line of common sympathies and united action, for the sake of which he threw over his own senatorial hopes, likewise the personal ambitions of some of his more important friends. Johnson's idea undoubtedly was to conciliate Heney and Heney's rich friend Kent. And he might have done this if he could have restrained a too ardent temper. It was probably his angry retort that Heney had lied that made an adjustment of differences finally impossible.

Now we have the spectacle of two Progressive candidates in the senatorial field, Heney backed by Kent, and Rowell nominally going it alone, but assuredly supported by the sympathies of the governor, to be followed no doubt by more active forms of championship later on. The meaning of it all is that the differences between Johnson, Heney, Kent, *et. al.* are too profound for compromise. The rift which ultimately bursts pretty much every political lute is now definitely in evidence. There is a Johnson-Rowell wing and a Heney-Kent wing. Progressivism is a house more or less divided against itself, with, we suspect, the majority very much on the side of Johnson.

As between Rowell and Heney there is no sort of comparison. Rowell, albeit a man of curiously inconsistent character in politics, is a gentleman and a man of respectability, while Heney, as he has been graphically described by a large friend, is just a Wild Ass of the Desert. Yet as between the two men the contest is not, as might be presumed, one-sided. For while Rowell is a gentleman and a scholar, he lacks a certain vote-getting quality which in politics is described as personal magnetism. He talks well, writes well, declaims with a fine eloquence; but his appeal is to understanding and culture. And the citizen of understanding and culture is more or less in the minority. Heney, on the other hand, has the gifts which appeal to the masses. That is to say, he is a loud, coarse creature, makes lurid exhibitions of personal bad temper and—shakes the cobwebs from the rafters. There are still those in the back counties who have not been enlightened as to the true inwardness of Heney's character as a prosecutor. There are still those in considerable numbers who think he did a great stunt in the graft prosecutions.

If Governor Johnson should remain neutral as between the two men, Heney, for all his faults, is likely to get as many votes as Rowell, for all his virtues. If, on the other hand, Mr. Johnson shall interest himself actively in behalf of Rowell—and this we think he will do before the campaign is done—he will bring to the latter many a vote. It goes without saying that in any event Rowell will have the advantage of affiliation with the state political machine. Also it is presumed that Heney will have the advantage of the known liberality of the affluent Kent. Viewed broadly, the chances favor Rowell.

It is a curious and amusing turn of affair which brings Rowell into an official candidacy in what

whole hope must rest upon a political machine. For this same Mr. Rowell since time out of mind has been an open foe of organization in politics, excepting indeed in the period of his recent affiliation with the Johnson machine. In the old days he was a critic of every movement, of pretty near everything, done under the rule of party organization. It was, according to his own explanations, his hatred of machine politics which made him first an opponent of the Republican party and which later brought him into alliance with the ultra Progressive movement. But there has come a mighty change in the spirit of Mr. Rowell's dream. He who once gagged at a gnat gulps down a camel. No political organization in this or any other state was ever founded upon a more hard-and-fast scheme of authority, or sustained by a more definite system of discipline, nor fed by a more flagrant use of official patronage, than that which Mr. Rowell now claims as his own and with whose aid he now hopes to ride into the United States Senate.

All the same Mr. Rowell, even in his changes of political faith and practice, is a man distinctly worth while, a man of real talent, of admirable learning, and of high character in all ways apart from the inconsistencies of his personal politics. If through the chances of a mixed situation he should get to the Senate of the United States he would bring to the work an unusual equipment along with many admirable and worthy personal qualities.

Issues of Justice.

There is need in our international dealings of what Aunt Dinah styled a "clarin-up spell." In other words, it is due from us that we right some wrongs into which we have fallen through misinformation, downright ignorance, a certain congenital bumptiousness and, let it be confessed, a bull-headed selfishness.

Conspicuously before the country is the case of the Canal tolls. Long ago we entered into a treaty with Great Britain—by the terms of which it was agreed that in the construction of a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans the two countries would be partners. This understanding was in force for many years. Then there came a time when we wished to build the Canal alone. We asked the British government to release us from the old engagement, and after conferences and explanations the thing was done upon our promise that:

The Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations * * * on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any * * * nation or its citizens in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

This is plain enough. It means just what it says. Yet in the face of this pledge we have made a law which provides that foreign ships shall pay certain specific tolls but that American ships may go free through the Canal. We have done this upon the theory that having built the Canal with our own money we have a right to make any rules that we please with respect to its operation. The theory ignores utterly the fact that our rights to make rules governing the Canal are limited by the contract previously made with Great Britain and still in force.

There are those who hold to the view that in the making of this engagement with Great Britain something was "reserved" on our part. The claim is not creditable to our intelligence or our honesty. No nation has a right to make promises with its fingers crossed so to speak; and if we did this thing—if we promised one thing and meant another—we stand convicted of chicanery in making a great international contract.

President Wilson has the rights of this matter. "The exemption," he says, "constitutes a very mistaken policy from every point of view. It is economically unjust; as a matter of fact it benefits, for the present at any rate, only a monopoly, and it seems to me in clear violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. * * * I think the country would prefer to let no question arise as to its whole-hearted purpose to redeem its promises in the light of any reasonable construction of them rather than debate a point of honor." This is straight talk, none the less straight because it is declared in terms very considerate of opposing opinion, yet very definite in its suggestions. We were wrong in the first instance, and we believe the country has come to see it. Having been wrong—being now wrong—it is due that we set ourselves right. And the way to set ourselves right is to so revise the law governing operation of the Canal

as to eliminate the discrimination between American and foreign ships.

If it shall be the wish of the American people upon consideration to give an advantage to American users of the Canal, there is a way to do it at once easy and within the familiar practice of nations. We have a perfect right to grant to American ships using the Canal a bounty equivalent to the tolls, or in any other sums we may see fit. England, Germany, France, Japan, all follow the plan of favoring their commerce under the bounty system. We can do the same thing without violating any pledge or wounding any sensibility. The wisdom of such a course is quite another question and we do not here discuss it. But if we want to relieve American commerce of the amount of the Canal tolls the way is open to us—a way openly honorable and aboveboard.

Nothing in the course of President Wilson's administration better becomes him as a man and as an official than the stand he has taken on this question. It is a stand for the faithful performance of a plain promise deliberately given for a consideration, a stand for the principle of good faith in our foreign dealings, a stand for plain honesty.

In the matter of the Canal tolls President Wilson exhibits an admirable readiness to correct an error for which he has no individual responsibility. Now we think it is due from him in consistency as well as in morals to apply the same rule of action in relation to a matter where his responsibility is absolute and grievous. Mr. Wilson has made a mistake, a mistake which presses cruelly upon a neighboring country, in his dealings with Mexico. He has assumed conditions which many well-informed persons knew to be non-existent in the case of Mexico. Upon this assumption and by active interference with the course of affairs he has made it impossible for Mexico under any possible method to adjust her difficulties. He has upon whimsical grounds weakened the only hand which might have pacified the country. He has fomented insurrection and directly promoted destruction of property, at the same time continuing a reign of terrors and cruelties. By now the mistake is manifest. Even the President himself ought to be able to see it. Seeing it, he ought in the same spirit with which he approaches our mistake in the matter of the Canal, undo so far as he may the mischief already wrought.

It is now probably too late to correct the wrong involved in the President's attitude towards Huerta. But other courses are open by which the murderings, the maimings, the ten thousand nameless horrors of the Mexican chaos may be stayed, and by which the ruthless destruction of property may be estopped. It calls for a high degree of moral courage to admit a mistake and to correct it in a case so conspicuously before the eye of the world. But one who sees so clearly and acts so definitely as Mr. Wilson has done in the matter of the Canal tolls ought to find the courage to do the same thing in the matter of Mexico. He ought to be as ready to correct his own mistakes as to correct the mistakes of others. The issue is up to Mr. Wilson, and no vanity on his part, no stiff-necked pride, ought to hinder him from doing in the one case what he seeks to do in the other.

Another wrong which cries aloud to be righted in so far as it may be done is that which we did to Colombia in "taking the Isthmus." It was a ruthless act done in a ruthless spirit, and only because we were strong and Colombia was weak. Nobody now pretends to justify it. Even Mr. Roosevelt, who was the prime actor, confesses its arbitrariness even while attempting to justify it on the score of policy. Colombia insistently demands reparation. She wants pay for the damage we did—for the lands which we took away from her by intrigue and threats of force. There would be, let it be confessed, a certain humiliation in confessing the wrong and in paying the bill. But there should be even greater humiliation in profiting by this wrong, while we know it to be a wrong, and in refusing indemnity for it. On this question we believe Mr. Wilson, although he has not spoken personally, stands right. Mr. Bryan, who presumably speaks for the President, wishes to adjust the matter by meeting at least in some part the claims of Colombia to the latter's satisfaction. It ought to be done. Good faith, honest dealing, national integrity demand it.

We are anxious, and quite justly, to command the respect and good-will of our Central and South Ameri-

can neighbors. We had this once, for a long period, and that we lost it is our own fault. It was lost by the very act of spoliation against Colombia, and there continues and grows a sense of injustice done to Colombia on the part of the Central and South American countries. To put the matter on its lowest basis, it would be an act of diplomacy—an act tending to reestablish the United States in respect of its continental neighbors—if we should now in generous spirit and in the right way make amends to Colombia.

There is only one way to deserve the respect of the world, likewise only one way to command our self-respect. It is to be just and fear not. And if being just requires us to undo things done in misinformation, in haste, in bumptiousness, in selfishness, in false pride, the obligation is none the less upon us.

The Mexican Chessboard.

Events in Mexico are moving along pretty much according to the schedule hitherto defined in these columns. By voluntary contributions, supplemented by what are euphemistically called "loans," and by open robbery, the insurrectionists are holding their own in the north. Foreign and neutral land and mine owners are suffering moderately, non-affiliating citizens of capital are being despoiled, and the poorer classes are being exploited under a practice not unlike that which marked conflicts of the middle ages in Central Europe. The insurrectory armies, for all their successes, are not strong enough to march against the capital and their whole strategy now seems limited to moving about the country and making serve their purposes whatever may chance their way.

As to the Huerta government, there appear multiplied evidences of its weakness. Shut off from foreign support of any kind by the policy of Washington, it is literally living upon the country, and this is only another way of saying that it has become an oppressive and obnoxious thing. To maintain his administrative organization and support his army Huerta has resorted to desperate and extortionate measures; and he has had to employ agents suited to the work. This means that he is surrounded by a crowd of selfish and reckless men and that their rule has become a terror to the capital and the country immediately subject to it. Many who originally supported the Huerta régime upon the theory that it might be able to pacify the country have fallen away from it. Many men of property have sought asylum in the United States or in Europe to avoid arbitrary demands, leaving their affairs in Mexico as little exposed as possible.

Failure of a rather tame attempt on the part of the dissatisfied elements in and about the capital to oust Huerta by the process styled *coup d'état* has tended only to exhibit the fact that for all the limitations put upon it from without, and for all the resentment growing out of his policies at home, Huerta is still a distinctly formidable figure. That he is able under present conditions to sustain himself may not unreasonably be accepted as a demonstration that if he had been permitted by the United States to do it he could have brought order and peace—order and peace after Mexican standards—to the country. That this is impracticable now hardly needs saying, and it is of course idle to speculate upon what might have been.

The comparative ease with which under a bold policy Huerta has quelled this latest revolt goes to emphasize the truth of what was recently declared in these columns, namely, that the spirit of fight has pretty much gone out of the Mexican populace. In truth the country is weary and dispirited. All intelligent men want peace and they are willing to pay almost any price for it. If the fading prestige of Huerta can bring to its knees a movement with which the general public in and around the City of Mexico is in sympathy, then the field plainly lies open to the hand of anybody who may venture to march in with a reasonable force and an obvious backing. We grow in the opinion that if American policy should, as some time it must, look to occupation of Mexico, the thing could be done practically without protest.

How long England, Germany, and France will submit to spoliation of the property of their citizens, waiting upon the United States to act, is problematical. But there must come an end to patience; and when the end comes the United States must act or abandon its pretensions under the Monroe Doctrine. Ultimately under pressure from Europe we must either fish or cut bait.

The Washington policy towards Huerta appears more

obviously a mistake as time goes on. It is now plain that the course of President Wilson by which Huerta was cut off from outside assistance has brought about a situation which must ultimately bring Mexico under the authority, if not of the United States, then of some other country. The day is past when Mexico might have saved herself.

A Sop to Bryan.

The stress which Mr. Bryan has brought upon himself by his ridiculous administration of the Secretaryship of State, illustrated by the demoralization and inefficiency of his department, by his vanities and puerilities, and by his eagerness to turn his official character into a source of profit, is emphasized rather than relieved by the President's attempt to set him right. In a letter to Mr. Marbury of Baltimore Mr. Wilson lays the whitewash on Mr. Bryan with a trowel. "Not only," he says, "have Mr. Bryan's character, his justice, his sincerity, his transparent integrity, and his Christian principles made a deep impression upon all with whom he has dealt, but his tact in dealing with men of many sorts, his capacity for business, his mastery of the principles of each matter he has been called upon to deal with, have cleared away many a difficulty and have given to the policy of the State Department a definiteness and dignity which are very admirable."

These encomiums, read in connection with the record of Mr. Bryan's career during the past year, are calculated to bring a smile to the face of a horse. Mr. Bryan bartering temporary ambassadorships in payment for political services, Mr. Bryan ousting trained men from the State Department to make room for jack-leg, back-country lawyers, and life-insurance agents, Mr. Bryan as a champion of the grape-juice idea in official hospitality, Mr. Bryan touring the country as a paid "attraction" in company with a band of Tyrolean yodlers, Mr. Bryan hiring himself out as an exhibit at county fairs at three hundred per, Mr. Bryan posing for a moving-picture show and bringing a reluctant diplomatic corps to his support—these things no doubt from Mr. Bryan's standpoint are within the limits of official dignity under Nebraskan standards. But that does not prevent them from being funny enough when judged by more civilized ideals. Surely Mr. Wilson speaks ironically when he characterizes these performances as illustrating an "admirable dignity."

Mr. Wilson's actual estimate of Mr. Bryan is to be found rather in the work which he does—or does not—permit him to do than in laudatory phrases. And it is to be noted that Mr. Bryan does not make much figure in the actual and serious work of his department. It is to be observed that the President himself has taken the initiative and held the reins in every international matter of importance during the period of Mr. Bryan's secretaryship. It was the President himself who conducted negotiations with Japan and Mexico. Again it is the President who takes up the matter of our obligations to England under the Canal treaty. Always when there is anything of importance to be done, when there is an authoritative letter to be written, it is the President who does it, not Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has no doubt served the President well by running errands about the country and by acting as whipper-in to Congress. But the work has been that of an all-round handy man rather than the work usually done by a Secretary of State.

We have only to compare Mr. Bryan's career in the Secretaryship with that of other men who have occupied the same post to see its true significance. Can anybody imagine Mr. Seward or Mr. Fish or Mr. Evarts or Mr. Olney or Mr. Blaine or Mr. Hay or Mr. Root duplicating the activities of Mr. Bryan or submitting to the subordination which he has suffered at the hands of Mr. Wilson?

The New Caste.

At last we begin to see method in the determined and already partially successful efforts to exempt labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Act. It will be remembered that one of the earliest notable actions of the President was to approve the Civil Service Appropriation bill, intended to furnish funds for Sherman Act prosecutions but containing the distinct proviso that these funds were not to be used against labor unions. In reply to the chorus of protest it was explained that the exemption was technical rather than actual, that plenty of other funds were available for the purpose, and that the bill would not be regarded as establishing a principle or as setting a precedent.

It may be added that one of the last official acts of President Taft was contemptuously to veto this same bill as a shameful attempt to create a privileged caste that was to be above and beyond the law that governed every one else.

The contention that the Appropriation bill would not serve as a precedent is already negated. Congress at this moment is confronted with another bill specifically exempting all labor unions from prosecution under the Sherman Act, and we are told with an extraordinary effrontery that the principle of exemption having now been established by the Appropriation bill there should be no objection to carrying it to its full and logical results by definite statutory amendment.

The motive for these efforts is now apparent.* The United States Court of Appeal has affirmed the judgment of \$252,130 given under the Sherman Act to the Danbury Hatters Company for interstate losses caused by strike and boycott. The suit against the union was begun in 1903. It has been dragging its way through the courts ever since. It has now been finally decided in favor of the company.

Small wonder that Mr. Gompers should clamor for a definite law in order to place his organization forever beyond the reach of such assaults as this. The Appropriation bill was the entering wedge, and it was so intended. It was actually the establishment of a principle and the setting of a precedent in spite of asseverations to the contrary. We shall now watch with some curiosity for the action of Congress in the presence of this new and impudent demand for the creation of a small aristocratic caste which is to be exempt from the operations of a criminal law applicable to every one else. It will be interesting to note if the Democratic plea for "equal rights for all, special privileges for none" is intended, like the tariff, for revenue only.

No Married Man Need Apply.

President Riordan of the board of works is reported as expressing surprise at the statement of a contractor to the effect that he would employ only unmarried men in the execution of the work called for by his contract. The liabilities of employers under the Workman's Compensation Act were so serious and so onerous that no means for their reduction could be neglected. These liabilities were obviously much greater in the employment of married men than of unmarried men. Therefore he could afford to employ only those men who had no one dependent on them.

Now why Mr. Riordan should express surprise at this statement is a little mysterious. One might suppose that the president of the board of works would have made himself familiar with a state law so intimately concerning his own department. The terms of the law are easily accessible. They were the subject of debate in the legislature—or what passes for debate among our eccentric lawmakers. They were stated fully in the press at the time. They have been freely advertised and discussed since then. And now it seems that Mr. Riordan has never heard of them and he is "surprised" when they are called to his attention. The public also will be surprised at Mr. Riordan's unawareness.

It is easy to understand why this particular contractor should be unwilling to employ married men, but perhaps it may be as well to state the reasons if only for the purpose of illuminating the darkness of Mr. Riordan's mind. Therefore it may be said that if a married man in the employ of a contractor should be killed the contractor would be liable for a sum in compensation of \$999.99 at the least, and of \$4999.99 at the most, in accordance with the man's earning capacity. But if the victim of a fatal accident were unmarried and with no one dependent upon him the contractor would have to pay a sum not exceeding \$100 for funeral expenses. An extensive accident such as does sometimes lamentably happen and in which a dozen men were killed might cost the contractor \$60,000 if the victims were married, as against \$1200 if they left no one dependent upon them. There is no need to quote from the act in support of these figures, since the facts are already well known to every one except Mr. Riordan and since he himself may obtain a copy of the act through the usual channels, but they may help him to understand why employers should prefer unmarried men to married men, and so remove his present state of "surprise." No one has suggested that married men are more efficient than their unmarried comrades, and therefore it seems to be no more than an act of common economic prudence to discard a class of labor that carries with it such ruinous

liabilities. That the law must actually have such an effect was apparent to every one except Progressive legislators, whose minds are of such an order as to be wholly opaque, not only to ideas, but even to the most aggressive of facts.

Married men must therefore reconcile themselves to a discrimination forced upon employers by a legislature that was never weary of calling upon high heaven to witness its solicitude for labor, for the well-being of women, and for the sanctities of the home. It is a part of the price to be paid for Progressivism and for the privilege of being governed by Mr. Hiram Johnson, who made of the compensation act one of his famous "Ten Commandments." When Mr. Johnson once more appeals for the popular suffrage on the ground of his legislative benevolence there will doubtless be a good many voters, male and female, who will remember him as the creator of the slogan, "No married man need apply."

Significant Figures.

Figures for the first month (January) in the new registration are now complete and are as follows:

Republicans	98,935
Progressives	61,040
Democrats	51,242
Declined to state	19,846
Socialists	14,214
Prohibitionists	8,409
Independent	354
Progressive Republicans	111
Miscellaneous	93

Total registration 254,244

The significance of these figures is on their face. While obviously divided by the new party movement, the Republican party retains the larger part of its membership. This too in the face of an organized registration campaign by the leaders of progressivism. Everything that could be done by authority or suasion has been done to swell the Progressive lists. Yet at the end of a month there have been only 61,040 Progressive registrations as against 98,935 Republican registrations, leaving the excess of Republicans over Progressives 37,895. The relatively low figures of Democratic registration are easily accounted for. While the rivalry between Republicans and Progressives has tended to stimulate registration, in the case of the Democrats there has been no such incentive.

Mrs. Peixotto's Baby.

Once more we are reminded of the dauntless Mrs. Peixotto, who has been calling on the strong hand of the law to sustain her sacred right to have a baby. It will be remembered that Mrs. Peixotto was a school-teacher of New York who absented herself from her educational duties in obedience to a domestic obligation that could neither be canceled nor postponed. After an adequate but discreet inquiry into the facts of the matter Mrs. Peixotto was dismissed from the service of the board on the charge of subordinating her public duties to her personal and private affairs. The board was of opinion—doubtless on the strength of expert evidence—that it was open to Mrs. Peixotto either to produce babies of her own or to instruct the babies of other people, but that both of these functions could not be profitably undertaken simultaneously, coincidentally, and contemporaneously. The board felt that it had no responsibility for these limitations. They were the creation of natural law that had not yet ranged itself in line with the feminist movement. There was therefore no other course open to the authorities than to dispense with Mrs. Peixotto's services in order that she might devote her entire energies to that domestic career that had already been so auspiciously begun.

Thereupon Mrs. Peixotto brought an action at law for reinstatement, but apparently without any pledges of reformation, and in so doing she was vociferously applauded by a large number of noble women whose enthusiasm for motherhood was mainly of the theoretical or vicarious variety. The first legal skirmish was in favor of Mrs. Peixotto, the court displaying much interest in so well proved an instance of modern maternity and desiring to render such aid and encouragement as might lie within its power. But now it seems that the lady has been finally worsted in the court of appeals. The previous decision has been reversed, and Mrs. Peixotto is once more relegated to those personal and private activities in which she has proved herself to be so signally competent. She is now at liberty to continue her career and to have

both early and often, undeterred by official prohibitions, unhampered by official sanctions.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to express some sympathy with Mrs. Peixotto as well as with a school board that has found itself in so painful a dilemma. Obviously there is much that might be said on both sides. It may be that Mrs. Peixotto's dereliction was the result of inadvertence, and it may be pleaded that she may not have had the advantage of our present school system, of our modern drama, and of the moving-picture shows. Allowances should be made for ignorance and the inexperience of youth. The charity due to first offenders should not be allowed to fall into desuetude. On the other hand it does not seem that the culprit pleaded error or promised amendment. We hear nothing of penitence or of good resolutions for the future. Therefore the board may have felt it necessary to set an example and to refrain from a misplaced leniency that might so easily lead to the formation of habits, helpful, it is true, to the population, but subversive of the discipline that should be inseparably associated with the scholastic life. Under the circumstances it may be best that Mrs. Peixotto should henceforth confine herself to one thing only and to the doing of that one thing well.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Delivered by President Lincoln November 19, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Damascus, where once much fine enameled glassware was made, is now the seat of many forgeries, so cleverly done that many dealers have been deceived. Some of the pieces sold for as much as \$500. Arabic glazed pottery, as is well known, has become extremely rare, is much sought after, and choice pieces command high prices. Just outside the East Gate of Damascus, during the construction of buildings in the past few years, old factories where this glazed ware was produced in ancient times have come to light, showing that at one time Damascus must have been a centre of this art and is still, as is the case of the enameled glass, where it is found. Some years ago in Damascus the method of inlaying gold, silver, and copper into brass, employed by the Arabs centuries ago, was rediscovered. At first the pieces were made as exact copies of antique forms, and were sold as genuine. As soon as these were discovered to be forgeries the makers launched out into producing this ware, so that today thousands of persons are employed in making these brass goods, which are sold locally to tourists and also exported for sale to almost every corner of the globe.

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, London, has been renovated and will be opened to the public as a museum. The house is narrow and has only two rooms on each floor. On top is the garret in which Johnson worked. On the entrance door there is still the old chain, as strong and big as a trace chain, which was stretched across the door at night to keep out marauders. A tiny garden on the south side of the house, hitherto obscured by a high wall, has been opened out. Dr. Johnson lived in the house from 1748 to 1758 and it was here that the famous dictionary was compiled.

State authorities of Colorado are making a thorough study of minerals having or supposed to have radio activity, and authorities now assert that every curative mineral spring in Europe can be duplicated in that state. It is said there are fifteen springs in Colorado having radio activity. Over two hundred springs have been discovered. An effort is now being made to secure services of the highest authority on such subjects in many.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Glancing over the head lines of some half a dozen English newspapers of current date I find in all of them the words "civil war." But newspapers are notoriously sensational, and a head line may be no more than a trap for the roving eye. For a sober presentation of facts and conditions one must turn to the great reviews, and so I go in search of a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, only to be confronted on the first page with an article by Sir Henry Blake on "How Civil War is to Be Averted." It is hardly possible that the *Nineteenth Century* has departed from its usual attitude of a stern and staid decorum, but it may have done so, and therefore I turn to the *Fortnightly Review*, always impeccable on the score of dignity, and the first sentence of the first article asks: "How is civil war to be averted from Ireland?" Evidently the possibilities of civil war have entered the domain of practical politics and the eternal Irish question has begun a new phase.

The situation, so far as its technical aspects are concerned, may be stated in a few words. Within a few months the home rule bill will become a law. The House of Lords having once imposed its temporary veto can do no more to obstruct or delay it. Nothing now stands between Ireland and home rule except a reaffirming vote of the House of Commons, and nothing can prevent that vote except some action on the part of the king that would certainly place a dangerous strain upon the royal prerogative. The king has the nominal power to dismiss his ministers and to dissolve Parliament. He has the nominal power to do a great many things that he is not in the least likely to do. Whether he will interpose between Ireland and home rule by compelling an appeal to the country remains to be seen, but it is a course that only the most reckless of his counsellors would urge upon him, since it might raise questions that are far larger than any that are now in sight. If the king should do this thing it will be because he has been persuaded that there is no other way to prevent civil war between the north and the south of Ireland, between Protestant Ulster and the great Catholic majority elsewhere.

Now is it conceivable that Ulster actually intends to fight rather than submit to government by an Irish parliament in Dublin? To the average American mind it appears to be inconceivable, since there is nothing visible to fight about. The new Irish parliament, by the terms of the home rule bill, will have rather less power than a board of American supervisors. However much it might wish to persecute or to show religious discrimination, it has been elaborately deprived of all the weapons by which to do so. The bill even provides that there shall be no reading of prayers in the Irish parliament lest there should be a clash between Catholics and Protestants as to the most acceptable manner in which to ask for a divine blessing that seems hardly likely to be bestowed in any case. There seems to be nowhere a loophole for religious discrimination, nowhere even the smallest opportunity for religious favoritism. But Ulster announces that under no conditions will she tolerate a parliament in Dublin and that she will put an army into the field to prevent its establishment. We need not stay to seek an explanation of such extraordinary and unreasoning militancy as this except to suggest that here, as always, it is sentiment that holds the field against intelligence and prudence. Ulster is not animated by a fear of suffering, although she may think that she is. She is animated by the memory of three hundred years of mutual hate, rebellion, and massacre. She thinks that her hereditary enemies are about to triumph, and the thought is gall and wormwood to her. North and south are ready to declare a Jihad, a Holy War, and the spirit is precisely the spirit of Soudanese Arabs who watch the slow encroachments of the Christian flag. But the hatred of Mohammedan for Christian is rather less poisonous than the hatred of Christian for Christian.

But will Ulster actually fight? Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the English Conservatives, says that she will, and he pledges the support of the English Conservatives to the Ulster cause. Sir Edward J. Carson, Irishman and firebrand, says the same, and hints at Irish soldiers who will supply the necessary skill and leadership. Mr. Bonar Law said a month ago: "In my belief we are drifting rapidly—and if nothing be done to change the current we are drifting inevitably—to civil war, which will shatter to its foundations the whole fabric of our national existence, and which will at the same time leave us exposed to dangers from without." Later on he said: "The temperature of Ulster is rising every day, and every day their determination becomes more fixed and immovable." At the conclusion of his speech, and referring to the great English party that he leads, he said: "We have given a pledge that if Ulster resists we will support her in her resistance. We intend with the help of the Almighty to keep the pledge." It is a matter of knowledge that 75,000 Ulstermen have taken a solemn vow to resist the law by force of arms and have inscribed their names to a charter. Lord Loreburn, staunch home ruler and would-be mediator, believes that 50,000 of these men intend to keep their pledge, although they may fail at the moment of trial. It is known that these men have been drilling and that they have been importing arms. Can we believe that they will actually go to extremities or that they will face the regular forces of the crown and the vast military resources of the empire? Personally, and with many years' experience of Ireland both north and south, I do not believe that they will. The whole population of Ulster is about a million and a half of persons, and forty-three per cent of them are Catholics. The majority of the Ulster members of Parliament are home rulers. Is it thinkable that fifty thousand men, even supposing that

there are actually so many, indifferently armed and with no artillery, would actually take the field against the British army? And if they did so, for how long would they stand against even one machine gun? No one doubts that the forces of religious hate are almost incalculable, but is it likely that the Ulster Protestants will irretrievably ruin themselves at a time of exceptional prosperity in order to wage so hopeless a struggle as this? Religious bigotry will make fools of us all, but such folly as this would be sub-human, simian.

At the present time there is an absolute deadlock. A series of "conversations" between the opposing leaders have had no result. The Conservatives demand that there be an appeal to the country and pledge themselves to abide by the result. Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, replies that there have already been many appeals to the country and that the mandate of the country has been unmistakable. Moreover, he asks what guaranty he has that the men of Ulster would abide by the result? On the contrary the men of Ulster have said that they will abide by no result, that under no conditions will they tolerate home rule, and that the opinion of the electorate is nothing to them. If home rule comes under any guise whatsoever they will fight. Why, then, asks the prime minister, should the country be asked for a fresh mandate that would admittedly have no effect at all upon Ulster? And he adds somewhat grimly that the home rule bill will become law by the ordinary automatic processes and that he will know full well how to enforce that and all other laws. To compromise with Ulster would be merely to acknowledge the principle, already making dangerous headway everywhere, that those who object to a law need do no more than defy it. The United Kingdom and Ireland are governed by the Imperial Parliament, in which Ulster is fully represented upon a population basis, indeed is considerably over represented. If it be open to Ulster to resist by force of arms a law deliberately passed under all constitutional guaranties and under the full mechanism of a democratic suffrage, then law ceases to have any meaning or any hindering power upon any one. Mr. Asquith seems to be the most tranquil figure now in the political arena. If there should be crime in Ulster it will be repressed and punished just as crime is repressed and punished elsewhere. Riots are no new feature in the history of England. There have been riots in London itself very much bigger than any riot that could be produced by Ulster's fifty thousand men, even supposing that these fire-eaters made good their threats. In point of fact Mr. Asquith does not seem at all afraid of rioters. Having met the suffragettes, he is not likely to quail before Ulstermen.

But the interference of the king remains a possibility, although he could do no more than compel a general election by dissolving Parliament. The immediate result of this would be to arouse the bitter resentment of the whole government party and to create a new problem that would involve the existence of the throne itself. The result of such an election, whatever it might be, would be disastrous. If the result was favorable to the government the condition would then be the same as before the election, plus the resentment against the king himself. Ulster would be just as irreconcilable as before, and civil war would be just as near. On the other hand, if the result was against the government the south of Ireland would instantly be plunged into an agitation as dangerous as anything that the country has known. The whole work of coercion and "pacification" would have to begin all over again. It is a prospect too frightful to contemplate. At the same time the king may do this very thing. The pressure upon him is enormous. Curiously enough, he is being assured that it would be quite safe for him to interfere inasmuch as Oliver Cromwell did more than this when he marched his Ironsides down to the House and turned out the Long Parliament at the point of the pike. Oliver Cromwell did it with impunity. There was no whimper of protest anywhere. Why should not King George take the much less serious step of dissolving Parliament by his undoubted, if nominal, royal prerogative? The only answer to this is that Oliver Cromwell was—Oliver Cromwell, and that King George can hardly be said to have any Cromwellian traits about him, fortunately for himself. To attempt to predict the outcome of the present impasse would be mere guesswork. It appears to be a deadlock. In the meantime Ulster goes on drilling and assuring every one that she means what she says, and we need not doubt that the government is quietly arranging the squads of police that may be necessary to suppress any undue exuberance on the part of the Ulster militants. Fortunately there is still time for the processes of compromise that are so dear to the orderly soul of the Anglo-Saxon.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12, 1914.

Since cattle-breeding and raising became so dominant in the Argentine many abandoned farms are being put in alfalfa, and the cattle not only subsist, but fatten, on this forage, and are ready for the slaughter-house and the packery at an early stage. In Buenos Aires State, which includes the largest cattle district, there are eight large meat-packing establishments. Six are owned by Argentine and English interests, one by Swift & Co. and one jointly by Armour and Morris. Swift & Co. have an establishment at Montevideo, Uruguay, also an establishment in the southern Argentine sheep country for mutton. The Sulzbergers have a beef plant at Sao Paula, Brazil, and are said to have recently leased another in Buenos Aires. The American packers are operating independently and in competition with the English and Argentine concerns, and have been supplying Argentine beef to their customers in England, where they operate a line of meat markets in that country.

SINNEY G. P. CORYX.

PEPE'S SHROUD.

The Unknown Is Always the Thing Fullest of Horrors.

Pepe Murhua was perhaps the most popular young man in San Felipe. He was a singularly cheery lad, and to his unflinching good spirits, no doubt, owed much of his popularity, rather than to his many qualities of greater sterling worth. But the trait which excited most interest among his compeers of his own age and sex was his dauntless, daring courage. None so reckless as Pepe when the amateurs took the bull-ring for some *funcion* whose funds were devoted to charitable or patriotic purposes; none pushed his horse to such strenuous efforts, nor clung so persistently to the game at the *coledero* when the young bloods of the community pitted their strength one against another in "tailing the bull." And brave he was, too, in emergencies in which the soul is less highly keyed to heroism than in such stimulating phases of dash and enthusiasm. Facing calmly and in cold blood men maddened by drink or passion, or else turning a bold, defiant front to the lawless gentry infesting, in his day, the district, Pepe demonstrated ever his self-possession and courageous spirit.

A group of Pepe's friends had had his attributes under discussion one flaky, flighty Sunday afternoon, when the sudden intermittent gusts of rain and the dusty wind had driven them to shelter from the rather bleak alameda, where today no carriages dashed under the garrulous cottonwoods, nor demure dark-eyed maidens paced the graveled ways or perched, like gay birds, upon the massive stucco benches. The coterie had betaken themselves to the house of Don Enrique Soto at the instance of Frederico, his son, who sat brimming their glasses with the cordial wine of Parras—to the disdain, be it admitted, of divers supercilious spirits who would have been vastly better contented with any poor, thin liquor, so only that it should bear a foreign label.

"I tell you, comrades all," cried Pablo Nuñez, "this fine fellow Pepe gets credit for valor he does not know. In all these feats of strength that he performs he knows he is at an advantage by virtue of his limber build and strong muscles. But the true test of courage will be a case where he is on equality with others—with all the world. How would he behave during an earthquake, when his tremendous strength would avail him nothing? How long would he stand up before an intangible shape—a phantom?"

At that a shouted chorus of laughter ascended from the circle of young men.

"*Por Dios!* Pablo, dost thou believe in phantoms? But what ghosts hast thou seen? Come, tell us a tale—a story—a legend. A pretty business this—that Pablo has grown credulous of ghosts—he who was wont to scoff at aught that he could not touch, regarding the doctrines of the church even as the superstitious dreams of ignorant women. Ho, Pepe!" cried the merry crew, deriding as the favorite came to the door, "here is meat for thy mirth! Here is Pablo grown superstitious!"

Pepe smiled when the babbling spirits explained the situation, not failing, either, to mark the point that the question had arisen through Nuñez's doubt of Pepe's valor. But smile although he did, Pepe looked serious, too.

"Remember, mates," he said, "that Pablo is from the Sierra, and in the mountains one grows up more inclined to belief in unearthly things—the very influences of Nature, unchanged by the arts of man, tend that way."

"*Ey!* Pepe to the defense!"

"Well, yes, then," said Pepe; "and I do think, moreover, that deep down in every human heart there lurks belief, of less or greater strength, in the supernatural. Some stake their faith on dreams, and some on signs and tokens. Thou, Corvera, didst shiver and leave off playing *mallita*, one night last week, because Juan Luna came and looked over your shoulder with his crossed eyes. How many of you will join me tomorrow in a dinner I will give to twelve? Come, speak up, boys! You shall have the fullest spread the town affords, and French wines all. What! are you bashful?"

No man made exuberant haste to accept Murhua's offer to make one of the thirteen; rather, the young fellows looked abashed and guilty.

"*Aja!*" cried Pablo Nuñez, "I told them you'd wear the white plume on some charges. Now see, Pepe, you rank as the pluckiest fellow in town; will you go to Campo Santo alone at night?"

"I don't think I am the pluckiest," said Pepe; "there's Juan Carrazo, who faced and threw a mad bull that was charging a crowd in the market-place; and Tito Redona, who overcame and tied crazy Sanchez, the butcher, over the dead body of the maniac's son, that he had just murdered."

"So you want to dodge the trial by shifting the honors?" said Nuñez tauntingly. "These are all cases where the danger was clear and definite. You will not go to the graveyard?"

"Oh, yes," said Pepe, "I am not given to dodging; I will go. Now, mind you, I am afraid. Yes, comrades, it is true. The unknown is always the thing fullest of horrors, and I find an awful terror in the thought that, as a bare possibility even, something that is grewsome and fearful might befall. But to my mind the truest courage lies, not in our reckless, foolhardy exploits,

but in fearing a thing and facing it all the same. Come, what do you wish me to do?"

"Let us go now to Campo Santo, and see what shall be the test." And at the word they trooped out and up the street to the dreary graveyard, facing on a forlorn empty square above the alameda, a spot so desolate and forbidding that its mere contemplation would make world-weary humanity willing to cling to life rather than face the destiny of lying in such repellant confines. Death, the Reaper, had garnered ample harvests at San Felipe; his granary was full to overflowing. The long, whitewashed façade was topped by a cross above the great portal of the *saguan*, inexplicably wide, since no carriage nor beast of burden ever crosses the threshold. In the long, narrow vestibule, or porch, a chapel was arranged, where, night and day, a lamp burned before the pictured Holy Family, and its flame threw uncanny reflections upon a row of gleaming ashen-white skulls ranged below. Passing through this species of *atrium*, the young men, sobered by their surroundings, entered the city of the dead. The graves lay thick as grass-blades, literally overlapping, and almost without exception facing westward. No shrubs, no flowers or trees enlivened the scene; only the débris of dried bouquets from the annual decoration on All Souls' Day, which had fallen a fortnight previous, and here and there a harsh, glaring wreath of yellow and black immortelles. Some of the monuments were stately and handsome, but the majority were flat, low-lying stones, carved with no particular skill or taste, and often with defective orthography. Some of the humbler sorts were built of masonry, and painted in crudest, vivid tones of blue or green, picked out with weather-tarnished gilding. A fair proportion of the monuments bore the letters "D. P.," which indicated the right of the tenants to slumber there undisturbed in perpetuity, instead of suffering exhumation like the less favored, whose moldering bones, at the end of four or five years, would be unearthed and thrown into the common receptacle of the *huesario*.

So depressing was the place that the visitors, as with one accord, and an instinct of self-defense, lighted fresh cigarettes and puffed vigorously until they created a cloud of fragrant blue smoke to mingle with the murky atmosphere. They picked their way with what reverence of tread they might to a section of the northern wall where the plaster was crumbling away from the brown adobes, while here and there in the scarred expanse were tablets bearing, beside name and date, the legend, "Slain by the Savages," in mournful suggestion of the days, not so long gone by, when the Indians had been wont to swoop in fierce raids into the city's very streets.

Then Nuñez, still acting as spokesman, turned to Pepe.

"Wilt thou come here at midnight and drive a nail into this wall?"

"I will do it," answered Pepe, "but with reluctance, as you know."

Then, after the inevitable chatter and chaff, the crowd lounged homeward.

It was perhaps ten o'clock when they reassembled at Pablo Nuñez's office, deeming it indiscreet to start such undertaking from the *salon de billar* or any more public point. Pepe looked a little pale and eerie, but nevertheless came gallantly forward. At the last, Clemente Allande, Pepe's bosom friend, tried to dissuade him from the enterprise.

"'Tis a rash and useless thing, *hombre*. Give it up. If aught were to be gained by the going, *vaya!* But to gratify the jealous malice of an envious soul like Pablo why shouldst thou risk thy life? For at night the exhalations from the graves are more than ever noxious, and thou mayest get typhus or heaven knows what from breathing them."

The plea was potent with Pepe, who had all the usual horror which Mexicans feel for the air of night, never stirring abroad after dusk without muffling his mouth and nostrils in the folds of a silken handkerchief, through which he breathed. But—"I can not recede now," he said; "cease to dissuade me, Clemente. It may be that the example will be salutary. Seeing that I undertake, for the sake of reason and courage, a thing I dislike and fear, the boys may perhaps be impelled to act with less absolute obedience to their own preferences. We Mexicans of the younger generation are a selfish lot. Give me the hammer," he added, turning back to the others, as he threw the point of his cloak over his shoulder. This wrap of Pepe's was one of his whims—an affectation, said the malicious. But it was not that. The intense patriotism of the young fellow made him cling to the long Spanish cape of his forefathers—surely the most graceful garment a man can wear—while his comrades disported themselves in overcoats or ulsters of the latest French or English cut.

Throwing then over his shoulder one long end of his *capa*, and tucking under its drooping folds the hammer and the big clumsy spike, Pepe stepped away in the darkness, up the gloomy street between the low houses, whose dark, forbidding façades gave no promise of the kindly hospitality to be found within.

"He is gone," said Clemente Allande, reëntering the house. "I saw him turn the corner of 'The Green Devil.'"

"You should not have watched him out of sight," said one of the young men; "that brings evil fortune."

"Now, croak, you!" snapped Clemente viciously in the stress of his nervous foreboding, and went out to stand alone in the chilled patio, more and more deploring Pepe's undertaking. "And I might have prevented it if I had not been a fool," he muttered; "what were easier than to have sent a hint to the *Jefatura*, and the prefect would have so moved that the guard of the graveyard would have missed his stolen key, and watch would have been kept. Better that Pepe should pay a *multa*, or even take a turn in the lock-up, rather than get diphtheria or typhus in the miasmas among the graves!" Then the others came out laughing, and dragged him into the card-table, where still he would not play, but sat glowering at the game.

An hour went by, another half, two hours, and Allande could bear it no longer, but sprang to his feet with an oath of disturbance.

"Two hours and Pepe not here! Some evil has assailed him! We must go to his relief."

"And find him snugly in bed," sneered Pablo Nuñez; "he has been home an hour, or—*quien sabe?*—perhaps he was not so scrupulous as to go to the graveyard at all!"

"It does not particularly become you, Nuñez, to sneer and throw aspersions on Pepe's courage, when it is at your instigation he has gone into this absurd and useless adventure. It might be interesting to seek a cause for your pique against him!"

"One need not go far for that," murmured another of the young men; "only down to the corner of Guadalupe where Aurelia Miramontes lives."

"At all events," said Clemente, "I shall go to Pepe. You who will may come. However, I have no faith in ghosts, and I can go alone."

But the crowd was fairly shamed by Allande's spirit, and, moved by self-reproach, and also, no doubt, by curiosity, they trooped out with him, barring only Nuñez, who slunk away to his bed. The graveyard paths were dismal in their stark bareness, that left the palpable darkness unrelieved, and pressing like material substance on the pilgrims.

The leader stopped short as he rounded a tall and massive monument that concealed the particular space of the wall where their quest lay. Something undoubtedly was there, a denser concrete shape against the formless blackness of the night and the shadows from the wall. Something, too, in human semblance, and in the uncertain light shed by the lantern's flame, flickering and waving in the riotous gale, it seemed to struggle and writhe, as if in mortal throes, or else in the strain of combat. Clemente dashed forward with one wild cry.

"Pepe! oh, Pepe! To the rescue!"

He reached the spot and but one figure was there; bowing and swaying, bending and reeling in fantastic movement, as if wrestling with its own shadow, projected in grotesque, unearthly proportions upon the wall. Clemente threw his arms about the other's waist and strove to restrain and drag him aside. A passive and inert but powerful resistance was the result. By this time the others had gathered around, and one of them threw the lantern's rays full on Pepe Murhua's face. Then a cry of fear and horror went up from all throats, so ghastly was that pallid countenance, set in the rigid lines of mortal agony and despair.

"Will you not help to free him?" cried Clemente. "Are you all paralyzed? Come! see what holds him, so I can lay him down! I think he is grasping something on the wall."

But none of the panic-stricken crew would move, and Clemente himself, still supporting the other, sought to reach along the rigid arms, to detach them from their hold. Both arms hung free; one stiffened hand still held the heavy hammer. Then, with a sudden light breaking on his mind, the faithful Clemente caught at the folds of the ample Spanish cape, flapping and waving airily in the wind, and tried to tear them away from the form of his friend. The resistance which he encountered confirmed his belief, that had taken shape tardily, thanks to the dim and shifting, uneven light.

With a few words of explanation which deprived the incident of its supernatural aspect he rallied his stiffened companions, prompt enough to act where only material forces were concerned. The nature of the occurrence was plain. Blown by the fitful wind, the folds of Pepe's cloak had been pierced by the heavy spike, whose broad, flat head had effectually held the strong cloth and pinned the young man to the wall. Alone there in the night with such awesome circumstance of time and place, the conditions had unbalanced his judgment when he had seemed to find himself in the grasp of Something, unseen, unknown. Nor had the poor lad succumbed to fear alone. The family physician of the Murhuas had long ago diagnosed a weakness of the heart, brought on or aggravated by Pepe's prowess in field sports, and any excess of mental or spiritual emotion must have resulted fatally. The knowledge of his condition had been kept from Pepe, with a view to averting the fate that enlightenment might have spared him.

He was buried near the spot where death had met him, but his name is not forgotten. The graceful fashion of the Spanish cloak is coming into favor again 'tis said, but never can be found a youth of San Felipe who will don the garment that is known as "the shroud of Pepe Murhua."

Y. H. A.

The Tanganyika Railway, crossing Germi, Africa, has been finished. It is 700 miles long.

SARAH'S LATEST DEBUT.

Mme. Bernhardt Attempts a New Role in Her Seventieth Year

Exactly how many débuts Sarah Bernhardt has made since she began her theatrical career fifty-two years ago only she could tell. But it is characteristic of her perennial youth that she added another to the list on Saturday afternoon. By dint of much persuasion she had at last consented to deliver a series of six lectures on elocution at the Université des Annales, and the first of the series naturally attracted an audience which filled to overflowing the spacious hall in the Rue Saint Georges. The occasion had a dual interest for her countless admirers, for it was known that during the interval of the performance of "Jeanne Doré" on the previous evening President Poincaré had caused the insignia of the Legion of Honor to be conveyed to her dressing-room. Her appearance on the platform in her new rôle of lecturer was the signal for a remarkable ovation, which was renewed with tenfold zest when she threw off her cloak and disclosed the little red bar of the Legion of Honor pinned on her bosom.

It was not merely modesty which prompted the illustrious actress to beg the indulgence of her audience on the plea that she was a débutante, for the absence of footlights and all the other accessories to which she is accustomed afflicted her with a genuine attack of "stage fright" for a few minutes. But that soon passed, giving place to a graceful confidence which enhanced the personal note of her discourse. For that, too, she apologized in her own charming manner. Her friends, she knew, would forgive her for talking of herself and her beginnings; to make her story less egotistical, however, she would speak in the third person as much as possible. For, she added, the little girl of eleven of whom she wished to talk seemed a second or third person compared with the woman who was addressing them fifty-nine years later. Such a frank admission of her threescore years and ten was as unexpected as it was effectual in intensifying the sympathy of the audience.

That little girl of eleven, she continued, was an inmate of a convent and impressed with the conviction that her life was to be devoted to a religious vocation. But an incident happened which transformed her thoughts. News came to the convent that an archbishop was about to pay a visit to the establishment, in whose honor a little biblical drama of "Tobias and the Angel" was to be enacted by several of the pupils. Little Sarah, alas! was not in the cast; but as one of the girls at the eleventh hour developed a distressing nervousness Mlle. Sarah was given her rôle of the Angel and acquitted herself so triumphantly that from that hour she resolved to devote herself to the stage.

But there were obstacles to be surmounted. One took the form of a candid uncle, who assured the ambitious maiden that she was much too thin ever to make an actress. And when she still decided to apply for admission to the Conservatoire the mentor who prepared her for the examination ordeal gave her such depressing task as the twenty-times repetition of such phrases as *Six sous ces saucissons-ci*. Even those variants of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper-corns," however, did not quench her ardor; she persevered and duly presented herself for examination. But her instructor had overlooked the important fact that candidates had to appear in pairs, for the examiners wanted dialogues and not monologues. Her distress was so genuine that she was allowed to give a recitation, but her choice of La Fontaine's "Les Deux Pigeons" seemed so absurd to the jury that they could not restrain their merriment. They laughed too soon, however, for as soon as she had regained confidence the fragile little candidate delivered the simple fable with such faultless diction and such sincere emotion that her application was at once granted. The scene in that examination room became as vivid as a personal experience while Mme. Bernhardt recalled its various incidents; the voices of her jurymen were heard urging their objections or expressing their ridicule as she imitated their different tones; and her audience of the twentieth century was carried back more than fifty years as she declaimed again the pathetic La Fontaine fable which had conquered her critics. For few could forget that in the intervening years the reciter, like the ambitious dove of the fable, had failed to find happiness in one of her adventures. It was, however, a triumphant issue to her début as a lecturer, from which she retired amid a shower of violets and roses.

Least it should be imagined that this excursion into a new field has been arranged by an astute press agent anxious to give a filip to Mme. Bernhardt's new play it must be recorded that "Jeanne Doré" is one of the few successes of the present season. In its simplicity that tragedy is a departure for the mistress of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. Although the work of M. Tristan Bernard, it is unlike all his previous efforts. Indeed "Jeanne Doré" is as much of an innovation for him as for the divine Sarah, inasmuch as its humor is merely of the "relief" type, whereas M. Bernard is best known as a humorist. By some the drama would be voted melodrama; that it ranks as tragedy is due to the restraint and simplicity of Mme. Bernhardt's recitation.

There is practically no plot in the piece, nor are there surprises or climaxes of the kind looked for in a "well-built" play. In fact it would seem as though

M. Bernard had made a clipping from an ordinary newspaper of a village tragedy and had then followed the after events through their various stages to the guillotine. So far as "Jeanne Doré" has a story to unfold, it is told in seven chapters or tableaux. The opening scene is in Mme. Doré's little shop, where we make the acquaintance of Jeanne herself and her son Jacques, a wild, ill-tempered young man who has become infatuated with a Mme. Boverly and informs his mother that he must have a thousand francs on the following day. When, on his mother's refusal to provide him with a sum which would exhaust all her savings, he rushes from the shop to visit his miser uncle, the development of the piece becomes obvious. Yet that fact does not lessen the onlookers' interest. When the scene changes to another shop in the village, where there is a constant coming and going of rural types, the tension is relaxed for a few minutes, but is quickly tightened again when a customer rushes in with the news that the old miser of the district has been murdered. And just before that announcement Mme. Doré had been telling her neighbor that her son had been away from home all night and had not yet returned! To relieve her emotion for the moment, however, the bearer of the news tells how a soldier had been arrested for the crime. In the third episode the mother and son are face to face again, and Jacques's haggard look and attempts to wash a stain from his face convince her of his guilt. Succeeding incidents tell of the murderer's escape, his capture, his trial, his condemnation, and his failure to secure a reprieve. The last scene but one is laid in the railway station at the hour when the executioner is expected from Paris. In this tragic episode Mme. Bernhardt has nothing to do save watch, but her mute acting is replete with the essence of the greatest tragedy. For finale there is a moving scene in the interior of the prison, the pathos of which is intensified by the mother allowing Jacques to receive the impression that the woman who is outside his cell is the Mme. Boverly for whom he had committed the crime he was about to pay for with his life. "He will die happier," his mother murmurs, "thinking that the woman cared for him."

Such is the almost commonplace story which is filling the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt to overflowing at every performance. The secret of such an unusual success for a play which could hardly be less typical of Parisian fashion lies wholly in the amazing manner of its acting. Yet that Mme. Bernhardt should conquer with so elementary a story is but another proof of her power to merge in one great emotion such traits of elemental human nature as have a universal appeal. Her Jeanne Doré, in short, is in the same class as her Phèdre and Frou-Frou, which have given her a world fame, not for detail in portraiture, but for the overwhelming expression of that ill-fortune which sometimes makes sport with human happiness.

PARIS, January 23, 1914. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The municipality of Lyon has set aside a certain sum to carry on experiments for preventing local fogs proposed by M. Georges Onofrio, director of the Fourvière Observatory of that city. This well-known meteorologist has devoted much painstaking study to the fogs that cover Lyon for many days during the cold season and has become convinced that these fogs can be lessened, if not entirely obviated. In contradistinction to general fogs that often cover plains of the north of France and the sea fogs that envelop many of the coast towns, the Lyonnaise fogs are altogether local. Lyon, situated at the confluence of the two navigable rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, has a population of over half a million and, although containing with its suburbs many manufacturing establishments, can in no wise be considered smoke infested. Frequently in winter the fog rises and filters through the streets, shutting out sunshine and causing discomfort to the inhabitants. This fog is really an anomaly, because at a comparatively short distance away from the city the sun is shining. Careful observation seems to point to the fact that the constant evaporation of the two rivers in and near the city produces a great deal of humidity, which is invisible when the temperature is high, but which readily condenses during cold weather when there is not sufficient wind to drive it away. Due to the heights along the rivers, this fog can not escape, except at one side, toward which a part rolls, thins out, and often disappears. In consequence, much confined, the fog thickens and increases in volume over the rivers, quays, and thoroughfares.

Appalling facts have been compiled to show the educational situation in the whole region of the Southern Appalachians. This contains 102,000 square miles and has a population of four million whites. These compose practically a distinct race because they are almost purely American born; less than one per cent of them are foreign born. The extent of their illiteracy is poignantly illustrated by interesting figures taken from the United States census. These show that, in the eleven states and territories having the largest number of illiterates to 1000 native-born white inhabitants, are contained all of the eight states of the Southern Appalachians. The number of illiterates in the Southern Appalachian Mountain section between ten and twenty years of age exceeds the sum of illiterates in thirty-two states and territories. At least fifty per cent of the white population over ten years of age is wholly without letters.

OLD FAVORITES.

Venus' Runaway.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little hoy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say?
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged hag doth hover,
Shall tonight receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish:
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

He hath marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip.
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
But if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth hear a golden how,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are all he cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood:
Naught but wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then, the straggler makes his gain
By presenting maids with toys.
And would have ye think them joys:
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, he not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him:
Since you hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.—Ben Jonson.

Semper Idem.

"Love, my love, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou be my Valentine?"

Now the February breezes,
From the northland bleak and cold,
Come and make love's heart the warmer;
Make the old tale new, retold.

Some have words of finest fancy,
Others speak in language plain;
But all lovers, loving truly,
Chant the same old, dear refrain:

"Love, my love, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou be my Valentine?"—W. J. Duggett.

St. Valentine.

Upon the roof the white doves now
Are cooing, cooing, cooing;
The south wind shakes the willow bough—
It is the time for wooing.
But flutter, flutter, goes my heart,
How can I make my plea?
Oh, would the maid I love were mine,
Or would that I were free!
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Have pity upon me!

For, proud as fair, she will despise
A faint heart's timid suing;
And should I fail, her heaving eyes
Will be my life's undoing.
Then let me like a hero seem,
Though I a coward be,
And like a royal suitor go,
For Love's own queen is she.
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Oh, plead my cause for me!

—Morion Douglos.

On Goode Sainte Valentyne, Hys Daye.

O sweete is ye Matin Song of Birds,
As hlythe in leafy Boughes they sway
And twiter and sing of their Joye and Love
On goode Sainte Valentyne, hys Day.

O faire is ye Sunshine brighte,
Yt stretcheth neathe ye Greenwoode Tree,
While Shadowes on ye Greensward play,
And Spring comes blushing o'er ye Lea.

But Sweeter far is Thy Voice to me
Than Twitter of Birds on ye Blossoming Spray;
My Sunshine lies in thy Wondrous Eyes—
Thy Dymples ye only Shadows yt play.
—Lee Woodward.

After a lapse of almost twenty years work has been resumed in the Curacao phosphate mines. Curacao phosphate is considered of the finest quality.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Stanley Shaw Gives an Inner View of the German Government and of Its Head.

Dr. Stanley Shaw, who writes this entertaining volume about the German emperor, finds it advisable to ask preliminary attention to certain fundamental principles of German government. He tells us that it is wholly different in conception to the government of Anglo-Saxon countries, and that the people wish that it shall be different and that it shall preserve its present characteristics. The German emperor believes, and assumes his people to believe, that the Hohenzollern monarch is specially chosen by heaven to guide and govern a folk entrusted to him as the talent was entrusted to the steward in Scripture. As a result of the French Revolution the emperor has abandoned some of his powers, but he retains in his own hands the absolute governing and executive powers. Parliament may pass laws, but it can not carry them into operation, the result being a system somewhat similar to the relation established by the dame who said to her husband, "When we are of the same opinion, I am right, but when we are of different opinions, I am right." If the Parliament does not agree with the emperor, the emperor dissolves it.

The author sees no reason why England should object to the strengthening of the German navy. A nation has as much right to live beyond its means in the matter of navies as an individual has a right to live beyond his means in the matter of automobiles. The difficulty between England and Germany is due, says the author, to their incapacity to believe each other:

The truth is that if our ordinary Englishman and German were to sit down together, and with the help of books, maps, and newspapers, carefully and without prejudice consider the annals of their respective countries for the last sixteen years with a view to establishing the causes of their delusion, they could hardly fail to confess that it was due to neither believing a word the other said; to each crediting the other with motives which, as individuals and men of honesty and integrity in the private relations of life, each would indignantly repudiate; to each assuming the other to be in the condition of barbarism man began to emerge from nineteen hundred years ago; to both supposing that Christianity has had so little influence on the world that peoples are still compelled to live and go about their daily work armed to the teeth lest they may be plundered and robbed by their neighbors; that the hundreds of treaties solemnly signed by contracting nations are mere pieces of waste paper only testifying to the profundity and extent of human hypocrisy; that churches and cathedrals have been built, universities, colleges, and schools founded, only to fill the empty air with noise; that the printing presses of all countries have been occupied turning out myriads of books and papers which have had no effect on the reason or conscience of mankind; that nations learn nothing from experience; and to each supposing that he and his fellow-countrymen alone are the monopolists of wisdom, honor, truth, justice, charity—in short, of all the attributes and blessings of civilization. Is it not time to discard such error, or must the nations always suspect each other?

Dr. Shaw's impartial attitude—an attitude so impartial that sometimes it leans over in the direction of Germany—is shown, *inter alia*, by his quotation from the Rev. J. H. Fry on the character of the Empress Frederick, whose sympathies were always aggressively British. Mr. Fry says:

She was not the wife for a German emperor, she was so English and insisted so strongly on her English ways. The result was that she was very unpopular in Germany, and the Germans said many wicked things of her. She hated Berlin, and if her son, the present emperor, had not required that she should come to the capital every winter, she would have lived altogether at Cronberg in the villa an Italian friend bequeathed to her.

We are given many stories of the childhood of the emperor, including the well-known incident of the sentry who was ordered not to salute an unwashed prince:

Another story describes how the child was brought to submit cheerfully to the ordeal of the tub. He was "water-shy," like the vast majority of Germans at that time, and the nurses had to complain to his father, Crown Prince Frederick, of his resistance. The crown prince thereupon directed the sentry at the palace gate not to salute the boy when he was taken out for his customary airing. The boy remarked the neglect and complained to his father, who explained that "sentries were not allowed to present arms to an unwashed prince." The stratagem succeeded, and thereafter the lad submitted to the bathing with good grace.

As a schoolboy Prince William was extraordinarily industrious, and with a genuine ambition to acquire knowledge. His French tutor said of him that "he was much more disciplined and much more deprived of freedom and recreation of all sorts than most children of his age." But his brother, Prince Henry, was of quite another temperament:

Par parenthèse may be introduced here a reference to Prince Henry, of whom Monsiur Aymes writes less enthusiastically. "One day," the tutor writes, "I was dictating to him something in which mention of a queen occurs. I came to the words . . . In addition to her natural distinction she possessed that august majesty which is the appanage of princesses of the blood royal."

"Prince Henry laid down his pen and remarked, 'The author who wrote this piece did not live much with queens.'"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I never observed the august majesty which attaches to princesses of the blood royal, and yet I have been brought up among them," was the reply."

The author reverts more than once to the fundamental German conceptions of government. Englishmen, he says, are firmly persuaded that it is England's mission to extend to other countries the particular systems that have been found by them to work so well. On the other hand there are many Germans who believe that it is Germany's mission to impose her own system upon the rest of the world:

The Prussian view of monarchy, expressed in the words

"von Gottes Gnaden" ("By the Grace of God"), is a political conception, which, under its customary English translation, "by Divine Right," has often been ridiculed by English writers. Lord Macaulay, it will be remembered, in his "History of England," asserts that the doctrine first emerged into notice when James the Sixth of Scotland ascended the English throne. "It was gravely maintained," writes Macaulay, "that the Supreme Being regarded hereditary monarchy, as opposed to other systems of government, with peculiar favor; that the rule of succession in order of primogeniture was a divine institution anterior to the Christian, and even to the Mosaic, dispensation; that no human power, not even that of the whole legislature, no length of adverse possession, though it extended to ten centuries, could deprive the legitimate prince of his rights; that his authority was necessarily always despotic; that the laws by which, in England and other countries, the prerogative was limited, were to be regarded merely as concessions which the sovereign had freely made and might at his pleasure resume; and that any treaty into which a king might enter with his people was merely a declaration of his present intention, and not a contract of which the performance could be demanded." The statement exactly expresses the ideas on the subject attributed abroad to the emperor.

The emperor himself seems often to have asserted his divine right to the throne of Germany, although the author finds a certain mitigation of the doctrine in the finer differences incidental to translation from one language to another. There were no references to the divine right during the coronation ceremonies, but some guarded and cautious assertions in this direction were made by the emperor in 1890:

His next allusion, at Bremen in April of the same year, when he was laying the foundation-stone of a statue to his grandfather, King William, a few months subsequent to Bismarck's retirement, was more explicit, yet not completely so. "It is a tradition of our house," so ran his speech, "that we, the Hohenzollerns, regard ourselves as appointed by God to govern and to lead the people, whom it is given us to rule, for their well-being and the advancement of their material and intellectual interests."

The next reference, and the only one in which a divine "right" to rule in Prussia is formally claimed, occurs four years later at Koenigsberg, the ancient crowning-place of Prussian kings. Here he said:

"The successor (namely himself) of him who of his own right was sovereign prince in Prussia will follow the same path as his great ancestor; as formerly the first king (of Prussia, Frederick I) said, 'My crown is born with me, and as his greater son (the Great Elector) gave his authority the stability of a rock of bronze, so I, too, like my imperial grandfather, represent the kingship 'von Gottes Gnaden.'"

Dr. Shaw finds it possible even to defend this view of the kingly prerogative, although by means of arguments that impress us more by their cleverness than by their practical validity. Are we not all, he asks, divinely appointed to the work that we have to do? And if the Almighty asks from us a particular course of action "it seems clear that there must be channels through which these dictates become known to us":

This conveyance, this making plain is, as many people, and the emperor among them, believe, performed by God through the agency of those whom mankind agree to call "great." For the last nineteen centuries a large part of civilized mankind is at one in the belief that Christ was such an agency, while millions again agree to call the agency Buddha, Mahomet, Confucius, or Zoroaster. In the creed of Islam Christ, as a prophet, comes fifth from Adam. In America there are thousands who believe, or did believe, in the agency of a Mrs. Eddy or a Dr. Dowie. And if this is so in matters of religion, itself only a form of the reasoning soul, why should it not be the same in morals or philosophy, art or science, government or administration: why should we not all accept, as many still do, the sayings and writings of the Hebrew prophets (as does the emperor), of Plato and Aristotle, of Bacon and Hobbes, of Milton and Shakespeare and Goethe, of Kepler and Galileo, or Charlemagne and Napoleon, as divinely intended to convey and make plain to us the dictates of Heaven until such time as yet greater souls shall instruct us afresh and still more fully?

The relations between Germany and Russia, says the author, are those of friendship between the monarchs rather than between the peoples. Emperor and Czar alike are afraid of Socialism, but there are not a few Germans who predict that Germany's next war will be with Russia:

The Czar returned the emperor's accession visit in Berlin in October, 1899, and it was on this occasion that the first sign of trouble between the emperor and the old chancellor showed itself. When the emperor first proposed to make his round of visits of accession to foreign sovereigns, Bismarck agreed except as regarded Russia and England, objecting that visits to these countries would have an alternately bad effect in each. The emperor, however, as has been noted, went to Russia. During the return visit in Berlin, Bismarck had an interview with the Czar which resulted in the final adjustment of Russo-German relations, but at its close the Czar said, "Yes, I believe you and have confidence in you, but are you sure you will remain in office?" Bismarck looked surprised and said, "Certainly, majesty; I am quite certain I shall remain in office all my life"—an odd thing, one may remark, for a man to say who must have been familiar with the saying, "Put not your trust in princes."

From certain memoranda of Prince Hohenlohe's we get a glimpse of some of the political currents that were running high at the time of the emperor's accession. Bismarck was thinking above all things of fixing his son Herbert firmly in the saddle, and perhaps this accounted in part for his own overthrow. Certainly Herbert Bismarck made grave errors of brutality:

Prince Hohenlohe also tells of a visit he paid in the month of the accession to the widowed Empress Frederick. "She is much bowed down," he said, "very harassed-looking, and I feel sure that all this recent time, all the last year in fact, she has been displaying an artificial good humor, for now I find her in deep distress. At first she could not speak for weeping. She spoke of the Emperor Frederick's last days, then she recovered herself a little and complained of the wickedness and meanness of men, by which she meant to allude to certain people. . . . Herbert Bismarck had had the impudence to tell the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) that an emperor who could not talk and discuss things should not be allowed to reign, and so on. The Prince of Wales, the empress said, told Herbert that if it were not that he valued good relations between England and Germany, he would have thrown him out of the door. . . . Waldsee was a false, unprincipled wretch, who would think nothing of ruining his country if he could only satisfy his own personal ambi-

tion." Prince Hohenlohe finally called on the Prince of Wales, who "spoke prudently, but showed his disgust at the roughness of the Bismarcks, and could not understand their policy of irritating France."

The feudal system, says Dr. Shaw, is by no means extinct in Germany, and it is shown in the official attitude toward the public and in the tone of official communications issued by the administrative services generally. Everything in Germany must be done systematically and the system must be enforced:

Perhaps it is the manner in which, under the name of authority, compulsion is exercised by subordinate officialdom and in especial by the police, as much as the compulsion itself, which irritates in Germany. Every profession, business, trade, and occupation, down to that of selling matches and newspapers in the streets, is meticulously regulated; and while there is nothing to object to in this, what strikes the Anglo-Saxon as objectionable is that the regulations are enforced with the manners and in the tone of a drill-sergeant. The official in Germany, he finds, is not the servant of the public. There is a story current in England of a Duke of Norfolk, when postmaster-general, going into a district postoffice and asking for a penny stamp. The clerk was dilatory, and the duke remonstrated. "Who are you, I should like to know?" asked the clerk impertinently, "that you are laying down the law." "I am the public," replied the duke simply, at the same time showing the clerk his card. An English foreign secretary once told a deputation that the ministry was "waiting for instructions from their employers—the people." In Germany it is the opposite; the official is the master and the public his dutiful servant.

The actual facts in connection with Bismarck's quarrel with the emperor are not easy to ascertain, but there can be no doubt, says the author, that the chancellor was deeply mortified by his dismissal, and particularly so, perhaps, in view of his own assurances to the Czar that he would certainly remain in office so long as he lived:

Bismarck indeed expressly denies this in a conversational statement quoted by an able Bismarckian writer of our own time, Dr. Paul Linan; but in view of subsequent events and statements the denial can hardly be taken as sincere. The passage referred to is as follows:

"I hear no grudge against my young master, who is fiery and lively. He wishes to make all men happy, and that is very natural at his age. I, for my part, believe perhaps less in this possibility, and have told him so, too. It is very natural that a mentor like myself does not please him, and that he therefore rejects my advice. An old earhorse and a young courser go ill in harness together. Only politics are not so easy as a chemical combination; they deal with human beings. I wish certainly that his experiments may succeed, and am not in the least angry with him. I stand towards him like a father whom a son has grieved; the father may suffer thereby, but all the same he says to himself, 'He is a fine young fellow.' When I was young I followed my king everywhere: now that I am old I can no longer accompany my master when he travels so far. Accordingly it is unavoidable that counsellors who remained closer to him should win his confidence at my expense. He is very easily influenced when one puts before him ideas which he supposes will happily affect the condition of the people, and he can hardly wait to put them into operation. The Kaiser will achieve reputation at once: I have my own to watch over, to defend. I have sacrificed myself for renown and will not place it in jeopardy."

Pursuing his general plan of defending the emperor wherever defense is possible, the author comments on his speech to the German soldiers at the time of the Boxer troubles in China, a speech that certainly is not redolent of Christian sentiment:

The emperor's other speeches referring to the Boxer movement at this period have been adversely commented on as showing him in the light of a cruel and bloodthirsty seeker after revenge. This is an unjust, at least a hard, judgment. A passage in his address at Bremerhaven to the expeditionary force when setting out for China is the main proof of the charge—in which, after referring to the murder of Von Ketteler, he said: "You know well you will have to fight with a cunning, brave, well-armed, cruel foe. When you come to close quarters with him remember—quarter ('pardon' is the German word the emperor used) must not be given: prisoners must not be taken: manage your weapons so that for a thousand years to come no Chinaman will dare to look sideways at a German. Act like men." It is difficult, of course, to reconcile such an address with Christian humanity practiced, so far as humanity can be practiced, in modern war, but it should be remembered that the emperor was speaking in a state of great excitement, and that, according to Chancellor Prince Bülow's statement in the Reichstag subsequently, confirmation of the news of the murder of his minister to China had only reached the emperor ten minutes before he delivered his speech.

Room may be found for a concluding anecdote that represents the emperor in a softer and more human light, and it seems that the emperor is eminently human and with many kindly and benevolent traits:

The following anecdote may remind the reader of the amusing scene in Offenbach's "Grand Duchesse of Gerolstein," where the Grand Duchess, talking to the guardsman whose athletic proportions she admires, addresses him with a rising scale of "corporal" . . . "sergeant" . . . "lieutenant" . . . "captain" . . . "colonel," and so on, as she talks, only, however, later cruelly to redescend the scale to the very bottom when her courtship is ineffectual. The emperor is at an organ recital in the Kaiser William Memorial Church; the recital is over and the court party are about to go when he greets the organist, Herr Fischer: "My cordial thanks for the great pleasure you have given us, Herr Professor." "Pardon, your majesty," replies the organist, with commendable presence of mind: "may I venture to thank your majesty for the great mark of favor?" "What mark of favor?" asks the emperor, a little puzzled. "The fact is your majesty has more than once addressed me as 'professor,' although—" "Why, that's good," exclaims the emperor, with a great laugh, "very good indeed;" and striking his forehead in self-reproach with the palm of his hand: "so forgetful of me! Then you are not professor, after all! Well, no matter; what is not, may be—what I said, I said. Adieu, Herr Professor!" and goes off smiling. The very same evening—need it be added?—Herr Fischer had his patent as a Professor in his pocket.

Dr. Shaw has done an admirable piece of work and one well calculated to remove some of the current misapprehensions as to the character and disposition of one of the few men now living who have any claim to be called great.

WILLIAM OF GERMANY. By Stanley Shaw. 1. 0. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt begins his autobiography with the statement that there are certain chapters that can not now be written. It may be said that the unwritten chapters are numerous, and probably they are the most interesting, but none the less the volume contains 647 pages. It may be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the few living men who are justified in writing an autobiography, but it might have been much shorter, and in that case it would have been more effective as an historical document.

From the technical point of view this is not an autobiography so much as an elaborate plea in self-defense. Every contested point of the author's career is hammered out on the anvil of justification, but without the presentation of new facts. So much declamatory energy seems out of place in a work of this sort. An autobiography should be first of all a history of events. The argument should be implied rather than stated, but in this case the usual order is reversed and the book becomes an advocacy.

A certain irritating feature of Mr. Roosevelt's work is the impressive use of the platitude and a certain exaggerated formalism in stating the commonplace. Surely it was hardly necessary to say that there have been various Spanish gentlemen for whom Mr. Roosevelt has entertained a great respect. Of course there have been. It may be equally taken for granted that the Colombians have "many fine traits." So have the Hottentots and the Eskimos. These are among the things that may safely be assumed of all sections of humanity except those who are so unfortunate as to be among Mr. Roosevelt's political opponents, who, of course, are beyond the pale. But if the book contained no such defects as these we should be inclined to doubt its authenticity. Its portentous gravity, its unfairness to adversaries, and its self-appreciation are implied by its authorship. As a statement of fact we do not feel that it has in any way enlarged our knowledge. As a revelation of character it has all the distinctive qualities that we should expect.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

The Great Plan.

Here we have the suffrage novel, and, incidentally, much amusement. The heroine is a Vassar girl who sets forth to secure the suffrage for the suffering women of Germany. She buys a castle on the Rhine and makes of it her headquarters. Germany, it seems, must choose between enfranchising her women or losing them altogether. They must either have the vote or emigrate, and what would Germany do then, poor thing? Deprived of her women, it is almost inevitable that her population must suffer. Naturally the police interfere to prevent the extinction of the race and at last the emperor himself takes a hand in order to produce that reconciliation between the sexes upon which so much depends. And as for the heroine herself—well, we know what does happen to heroines in all well-conducted novels and it is something with which the "cause" has not yet interfered. A very good story.

THE GREAT PLAN. By Edith Huntington Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Garden Without Walls

Nearly five hundred pages is a liberal allowance of print for the depiction of a character that is too weak to be interesting. Mr. Dawson is a skilled and even brilliant writer, and possibly the type that he has chosen for his hero is more common in Europe than it is here, but we can hardly avoid the conviction that a little frank animalism in Dante instead of a rather maudlin eroticism would have made him much more of a man. The sin that finds a perpetual expression in the mind is far more corroding than physical indulgence, and while we are apparently asked to admire Dante's goodness in resisting temptation that same goodness might have been better assured by a fall from a grace that is a little artificial. Dante gazes so steadily upon the apple that the unregenerate reader is inclined to wish that he would eat it and so have done with it.

THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Heraldry.

This volume by W. H. St. John Hope appears in the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, a series whose substantial values should not be overlooked either by the artist or the craftsman. The volumes are intended as text-books of workshop practice and to furnish a standard of quality in the crafts associated with design. Certainly nothing could be more direct or practical than the present issue. The author gives an account of the principles of heraldry in such a manner that designers and craftsmen can work out for themselves the many and varied applications that are possible today. The book contains diagrams by the author and numerous illustrations, colored lithographs,

and colotype reproductions from ancient examples.

HERALDRY FOR CRAFTSMEN AND DESIGNERS. By W. H. St. John Hope, Litt. D., D. C. L. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Elder & Co. have in press for publication during the coming Easter season a drama entitled, "The Foot of the Rainbow," by Myrtle Glenn Roberts. This is a story written in drama form and comes to help fill the growing demand for books along the line of constructive imagination.

A strange little walled town in the West and its watchman, a Swede nicknamed "Lars Porsena," are unique features in Eugene Manlove Rhodes's "Jeff Bransford in Arcadia," which Henry Holt & Co. are just publishing, and of which they have had to print a second edition before publication.

The new book on the Philippines by Dean C. Worcester, which is entitled "The Philippines, Past and Present," is an entirely new work. It has no connection whatsoever with "The Philippine Islands and Their People," by the same author, published some ten years ago. "The Philippines, Past and Present," represents the results of Mr. Worcester's fourteen years of residence on the islands where he has served as Secretary of the Interior and as a member of the Philippine Commission. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Frederick Irving Anderson's stories of "The Infallible Godahl," which have been appearing serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, are announced for publication in March by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. The exploits of a master rogue with a scientific as well as humorous bent afford opportunity for a series of dramatic and sprightly episodes which give daringly intimate pictures of New York life.

Various delays and difficulties made it necessary to postpone the publication of Volumes III and IV of Hauptmann's Dramatic Works, by E. W. Huebsch, New York, so they are now announced for early spring publication. The complete contents are as follows: Volume III—Introduction by the editor, Ludwig Lewisohn; "The Reconciliation" and "Colleague Crampton," translated by Roy Temple House; "Lonely Lives," by Mary Morison; and "Michael Kramer," by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volume IV—Introduction by the editor; "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell" in the completely satisfactory translations by Charles Henry Meltzer; and "Henry of Aue," which will probably come to be regarded as the greatest of Hauptmann's poetic dramas, translated by Professor Lewisohn.

"One Year of Pierrot," by the Mother of Pierrot, will be published this month by the Putnams.

Henry Holt & Co. have finally fixed February 21 for the date of their publication of Mr. DeMorgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost," one of his "long leisurely" books that is said to again show the characteristics that endeared his "Joseph Vance" to so many readers.

A book that should appeal to all persons who need a handy dictionary—one just large enough to drop conveniently into the pocket—is the "Concise Standard Dictionary" just issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. This little volume is an abridgment from the "New Standard Dictionary." It contains "about 35,000 words and phrases" selected on the basis of including "all words that are sure to be used by the average person in his speaking and writing, with the addition of such words and phrases as will occur in the books, papers, and magazines which are most likely to be read." All other dictionaries give the common meaning last of all, although this is the one looked for ninety-nine times out of one hundred.

Kathleen Norris's new novel, "The Treasure," just put to press by the Macmillan Company, is said to resemble Mrs. Norris's famous story, "Mother," in its simple and wholesome picture of home life.

The Century Company will publish next month "Beaumont, the Dramatist," by Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English language and literature, University of California. The work aims to settle definitely the Beaumont-Fletcher controversy.

The Putnams have in train for publication in March a volume entitled "Frémont and '49," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, author of "The Romance of the Colorado River," "North Americans of Yesterday," "Breaking the Wilderness," etc. Mr. Dellenbaugh's actual experiences among new and old trails of the country Frémont traversed, and intimate acquaintance for some decades with that entire field, render him qualified to estimate and balance the exploits of the "Pathfinder."

People who remember official life during the Hayes administration tell the story of a new congressman's wife who went to her first White House reception wearing a pair of slippers which were excruciatingly tight.

While she stood in line she lifted one aching foot out of her shoe, and suddenly the shoe was swept away by the voluminous train of a passing guest. She did the only thing possible, hobbled past the presidential line wearing one slipper, shaking hands and making her bows in a strangely distraught manner. This incident has been mirthfully utilized by Isabel Gordon Curtis in the career of "The Congresswoman," her latest story, published by the Browne & Howell Company.

The Secretary of the Navy has instituted training schools for all the enlisted men of the navy, and Dr. S. E. Forman's "A History of the United States," published by the Century Company, has been adopted as the textbook on American history to be used.

Eugene Walter's drama, "Fine Feathers," has been novelized by Webster Denison, and will be published immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co. The story portrays the subtle manner in which the money-making system leads on its weaker servants from contentment and ideals on a simple and unpretentious scale of living to an ever-increasing dissatisfaction as their fortunes increase at the price of their souls.

The Century Company's February fiction issues will include a book of short stories by Harvey J. O'Higgins, entitled "Silent Sam," and Samuel Merwin's "Anthony the Absolute."

This month the Putnams will publish a volume entitled "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirk," by Howard Palmer. The author has named and measured new features and has extended a system of triangulation by methods of photographic surveying over about six hundred square miles of the Northern Selkirk for the first time, the results of which are embodied in maps included in the book.

Alfred Bishop Mason's new "Primer of Political Economy," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is based on a previous one written in conjunction with Mr. John J. Lalor and issued by the present house when it

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

Robertson's
222 STOCKTON ST.
Union Square San Francisco

was still known as "Jansen, McClurg & Co." In its original form the book went through twelve editions.

Henry Ford's announcement that he intends to conduct his vast business on the profit-sharing principle adds timeliness to the announcement by Doubleday, Page & Co. that they have taken over "Inspired Millionaires," by Gerald Stanley Lee, from its original publisher. "Inspired Millionaires" is a rather remarkable study of the giant employer and his possibilities for molding the lives of his thousands of employees.

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☐ During a period of five years, not one passenger's life has been lost through collision or derailment of trains on Southern Pacific lines, involving the movement for a distance of one mile of *eight thousand million passengers*.

"Safety First"

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Short History.

Professor Bassett has succeeded in producing a history of the United States equally suited for school use and for private study. The average school history is much too short and much too concerned with telling children things that it would be good for them to believe rather than of the things that happened. On the other hand the library history is usually much too long and overweighted with detail. Now we have a volume of 885 pages that begins at the beginning and that ends with the administration of Roosevelt and Taft. It is well balanced throughout and there is practically no trace of predilection or partisanship. But the author's abstention from personal opinion is not carried so far as to make his work a colorless one. Thus in speaking of the Panama revolution he says:

Friends of President Roosevelt justified his action on the ground that it was necessary to keep transit open and to protect property, but it is hard to treat such arguments seriously. In making the treaty, Colombia could not have intended to sign away her right to enforce order and sovereignty in her own borders. Keeping her from her own territory was nothing but a forceful act in contravention of her sovereignty.

The volume as a whole is admirably schemed and written with terseness and vigor. It should take its place in the front rank of the histories that are intended for general perusal.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By John Spencer Bassett, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Christina of Denmark.

Miss Julia Cartwright has already won a reputation for careful and accurate historical work. It is a reputation that will now be enhanced by her story of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine, covering the years 1522 to 1590. Not very much is known of Christina, and the author's summary of her heroine's career may therefore be quoted. She says: "Christina's troubles began from her cradle. When she was little more than a year old her father, King Christian II, was deposed by his subjects, and her mother, the gentle Isabella of Austria, died in exile of a broken heart. Christina lost her first husband, Francesco Sforza, at the end of eighteen months. Her second husband, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, died in 1545, leaving her once more a widow at the age of twenty-three. Her only son was torn from her arms whilst still a boy by a foreign invader, Henry II, and she herself was driven into exile. Seven years later she was deprived of the regency of the Netherlands just when the coveted prize seemed within her reach, and the last days of her existence were embittered by the greed and injustice of her cousin, Philip II."

Miss Cartwright has done her work well and has neglected no source of information that might throw light upon her heroine. The result is a biography that is inclusive, authentic, and vivacious, and that should be valued as a distinct contribution to the history of the day.

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN AND LORRAINE. By Julia Cartwright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Deutsche Lieder," zusammengestellt von Peter Scherer und Louis H. Dirks (25 cents). It contains the words and music of a number of popular German songs and is intended for use in class.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has published "Royal Auction Bridge with Nullo," by R. F. Foster (\$1.20 net), described as a new edition of Foster's handbook brought completely up to date, and including a full section on the "Nullo" count, its rules and tactics.

Sherman, French & Co. have published two critical and biographical essays on Browning and Turgenev under the title of "Two Masters." Dr. Moxom shows himself to be not only a profound student of Browning and Turgenev, but also to have the faculty of lucid presentation. Few better things of the kind and of the length have been done. The price is \$1 net.

J. Scott Keltie, LL. D., and O. J. R. Howarth, M. A., have contributed to the History of the Sciences Series a "History of Geography." The little volume is extraordinarily interesting, not only because, as a history it is well written, but also because of the many illustrations, mainly maps, that mark the earlier attempts at charting the world. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 75 cents net.

Miss Katharine Berry Judson is to be congratulated on her "Myths and Legends of the Great Plains," lately published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (\$1.50 net). "An Indian legend," she says, "must be told as the Indian tells it," and so she presents these tales and myths of the Osages, Cherokees, Omahas, Sioux, Pawnees, and other Plains Indians as the sage

of the tribe was wont to tell them around the evening fire. They are well selected, well told, and well illustrated.

Among later additions to the Loeb Classical Library is the fourth volume of Appian's Roman History with an English translation by Horace White, M. A., LL. D. It would be hard to speak too highly in praise of a library that does all that can be done to popularize classical literature and to present it in the form most useful to the general reader and to the student. The publishers are the Macmillan Company and the price is \$1.50 net.

New Books Received.

CELTIC MEMORIES. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

NERVES. By David Fraser Harris, M. D., C. M., B. Sc., D. Sc., F. R. S. E. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY. By Randall Davies. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

An account of the house built at Chelsea in 1520 by Sir Thomas More and occupied successively by various notable people.

THE FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

THE WORKS OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN. With an English translation by Wilmer Cave Wright, Ph. D. In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GREEK ART. By Percy Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

A discussion of the artistic and psychological principles incorporated in Greek art. With illustrations.

ON POLITICS AND HISTORY. By John Morley. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A university address.

BRANSFORD IN ARCADIA. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

ACROSS SIBERIA ALONE. By Mrs. John Clarence Lee. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

An American woman's adventures.

ANGEL ISLAND. By Inez Haynes Gilmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE POSSESSED. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

THE OCEAN. By Sir John Murray, K. C. B., F. R. S., LL. D., D. Sc., Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

CO-PARTNERSHIP AND PROFIT-SHARING. By Aneurin Williams, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE. By Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt., F. B. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE LOST VOCAL ART AND ITS RESTORATION. By W. Warren Shaw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

"A revolutionary work on singing."

PRACTICAL CINEMATOGRAPHY AND ITS APPLICATIONS. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

Intended to assist the amateur who is attracted toward cinematography.

WHO'S WHO, 1914. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.75 net.

An annual biographical dictionary with which is incorporated "Men and Women of the Time."

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By William Henry P. Phye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A revised, enlarged, and rewritten edition of "12,000 Words Often Mispronounced."

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MARGARET L. WOODS. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

GARDEN OATS. By Alice Herbert. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

A PRIMER OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Alfred Bishop Mason, A. B., M. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

In sixteen definitions and forty-one propositions.

EARMARKS OF LITERATURE. By Arthur E. Bostwick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 90 cents net.

A survey of values in literature.

CONCISE STANDARD DICTIONARY. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 60 cents.

Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.

SHELLEY, GOODWIN, AND THEIR CIRCLE. By H. N. Brailsford, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents.

Issued in the Home University Library.

DICTIONARY OF ABBREVIATIONS. By the late Walter T. Rogers, F. R. S. L. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Citations of those terms used in the professions, sport, and trades.

THE CAREFUL INVESTOR. By Edward Sberwood Mead, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Describing the different forms of investments,

showing the advantages of some over others, dangers to avoid, and general rules to secure safety.

Two sections of the famous Chinese Encyclopedia were recently loaned to the London Library for a few weeks, and it is said they were picked up by Wilfred Merton, their present owner, in a London book shop. The volume comprises Sections 19,865 and 19,866, and chiefly deals with the subject of bamboos. The "Yung-Lo-Ta-Tien," or "Great Dictionary of Yung-Lo," comprises as pointed out by Professor Giles in the *Nineteenth Century*, of April, 1901, 22,877 separate sections bound up into 11,100 volumes, "each half an inch in thickness, so that, were all the volumes laid flat one upon another, the column thus formed would reach a height of 450 feet, or nearly forty-six feet higher than the top of St. Paul's." The "Great Encyclopedia of China" easily ranks as the biggest literary undertaking in the world, having had over 2000 scholars engaged in its compilation and containing a total of 917,480 pages and 366,992,000 characters.

The latest story by Louis Tracy, "One Wonderful Night," is well worth while. The scene is laid in New York and the entire action takes place within twenty-four hours. Edward J. Clode, New York, is the publisher. He has also brought out the "Torchy" series, "Concentration," and other books.

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OF

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DECEMBER 31, 1913

ASSETS:

Loans on Real Estate . .	\$16,340,427.09
Loans on Approved Collateral	1,727,312.32
Loans to Policyholders . .	5,130,586.93
Bonds Owned	3,285,814.50
Real Estate, including Home Office Building	1,094,257.41
Interest Accrued	378,350.21
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums — Life Department	568,428.09
Accident Department . .	379,017.12
Cash on Hand	428,754.05
Other Assets	5,204.27
Total Admitted Assets, \$29,338,151.99	

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on Policies . . .	\$25,081,596.33
Claims in Process of Adjustment	327,651.49
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance . . .	155,268.23
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1914	125,000.00
All Other Liabilities . . .	269,105.74
Total Liabilities ..\$25,958,621.79	
Capital Stock	\$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	1,435,368.79
Surplus, Unassigned . . .	944,161.41
Total \$29,338,151.99	

New Life Business Written, 1913 (Paid-for Basis)	\$ 24,088,667.00
Total Life Business in Force, 1913 (Paid-for Basis) . . .	145,040,193.00
Total Cash Income, 1913 . . .	9,079,865.75
Premium Income Accident Department, 1913	1,944,836.04
Total Paid Policyholders in 1913	3,478,697.78

Increase in Life Business in Force (Paid-for Basis)	\$11,731,179.00
Increase in Assets	3,095,146.07
Increase in Cash Income . . .	880,769.19
Increase in Reserve	2,474,630.65
Increase in Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned	464,414.22

Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned Exclusive of Capital) \$2,379,530.20

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"MILESTONES."

"Milestones!" What a felicitous title! Short, succinct, conveying so much in a single word.

The play itself is so excellent, and departs so radically from stereotyped standards that I feel a keen curiosity as to the method of collaboration followed by the two brilliant authors. Who was responsible for what? The root idea is no doubt Arnold Bennett's, since he is the author of "Old Wives' Tales," but the story of "Milestones" deviates so widely from that lengthy and deliberate novel, and Edward Knoblauch, since he wrote "The Faun" (which was much more idea than execution), has developed so rapidly along unworked-out lines, that we find ourselves treating the two writers with equal respect. That is, in the domain of play-writing.

Everybody knows, of course, that "Milestones" carries a family of the prosperous British middle-class through three generations, but no one knows, until he sees the play, with what solid realism and what fidelity both to the facts and the sentiments of life the thing has been done. But sentiment, mind you, not sentimentality. Happily that weakened infusion of a noble abstraction is banished from "Milestones."

The play begins in 1860, and the two pretty girls whose destinies are then in that inchoate state which precedes their taking on of a crystallized shape are in crinolines. We speedily discover that Rose is of the gentle, feminine, doer-mat type of woman, while Gertrude, equally or rather more charming, has spirit, poise, decision, and initiative. There are also two brothers, each partaking in its more virile form of the dominant family trait. Gertrude Rhead's brother is, in business, a shrewd, far-seeing radical. He and Samuel Sibley are partners in a ship-building firm, and he sees the coming of the reign of iron. "In thirty years," he says impressively, "every ship will be made of iron." But Samuel, who in character rather partakes of the nature of his favorite medium, which is the sturdy oak, can not go back on wood. To him John Rhead is a dangerous innovator. Each brother loves the sister of the other, and when a controversy between the man of progressive mind and the conservative ensues the inevitable result follows. John Rhead declares his intention to dissolve the partnership. This also means, to the smaller mind of Samuel, the dissolution of his sister's engagement to the bold and resolute radical. Angered and revolted by his injustice, Gertrude, swiftly decisive like her brother, breaks her engagement, and as she returns Samuel's ring the curtain falls. This scene was full of the atmosphere of the 'sixties. The pallor and stiffness of the house decorations, the set pattern of the wall-paper, the cold exclusiveness of vases and statuettes traveling in pairs, the icy glitter of the pendant lustres, the frosty impeccability of the white ties, the dessicated bloom of wax fruit under glass, all proclaimed the horrors of house decoration as practiced in the mid-Victorian era. But the girls were a picture. Tilting crinoline is not beautiful, and large, generous, heelless shoes are a thing of horror to a coquette, but a charming woman will always retain her full attractions in the costume of any era. And when from an adjoining room we heard the sweet, old-fashioned love-murmurs of "Juanita," accompanied by the thin tinklings of an 1860 piano, we responded, as always when listening to "the tunes that the voice of girlhood sung," to the crowning touch of suggestion.

During this act, in the interest of which the audience was deeply absorbed, we were unconscious of how accurately all those young people were laying the foundation stones of their future destinies. We foresaw, of course, how thoroughly John was going to put out the lesser Samuel's twinkling light, but it was not until the second act that we realized with what orderly and admirable logic the authors were carrying out their idea. For here we saw John, the man of foresight, developed into a keen and dominant man of affairs, and rewarded by the offer of a harems. The gentle and clinging Rose was now a plump and handsome matron in a massive and imposing fringed brocade made with a "polonaise," and the long tight sleeves of '88 that so successfully impeded the circulation. The rampant bustle was in evidence, and in a street dress costume we recognized one of the giddy little straw sailor hats of that period. For twenty-five years had passed

since the opening events. John, the strong and dominant one, had contemptuously swept aside the opposition of Samuel and mated with his Rose, and they had now a successor to Rose in the person of Emily a girl of twenty-two. And Gertrude; alas for young dreams! She had loved the unimaginative Samuel whose ring she had so spunkily returned twenty-five years before, and had rejected all subsequent candidates. And now behold the inevitable reward of fruitless constancy. Gertrude is occupying the unenviable position of an old maid in her brother's prosperous home. Born to rule well and wisely in her own kingdom, adapted to be a true helpmate to the man she loved, she had cut their two destinies asunder in an access of youthful indignation and received the exact reward which niggardly destiny deals out to those who indulge in generous emotions. Gertrude, without honor, recognition, or reward, was administering the affairs of Rose's large establishment, and Rose got all the credit. Rose, secure in her niche as loved and honored wife and mother, was still rosy, fair, and handsome. But Gertrude, the uncrowned queen, was dried up and fallow. Her girlish beauty had faded like the flush of the morning, and in her manner there was something of the sharp decision of the woman whose edges and angles had not been smoothed by family affection and the comfortable attrition of prosperity.

Samuel, the man of affairs without vision, had retired from the arena; he had means, but not wealth, and after a quarter of a century of celibacy, had struck a modern note by comfortably marrying his stenographer. John Rhead, in the meanwhile, was beginning to be affected by the mental rigidity induced by the years. He was settling comfortably in his iron mould, thought the generation of '85 was going clean out of its head, and refused to be affected by the talk of steel ships.

The note of progressive, dreaming, strong, confident, ambitious youth was now struck by another, and John's logical successor, Arthur Preece, a young man attached to his works, was a genius in the mechanical line, and had perfected a process by which steel could be made light enough to build ships. Emily, the daughter of John and Rose, loved and was beloved by this young man, but John Rhead, caressing the idea of a harems, wished to arrange a more pretentious alliance for his pretty daughter. But Gertrude, instead of Emily, became the rebel. Remembering the aridity of her unmated life, she wished Emily to have the happiness of marrying the man of her choice. She vainly tried to infuse with her own courage and resolution the feeble nature of the young girl, and the middle act ended with Emily's submission to her father's will.

In this act there is a considerable modification of the style of decoration used in the room: the same drawing-room in which events played themselves out in the first act. Although stiff pampas grass decorates a corner, vases still go in pairs, and a few tidies triumphantly survive the juggernaut of time, the color scheme has warmed up considerably. The reign of the photograph has begun, and the lonely masterpiece on the wall has many smaller pictures to bear it company.

The date marked by the next milestone is 1912. When the curtain rises on the same drawing-room we see still further modifications of taste in the adornment of the room. The warm reds of the 'eighties have shamefacedly retreated before the more harmonious browns of the new century. The furniture and decorations, while preserving a certain sobriety of style appropriate to the home of a middle-class magnate fixed in the conservatism of old age, nevertheless strikes a gayer and more frivolous note. Thompson, the footman, who passed from livery in the first act to the black and white regalia of the serving man in the second, has evidently made his final exit, and a younger man waits in his place.

Emily's son enters. He is a graceless specimen of the *nouveau siècle* youth; the heir and dispenser of wealth which he does not assist in augmenting. A spindle-shanked, undersized, pallid youth is this degenerate descendant of a worthy progenitor, with a receding chin, who exerts a cynical wit, and apparently nothing else save the susceptibilities which respond to the pleasures of dissipation. Emily, his mother, says succinctly that he is a fool, and is apparently unconscious that a rich, idle young man abandoned to his own impulses toward pleasure can scarcely become anything else.

Emily, now the widowed Lady Monkhurst, is handsomer in her middle age than in her youth, and is gowned with the amazingly frank revelations of flesh affected by the well-preserved, mature women of our day. She is beautifully dressed, coiffed, and jeweled, but has become discontented and a little supercilious. The new generation is beginning to make trouble, for it, too, has reached the marrying age. Emily has a daughter, the Honorable Muriel Pym, and Samuel, now gathered to his fathers, is survived by his brusque but common-sense widow and a son. Richard Sibley is only an engineer and his cousin is a young lady of rank in London

society, but Muriel, with the crisp decision of the new century girl, has decided that she wishes to accept the love offered to her by her cousin Richard. Emily is agast at the social non-enterprise of her handsome and independent daughter, and wounded to the heart at the thought of losing her in the distances of Canada, which is to be the theatre of Richard's future career. Sir John's influence is invoked, and he unhesitatingly decides to cut out his hequest to his grand-nephew from his will if the young people mate. Sir John no longer stands on the hearth-rug with such an upright, dominating air, autocratically laying down the law of life for all his relatives. He is still the head of his family, and the lines of his aged countenance are carved by an iron will. But Sir John is in the seventies, and his arm-chair oftener claims him. Rose and Gertrude are now two feeble, howed, and bent old women. The charming shape of youth has quite departed, there is a shelf on each aged back, their dimmed eyes are deeply sunk, their shrunken features are graven with lines, and their broken voices are feeble and unreliable and have acquired the deepened note of age. The old sap is drying, and the lights of life burn low. The vigorous new shoots of the latest generation are wrathfully insensible to the will of the elders. Commands, sarcasms, complaints, reproaches, threats of disinheritance, leave them equally unmoved.

Youth, insistent, demanding youth, claims its rights, in its turn, as it did with these withered elders long ago. Only it is reinforced by the sentiment of individualism which has become a plant of such growth in the present epoch. Muriel is the arbiter. Richard the discredited leaves the matter in her competent hands, and she places herself in the midst of her remonstrant seniors like a statue of the finest polished granite. She is fixed, incarnate will, the indominate will of the young woman of the twentieth century, who has learned to wrest from the relaxing hands of her elders the power to dispose of her own life.

The scene is curiously life-like. The family counsel, the presence of the three generations which we see so much more often in life than on the stage, the feeling of having seen those three old people travel along on life's journey from morning to noon, and even down to the decline of their day, affected the imagination with wonderful strength. And in the midst that cold, fixed, indomitable, immovable figure of will, set in the person of a modish, extremely pretty girl, with a clinging skirt and high-heeled shoes.

The end we shall have to leave to the reader's imagination, for fear of anticipating any possible surprises for those who prefer the dénouement to be unknown in advance.

This thoroughly original composition is being acted at the Columbia this week by an English company of first-class ability. After the two disappointments we had experienced in "Breaking a Butterfly" and "The Ignorance of Virtue," we scarcely dared to hope that we ever would see a first-class English company. But it has really come at last; a group of most interesting players, their acting full of delicacy, of fine shades, of fruitful suggestion. There are no wonders among them, but they are completely satisfying. They could well serve as a reproach to many of our indistinct, rapid-fire, American players on account of the respect that they have for language as a means of communicating ideas. For they are almost as careful as the French in giving each syllable its proper value. Our abused language regained, under their ministrations, many of its lost beauties. Yet while they spoke with this almost meticulous distinctness it was not with the slightest loss of realism. Our American players are all out in thinking that swift speech stands for nature; many people can not speak rapidly any way, and I, for one, would like to see introduced in our theatres some method gentler than the hiss to admonish players when they are becoming unintelligible to their audiences.

In "Milestones" the same players carried the characters through from youth to age, and carried them so consistently, influencing thoroughly every possible detail, such as tint, outline, voice, gait, and manner, that the illusion was remarkably strong; the feeling of old age, of long lives lived, was in the air, and we completely forgot that the beauty and freshness we had admired in the first act was under those careful make-ups. The women, by the way, have beautiful English voices, but, when representing age, all the soft music of youth was gone.

Miss Auriol Lee and Miss Sybil Walsh are the two efficient players who represented so completely and realistically the passing of the charming pair in the first act from youth to "withered old"; and Stanley Warrington, who has visited us once before, was the radical who developed from progress to success, and from success to a decline into the well-worn rut favored by age. Mr. Warrington gave a singularly well studied and consistent portrait of the old ship-builder, with retrospective features in it. That is to say, we could look back in later scenes and recall the intimation in earlier acts of the character revelation made by the years. Mr. Ernest W. Lacey gave a very good impersonation

of a cheerful fool, and the characterizations of Mr. Harold Holland as Samuel Sibley, and of Mr. Frederick Lloyd as Arthur Preece were in line with the general standard of excellence prevailing; the latter giving a sort of latent suggestion of the humble origin of Arthur Preece, even in his later successful years. As the play progressed and fresh figures of youth thrust the elders into the insignificance that age brings the new players were seen to be equally efficient in their task, the company being one of remarkably even excellence. Miss Marie Hassell brought out the mingled vulgarity and good sense of Samuel's stenographer bride, Mr. Myles Wood expressed the cheap cynicism and general futility of the young Lord Monkhurst, and Miss Florence Born was the very essence of the cock sure, flint-willed, and slightly hard and ruthless maiden of the twentieth century.

"Milestones" is a milestone in the world of drama, and the thousands who are seeing it represented by the various companies on the road will probably never forget it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

AT THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

The white slavery question, having traveled through many theatres and the "movies," is now figuring as the motive of a one-act play in vaudeville, as evidenced by the piece billed at the Pantages Theatre this week with the startling title of "Vice."

The play has been written with the report of the Chicago Vice Commission as a basis for the various incidents of which it is composed. Mr. William J. Jossey, the ingenious author, having no doubt foretold for himself a rain of dollars as a gratifying result. This is undoubtedly its cause for being, although, in a foreword spoken by one of the players, its avowed purpose is to protect "our sisters and daughters."

A raid is supposed to have been committed on a house of ill-fame, and the various inmates, on being questioned by members of the commission, speak for themselves. A series of amazing coincidences, by which a number of men incidentally or officially present turned out to be the instruments of the first fall of these girls, gratified those in the audience who like their melodrama hot and scorn the probabilities, and the prurient-minded fraction of the audience seized so eagerly upon every chance for unseemly mirth that they succeeded in making it perfectly evident that the topic of white slavery, having had its day in the drama, should now pass into the limbo of things quite sufficiently exploited.

"The Candy Ship," with Ethel Davis and a company of dancing girls, is well received. Boh Abright, playing a return engagement, sings in a way that pleases his hearers. A travesty on newspaper life, called "The Critic and the Girl," presents some breezy ideas. The programme concludes with "Twenty Minutes in Daffy Town" and a novelty turn by Reed's acrobatic dogs.



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TWO VIOLIN RECITALS

At the

Cort—Sunday, Feb. 22, 3 p. m.

Scottish Rite, Thursday, Feb. 26, 8:30 p. m.

Tickets 75c to \$2. Box, Loges \$2.50. At usual places. Now.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Firefly" at the Cort.

To all lovers of good music the presentation of Mlle. Emma Trentini in Arthur Hammerstein's latest contribution, "The Firefly," is a revelation of what a composer of artistic music can accomplish in lifting an operatic organization above the plane of commonplace musical comedy. "The Firefly" carries the playgoer scenes gay with color and merriment. It effervesces with melody in its solo numbers and in chorus ensembles the music is rapturous. Ecstatic dances and aesthetic scenic effects form an appealing background to lend color to a delightfully romantic story.

Mlle. Trentini will be seen in two pleasing and effective rôles—first as a little Italian street singer, then toward the latter part of the first act disguising herself as a boy to escape from her cruel father. There is not a moment, when Mlle. Trentini is on the stage, that her childlike patter does not amuse the audience. She is graceful, coquettish, and a little tomboy in turn.

Otto Hauerbach has provided the appealing, humorous, and sometimes pathetic story, about which Rudolf Friml has entwined the entrancing musical setting of "The Firefly," which comes to the Cort Theatre tomorrow, Sunday, February 15, for an engagement of two weeks.

"Milestones" Continues at the Columbia.

"Milestones," with the splendid cast of English players, has made a real triumph at the Columbia Theatre. There will be no Sunday night performance, and on Monday night begins the second and final week of the Arnold Bennett-Edward Knoblauch play, which has created a great stir among theatre-goers. The final performance will be given Saturday night, February 21. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The nation's funniest and most tuneful light opera, "Robin Hood," will be presented here at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with Monday, February 23, by the De Koven Opera Company, headed by Bessie Abbott. This is the organization formed to revive the glories of standard opera, and which met with immediate success at the New Amsterdam Theatre last season. This year it is making a tour of the larger cities, and carries a large and tuneful chorus and several grand opera singers among the principals.

Foremost of these is Bessie Abbott, prima donna soprano, from the Grand Opera, Paris, Metropolitan, New York, and Henriette Wakefield, also of the Metropolitan.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces an exceptionally fine bill for next week with six entirely new acts. George Damerel, who made such a tremendous hit as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," will with the assistance of a company of twenty present for the first time in this city the successful Viennese operetta, "The Knight of the Air," which is still proving an immense hit in Europe. It is adapted from the German of Leo Stein, one of the authors of "The Merry Widow," and Bela Jenbach, and the music is by the celebrated German composer, Herman Dostal.

Leo Carrillo, a California boy, now regarded as one of the best entertainers in vaudeville, will delight with his inimitable Chinese and Italian dialect stories and mimicry.

Louis Hardt will exhibit his prowess in a quaintly conceived act entitled, "As in a Dream."

Anna Lehr, who won great popularity as the heroine in the moving pictures, will, with the assistance of a capable little company, present a dramatic playlet which deals with the life of the outlaws that infest the Mexican border.

Chick Sale, a protean impersonator, whose specialty is the delineation of rural types, will illustrate his marvelous skill, delineating at a moment's notice the change from youth to old age.

Sidney Phillips will sing Bert Williams's ditties and also Hebrew, Italian, and sentimental songs. His list includes "Mother Machree" and "I Hear You Calling." Willie White will accompany him at the piano.

Next week will be the last of Maxine Brothers and their clever performing fox-terrier, Bobby. It will also conclude the successful engagement of that gifted artist, Ger-

trude Barnes, whose gorgeous costumes have created quite a feminine sensation. Miss Barnes will sing all new songs.

Double Bill at the Tivoli.

Another double bill will be presented at the Tivoli for the week commencing Sunday, and from the subjects chosen it should prove the best drawing card yet offered by the management of the Eddy Street theatre. "Winter's Tale," that all too seldom played masterpiece of Shakespeare, will receive a faithful presentation, and Eastern and European critics pronounce it the greatest three-part motion picture ever made. The story presents a powerful drama, tense situations, and beautiful spectacles. There are several scenes in which hundreds of persons take part.

"A Daughter of Old Ireland," made in the heart of the Killarney district, will be the other subject, and a romantic story of extraordinary interest has been enacted. The natural scenery shown is described as being singularly beautiful and the entire picture one greatly out of the ordinary. The usual Keystone comedy will furnish the less serious moments of the programme, and the music by the big Tivoli orchestra will be up to the high standard established here.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Vagabond Soldier" will be shown for the last times today.

Pantages Theatre Continues "Vice."

The policy of the Pantages Theatre has been for the past ten years three shows a day, with an entire change of the programme each week. Alexander Pantages never deviates from this slogan except on rare occasions. When "Vice" was offered to Mr. Pantages by Guy Woodward, the producer mentioned that he was positive that the piece properly presented would have an extended run. That his prophecy contained truth was manifested by the enormous business which the Pantages did last week. Thousands were unable to gain admission to see "Vice," and a rush wire was shot Mr. Pantages for his sanction on keeping the sketch on one more week as an added attraction to the regular show coming from the north. The theatrical magnate consented to one week only, and those who were unable to witness this sensational production can do so by getting in line early at the Pantages next week.

Of the regular hill Little Hip and Napoleon, an almost human monkey and a frisky, tiny elephant, head the show. The other new acts are a comedy skit called "A Horse on Hogan," with Le Roy and Lytton; Rice and Franklin, comedy chatterboxes; the great Jaini trio; the Sylvanos, expert xylophonists; and Collins and Collins, in "Down on the Farm."

Last Week of "Traffic in Souls."

"Traffic in Souls," the wonderful photo-drama founded upon the Rockefeller white slavery investigation, will enter upon the fourth and final week in this city at the Savoy Theatre Sunday afternoon, having been witnessed by thousands of well-satisfied patrons. There is no doubt that "Traffic in Souls" is one of the most remarkable "movies" ever shown in San Francisco. It is big in many ways—in its staging, in the scope of the play, in the moral lesson it teaches.

Terrible as are some of the scenes, highly colored, melodramatic and showy as are some, there will be no criticism from the patron on this score, for he or she will understand that such scenes are necessary in plays like this. Yet there is nothing in it that offends, and any person visiting the performance looking for the salacious or the risqué will be disappointed. "Traffic in Souls" is a clean show, a moral show, an interesting show. The performances follow immediately, one upon the other, beginning at one o'clock and continuing until eleven in the evening.

"The Crime of the Law," a powerful drama of penological problems by Rachel Marshall, author of "The Traffic," will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy February 22, with a strong company of capable players.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Some of the McCormack Songs.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, will return for a series of three concerts, the first of which will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, February 15, at 2:30.

The accompanist will be Vincent O'Brien, the head organist and choirmaster of St. Mary's Cathedral in Dublin, who first "discovered" the genius of the young tenor. Duncan Macneath, a Scotch-Irish violinist, will be the assisting artist.

McCormack's numbers include the recitative and aria from Handel's "Jephtha"; the aria from the French opera "Fortunio," by Messager; the finale of the third act of Leoncavallo's "La Bohème"; Schumann's "Intermezzo"; Hue's "J'ai Pleuré en Revenant"; Allitsen's impressive "The Lord Is My Light," and a number of beautiful old Irish airs.

Mr. Macneath's violin numbers will include the "Adagio," Ries; "Minuet," Beethoven; "Meditation," Massenet; and "La Precieuse," Kreisler-Couperin.

The second concert will be given Tuesday night, February 17, when the star will sing the aria, "Ah Moon of My Delight," from Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden"; "Du bist wie eine Blume," Schumann; "Meine Liebe ist Grün," Brahms; "Pleading," Elgar; and by special request, "Mother o' Mine."

The farewell concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, February 22.

In Oakland McCormack will repeat the opening programme next Thursday night, February 19, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at 8:15.

The Ninth Symphony Concert.

The ninth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will be the soloist, and there is every indication that the house will be a capacity one. The programme, the most interesting one of the entire season, follows:

Concerto No. 3, G major, for string orchestra.....Bach
Concerto in D major, for violin and orchestra, Op. 61.....Beethoven
Legend from the "Kalevala"—"The Swan of Tuonela".....Sibelius
"Devil's Trill," accompaniment, strings and harp.....Tartini
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana

Seats are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre, and attention is called to the fact that seats for the tenth concert—Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian 'cellist, soloist—may also be purchased now.

The Kreisler Concert Programmes

There will be something different in the recitals of violin music to be given by Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 22, at three o'clock, and at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday night, February 26, at 8:30 o'clock. Since Kreisler's last appearance in San Francisco some six years ago he has won universal recognition, and if he is given a reception in keeping with his excellence as an artist, the houses will be filled to overflowing. The programmes, which are not too "severe," follow:

Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 22, at three o'clock:
Suite in E major.....J. S. Bach
Grave.....Friedemann Bach
Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane.....Couperin
Prelude and Allegro.....Pugnani
Sarabande et Allegretto.....Corelli
La Chasse.....Tartini
Variations.....Tartini
Melody in D minor.....Gluck
Romance in A major.....Schumann
Rondo in G major.....Mozart
Caprice Viennois.....Kreisler
Three Caprices (B flat major, B minor, A minor).....Paganini

Second recital, Scottish Rite Hall, Thursday evening, February 26, at 8:30 o'clock:

Sonata in D major.....Handel
Adagio and Fugue in G minor (for violin alone).....J. S. Bach
Concerto for Violin in E minor, Op. 64.....Mendelssohn
Sarabande.....Sulzer
Menuetto.....Pugnani
Scherzo.....Dittersdorf
La Precieuse.....Couperin
Fugue.....Tartini
Lied Ohne Worte.....Mendelssohn-Kreisler
Canzonetta Indienne.....Dvorak
Tambourin Chinois.....Kreisler

Seats for the recitals are on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Prices, 75c to \$2; box and loge seats, \$2.50.

Jean Gerardy, 'Cellist, Coming.

The next attraction to be offered by Manager Will L. Greenbaum will be Jean Gerardy, the famous violoncello virtuoso, who will give three concerts here during the week commencing Sunday, March 8, and who will have the assistance of Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist, whose playing made a deep impression here when he appeared with his illustrious father last season.

Gerardy is one of the only three violoncello soloists who have won world renown during the past decade, and as a brilliant and sympathetic soloist he is without a peer.

After the Gerardy events Manager Greenbaum will give way to the season of grand opera at the Tivoli, resuming his concert season about the middle of April. Then the public is promised Mischa Elman, "the Caruso of the violin," and the splendid Flonzaley Quartet, which Josef Hofmann told Mr. Greenbaum he considered the finest permanent musical organization in the world.

Tetrazzini Coming for Only Two Concerts.

Luisa Tetrazzini is not singing in grand opera this year, but is enjoying the most successful concert tour of her brilliant career, under the direction of her friend and manager of many years, W. H. Leahy. Her appearances in the principal cities of the East have been the occasion for veritable ovations, and after her last concert at the New York Hippodrome, a week ago Sunday night, Mr. Leahy wired his secretary, Harry Campbell, that the receipts reached the generous figure of \$11,200. Mme. Tetrazzini is journeying westward and will give two, but only two,

concerts at the Tivoli Opera House, Thursday evening, March 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7. Seats will range from one to three dollars and will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Friday morning, February 27.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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VANITY FAIR.

It seems to be one of the rooted convictions of our free modern democracies that all poor people must be relentlessly supervised in order that the viciousness well known to be incidental to poverty shall be suppressed. Of this we have an example in the dance hall scandal that is now agitating New York. The dance hall is used mainly by poor people, who find that the tenement houses are ill-adapted to purposes of recreation. Therefore it becomes necessary to license, inspect, classify, docket, index, and supervise the dance houses. Deputy sheriffs are obviously the proper people to do these things, since it is now well understood that poor people have no objections to the presence of policemen at their social functions, and indeed that they know their place far too well to protest. Poor people are quite aware that they are in danger of becoming white slavers, or at least the victims of white slavers, and that the temptation to dance with indiscretion is one of the symptoms of their financial malady that can only be met by the presence of deputy sheriffs.

But a little difficulty has arisen. A recent inquiry—and New York passes her time in one prolonged orgy of inquiry—has elicited the curious fact that these deputy sheriffs appointed to supervise the morals of the poor include a number of ex-convicts, gun men, and gangsters. It is even said that some of them were actually white slavers, who found that their professional duties could be combined most profitably with their more furtive and illicit occupations. And now we are told that the whole situation demands the most careful watching. Indeed there is one penetrating and masterful intellect in New York whose proud proprietor points out that when a deputy sheriff is also a white slaver "the door is open to many abuses." Now how did he discover that? What God-given power enabled him to go unerringly to the heart of the question in that way? And yet there are people who say that modern education is a failure.

So the deputy sheriffs are now to be selected more carefully, with a view to the exclusion of the white slavers, the corner men, and the thugs. No one suggests that they be reformed out of existence altogether, that poor people should be free to dance in any way they please, and that they have precisely the same rights as rich people to amuse themselves within the limits of the law. And yet it is indisputable that the dancing of poor people is far more decent than the dancing of rich people, and that if we want to see dancing carried to its most disgusting depths it is not in the public dance hall that we shall find it. We shall find it in the tango teas at the big and fashionable hotels and in the hall-rooms of the wealthy. Why are there no deputy sheriffs to supervise these places also?

The Springfield Republican says that never in all the tide of time was the itch for newspaper mention so pervasive as now. It is certainly a curious form of idiocy, and especially when one considers the rogues' gallery that is usually displayed by the modern newspaper. Why otherwise respectable people should wish for the same kind of notoriety that is given so liberally to murderers, divorcees, elopers, young women who are mercifully "missing," and other young women who have been married in balloons and in lions' dens is one of the marvels of modern psychology, but any sort of prominence seems to be welcome to the ultra vulgarity of the day.

The immediate cause of the Republican's stricture is the receipt of a news item sent direct from Denmark. Here it is:

The most remarked group of ladies at the circle preceding the court dinner at Copenhagen on January 2 were the Americans—Mrs. Egan, very stately and holding her age well, in white satin, spangled chiffon, and beautiful pearls; Mrs. Magruder in a blue and white Worth gown; and Mrs. Guy Cushman in a magnificent gold and white brocade. Mrs. Cushman is the daughter of General Parker.

Now it is easy to guess from which of these ladies the item proceeded. It was from Mrs. Cushman, who is "a daughter of General Parker." Mrs. Egan, it will be noted, was "holding her age well." There is a feline touch about that that precludes Mrs. Egan. Mrs. Magruder's dress is described without adjectives, an omission that Mrs. Magruder herself would surely have made good. On the other hand Mrs. Cushman's dress was "magnificent," and moreover Mrs. Cushman "is a daughter of General Parker," whoever he may be. It is to be hoped that these ladies will enjoy a publicity that will doubtless exceed their expectations.

Sarah Bernhardt, who is an authority upon such matters, comes to the rescue of the marriage rate and tells us how it may be increased. She says that the best way to bring the sexes together is to keep them apart, and thereby the great lady shows a very profound knowledge of human nature. When she was young girls were not allowed a tenth part of the liberty that they enjoy nowadays. They

mixed with the other sex only in the houses of their parents and never unless the parental eye was upon them. In those days the society of girls was a sort of forbidden fruit, something that must be schemed for, held tantalizingly just out of reach and to be obtained only by courage and strategy. We value only what we pay for, and the thing that is cheap is assumed to be valueless. At the present time there is nothing on earth quite so cheap as girls. The glamour and mystery are gone. Wholesale prices have ruined the retail trade. And so the best way to promote marriage, says Mme. Bernhardt, is to erect a good high wall between the sexes surmounted with all sorts of minatory warnings against trespassers.

One of the unusually capital songs in Mr. Chesterton's new volume, "The Flying Inn," just published by the John Lane Company, advances the theory that there are only two drinks suited to the human palate—wine and water. All others are snares and delusions:

Feast on wine or fast on water,
And your honour shall stand sure;
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure.
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink.

Tea is like the East he grows in,
A great yellow Mandarin,
With urbanity of manner,
And unconsciousness of sin;
All the women, like a harem,
At his pig-tail troop along.
And, like all the East he grows in,
He is Poison when he's strong.

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least;
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast;
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown,
And may very well be grateful
To the fool that takes him down.

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like trumpets down,
When good drink had been dishonoured
By the tipplers of the town.
When red wine had brought red ruin,
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us Soda Water
As a torment for our crimes.

The festive soul who advances this theory says that he used to think that water was a most dangerous drink, but now he does not go so far as this and he would not insist upon a doctor's prescription before allowing people water. "That was the too severe morality of youth; that was my innocence and goodness. I thought that if I fell once, water-drinking might become a habit. But I do see the good side of water now. How good it is when you're really thirsty, how it glitters and gurgles! How alive it is! After all it's the best of drinks, after the other."

For nearly three weeks Avery Library at Columbia University has been the scene of unusual interest, for it has housed the wonderful sculptures of Belgian's great son, Constantin Meunier, whose illustrious name is held by many to rank next to that of Rodin. The closing days of the exhibition are at hand, and its effect on the public will prove of unusual interest. In all there are eighty-seven sculptures, which include full-sized casts of some of Meunier's heroic figures, casts of the large reliefs on the great monument to labor and many smaller bronzes in relief and in the round. Besides these there are sixty paintings and drawings on the same themes, for the sculptor started his career as a painter. The collection was brought to this country through the efforts of Cornelia B. Sage, director of the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, and Christian Brinton, the art critic. Meunier's theme is labor. He seeks to do for the miner and the foundryman what the Frenchman Millet did for the tillers of the field. The great panel of the "Miners," that of industry, showing a dramatic episode in a glass foundry, and that of the "port" are his masterpieces. They form part of the great monument to labor to which Meunier devoted his last years and which was to constitute his crowning achievement and to sum up for the world the aspirations of his entire career. All the various parts of this monument are in the present exhibition and are assembled so near to one another that their relationship may be studied.

In the *World's Work* for February Burton J. Hendrick describes the passing of Tammany Hall as a power in New York City politics. Mr. Hendrick traces Tammany's downfall directly to the Jewish vote in New York City. Already the Jews comprise one-fourth of the population. Tammany's political vision was not broad enough to recognize the futility of attempting to hold this Jewish vote under Irish leadership. What does Wall Street think of President Wilson? C. M. Keys interprets "the Street's" attitude toward the tariff, the currency bill, and the income tax. John Purroy Mitchell is the subject of an article by Dudley Field Malone, who describes the aggressive political qualities of New York's mayor.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Dublin gentleman was spending his vacation with some friends in the west of Ireland. As he was being driven to his destination he noticed a bog that promised good shooting, and asked his jarvey if there were any snipe in it. "Shnipe, is it, sor? Did ye say shnipe? Shure, if ye went into that bog widout a gun they'd ate yez!"

One night, when Smith was going home, he saw a man in a very deep state of intoxication who was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamp-post. "What's the matter, my man?" queried Smith of the energetic one. "Oh, nothin', mister," replied the other. "Never min'. Thash all right. I know she's home all right, so she can't fool me much. I shee a fight up shairs."

Among the assembled guests was a well-known player and composer, who had been inveigled into attendance. The daughter of the hostess did her best at the piano to electrify the guests. On their way home the artist's friend asked, slyly: "Now, tell me, what do you think of that girl's execution?" "Well," he replied, deliberately, "I think it would be a capital idea."

There was a young man, vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, who, after officiating at a certain service for a Scottish minister who occasionally had to avail himself of the assistance of probationers, was met by the old gentleman with extended hands as he descended from the pulpit. Expecting high praise, he said: "No compliments, I pray." "Na, na, ma young freen," said the parson, "nooadays I'm glad o' onybody."

The sun was blinding; clouds of dust were blowing everywhere, and Jones was most decidedly off his game. It really "put the lid on it" when, just as he was struggling to play his ball out of a quarry, a benevolent old lady passed by with a companion. She halted, in evident surprise, and pointed with her umbrella at the earnest golfer. "Dear me, my love," she remarked in audible tones, "what a very respectably dressed man that is breaking stones!"

Having proved unsatisfactory, the waiter was told that his services would not be required in the restaurant after Saturday night. When Saturday noon came he was in a reckless mood and ready to "come back" at the most valued guest in the house. Soon he had his opportunity. "Waiter, confound it, this steak isn't tender enough," growled a fat patron. "Not tender enough?" the waiter snarled. "Whadda y' 'spect? Want it to jump up and kiss you?"

Scotch clergymen are proverbially long-winded, and they also have a way of talking very familiarly to their congregations. A Dundee minister preached on the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." After the congregation had listened an hour, some become weary and went out, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said: "That's richt, ma freen's. As fast as ye're weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon for some time, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

At a dress rehearsal of a company of amateurs Brown, the hero, seemed rather hard, cold, and restrained. A novelist sat in a box next to a chaming woman of middle age. She said, at the end of the third act: "It goes beautifully, doesn't it?" "Beautifully," said the gentleman. "But Brown doesn't make love to that pretty girl in as ardent a manner as I could wish. His love-making, in fact, strikes me as very tame and spiritless." The woman frowned. "He won't put any more spirit in it while I've got my eye on him, let me tell you," she said. "I'm . . . Brown."

One of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing; but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman, he demanded fiercely: "Didn't you get my letter?" "Yis, sur, Oi did," said Pat. "Did you read it?" "Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said I was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return to Baldwin's Locomotive Works in five days.'"

It seems that Turner went to Paris once at the moment when the world was beginning to notice the productions of Ziem, and the English Venetian, hearing of the Frenchman's pictures that he wished to purchase it. When Ziem heard, however, that this would-be purchaser was the great Turner, he in-

sisted upon making the painting a gift. The two artists parted much pleased with each other. Some years later Ziem and a friend were strolling through a gallery of pictures that were about to be sold at auction. "Men dieu, Felix, look," suddenly said the friend, "there is your picture, and it is signed 'Turner.' " "Qui, c'est le mien," returned Ziem, studying the work closely. But after a minute's examination he looked up and said, "But let it pass as a Turner. It's a poor Ziem."

One of Bernard Shaw's dramatic criticisms is the shortest on record. It was about a play called "Poor Jonathan," and Shaw's notice was simply, "Poor Jonathan." After the production of his first play, "Widowers' Houses," he met with so mixed a reception that he wrote, "I became infamous in a single night, and if the play did not achieve a success it created an uproar." Not long after "Arms and the Man" appeared, and at the end of the first performance there were loud calls for the author. Mr. Shaw came before the curtain, and as he did so a catcall from a displeased spectator smote his ear. With swift repartee he flashed in the direction from which it came, "Yes, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a houseful?"

He finally looked up from his newspaper, after making sure that the street-car could hold no more and was on its way. He observed that the woman in front of him, clinging to a strap, was young and beautiful. He got up almost reluctantly and proffered his seat. "Thank you," she said. "I am very glad to be able to give you a chance to ride in comfort," he said. "It is so good of you," she answered. "There seem to be few men who are willing to stand for the sake of the ladies," he continued. "Yes," she assented. "I always am glad to offer my seat to a lady who appreciates my courtesy." "I am sure the ladies must always do that." "No, I am sorry to say that they don't. They generally say thank you, but that is easily said." He looked down as if he expected a further assurance of her gratitude. She returned his gaze for a moment, and then coldly asked: "Well, did you expect me to kiss you?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Comparison.

"I'm glad I'm not a congressman,"
Said Muggleton McGee,
"The toil which for each day I plan
Is quite enough for me.
Up to my desk at morn I sit,
At noon my lunch I take,
And then until it's time to quit
I bravely stay awake.

"A congressman may never know
Just when for work he's due,
He dares not falter or be slow,
His joys are very few.
To make a speech he studies hard.
When he has shown his skill,
They say, 'Reel off another yard;
There's yet more time to kill!'"
—Washington Star.

There, There, Little Trust!

There, little trust—don't cry!
They have made you dissolve, I know;
And the wicked laws
Have made you pause,
And struck you a brutal blow:
But the price of your stock is soaring high;—
There, little trust—don't cry!

There, little trust—don't cry!
They have changed you about, I know;
They stormed and cursed
Till your bonds they burst,
And they gave you a mark to toe;
But you still hold tight to things we must buy;—
There, little trust—don't cry!

There, little trust—don't cry!
They have torn you apart, I know;
The law has said
You must hide your head
Away from the passing show;
But raise your prices with never a sigh;—
There, little trust—don't cry!

—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

Under Difficulties.

The founders of our nation were
A noble race and full of vigor:
They faced their foes without demur
And well withstood the climate's rigor.
They ne'er despaired, though oft defeated,
And though their lives were not steam-heated!

Undaunted, calm, they stood alone
And tamed the forest unaffrighted;
They never knew the telephone
Nor were the streets electric lighted!
Through hardships they were rather jolly,
But how they must have missed the trolley!

They fought in freedom's holy cause,
Their hearts were stout, their minds were noble,
Although they had no pure food laws
And knew naught of the automobile.
When Washington defeated Britain,
His orders never were typewritten!

A nation free they gave to us;
We can not praise them, then, too highly.
They knew not of the octopus,
Or Schedule K or Dr. Wiley.
Though well they wrought, despite all strictures,
They never saw the moving pictures!

—New York Globe.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Lorraine Outwaite of Denver to Mr. William B. Hopkins of this city. Mr. Hopkins is a prominent member of the Bohemian Club. The wedding will take place in April.

The wedding of Miss Sadie Murray and Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., took place Wednesday afternoon, February 11, at the home at Fort Mason of the bride's parents, Brigadier-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray. Mrs. Maxwell Murray was her sister-in-law's only attendant. Captain Malin Craig was the best man, and the ushers were Captain Herbert Brees, Lieutenant Henry Munnichkuyven, and Mr. Charles Chapman. Lieutenant Pratt and Mrs. Pratt will reside at the Presidio, Monterey.

Mrs. William Boericke was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harold Boericke, who with her husband has come out from New York to visit Dr. Boericke and Mrs. Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger will entertain a number of friends at dinner preceding the Mardi Gras Ball, February 24.

Rev. Charles Aked and Mrs. Aked were the guests of honor Monday evening at a dinner given by Mrs. James Monroe Goewey at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Edward Greenway was host at a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Monsieur George Robinet of Rheims, France, who is here on a brief visit.

Mr. Samuel Buckhee entertained about thirty friends at an informal dance recently at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club.

Dr. Walter McEnery gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club, preceding the informal weekly dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening, preceding an informal dance which they gave at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. McNutt Potter was hostess at an enjoyable dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, February 24, at the Palace Hotel, preceding the Mardi Gras Ball.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained a congenial coterie of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William Waldron gave a thé dansant Thursday afternoon at her home on Clay Street in honor of Mrs. John Boyd of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Kent Weaver was hostess at an enjoyable tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Palm Avenue.

Mrs. George H. Mendell entertained a few friends at luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William B. Bourn was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Webster Street Friday, when she entertained a number of congenial friends.

Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough and Miss Marian Newhall gave a bridge party Monday afternoon at the home on Green Street of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Miss Amy Morrison of Redlands was the guest of honor Monday at a luncheon given by Miss Harriet Pomeroy at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening, February 12, at their home in Menlo Park. The affair was in honor of Miss Merritt Reid and Mr. Chapin Tubbs, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Miss Olive Wheeler was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Ila Sonntag, whose marriage to Mr. Hamilton Murray will take place Tuesday, February 17.

Mr. and Mrs. William Seson entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home on Jackson Street. Among the guests were many officials of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The affair was in honor of Mr. C. H. Schilling, manager of the German Central Bureau in Berlin, who is in this city in the interest of the prospective German exhibitors.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Sadie Murray.

Miss Jennie Flood was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Broadway Friday, when she entertained a number of congenial friends.

Mrs. Charles Slack gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Sacramento Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles H. Schlacks, who with her husband will leave shortly for Philadelphia, where they will reside. Mr. Schlacks has been vice-president of the Western Pacific Railroad for the past five years.

Mrs. George Boardman entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Friday afternoon at her home on California Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles Bailey, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Miss Katherine Redding will be hostess at a theatre party Friday evening, February 20, preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Jr., have issued invitations to a small dance Saturday evening, February 21, at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander entertained a number of young people at an informal bridge party and dance Friday evening at her home on Presidio Avenue. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of her son, Mr. Douglas Alexander.

Major J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson gave a dinner-dance at their home at Fort Miley Wednesday evening, when they entertained a large number of friends.

Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis were the complimented guests at a bridge-tennis given by Captain Henry Sheen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sheen at their home at Fort Miley.

Major William Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett gave a thé dansant Tuesday afternoon at

their home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Miss Ina House, who is spending a few weeks as the guest of Lieutenant M. C. Schallenberger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Schallenberger.

Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Lieutenant Emery Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith were the complimented guests at a dinner Thursday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. A. McGinnity. Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus and Miss Grace Gibson are among others who have entertained for Lieutenant Smith and his bride.

General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser will entertain a number of friends at dinner this evening at their home on Broadway. The affair will be in honor of General J. J. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing, who will be the complimented guests again next Saturday evening, when Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis will give a dinner at their home at the Presidio.

Mrs. B. H. L. Williams has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday afternoon, February 18, at her home at the Presidio.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home at Yerba Buena. The affair was in honor of Miss Katherine Strickler, who is leaving next week for Albuquerque, New Mexico, to join her father, Mr. Willard S. Strickler.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Sophie Beylard has returned to her home in San Mateo after having spent the winter in Boston with her aunt, Mrs. William H. Howard, and her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Whitwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and their little daughter have returned to Ross, where they are occupying the home of Mrs. Baldwin's father, Mr. William Berry. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have been spending several weeks with Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Sr., in this city.

Mr. Leon de Sahla has returned from Baltimore and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla in San Mateo.

The Misses Janet and Edith von Schröder and Miss Merritt Reid, and Messrs. Lloyd Tevis and Chapin Tubbs spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Miss Lee Girvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Cobb Hale have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan are again in Burlingame, having returned from a month's visit with Mr. Duncan's relatives in Michigan.

Miss Helen Keeney has been spending the past ten days in Woodside with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, with whom she will remain over the week-end.

Mr. Ettore Avenali left yesterday for a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan left town Thursday to remain until Monday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith were recent guests of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton. Hon. Charles Page Bryan sailed Saturday from New York for South America. Mr. Bryan will visit Rio de Janeiro, where he resided for six years, during which time he was American minister.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their daughters, the Misses Ruth and Frances Lent, left Monday for New York en route to Europe, where will travel until June.

Miss Amy Morrison has returned to her home in Redlands after having spent two months with her uncle and aunt, Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., have given up their apartment on Pacific Avenue and are established in a flat on Filbert Street.

Miss Helen Ashton returned Thursday to Sacramento, where she and her mother, Mrs. George F. Ashton, will remain until the first week in March, when they will take possession of their apartment on Second Avenue. During Miss Ashton's visit in this city she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Brown and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her two little daughters have gone East to spend a month with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eaton have recently bought the home on Vallejo Street of Mrs. William Hooper and are already residing in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent left last Friday for Panama and will enjoy a pleasure trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green have gone to Honolulu, expecting to be away a month. During their absence Mr. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, of San Mateo, will reside at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Countess de la Lande will leave February 18 for her home in Europe. She will be accompanied by her niece, Miss Douglas-Dick. They have been spending the past few weeks with Mrs. A. M. Parrott in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Williams are established at the Empire Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper (formerly Miss Josephine Hannigan) have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and are established in their new home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Miss Beatrice Nickel, and Miss Helen Garritt spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., will return the end of this month for Washington, D. C., where they have been spending the winter.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke has arrived from her home in Portland and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy.

Mr. Austin Tubbs will leave shortly for the Philippine Islands, where he will reside indefinitely. He will be joined later by his stepfather and mother, Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie, who are contemplating a trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson Roe have concluded their visit with Captain John Morris, U. S.

A., and Mrs. Morris and have departed for Southern California, where they will spend several weeks at many places of interest en route to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have recently returned from a visit in Truckee, where they spent several days with a party of friends.

Lieutenant John Symington, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Monterey, has been a recent visitor in this city.

Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt have returned to their home in Annapolis after a visit in Washington, D. C., where they were the guests of Commander Sypher, U. S. N.

Mrs. H. B. Dorsey, wife of Captain Dorsey, U. S. A., left last week with her two children for Santa Cruz.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Woodward, U. S. N., has arrived in this city and is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis. He has come to relieve Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., as naval aide to Mr. C. C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Lieutenant-Commander Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers have gone East, where the former will join the U. S. S. *Arkansas*.

Colonel W. H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bowen have decided to reside in this city and are established in an apartment on Clay Street.

The home in Salvador of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Waterman has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Waterman, who was formerly Miss Mollie Dutton, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dutton of this city.

The home in Salvador of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Menzies has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Menzies was formerly Miss Blanche Russell of Sausalito.

Famous Singers with Grand Opera Company.

Quite the most important musical announcement of the year is that of the second annual season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House, to take place during the two weeks beginning Monday, March 16. On that evening the wonderful baritone, Titta Ruffo, will make his first appearance in San Francisco, singing the title-role in Alberto Franchetti's lyric drama, "Cristoforo Colombo," an opera also new to this community. Then will follow fifteen performances of grand opera, given in the very best style of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, of which Cleofonte Campanini is general manager and general musical director.

Performances will be sung in French, Italian, and German, and each cast will be made up of artists who have gained celebrity in practically every musical centre of Europe and the United States.

The sale of season tickets began on Tuesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s with an immense demand, and will continue at the same place until Saturday evening, March 7. The sale of seats for single performances will begin Monday morning, March 9. Mail orders for season tickets will be received and filled now, and mail orders for one or more single performances will be received and filled in the order of their receipt as near the desired location as possible, after the close of the season sale and before the opening of the single sale. Special attention will be paid to out-of-town patrons and all communications should be directed to and checks made payable to W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco. The season, for which reduced rates are made to purchasers, includes twelve operas, and season subscribers will be entitled to reserve for any of the four performances outside of the season at the subscription price before the sale of single seats begins. Full information concerning the repertory, artists, and prices can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Benefit The Dansant.

For the benefit of the Vocational Training School a thé dansant will be given in the ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis next Tuesday afternoon, between the hours of four and seven. Tickets, which include tea, are \$1.50. Boxes are \$15. Tables can be reserved on application at the hotel.

About the year 1870 Heinrich Schliemann began his search for the physical remains of the city of Troy. At that time he bought of the late Mr. Frank Calvert, British-American consul at the Dardanelles, the hill of Hissarlik, on which the thirteen successive cities of Troy had been built. The excavation of Hissarlik brought to light not only the city of Homer's story, but very important remains of the time and peoples who preceded Homer. Successive excavations at Tiryns, Mycenae, Gnosus, and elsewhere have been adding to our knowledge of the pre-Homeric age, until now it can be truthfully said that Greek history goes as far beyond Homer as it reaches down this side of him.

WANTED TO BUY

A modern house of about 12 rooms and 3 baths, desirably located, north of Clay, south of Broadway, west of Franklin to First Ave. Price not to exceed \$40,000. Address "Buyer," care the Argonaut Pub. Co.

Why "Pacific Service" Serves

It was a little over a year ago that the Geary Street car-line, the first municipal railway in San Francisco, let a contract to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for electrical energy to operate the cars. The service proved so satisfactory that the company has now been asked to supply "Pacific Service" for the operation of the Presidio and Ferries Railroad, formerly the old Union Street line. This line, as the public is aware, in last December passed into the hands of the city and is now a municipally owned and operated system.

Both of these contracts meant considerable additions to the company's sub-station equipment in order to insure the traveling public uninterrupted service of the highest order, and also meant that none but a concern with large power plants, sufficient not only for the present, but also able to meet all future demands from whatever source, could have undertaken the contracts.

Constantly the field demanding "Pacific Service" is widening, as is testified by uses to which it is put in the gold fields. From street railroads to gold dredgers is quite a far cry, but it serves to indicate that electrical power is to be the great force to be reckoned with in California. Dredger No. 14, built by the Yuba Consolidated Gold Fields Company of Hamamont, soon to join the fleet of gold boats on the Yuba, is also to be supplied by "Pacific Service," which is such a factor in the operation of these huge boats that enable this particular kind of mining to be carried on at small cost and at a profit in a field which could not otherwise be worked. In passing it may be said that Dredger No. 14 is one of the largest and most modern gold dredgers built, the hull being entirely of steel; 800 horsepower is the installed capacity.

Electric power is proving the ideal force in reclaiming overflowed land, and also in that field the fame of "Pacific Service" is spreading. Recently a contract was closed with Reclamation District 341 on upper Sherman Island for a 125-horsepower motor for drainage purposes. This motor takes the place of a 150-horsepower gas engine plant which was destroyed by fire. It is supposed that this fire was caused by the heat of the sun causing one of the drums of distillate to explode. The electrification of this plant completes the displacement of gas engine plants by this district.

There is still another side of "Pacific Service," and that is in the world of gas. Just as electricity has ousted many slow, wasteful, and sometimes dangerous appliances, just so has gas supplanted coke and coal in a great many cases. Here is a late instance:

An installation of industrial gas-burners has been made at the local factory of the W. P. Fuller Paint Company, to be used in the manufacture of varnish. This concern is the largest of the kind west of the Mississippi. Coke was formerly used to boil the great kettles of varnish. The necessary time for heating a kettle containing fifty gallons of the mixture was one and one-half hours. Here is where gas comes in. The gas furnaces do the same work in thirty minutes. The actual fuel cost is about the same in either instance, but the saving in time is wonderful, to say nothing of the cleanliness of gas compared with coke or coal, the storage room required for them, and the labor of shoveling, lugging about, and cleaning up afterwards.

These are some of the reasons why "Pacific Service" is now in use by two-thirds of California's population.

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MAJESTIC HOTEL

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Most attractive Family Hotel in San Francisco. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. Special inducements to permanent guests. Inspection invited. Mrs. JOSEPHINE LIBBY, Lessee. FREDERIC GEORGE, Manager.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Justice Charles E. Hughes of the United States Supreme Court has just been elected a trustee of the University of Chicago to succeed Dr. T. W. Goodspeed, resigned.

Miss Edith Williams, a professor of English at the Ecole Normale, of Fontenay-sur-Aube, has been made a knight of the Legion of Honor, being one of the few Englishwomen on whom this distinction has been conferred.

The Right Honorable Ronald Crauford Munro-Ferguson, who is announced to succeed Lord Denman as governor of Australia, has represented Leith in Parliament since 1886. In 1894 he was lord of the treasury, and of late has been referee of private bills. His estate consists of about 26,000 acres.

Edward G. Elliott, who seems likely to succeed Dr. John H. Finley as president of the College of the City of New York, was dean for many years at Princeton, and is now a member of the faculty of the University of California. He is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, having married a sister of the President's wife. Professor Elliott is known as an authoritative writer, and has produced a number of historical works.

Professor Samuel P. Capen, who has accepted the appointment as specialist in higher education for the United States Bureau of Education, is a noted educator, and since 1902 has been professor of modern languages at Clark College, Massachusetts. He is a native of Massachusetts, and in 1898 graduated from Tufts College. In 1902 he was granted leave of absence by the University of Pennsylvania and went to the University of Leipzig for a course of study. He is a member of the Modern Language Association of America.

William R. Scott, the new vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, came up from the ranks. He began his railroad career as a wiper on the Santa Fé, and from 1881 to 1884 was a fireman. Subsequently he became trainmaster of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fé, and before 1900 was a division superintendent of that road. In 1901 he became general superintendent of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway and two years later went to Sacramento as superintendent of the Southern Pacific's Sacramento division. Since that time he has been general superintendent of both the Northern California and the Salt Lake divisions.

General Joseph C. S. Blackburn, honored by the government through his appointment as resident commissioner of the Lincoln memorial, succeeding the late Senator Cullom, is a former congressman, and has had a long and notable public career. He was born in Kentucky in 1838. Twenty years later he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in Chicago. During the Civil War he served in the Confederate army, and at the close of the conflict resumed his law practice. He was head of the department of the civil administration of the Canal Zone, 1907-09. The position to which he has been appointed carries a salary of \$5000 a year.

Paul W. Bartlett, who has returned from Paris, bringing with him the plaster casts for the figures for the pediment of the House wing of the Capitol, Washington, began the study of sculpture when a boy at New Haven, Connecticut. He exhibited at the Salon at the age of fourteen, and in 1880 entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Since then he has won many honors, including membership in the Legion of Honor. He is represented in the Boston Museum, Philadelphia Academy of Design, Art Institute, Chicago, Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, and Museum of Decorative Art, Paris. The marbles from the plaster casts will be carved in Washington, the subject being "Democracy and Peace Protecting Genius."

Francis Derwent Wood, the English sculptor, has been commissioned to make a replica of the famous statue of William Pitt, which stands in the House of Lords, for presentation to this country by American women who have married Englishmen. The sculptor received his education in Switzerland and Germany, and began his artistic career at Karlsruhe. He returned to England in 1889, became a Royal Academy student, and a few years later won the Academy's gold medal and the traveling scholarship. He won the award of the Paris Salon in 1897. One of his notable works is the statue of Queen Victoria, which was executed for Partiala, India. Since 1894 he has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy of ideal art.

Napoleon Bourassa, Canada's veteran in the world of art and literature, though now at the age of eighty-five years, has lost none of his brilliancy, and is still well and strong. In his young days he studied at Florence and Rome, and in 1880 he was chosen by the Marquis of Lorne as a member of the newly established Royal Academy of Arts, and served as its vice-president. The church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Montreal, is an example of his powers as architect, painter, and decorator, and even in recent years he has designed many fine churches in Canada and

the United States. Mr. Bourassa is not unknown to French Canadian literature, and is the author of "Jaques et Marie," an historical romance relating to the departure of the unhappy Acadians in 1755.

CURRENT VERSE.

Lincoln, the Man of the People.

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff,
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West.

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the sinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

Yesterday and Today.

I met you yesterday, and for an hour
Faith, hope, and joy seemed sure;
So sure they seemed, their memory holds power
For every heartache's cure.

Just now we came again the selfsame way,
To find the joy all fled,
And the good promise of the earlier day
Irrevocably dead.

Two strangers, alien-eyed, we strive in vain
With words we can not say;
For leagues and centuries have rent in twain
Yesterday and today.

—Alice Felicita Corey, in *Century Magazine*.

Tears.

When I consider life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do heat;
The hurst of music down an unlistening street,
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and hards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to
weep;
Homer his sight; David his little lad!
—From "Little Book of Modern Verse," by Lizette
Woodworth Reese.

Wayfarings.

I love all roads that have green sides of grass,
Where giant purple knapweeds, dark and wild,
Still nod their shaggy welcome when I pass,
Above pale clover flowers.
I used to think they loved me, as a child;
And tho they have forgotten now, alas,
And now they only nod where once they smiled,
I wander there for hours.

I love such ways as lead where no one knows—
Nor cares, tho I; where once the Roman trod,
Where spreading hogweed stands in stately rows,
Nor woodbine hreezes cloy.
It may be Fancy, or it may be God—
A sense is ofttimes with me then that goes,
Past where the larks their utmost song unload,
Beyond the heights of joy.

I love all goings westward when the way
Is girt about with evening; when low gleams
Are yet above dim woods, and yet the day
Lingers the night appears.
Within my soul a yearning sadness teems.
From Twilight comes it, then? From God it may.
But certain there is then with me that seems
Beyond the depths of tears.
—From "Aphrodite and Other Poems," by John
Helston.

The question as to the right of the Louvre
"Mona Lisa" to be called an older picture
than the "Mona Lisa" in the Prado Gallery
in Madrid is studied by Walter Littlefield in
the February *Century*.

A Berkeley Grocer

Was asked by a customer who
read her magazine if he kept
Imperial Cocoa in stock. He
didn't, but he ordered it and
now has a steady demand for it.

Insist that *your* grocer carry it. If
it's not **Ghirardelli's Imperial** it's
not the best, and you owe it to
yourself to use the *best*.

Imperial is always tempting.

Ask for **Imperial Cocoa**
Sold by all best grocers

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The Southern Pacific Railroad will begin
the building of its new Third and Townsend
Streets depot in a short time. By agreement
the city has been given the easterly part of
the Bernal cut for a roadway, and the dead-
lock in the negotiations has come to an end.
The city is to pay for the bulkheading of its
side of the property.

At the conclusion of the hearing Monday
morning before Railroad Commissioners
Edgerton and Loveland announcement was
made that they had both agreed to recom-
mend to the commission that the bond issue
of \$55,000,000 desired by the Southern Pa-
cific Company be allowed. The issue is for
the principal purpose of making the improve-
ments necessitated by the great increase in
traffic that will take place during and fol-
lowing 1915.

One of the most flagrant attempts to de-
stroy property in years in San Francisco was
discovered after a fire had been extinguished
in one of the buildings of the State Normal
School at Waller and Laguna Streets Sunday
night. The doors had been forced, gas-
burners turned on and lighted, and the floor
soaked with kerosene. Fire Marshal Towne
is of the opinion that a plot was laid for a
gas explosion which would have resulted in
the destruction of every one of the frame
buildings owned by the state.

After twenty-six years with the Southern
Pacific Company H. J. Small, general superin-
tendent of motive power, has resigned, to take
place in the near future, and will return to
private life. T. W. Heintzleman, superin-
tendent of motive power at Sacramento, will
succeed Small.

The funeral of the late John B. Bourne,
pioneer and former president of the San
Francisco Stock Exchange, who died in San
Rafael Saturday, was held on Wednesday.
He was for many years active in San Fran-
cisco business life, and was a charter mem-
ber of the Bohemian Club. He was a native
of Massachusetts, aged eighty-eight years.

Raphael Weill, president of the White
House Company and pioneer merchant of San
Francisco, has been elected an honorary mem-
ber of the Sons of the American Revolution.
Mr. Weill, who is a native of France, came to
the United States when a child. He has
been actively engaged in business in this city
for more than sixty years.

Nearly a hundred friends attended the com-
plimentary banquet tendered to William Sex-
ton, general adjuster of the Firemen's Fund
Insurance Company, at the Palace Hotel on
Tuesday night. He is retiring from active
service after more than thirty years in the
local insurance field.

Adolph Shirek, founder of the firm of A.
Shirek & Sons and for fifty-four years a resi-
dent of San Francisco, died at his home in
the Hotel Granada last Monday. He was
eighty-one years old. He retired shortly after
the fire of 1906.

Hotel St. Francis

The New Cafe, containing
the celebrated Herter mural
paintings, will be opened as
an after-the-theatre Supper
Room, Sunday, February
15th, and each evening
thereafter.

New Attractions

Under the management of James Woods

Hotel Oakland

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Victor Reiter, Manager.

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"Was he ever a leading man?" "Yes, when the company had to walk back from Chicago."
—*Brooklyn Life*.

"That's the best tango I've seen this season." "He's not doing the tango; he has the St. Vitus dance."—*Town Topics*.

"What a lovely complexion Mrs. Flimgilt has!" "That isn't a complexion," replied Miss Cayenne. "That's a disguise."—*Washington Star*.

Jinks—Would you marry for money?
Blinks—Not until I've exhausted every reasonable means of getting it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Knicker—They seem a well-mated pair.
Bocker—Oh, yes, hotanically. She is a society bud and he is a blooming idiot.—*Town Topics*.

"Why did she want to set her husband's will aside?" "Merely because it was her husband's and she had got in the habit of setting it aside."—*Houston Post*.

Mr. Henfusser—These Brahmas are a very old breed of fowl. *Mr. Borden-Lodge*—I know it. We had the founder of the family for dinner at my boarding-house.—*Kansas City Star*.

"John, did you read about this Denver millionaire giving his wife a diamond tiara?" "No." "It's in all the papers. Why don't you keep posted on current events?"—*Pittsburgh Post*.

"What are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Gabb, when her husband came home with a hand of crepe around his hat. "For your first husband," replied Mr. Gabb. "I'm sorry he died."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Your father has a lot of very fine chickens," observed the young man. "Has he incubators?" "No," said the sweet young thing just home from boarding-school, "I think they're Plymouth Rocks."—*Dallas News*.

"I saw you and your husband at the play last night, Mrs. Wedgecomb. How did you like it?" "I'm sorry we wasted our money on it. Several people told me I would be shocked, but I wasn't."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Henry," said the sheriff to the negro on the gallows, "have you anything to say?" "Yas, suh," said the condemned man. "I've got a few words to say. I merely wishes to state dat dis sutlinly is goin' to be a lesson to me!"—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Why don't you pay your bills?" angrily demanded the collector, after his tenth fruitless call. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Deadhete. "Do you imagine I would be so hard-hearted as to deprive you poor fellows of your employment?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mrs. Newriche—I believe our next-door neighbors on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram. *Mr. Newriche*—What makes you think so? *Mrs. Newriche*—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand!—*Puck*.

"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house." "Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"My word Jacob," said Steinberg, "that is a beautiful diamond you have in your pin. How much did it cost?" "I paid \$1000," replied Jacob. "One thousand dollars! Good gracious!" exclaimed Steinberg. "Vy, I did not know you ver vorth so much money." "Vell, you see," exclaimed Jacob, "ven der old man died he left \$1000 for a stone to be erected to his memory, and dis is der stone."—*Kansas City Star*.

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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Words.

The New York *Sun* may be credited with a most palpable hit when it draws attention to a certain inconsistency between the passage of the new immigration bill and the celebration of Lincoln's birthday. Among the classes of persons to be excluded by the new law are:

All aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who can not read the English language or some other language or dialect.

This, says the *Sun*, makes us think of an unfortunate and most illiterate Kentucky family that found its place in history in spite of educational defects. Nicolay and Hay, speaking of the family of Lincoln's mother, say:

The whole family connection was composed of people so little given to letters that it is hard to determine the proper names and relationships of the younger members.

Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, was able to read and write, and therefore she might have been admitted under the new law, but such ability was "a remarkable accomplishment in her circle." Her hus-

band, Abraham Lincoln's father, would have been rejected without discussion, for he could neither read nor write, although his wife eventually taught him to form the letters of his name. The Hankses and the Lincolns would never have been allowed to set foot on American soil under the new immigration bill.

Nor indeed would very large numbers of the hardy men who conquered the Western world, who made the United States a possibility, and who did a feat that statesmanship and scholarship could never have attempted. The Northern armies would have been in a sorry plight if they had imposed an educational test upon the aliens who fought in them. Human values are not to be judged by literary tests, and perhaps there was some grim truth in the pleasantry that we have already far too many people in the country who can read and write. Take it all in all, we might not be far wrong in saying that America owes as much to its illiterates as to its educated class.

James D. Phelan, Candidate

Mr. James D. Phelan's letter announcing his candidacy for the United States senatorship is a curiously noncommittal document. Presumably Mr. Phelan is a Democrat, and his natural appeal is to members of the Democratic party. But he does not even name his party, and he makes no presentment of individual principles. In its reserved generalizations and its studied indefiniteness Mr. Phelan's letter is distinctly in the "impressionist" style. One who reads may make out of it anything he chooses.

But while in other things reticent Mr. Phelan bears down heavily on the personal note. He begins with "I"; he proceeds to "my"; then returns again to "I." "I am a candidate," etc. * * * "My conclusion to be such candidate," etc. * * * "I believe that I can render service," etc. * * * "I have been frequently at Washington," etc. * * * "I am not unfamiliar with public business," etc. * * * "I will be proud to have greater opportunity," etc. * * * "Public service has been my ambition." And so on. Without actually saying so, Mr. Phelan offers himself as the candidate of President Wilson, a point which it would have been in better taste to have left for Mr. Wilson himself.

Mr. Phelan has long been before the public in poses exhibiting his now confessed life-long ambition for political life. He has been three times mayor of San Francisco; and he has been *ex post facto* mayor upon his own motion ever since. He has, too, been openly a candidate at different times for the governorship and for the Senate. Observers therefore have had ample opportunity to know the man in pretty much all the phases of his character.

Mr. Phelan is a son of a pioneer citizen and came by inheritance into great personal wealth. While through his property interests he has been associated with important affairs, he has never been in business, and therefore has given no guaranties of his personal abilities in that direction. Nor has he made himself the master of any profession. But he has been a diligent student and has superimposed upon a good elementary education a vast deal of serious reading. He is a distinctly cultivated man—a man of wide information gleaned from books, with much of the kind of knowledge which comes from travel and association. He writes fairly well and is at home on his feet. Without brilliancy as an orator, he is still a ready speechmaker.

When Mr. Phelan entered public life as a candidate for the mayoralty his appeal for votes took two forms. First there was in it a suggestion of the professional Irishman. This chord was diligently played upon south of Market Street. There was another campaign north of the slot. Here, it was urged, is a man of education and property—a man intelligent enough to know the needs of the city and rich enough to be above any sordid temptation or influence. South of Market voted for

Mr. Phelan on one theory. North of Market rallied to him on another. He was elected, reelected, again reelected. Mr. Phelan's first term was illustrated by intelligence and diligence. He seemed an ideal man in the office of mayor. He attended with energy to the public business. And he commanded approval even from many who for one reason or another had distrusted him. But as time wore on his character appeared to change. He became enamored of official life, and instead of concentrating his mind and energies upon the mayoralty he began to look about for larger powers and honors. Then instead of placing his dependence upon the higher ideals of public service, he turned to cheap methods of self-promotion. South-of-Market Phelan got the better of north-of-Market Phelan. He began to "frame up" politics in association with men of low type, and quite naturally he lost consideration with men of the better sort. After awhile his whole reliance seemed to be upon management and intrigue rather than upon larger and worthier motives. He became, in fact, a politician rather than a statesman; and when after six years' service he retired from the mayoralty he went out with less respect than when he came in.

In the years intervening Mr. Phelan has played an active part in public affairs, always with an obvious consideration of his own interests. He has been an active "native son" on the political side of that dubious organization. He has been a busy—albeit a self-elected—tribune of popular disaffection in behalf of water consumers, gas users, and what-not, with little regard for equity or propriety. He assumed the pose of a high moralist in respect of the famous graft prosecution, only to descend to methods subversive of every principle and of every rule worthy of respect among high-minded men. Keeping out of sight as far as he might, he has continued to play in various relations a policy which has brought him into more or less open conflict with the more respectable and more effective men of the community.

There is in the character of Mr. Phelan as it has been developed in various activities a distinct Machiavellian quality—what in the language of the street is called a yellow streak. His habit is to work secretly rather than in the open. Many have called him a Jesuit in the least pleasant sense of that abused term. Others have charged him under worse names.

It remains to be said that if Mr. Phelan should be elected to the Senate he would carry to the work very considerable abilities and a genuine culture, plus a very considerable experience in affairs. Undoubtedly he would attend to his work industriously, but in an intensely personal spirit. His loves and his hates are positive, and he is not sufficiently high-minded to rise above them. He would, we suspect, be an active senator; but he would be the same sort of senator that he was mayor. Almost certainly his service would be marred by the propensities and habits of intrigue and under the inspirations of a jaundiced attitude towards many men and many things. There is a faction, for he is not without friends, who would feel a certain satisfaction in his election, but it would be a kind of satisfaction having its roots in resentment and malice. The greater number among our leading men of affairs would feel that a man essentially unfit had been given an opportunity to carry into high public station motives which should have no place in representative public life.

The Western Fuel Case.

We have no wish to review, much less to criticize adversely the findings of a court of justice in the matter of the now famous case of the Western Fuel Company. There has been an open and protracted trial; and the outcome, hard as it presses upon three individuals, must be accepted as authoritative. But certain considerations developed in the course of the trial deserve to be emphasized.

The books of the company disclosed the fact

had sold an excess of some three per cent over the amount of coal which it had imported and on which it had paid duty. And this fact, coupled with testimony of discharged employees as to irregular practice of weighing on the company's bunkers and barges, was the basis of the criminal proceeding.

It was shown at the trial by the evidence of scientific experts, supported by statements published by the Bureau of Mines of the United States, that an increase of from two to fifteen per cent in the weight of coal after its extraction from the mine, due to moisture and various atmospheric and chemical processes, is a quite ordinary occurrence. The company in the course of its operations paid over one million dollars in duties on its importations of coal; and the whole of the government's claim for unpaid duties did not exceed thirteen thousand dollars. The sum of all claims presented against the company ran only to thirty-five thousand dollars. The cost of the prosecution to the government probably exceeded fifty thousand dollars. Probably three hundred thousand dollars would not cover the whole cost of the trial.

At the conclusion of the evidence for the prosecution the court ordered the indictment to be dismissed as to four of the defendants who were directors of the corporation and who were not shown to have had notice or knowledge of the "overage" or of methods of weighing on bunkers and barges. From the fact that no testimony affecting any of these men was given at the trial, it follows that no such evidence was or could have been presented to the grand jury; and it follows further that that body indicted these men without evidence of guilt on their part and on the theory that as members of the board of directors they should be presumed to have known all the details of the company's business and operations. The burden of proving their ignorance and innocence was thus thrown upon four men who obviously should not have been indicted.

We say these men should not have been indicted, for in charging them the grand jury ignored the principle that every man must be presumed to be innocent until some showing has been made of his guilt. The assumption, too, that a director can be properly charged, merely on the score of his position, with knowledge of the details of the business of his corporation, is equally unsound. A director, as such, can only know of those matters brought to his attention by the executive officers. Any other theory of liability for corporate acts would impose an intolerable responsibility and prevent men of affairs from accepting service on boards of corporate enterprises—enterprises which call for the broadly guiding counsels of just such men.

The cost of this trial, in so far as it related to the men who were exonerated at the conclusion of the prosecuting testimony, was large measured in money alone, without taking into account the suffering imposed upon men demonstrated to be innocent, or the misrepresentations of a sensational and hostile press. And the grievance was further pressed home by the bitterness with which the case was fought even as against those defendants who obviously should not have been indicted.

We can but reflect how much better it would have been on all accounts if instead of making a public scandal of this case, at best a dubious one, with its now acknowledged injustice in certain instances and its tragic effects in at least one instance, there might have been a reasonable and not unfriendly effort to adjust any inaccuracies, probable or possible, in the measurements of the merchandise imported and sold by the Western Fuel Company. Instead of a firm purpose to right a possible wrong there has been a bitter assault upon individuals, some of them now proven to be innocent and others possibly so. The spirit in which the case has been prosecuted has been that of intense bitterness under the idea so offensively exploited once before in this city of "getting" somebody, innocent or guilty.

This is not the spirit in which the government should regulate the wrongs or the mistakes of those with whom it has to deal. It is not the spirit in which private business is done, for business life could not be supported upon a basis of suspicious presumptions and embittered efforts at reprisal. Make this spirit universal, take out of the relations of men in their traffickings and exchanges, and their goings and comings, the spirit of common confidence and friendly disposition to correct errors, and civilization itself in its existing development could not be sustained.

We make no appeal in behalf of wrongdoing. For demonstrated criminality there can be but one hard rule.

But where doubt—reasonable doubt—of dishonest purpose is in the balance the rule of confidence is a more civilized rule, and a better working rule, than the spirit of embittered pursuit and savage vengeance.

The President's Troubles.

In a letter from Washington printed elsewhere Mr. Armstrong presents in striking form a difficulty in which President Wilson has got himself by his answer to a committee of suffragettes who called upon him recently, asking that he propose to Congress a measure enfranchising women. It will be remembered that he told his visitors that it was a case in which his private feelings and sentiments cut no figure. I am, he said, in a representative position; I am the agent of a party. Therefore I may not act in a matter of serious importance like this until I have the authority of my party. If not the precise words, this reflects the spirit of the President's reply.

Now the question arises, did the President with curious maladroitness seize upon a pretext or did he enunciate a principle? If the former, then he is guilty of a bit of rather cheap tactics. If the latter, then he stands bound in certain embarrassing ways and, as has already developed, in inconsistencies impossible to explain. The platform upon which the President made his campaign and to which he committed himself in terms in accepting the presidential nomination, contains a plank flat-footed in favor of a single presidential term:

We * * * urge an amendment to the constitution making the President of the United States ineligible to reelection and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Will Mr. Wilson stand by the principle to which he is thus committed? The platform itself supplies one pledge; the President's answer to the suffragette committee clearly implies another. Washington, which thinks it sees evidences of an effort on the part of the President to so shape things as to secure another term in office, is speculating as to how the President is going to bridge the lapse between the promise and the purpose to disregard it.

Then there is the matter of the Canal tolls. The Baltimore platform, the same which Mr. Wilson made his own by acceptance of the nomination and the same to which he again pledged his good faith to his suffragette visitors, explicitly favors free tolls for American coastwise shipping. The clause reads as follows:

We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal.

This is plain enough. However right the President may be—and the *Argonaut* thinks he is absolutely right—in asking Congress to change the law of last year, in doing so he flies in the face of the platform which he has declared to be the monitor and guide of his official life.

Now if in fact the President is scheming for renomination, without regard to the pledge of a single term, and now that he is in fact advocating the imposition of tolls upon American ships in direct contravention to the same platform, we are forced to the conclusion that he stands on the party platform when it suits his purposes and thrusts it to one side when it appears as an obstacle in his path.

All of which recalls a fact not pleasant to remember, that for the sake of the presidential nomination Mr. Wilson compromised the opinions and teachings of a lifetime—turned his coat, so to speak. As a writer, as a lecturer, as a teacher of the philosophies of government for thirty years, he was definitely and positively a conservative. He became a radical, giving support to many if not most of the movements leading away from the old standards of constitutionalism, only when it became evident that by that means and by that only could he hope to attain the presidency of the United States. Half a year before Mr. Wilson's nomination the editor of the *Argonaut* in talk with one of Mr. Wilson's friends and foremost promoters asked, "How do you explain your candidate's change from conservatism to radicalism?" The reply was significant: "In this year 1912 no man can be elected to the presidency who does not accept at least nominally the theories which collectively are termed radicalism. Mr. Wilson knows this as well as you or I. Knowing it and wishing to be President, Mr. Wilson has brought himself to make concessions."

Pertinent to this general theme is the testimony of a private letter of information from Washington to the editor of the *Argonaut* under date of February 8th,

treating of general affairs there. "The President," says the writer, "has Congress backed into a corner and will keep it cowed until after the congressional elections. A feeling of dislike for him among men active in his own party is growing. I think next winter he will have a good deal of trouble. His close affiliations are almost exclusively with a few Southerners. At the North he seems to have no knowledge of men outside college faculties and no consideration for anybody. Many among Democratic members of Congress are profoundly embarrassed with respect to the proposal to change the Canal bill. Having voted for free tolls to coastwise ships in obedience to their party platform, they are now asked to face about in obedience to the will of the party chief, exercised in disregard of the platform. It's going to make a world of dissatisfaction."

In another paragraph this same correspondent treats of the party situation. He says: "Mr. Wilson is getting credit with the country for solidifying and marshaling his party—of making it an effective machine subject to the definite authority of the President. Now as a matter of fact this is not an achievement of Mr. Wilson's. When, following Cleveland's two administrations, the party lost out through its lack of cohesion, there was impressed upon the Democracy of the country a profound lesson. It was nothing less than enforcement of the principle that a house divided against itself can not stand. This lesson had been drilled into the Democratic mind by the force of repeated disappointments. When Champ Clark came into the Speakership and Mr. Underwood became floor leader of the House they worked together to make over the party into an organized and cohesive force. Their work was well done, so well done indeed that when Mr. Wilson came into the presidency he found himself at the head of a unified and disciplined army. But it was not Wilson who did the disciplining; it was Clark and Underwood who did it; Wilson was merely the inheritor of their work. In obedience to their own principles these two men have stood by him. They, not the President, supplied the personal force which makes the Democratic party in Congress today the solidified and organized power that it is. And what these two men did they may easily undo. If today Clark and Underwood were to abandon the President and leave him to his own devices, the Democratic party would quickly fall into divisions and be precisely what it was in the Cleveland régime."

"The Mexican policy alone," continues the writer, "is putting a tremendous strain upon the situation. It is so obviously stupid, and besides being just this, it 'gets nowhere,' as the saying goes. The opinion grows that there is no chance of bringing about a peaceable settlement as long as John Lind remains in Mexico. It seems that while he is a man of good character and intelligence he is an uncouth creature quite impossible as a diplomat. Mexicans of the better sort are a very polite people, and they shy at a man who knows nothing of the ways of gracious intercourse and who therefore seems to them a species of barbarian. William Bayard Hale is not much better. He does not speak Spanish, therefore his sources of information are meagre and little trustworthy. There is no chance of any kind of an accommodation so long as these two men continue to shape the policies of Mr. Wilson. Congress, Democrats as well as Republicans, is coming to understand this, and the fact does not tend to respect for the judgment of the President."

Viewed broadly, even though the President has been having things pretty much his own way, the conditions do not tend to continued unity of his party or to its sustained support of the administration. It will last for a while, since aforesaid lessons of the weakness of divided councils have sunk deep. But grievances are accumulating. It is seen to be not so much a Democratic administration as a Wilson administration. And there is in Washington an undertone of feeling which portends trouble ahead.

The Ambassador's Costume.

When Mr. Gerard was appointed as American ambassador to Berlin he aroused gleeful anticipations by the announcement that he intended to gratify the emperor by wearing court dress. He felt it to be his duty to strew such simple flowers of pleasure as might come within his reach, and while we doubted whether the heart of the emperor could be touched in this way to the extent of an *entente cordiale*, we felt inclined to applaud a resolution that might at least afford some hilarity in the old home town. Mr. Gerard modestly

admitted that his legs left much to be desired when freed from the shelter of their more usual coverings, but he had been given to understand that art could do much to supplement the deficiencies of a parsimonious nature.

And now Mr. Gerard has disappointed us. A report from Berlin describes a gala occasion that was resplendent with uniforms and with courtly attire, but when we search with feverish impatience for the longed-for mention of Mr. Gerard we find that he was the only guest present who was wearing what has been humorously described as "the unpretentious garb of an American gentleman." The Swiss ambassador was lovely to look upon. So was the representative of the republic of Portugal. The French envoy was disporting his legs with the best of them, but Mr. Gerard was the undertaker at the feast. Did his courage fail him or was it the haberdasher? Or had he received a dispatch from Mr. Bryan forbidding so bold a bid for the imperial favor? It was very discouraging.

Now there may be some profound reasons of state that compel an ambassador to wear an evening suit. But why describe it as "the unpretentious dress of an American gentleman"? One would suppose that the evening dress was the prevailing costume of our streets, whereas most American gentlemen are much more used to the bathrobe than to the evening dress. Why should our free and independent democratic souls rise in revolt against the idea of an American ambassador dressing like George Washington? Why should we denounce him as a sycophant and a parasite because he reverts to the garb of Thomas Jefferson?

By all means let us ask our ambassadors to dress in some way that is really typical of our people, if they have the courage to do so. Now the most favored of our festive garbs usually includes an array of tin medals with a bewildering and resplendent display of bargain-counter ribbon festooned up and down our manly bosoms. And sometimes we wear armor. An ambassador thus attired would not only be truly representative of our national customs, but his appearance would be hailed by his traveling countrymen as a touching and pathetic reminder of the dear old convention at the state capital. And to make the illusion complete he might carry a small colored pennant bearing the emblazoned name of some favored town—for example Petaluma.

Dogma and Christianity.

The disingenuous Aked has gotten what he wanted out of the announcement that he does not and has not for twenty years believed in the miraculous birth of Jesus. The morning scream and the evening screech have printed his name in big type and red ink and have pictured him in his most fetching pose and in his newest overcoat. In its personal relationships the matter may be said to be closed.

But there remains another phase of the case worth considering. Nobody with a mind at once intelligent and free now swallows this ancient dogma without salt. It has slender support in the alleged sacred writings, and it finds no respect at the hands of critics, reverend or other. At best it is a fable invented and cherished as a means of striking the imagination of an age short on reason and long on faith. It belongs to the history rather than to the vital essence of the religious system which we call Christianity. One may take it or leave it and still live a worthy citizen, an exemplary man, full of the odor of sanctity. As a matter of fact none of Mr. Aked's professional brethren who have pursued him hot-foot during the past two weeks believe the old story more than he does. If they could be brought to declare the inside of their minds it would be to the effect that the miraculous birth of Jesus is part of a dogmatic system which it might be unwise to eliminate, since it stands related to other parts of a general structure which it is desired, and perhaps desirable, to sustain. We suspect that no church—with perhaps one exception—now really makes faith in outworn dogmas a fundamental requirement. The churches, in truth, are mighty liberal these days. They give license to pretty much anybody to believe pretty much as he pleases about incidental matters if only he maintains a certain decent reticence. The leading men of the day in private conversation, even in public discussions outside the pulpit, are at liberty to think and to say pretty much anything which may please them. But the creed has not been modified; it still has its requirements to which the priestcraft of all creeds must give a species of formal assent.

Now what is the duty of a man in Mr. Aked's posi-

tion who finds that he can not accept in sober sincerity the articles of faith as written down in the books and so carried on the records of the churches? Is he, because he can not accept as a matter of personal faith certain items of historic doctrine, to stigmatize himself as a heretic, step down from his high office and go forth into the world as one blasted by moral guilt? Decidedly not. No man ought to be and in truth no man is required by moral consistency to believe that which the progress of human thought universally rejects and has come to regard as unimportant. No man is required to believe the unbelievable because a former and less critical age did believe it. No community of worshippers, themselves rejecting the fables of an older day, should or does demand belief of these same fables on the part of their elected teachers.

But there is a right way and a wrong way of dealing with these matters. The right way is that of what we may style a candid reserve—a reserve which makes no pretensions of belief of impossible things, but which at the same time flaunts no flags of contempt and defiance in the face of churchly tradition. That is the attitude of ninety-nine out of a hundred men of the cloth in every free communion with respect to matters like the dogma of the miraculous birth of Christ. They don't really hold to the old beliefs, but they don't think it necessary to shout defection from the housetops nor to shock minds adjusted to antique formulæ by utterances disrespectful of ancient faiths. Mr. Aked in announcing his rejection of the dogma of the miraculous birth of Jesus has not so much violated any rule of morals—even of churchly morals—as a fixed principle of good taste, and of course he has done it knowingly. He is a spectacular artist; he lives and breathes in the spirit of melodrama. Where there is a right and a modest way and a wrong and lurid way of doing a particular thing he seizes upon the latter with an unerring artistic instinct. What he does he does in the way calculated to call out the biggest type in the shop. His individual breeding does not permit him to do vulgar things. He can not, like certain rough-riding clerical mountebanks, dance the tango in the pulpit or play an obligato accompaniment to the church choir. These are the arts of crudity and limited resource. Brother Aked knows a better trick. It is in measured and graceful phrase to blast traditions and shock sensibilities. He does it after the manner of the finished actor that he is, and verily he gets what he is after—the spotlight and the centre of the stage.

To be sure this kind of glory does not last long. Only the soberer graces of clerical character grow and grow. A man like Mr. Clampett, the late Father Prendergast, Dr. McKenzie, and the late Dr. Stebbins grows in the respect and affections of his people and tends as years go on to become an increasing light of religion and morality. But the Akeds jump into a community and jump out of it; they are here today and gone tomorrow. They challenge attention, but rarely respect, and never reverence. They contribute nothing to the vital efficacy of religion, nothing to the sustained welfare of the race. Oftentimes brilliant, they are never stable. On the whole they serve not so much the forces which sustain religion and morality as those which tend to destroy these saving powers.

Unemployed Women.

It is not difficult to believe that there are twenty thousand women out of work on the streets of New York and three times that number on their way, but it is difficult to believe that it is one of the proper functions of government to create some sort of artificial market for a labor commodity that is not in actual and economic demand. The great Cooper Union meeting of unemployed women formulated just such a demand as this. It has been noisily, even insolently, formulated here in San Francisco. It is now to be heard everywhere. But when it emanates from women it becomes peculiarly audible, and perhaps it ought to be peculiarly audible, from motives of benevolence if not of logic. Of this, indeed, there can be no doubt. Benevolence is as essential a part of social life as statesmanship, or banking, or commerce. The spectacle of twenty thousand half-starved women is one that clamors for instant and effective attention as a disgrace to civilization, as a social disease that must be destroyed or that will destroy. Charity—to use a sadly misused word—is the highest of all laws and must take precedence of all others. But a laudable and imperative sentiment should clear the intellectual vision rather than obscure it.

And among the pleas put forward at the Cooper Union

meeting were two that deserve mention. The first was to the effect that the great mass of unemployment was due to the women who had comfortable homes, but who insisted upon working in response to feminist theories of economic independence. Such women were naturally in a position to underbid their less fortunate sisters, while the employers were quick to base their wage schedules upon the smaller needs of those not wholly dependent upon their own earnings. It was further stated that employers gave their preference to girls who were living at home, not only because the demands of such girls were lower, but because they were less likely to demand or to instigate a minimum wage law. These two pleas may be regarded as an epitome of the twin evils of the artificial and emotional movements of the day and of the mania for a legislative interference with economic law. In the first place we have a demand for the "independence" of women which results in dispossessing twenty thousand needy women in favor of a like number of women who are not needy, and in the second place we find that even a threat of legislative interference with wages has the effect of lowering the scale and driving the most dependent of the wage-earners upon the streets. That this will have any influence on the "something ought to be done" and the "pass a law" reformer is too much to hope for. His mental architecture is not of that kind.

The feminist movement has obsessed the modern girl with the idea that she has a "right" to demand a living from the world outside of her home. She has no more right to a living from the world than the grocer has a right to demand of the public that it buy his particular brand of cheese or soap. They are precisely in the same position. Both have commodities to sell, and neither will succeed unless those commodities are in demand. To buy unwanted labor is just as pernicious as to buy unwanted cheese or soap merely to save the vendors from distress. We may be justified in buying things that we do not need from reasons of charity, just as we buy useless tapes and buttons from the door peddler, but to be coerced into buying them as a matter of duty and right spells economic ruin and anarchy.

There is, of course, no royal road to the abolition of unemployment. We might just as well mutter a charm as pass laws. Exorcisms are quite as efficacious as legislation. We shall remove the curse of unemployment as soon as we cease to regard the large employer and the capitalist as presumptive criminals whom we must "get" at all costs, as soon as we cease to throw the bolt of sex emotionalism into the wheels of the economic machine, as soon as we regard efficiency rather than mere work as a saleable commodity. It may be slow, but there is no other way.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PLATFORM.

Mr. Wilson Is Up Against a Severe Test—Some Documentary Presentments.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12, 1914.

With the Canal tolls proposition and the literacy test facing him, President Wilson's troubles are apt to accumulate rapidly in the near future. The President has indicated very clearly that he is opposed to the literacy test in the immigration law, but the labor unions are so strong for this provision that he may be constrained to yield, as he did when he signed the Sundry Civil bill, which contained the exemption of labor unions from the operation of the Sherman law.

Moreover, the labor unions are now bringing great pressure to bear to force the insertion of an exemption provision in the new anti-trust laws. The fear of offending the labor interests infests Congress to such an extent that the members may yield on this point, and it will then be for President Wilson to say whether he will approve or disapprove class legislation.

The President's attitude toward the Baltimore platform will without doubt be a very live issue in the approaching campaign. That there will be much to explain and that the Democrats will be placed on the defensive is now becoming apparent as a result of the scrutiny to which President Wilson's actions with regard to the Baltimore platform are being subjected.

President Wilson put himself to a very severe test when, in talking to the suffragettes, he asserted that the Baltimore platform was his supreme law and that he could not recommend anything outside of that document. He was in sympathy with the movement for equal suffrage, but felt that he could do nothing because he was merely the spokesman of the great party. Those who are close to the President describe his deep emotion when he was forced to reject the appeals of the working women who pleaded with him to recommend to Congress an amendment to the constitution to permit the enfranchisement of women.

The President's friends said that he was greatly depressed that he had to reject the plea, but that he felt that his own position should not count against the platform of the Baltimore platform. The platform did not

pose woman suffrage, but by failing to recommend an amendment it ties the President's hands.

From this statement it was presumed that the President regarded the Baltimore platform as the conscience of his party. It had been observed that when the President went to the Capitol and read his message urging direct presidential primaries he made no reference to a single term for President, to which the platform had committed him, but it was presumed he would take this matter up later on. The ruling of the Baltimore platform with regard to a single presidential term is very specific and reads as follows:

We favor a single presidential term and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the constitution making the President of the United States ineligible to reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

There was no possible way in which President Wilson could dodge this issue. The edict of the Democratic party was clear and unmistakable. It pledged Mr. Wilson to the principle of a single term for President. He did not repudiate the plank before election, but he has taken no action on it since election, and the time is rapidly passing when action may be made effective. If the President remains silent much longer there will be no time for the provision to affect the present administration.

With regard to the Canal tolls exemption plank of the Baltimore platform, it was intimated by friends of the administration that the resolution was slipped in surreptitiously as a "joker" while all the members of the committee were looking the other way. In fact Mr. Bryan himself was quoted as saying that he had nothing to do with this provision. Senator Walsh of Montana, however, makes this positive statement with regard to what happened at Baltimore:

While I have regarded the transactions within the resolutions committee as more or less confidential, I am willing to give my recollection of the steps by which the free tolls plank became a part of the Baltimore platform. Recent imputations in the newspapers may tend to create the impression that there was something disingenuous, mysterious, or sinister in respect to the matter. There was not. On the contrary, there was nothing connected with it which affords the slightest foundation for such a charge or suspicion. The plank was offered in the sub-committee of eleven by Senator O'Gorman. Opinion in its favor seemed so unanimous that there was practically no debate. At the suggestion of Mr. Bryan ships owned by railroad companies were barred from using the canal; and the fact that this latter suggestion is found in the Baltimore platform along with the approval of free tolls for coastwise vessels shows plainly that the sub-committee was fully cognizant of the existence of the free tolls plank.

These matters, along with others, were then referred to a sub-committee of four. The four were Mr. Bryan, Senator Pomerene, Senator O'Gorman, and myself. We reported back on all the planks now in the Baltimore platform, and I was assigned to put the sections in their proper sequence. I did this, including the tolls provision. The sub-committee of four heard and approved them. The sub-committee of eleven heard and approved them, and then the entire resolutions committee was called together, the platform was read, approved, and later adopted by the convention. Thus each plank passed through several stages of preparation and could not have failed to be known to all attending the meeting of the committee or the various sub-committees.

The President clearly has overruled the Democratic party's platform with reference to the approval of the exemption of coastwise vessels. Criticism of Mr. Wilson is based not merely upon a technicality, but because the keeping of platform pledges is important and is the only way by which the party faith of the public official may be judged.

The President had read the platform, and in his speech of acceptance he said with reference to it:

They say it is a very practical document. We are now about to ask the people of the United States to adopt our platform. We are about to ask them to entrust us with office and power and the guidance of their affairs.

Later on Secretary Bryan, who played the biggest part in making the platform, made this statement with reference to it:

A man who violates the party platform is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money.

It will be remembered by those who attended the Baltimore convention that Mr. Bryan had insisted that the candidate of the party be selected before the platform should be adopted. He said that it was essential that the people should know their man before approving his platform on which he should run. His apparent reason was that there was no sense in providing a platform that would not fit the character of the man selected; but there are those who still believe that inasmuch as Mr. Bryan had written into the platform the single presidential term plank, he was certain that he was not going to get the nomination himself. If he had been sure of the nomination himself he might not have insisted upon the prohibition against the second term.

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

"Man's water" is an irrigator's term in common use in Hawaii. It signifies the amount of water that one irrigator can properly handle in the field. It varies greatly, being dependent upon the condition of the furrows, the age of the crop, and the skill and individuality of the irrigator. It may be almost any quantity under one second-foot, which is approximately two-thirds of a million gallons every twenty-four hours.

During the year 1913 the Royal National Lifeboat Institution maintained a fleet of 274 lifeboats and saved forty vessels of various sizes. Since the institution was established in 1824 it has been granted rewards for the saving of over 51,400 lives from shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A publisher, whose debasing trade might be supposed to remove him from the sphere of public sympathy, has been tried in New York for the sale of an indecent book and he has been acquitted. The name of the publisher does not matter, nor does the name of the book, since all publishers are now selling books that our venerated grandfathers would have grasped firmly and relentlessly with the kitchen tongs and placed in the warmest portions of the kitchen stove. I read the novel in question, not because I wanted to, but because I am paid for reading novels, and it did not seem to me that it was indecent according to modern standards. I have read infinitely worse novels in the past and expect to do so in the future. Certainly it was not the sort of book that one would like to see elderly people reading. I should unquestionably reprove my father if I saw him furtively reading that particular novel, but in the hands of an experienced high school girl it would excite no comment. She would probably say that it was tame in comparison with the sex hygiene instruction imparted to her during her hours of toil. Times have changed somewhat since the late Andrew Lang published his version of the "Arabian Nights" with the prefatory assurance that he had removed only those portions suitable for old gentlemen and Arabs. An unpurgated "Arabian Nights" would now be read with avidity by the *jeune fille* and blushing avoided by the old gentleman and the Arabs. Thus do the chariot wheels of progress roll triumphantly onward to the good, the beautiful, and the true.

But I have no intention of talking about the novel that has thus been vindicated by a jury of good men. It is rather with the methods of vindication that I am concerned. For how does one determine whether a novel is or is not an indecent one? Of course we all know how we determine these things for ourselves. We use the methods of experience, discretion, and common sense, but how should we proceed if we were a judge on the bench, where the methods of experience, discretion, and common sense are obviously impossible, if not actually unconstitutional? How should we act if we had to instruct a jury, and if we were aware of the presence in court of a phalanx of argus-eyed women resolutely determined to recall us if we should show the slightest bias against obscenity? It is true that the recall does not yet exist in the State of New York, but there are hopes. Moreover, there are methods of coercion still more effective. For example, it is already a well-established rule that any man who displays the slightest difference of opinion with the feminist view upon any point whatsoever is thereby proved to be a white slaver and liable to denunciation as such. The lot of the judge who had to determine upon the merits or demerits of this particular novel was therefore not a happy one. He was pinned down by legal rules of evidence and the like, carefully devised for the exclusion of any possible ray of intelligence and for the utter extinction of fact. And he was conscious of the grim surveillance of feminists marshaled and organized in defense of the holy cause of indecency. Doubtless he did the best that he could under the adverse circumstances.

But certainly it was an amazing procedure. Upon the composition of the jury it is needless to dwell, since it is already well understood that no man can qualify for the jury box until he has first proved himself to be a congenital idiot. To hold views upon any subject whatsoever is fatal to this particular branch of patriotic service. The talesman who admits that he ever read a book or a newspaper or conversed intelligently with his neighbor on the questions of the day is doomed. Nothing "goes" there but imbecility or a successful simulation of imbecility for sinister motives. Therefore several of the talesmen were promptly excused because they had opinions for or against the crusade now being waged for or against indecency. Those who were finally accepted were not actually asked if they had ever read the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount, but it was generally, and reasonably, assumed that they had not, or at least that they had formed no opinions upon those documents. Otherwise they, too, would have been excused. But the nature of the "evidence" is worth all the attention that we can give to it. Obviously it was a case for the "expert," to whom the great American public is always willing to defer with a confidence worthy of better causes. That there can be no such thing as an expert in matters of common decency apparently never occurred to any one, or, to put it the other way round, that every right-minded intelligent human being is already an expert on such a business as this. But before the expert was allowed to testify he had first to prove that he was an expert. The jurymen having proved that he knew nothing, the witness had to prove that he knew everything, for such are the rules that govern our vaudeville legal procedure. Imagine the spectacle of a witness solemnly proving that he was an "expert" on matters of decency, and yet there is no mention of "laughter in court." Certainly there was laughter among the angels and also among the devils.

Mr. Norman Hapgood was the first expert witness on decency in literature. This is not a joke. It happened. Mr. Hapgood was put into the witness-box and invited to qualify. In other words, he was asked to satisfy the court that he knew more about decency in literature than common everyday human beings and that the jury might safely rely upon his guidance in so far as that guidance was not neutralized by other experts presently to be heard from. Mr. Hapgood was quite of the opinion that he had the necessary credentials. He did not actually "point with pride" to his picture blatantly displayed in the street-cars, but no doubt had he done so the jury would have been profoundly impressed. That is the sort of thing that does impress the modern intelligence. But Mr. Hapgood had another qualification that must have

been even more effective. Unwilling to paraphrase the words of this great and good man on a matter of such momentous importance I will quote the exact terms of the legal report. It says: "In order to establish his claim as an expert witness in literature Mr. Hapgood testified that he had read about 4000 books." That was all. He had read about 4000 books. The tongue of malice was instantly silenced and the collective wisdom of the court, figuratively speaking, fell at Mr. Hapgood's feet in order to do homage to a man who had "read about 4000 books." Mr. Hapgood did not say what sort of books he had read or whether his selection from the world's literature had been of a kind to conduce to piety or its reverse. Doubtless he held this to be unnecessary. And it was unnecessary. The court was evidently of opinion that any man who had read 4000 books must be an authority on the moral law, for Mr. Hapgood was forthwith passed as an expert on virtue. By some mysterious law of mental association I am reminded of the young woman who objected to giving her friend a book as a birthday present on the ground that "she's got one already." The official views of the court on the subject of literature were evidently similar to those of that young woman.

But there is more to come. It was a great day for the literary expert. He was there in force with his qualifications and his credentials. No sooner had Mr. Hapgood blushing fitted the halo to his head and with a due sense of the eternal fitness of things than his place in the witness-box was taken by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, whose alliterative name seems in itself to be a sufficient guaranty of the proprieties. And the professor was an expert in such matters. There could be no doubt about that. He said so. He confessed it. Moreover, he proved it. Professor Jenks had once been a teacher of political economy at Cornell. At the present moment he is "professor of government" at New York University. Moreover, he had "written for the magazines," and as a final and crushing credential he had "compiled reports for the government." There could be no doubt about the professor. He might almost be said to be an embodiment of the moral law, a sort of perambulating Ten Commandments. Professor Jenks was unanimously passed as a second expert in righteousness. And then came Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, whose diplomas were even more striking than those of Mr. Hapgood. Quoting once more from the report, "Mr. J. B. Kerfoot testified that he had reviewed between 4000 and 5000 books in his career." Mr. Kerfoot did not say if he had read these books, but he had certainly reviewed them, and so he, too, took his place among the congregation of saints, among the "just men made perfect"—by reading books.

Now no one in particular is to blame for this. The publisher was entitled to a jury trial. The lawyers were entitled to challenge the jury and to see to it that only imbeciles were selected. They were also entitled to call their experts, since evidence of some kind must be submitted. And since it is impossible to furnish credentials of fitness to decide a moral issue such as the propriety or impropriety of a novel the judge had to take what credentials he could get. The whole ugly farce belongs to the false coinage of the day, to the deification of shams and impostures that is a feature of the present world civilization. Any decent man with a wife and daughters is far more of an expert on the morality of a novel than Mr. Hapgood or even than Jeremiah W. Jenks, who has "written for the magazines." The decent man will know in a moment whether he would like to see his daughters reading that particular novel, and his answer to that question will have far more value than the opinion of a sex maniac who has read a million books instead of a paltry 4000. But the aforesaid decent married man with daughters would have no chance at all in court against an expert who may have neither wives nor daughters, but who happens to have "compiled reports for the government." What disgusting humbug it is.

But it is probably nothing to what we shall see in the future unless some plan be found to scotch this expert imposture. The only conceivable way—apart from the prohibited appeal to common sense—by which the propriety of a novel can be proved or disproved is by ascertaining its actual effect upon the mind of the reader. And here we have an extraordinary opportunity for the psychological expert, probably the greatest charlatan of them all. Professor Munsterberg, for example, has designed some sort of mechanism by which to judge whether a man would make a good sea captain by testing his power of rapid decision, although it has nothing to say about that same man's courage and conscientiousness. Now why should we not have some sort of machine for testing the moral nature. For example, we could apply it to some part of the anatomy of the young girl about whom we are all so solicitous and note its indications before and after reading the suspected novel. Then we should know to a certainty whether to praise or condemn, whether to consign the author and publisher to durance vile as criminals or crown them with bay leaves as social regenerators. Imagine the effect upon the jury of the psychological expert with his little machine. And certainly the jury that would tolerate Mr. Hapgood in his pose as a moral censor would not be likely to draw the line at any conceivable extravagance of the mountebank and the quack.

SIDNEY CORY.

Having acquired 30,000 acres in the Papenoo Valley, Island of Tahiti, a Papeete banker will clear the land and devote the greater part of it to the production of vanilla, and the most interesting part of the transaction is the announcement that it is hoped to be able to export it at \$1.40 per pound, a reduction of about sixty cents per pound from the current price. Sandalwood and rosewood trees will also be planted.

BEFORE THE BALL.

The Countess Chooses a Rose for Her Hair.

Countess Marie Antoinette Helversen was indisputably beautiful. She possessed the rare beauty that no one questions—not even women. When such a beautiful woman passes along the street all turn to look at her, just as in the morning when their paths lead in an opposite direction, they turn to behold the spot in the east where the sun rose clear and radiant.

Countess Marie Antoinette knew how beautiful she was. How would it have been possible for her not to know it? Was she coquettish! Certainly, but not in that unpleasant way that is often obtrusive. She rejoiced in her pretty face; she rejoiced, as a consequence, in all that tended to enhance its prettiness—in adornment, ornament, and fine toilets.

Naturally, Countess Marie Antoinette had endless admirers and suitors. The most earnest of them were the two neighbors of her parents, Camill von Leeringen and Ernst von Prinzthal. Camill was the most dashing officer that could be imagined; he was not only a famous dancer and horseman, but he talked well, and played the piano brilliantly. His castle was magnificent, and superbly arranged. His stables were well supplied. He had, indeed, debts, but debts are for the most part an evidence of riches. Ernst von Prinzthal was, on the contrary, quiet but earnest.

Both sued for Marie Antoinette's hand, and each in his own way was filled with distrust and jealousy toward the other. This uncertainty could not continue longer. One of them must yield his place, if murder or a death-blow did not remove him. But which one? The parents permitted to the daughter her free choice. And Countess Antoinette? Really she had not considered whom she would choose.

The day before the garrison ball (before a ball Antoinette was more radiant, more joyous, and more conquering than ever) the two suitors came to Castle Helversen at the same moment, and almost attacked each other in the salon. The result was that they urgently and earnestly begged Countess Antoinette to render her final decision.

"Make known to us by some token which of us is the favored one—which of us you will make happy with your hand," cried Camill von Leeringen.

"Yes, let us know our fate today, for only under this condition can we give up the duel which the scene of today has rendered almost unavoidable. The one whom you reject will leave the scene of combat. Will you do so?"

"Oh, you must, indeed," cried Ernst von Prinzthal, "for, Antoinette, I can not endure longer the torments of this uncertainty. I love you. Do you understand what that means? It means that I shall suffer always if you do not say, 'You shall find new life with me.'"

"Well, for my part," said Countess Antoinette, laughing, "I will give my decision this evening. At this moment I really have not the time. My head is so full. The modiste has promised me my ball-dress at noon, and it is now eleven o'clock. It comes direct from Paris, and I have no idea of the style, scarcely of the color. Then, until this evening—"

"And let us know at the first glance which of us has to hope, and which of us has to despair," said Ernst von Prinzthal in a hoarse voice, while his breath came fast. "If I am the one to whom you will give life and happiness, then wear a red rose in your hair. Will you? But if it is Cavalier Leeringen then—"

"Then, of course, wear a white one," smiled the officer, showing his whitest of teeth. "Roses vary commonly in these two shades, as does wine."

"So let it be, so let it be," merrily said the Countess Antoinette. "But now adieu. I hear a carriage in the court. I wager it is the modiste and my ball-dress."

* * * * *

The evening came. Antoinette stood before her mirror in all the magnificence of the dress from Mme. Leontine of Paris. She was beside herself with delight. In its style, material, and shading of colors the ball-dress was a master-work of elegance. It was of the palest rose tint, not the rose red that recalls the color of the hundred-leaved rose, but the shade that suggests either the winter-rose, when fully blown, or the tip of the diamond petal that has almost a yellowish shimmer. In this toilet, which harmonized wonderfully with her complexion, her eyes, and her chestnut-brown hair, Antoinette was sweet enough to kiss. There remained only the question of the flower for her hair. Before her lay a cluster of dewy roses that the gardener had just brought. She must choose. She thought of the important rôle the color of her flower must play this evening.

But did she think of the woovers themselves? Did she love one more than the other? She was extremely fond of both, but of which one particularly? That she scarcely knew. But did she think that the handsome officer was a little fickle, and a little frivolous—that he was somewhat skeptical as well, somewhat reckless, and somewhat extravagant? Did she remember that a true heart-tone had sounded in the voice of Ernst von Prinzthal; that he was benevolent to the poor; and that on this very morning she had seen a tear sparkle in his eye?

No. Who thinks of such things before a ball?—who thinks of such things in the blissfulness of a new toilet?

It was really impossible to wear the red rose with the blossom tint of the dress, that shaded so softly. But the tea-rose, the heart of which softly glowed into a creamy shade, completed her toilet in the most enchanting manner.

"Oh," murmured Antoinette, as she fastened the rose in her hair. "Triumph for the cavalier! The prize is his."

* * * * *

Many years after, a woman sat grieving in a cold back room of a great house in a large city. She was sick, and suffering, and aged before her time. She was a widow—although her husband lived somewhere in the world outside, in disgrace and degradation. After he had spent her fortune, deceived and scorned her, he had left her. The deserted woman, now sick and poor, turned the leaves of a prayer-book by the feeble light that a street lamp threw in the miserable room. Her glance was attracted by a dead blossom that lay, dry as dust, between the leaves. It was black and dry from age, but it had once been beautiful.

It was the wreck and ruin of a once white rose.—
Translated for the Argonaut from the German.

A DROWNING MAN'S DESPAIR.

The Sub-Lieutenant Who Became Entirely Amphibious.

You have read the experiences of men who have been hanged, two or three who have been beheaded, and twenty or so who have been suffocated—they having come back from the other world to write their memoirs. I am going to relate the experiences of a drowning man.

A few years ago I was was garrisoned in the little village of Dauphine. I had graduated from Saint-Cyr, and my head was filled with more romance than is generally the case after such an education. Byron was greatly the fashion at that time, by reason of his life, his death, and his writings—which the world pretended to understand—and I was possessed with a perfect passion for him in every particular. "Lara," "Manfred," "The Corsair," his devotion to Greece, his exploits as a boxer and a beau, his defense of Missolonghi, his amours with Miss Lamb and La Guiccioli, were all fuel for the fire of my enthusiasm. But he possessed one accomplishment which charmed me, and which I envied him above all. That was his perfection as a swimmer, in which he was by right unequalled. It was always as floating among the warm, sensuous waves of Abydos that he appeared to me in my dreams, whenever his restless shadow came to trouble my sleep. In order to decide a closely contested rivalry with the dead poet, I became entirely amphibious, if not quite aquatic. I wished to vie with my hero and surpass him. As it was, I just escaped drowning myself.

The Lake of Paladru is the largest stretch of standing water which the frontiers of France enclose. It is three miles long, I think, by two wide. There is a legend rife among the neighboring inhabitants that through long vanished centuries its waters have covered a terrible mystery. A once rich and flourishing city sleeps in the depths of its waves, and when it is calm and still the old fishermen never fail to see distinctly the towers, the belfries, and the ramparts of the doomed city.

In the evening, after a good supper, we started out—Captain Torbin, a young sub-lieutenant, and myself. My two companions were furnished with shotguns, for they hoped to terminate the next day's sport by the assassination of a hare or two. At midnight I waded out into the soft warm waves, and was soon entirely submerged. Then I commenced performing a thousand little feats of strength before the admiring eyes of my companions, who, not being able to swim, kept prudently in the neighborhood of terra firma. At last, tired of all these nautical evolutions, I extended myself gently on my back and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the voluptuous situation. The air was soft and motionless. The sky was exquisitely pure. Innumerable stars of gleaming gold spangled the heavenly arch of limpid azure, untroubled by a breath of shadowy vapor.

I do not think the world contains a more magnificent spectacle than such a perfect night. I have seen a few of them in my life, and I am persuaded that no scene in the whole world of nature can present anything so splendid, cause such profound emotions, awaken thoughts more sublime or further removed from the base trammels of this earth. Around you the illimitable; extend an arm, it rests unshackled by even its own weight. You advance, or recede; nothing can give you one clue to the measurement of the space about you. You have conquered an element. You live a new life. You have aggrandized your world. Above you, unfathomable heights. Below you, unfathomable depths. Raise your eyes, behold Heaven! Rest motionless, behold—Death!

Who was that victorious emperor that, at the end of a dazzling reign of glory and prosperity, throwing a backward glance over a long life of power and pleasure, sought out with scrupulous care his moments of veritable happiness, and found that he had lived three hours? Three hours in seventy years of weariness! Poor captain that I am, when I measure the days of my past I find myself richer than the great emperor—richer by two hours! Well, one of those hours was my meditation on the Lake of Paladru, floating in indolent rest on the warm, caressing water; cradled voluptuously between heaven and earth without ex-

periencing that harsh contact with solid matter so awakening to a dreamy soul; of all the grosser senses of our nature retaining only sight and thought; remote from all sound; hearing only the low, sweet murmur of the waves that whispered in my ear to warn me that I floated over an abyss hundreds of feet in depth; to give me that instinct of peril braved and vanquished, which is the half of pleasure to all strong, young souls; to tell me that between me and the voluptuousness of life and the insensibility of death there remained but a moment, a second, a lightning flash. Sublimed and etherealized, my thoughts wandered in the immensity of space where sight was lost. How quickened was my soul! How young, how deep, how swift! Ah, then I caught the hidden meaning of love, glory, warfare, triumph. I understood life, and boldly summed it up at a glance into one sole pleasure and one sole virtue—to love and to be loved! God! how sad and foolish seems the life we fashion; that life of petty ambitions, of loves inspired and incomplete. What a grand, ethereal life I created for myself in the future.

Then the phantoms of the past swam before my eyes in the warm, dreamy peace of the night air; ravishing forms, white, slender, delicate, glimmering under the shadowy arches of a cathedral; fresh, voluptuous faces, laughing, eager, glancing from jealously curtained windows. All the romantic loves of college life, the amours a little more pronounced of the garrison, even laughing, commonplace women were idealized and impassioned by the beauty of the situation.

I think you will pardon this outburst of romance if you remember that at this moment I lived in a new universe; that my gaze was lost in a heaven without a horizon, where flashed millions of stars; that I neither felt nor perceived anything on earth, and having left the human domain, I should be permitted to travel at my own sweet will in the one I had created.

At last, however, wearied by these sentimental wanderings, I felt the need of repose for both my mind and my arms, which were tired by the hard service that my imagination had exacted from them.

But listen! This is where the tragedy commences. The curtain is rising, and you shall see the drama—the drama of the drowned.

It seems very simple to you, does it not, that from the centre of my lake I could swim easily toward shore where my companions were?

Yes; but where is the shore, if you please? This question, which I here put to you so calmly, I addressed to myself with a terror which shot through my body and my soul like a lightning flash.

The shore! Where is it?

No horizon. The night everywhere. Only the darkness and the stars. The lake black as a glimpse of hell; the grand shadows of the mountains covering everything, and no way to guide me.

Oh, the pain and weariness of my body, and the living, piercing thought of peril! The strength of despair seized me. The lake is not large, I thought. By following a straight line I must infallibly reach the shore. So I struck out, and recovering all the strength of my two-and-twenty years, and all my suppleness as an experienced swimmer, I shot through the water with lightning rapidity. With neck swollen by convulsive efforts, teeth close set, and every nerve strained by the passion of life, I swam for more than a quarter of an hour—a year, a century!

Nothing! No shore! Only beneath are illimitable depths, a dark abyss.

How was it possible in this boundless space to follow a straight line? Perhaps while struggling on in my despairing efforts I had but followed round and round in the same circle. Perhaps I was back at the same point I started from. Hope and strength departed together. I could scarcely float upon the water. I could scarcely draw a breath through my burning chest.

Then I saw that I must die!

I gave, as a last farewell, a cry so terrible that the echoes of the mountains repeated it wonderingly. An answering cry brought also its echoes and re-echoes. But whence was the sound? It was impossible to recognize the direction, and after two or three ineffectual efforts I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Death! Who can comprehend this word in all its terrible significance? Surely he who like myself has rolled it between his lips during an endless hour. Farewell to glory, love, ambition, power, my friends, my dreams, my happy future!

To die!

My arms refused to move. My head could no longer lift itself to the surface of the water. I threw a last glance over the world where life was, and let myself slowly sink into the water. The habit of diving was strong upon me, and I sank for a long minute without breathing. But at last a convulsive movement of my chest suffocated me with a rush of water. It was a moment of horror. A convulsion, involuntary yet intelligent, brought me to the surface for the last time.

The report of a gun burst forth! With one glance I swept the horizon. A second shot and a flash to guide me. My friends had understood. The courage of despair seized me. A flow of strength and life through my being, and I felt my limbs grow strong and elastic, as though I had but just entered a beautiful reservoir in an English park.

Ten minutes afterward I was on the shore, and a good pull of whisky gave back to our country one of her most devoted sub-lieutenants.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Casimir Cordier.*

THE RIGGS COLLECTION.

"Flaneur" Describes the Gifts of Arms and Armor Made by W. H. Riggs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is fast becoming a veritable child of fortune. Hardly have we heard the last of the congratulations upon the great Altman bequest than we have to chronicle another that is almost as important and that will probably be even more popular. A certain artistic perception is needed for the appreciation of pictures and tapestry, but we are all of us near enough to the elemental things of life to be thrilled by arms and armor. The peace propaganda has not yet dulled our senses to an indifference toward such things as these or to the days when war meant hard blows and personal prowess instead of the mathematical calculations of the chessboard and the extinction of sentiment and romance.

William Henry Riggs of Paris and New York, but mainly of Paris, has been collecting arms and armor and all things pertaining thereto for over sixty years, and now he has given all the wonders of his store-rooms to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And being a wise man, he has done this during his own life, so that he might enjoy the finest and the best of all luxuries, the luxury of giving. It need hardly be said that Mr. Riggs is a good American. If a tree may be known by its fruits there need be no doubt at all about this, and that he is so far comparatively unknown to popular fame is due to the fact that for forty-five years he has never crossed the Atlantic. For nearly half a century he has attended strictly to the business of collecting armor in Paris. He has made it the pursuit of a lifetime. He has ransacked every country in Europe, and as he was early in the field, before the competition for antiquities became keen, he has been successful in securing treasure after treasure that at the present time would be priceless. The commercial mind naturally asks the value of the Riggs collection. One might almost as well ask the value of a love letter or a lock of hair. One does not expect to express in dollars the value of the armor that was actually worn by Colonna, by the Duke of Alva, by Tremouille, by Lorenzo de Medici, and by Henry VIII. Such things are "worth" whatever one is willing to give for them, and if these particular treasures were now to be placed on the market there would probably be hardly a limit to what might be offered. We do not ask the value of the Venus di Milo or the Vatican. They have the value of things that can not be bought.

But Mr. Riggs is a discriminating collector. His eye is for quality rather than for quantity. His collection actually includes about 2500 pieces, but we are told that there would have been over 8000 pieces but for his practice of exchanging many articles of lesser value for a few of greater value. In this way he has sometimes given as many as a hundred specimens in return for a single article that was particularly desirable or unique. The list now includes seventy suits of armor, three hundred separate pieces of armor, forty hauberks, twenty ancient banners, three hundred swords, six hundred halberds, fifty maces, seventy daggers, and twenty arbalests, as well as books, pictures, and documents relating to them. It is representative of the whole history of mediæval war and of many of the great warrior figures of Europe. And Mr. Riggs has given this surprising collection without condition of any sort. He does not even ask that his name be attached to it. On the contrary, he asks that it be not isolated in any way or even labeled. He wishes it to be mingled with the similar exhibits now in the possession of the museum, so that there may be a continuous chronological arrangement. And this is to be done. The whole collection of arms and armor from all sources will be placed in the new north extension which has been planned to this end, and when Mr. Riggs came to New York last year he inspected the building and expressed his entire approval.

The New York *Sun* tells us that Mr. Riggs is a son of Elisha Riggs, whose banking houses were in New York, Baltimore, and Washington. He was educated at the Bacon School in New York, and in 1853 he accompanied the Beal expedition to the Rocky Mountains. In 1854, after his father's death, he went abroad and has remained there practically ever since. He has never given up his citizenship and is in the habit of describing himself as a "New Yorker sojourning in Paris." During the Second Empire he entertained largely and his salon was frequented by distinguished men from all over Europe.

When he went abroad in 1854 he continued his education at Vevey in Switzerland, then at the Polytechnic in Dresden, and finally at the University of Heidelberg. It was during these early years that he began his work as a collector, and it was also while he was at school in Vevey that he made the acquaintance of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who was also a student at the same institution. The friendship continued until Mr. Morgan died, and it was on Mr. Morgan's advice that he has now determined to make the gift that will so enormously enrich the museum and give it a status even higher than it now enjoys. Dr. Robinson, the director of the museum, describes it as one of the greatest gifts that has yet been received, and he places it as second only to the Altman accession. The date when it will be open to public inspection is still a little uncertain, as the labor of packing and preparation is very great.

But it is one of the things well worth waiting for. It will place the museum in the front rank of the world collections and unsurpassed except by some few of the royal collections of Europe. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1914.

Twenty-three thousand islanders on Sakurajima, an apparently sleeping volcano in Kagoshima Bay, Japan, were made homeless by the eruption which began on the morning of January 12. Press dispatches at the time likened the disaster to another Pompeii, and the death list was placed at thousands. Disastrous and deadly as the work of Sakurajima was, it is now happily proved that first estimates were vastly overdrawn, and much of the damage done can be remedied. A writer in the *Far East* who was on the scene states that the authorities placed the number of lives lost in the city of Kagoshima at eleven and seven in the suburbs, while eighty-seven were injured. "But they strongly denied the news that three hundred lives had been lost on Sakurajima." On the third day the island was visited by the same correspondent, who, describing the scene, wrote: "Villages on the north side had not been burned, neither had the forests on the extreme south. In the bay thousands of acres of scoria were floating in a great yellowish mass, and the sampan was rowed with difficulty through this thick coat of pumice. Only one large crater seemed to be very active now, although steam clouds issued from numerous fire holes near the seashore. Hundreds of acres of fields once beautifully terraced are now leveled by ash. The general shape of the mountain, however, had not been changed. On the fourth day people began to return from their haunts and relieved the small villages of their thousands of refugees and fugitives. Kagoshima was again becoming alive. Railway connections were broken for one day only and telegraph for several days. While the disaster was tragical enough and while even now the volcano is roaring continuously, the fact remains that the panic added to the discomfort and sufferings of the masses more than did the actual results from the eruptions. Those who remained calm and stayed at home did not suffer."

Culbone Church, which amongst many others claims to be the smallest church in England, is situated on the coast of North Devon, not far from the picturesque little village of Porlock, and the church is so guarded by hills and woods that the sun's rays reach it only four months of the year. The building is but thirty-three feet long by twelve feet eight inches wide, and has a porch, nave, carved oak chancel screen and Norman font, an alabaster altar piece and a quaint high pew near the chancel, used by the family of Lord Lovelace, by whom the property is owned. The slanted chancel is lit by a tiny, square-headed, iron-barred window, the oldest feature in the church, being pre-Norman, and cut out of a single stone. It is amply large for the population, which is about thirty-five in a parish of only 1337 acres. In summer the church is crowded, owing to the influx of visitors from many parts of the world.

Now that the Chinese in many provinces are adopting foreign dress, foreign food, and foreign-style houses they are demanding a larger quantity of foreign merchandise. The sale of foreign clothing, shoes, hats, and jewelry is rapidly increasing. Foreign-made furniture also is coming more and more into use, and while a great deal of it is being made in China there is a growing demand for foreign locks and hardware of all descriptions. A considerable increase is noticed in the consumption of foreign food, and canned provisions are enjoying a wider sale. Foreign food is displacing Chinese food to such an extent that a local guild of Chungking which formerly made huge profits by selling sharks' fins and other Chinese delicacies has suffered heavily of late on account of the growing preference for foreign food.

Records of winters in the past bring to light some accounts of excessive rains, for in 1909, a gauge kept at Monumental, in California, registered 153.54 inches. Only at Glenora, Oregon, with a record of 167.29 for a single year, has this rainfall record been exceeded in records for the United States. The heaviest rainfall for a single month ever recorded in the United States was at Helen Mine, California, in January, 1909, when 71.54 inches fell. Campo has the record for the heaviest downpour ever recorded in California for a single day. This was eleven and a half inches, on August 12, 1891, and all of this fell within eighty minutes. This is far below the American record, however, which is held by Alexandria, Louisiana, with a record of 21 and four-tenths inches in a single day.

Eleven miles southeast of London, in Kent, a few years ago were discovered the catacombs of the ancient Druids, which are now much visited by sightseers and are lighted, for a part at least, by electric lights. Over fifty miles of chambers, cut in the chalk cliffs, have already been explored. The Druids lived in these catacombs when attacked by their northern enemies, and here they buried many of their dead. The stone on which the human sacrifices were made is still to be seen, and also the well, from which water is drawn to this day.

OLD FAVORITES.

Washington.

God wills no man a slave. The man most meek,
Who saw Him face to face on Horeh's peak,
Had slain a tyrant for a handman's wrong,
And met his Lord with sinless soul and strong.
But when, years after, overfraught with care,
His feet once trod doubt's pathway to despair,
For that one treason lapse, the guiding hand
That led so far now barred the promised land.
God makes no man a slave, no doubter free;
Abiding faith alone wins liberty.

No angel led our Chieftain's steps aright;
No pilot cloud by day, no flame by night;
No plague nor portent spake to foe or friend;
No doubt assailed him, faithful to the end.

Weaklings there were, as in the tribes of old,
Who craved for fleshpots, worshipped calves of gold,
Murmured that right would harder be than wrong,
And freedom's narrow road so steep and long;
But he who ne'er on Sinai's summit trod,
Still walked the highest heights and spake with God;
Saw with anointed eyes no promised land
By petty bounds or pettier cycles spanned,
Its people curbed and broken to the ring,
Packed with a caste and saddled with a King,—
But freedom's heritage and training school,
Where men unrul'd should learn to wisely rule,
Till sun and moon should see at Ajalon
King's heads in dust and freemen's feet thereon.

His work well done, the leader stepped aside,
Spurning a crown with more than kingly pride,
Content to wear the higher crown of worth,
While time endures, First Citizen of earth.
—James Jeffrey Roche.

The Vow of Washington.

APRIL 30, 1789.

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,
The resonant hell-tower's vibrant stroke.
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred:
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless license making in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The northernmost national forest is the Chugach in Alaska; the southernmost is the Luquillo in Porto Rico.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN.

Douglas Sladen Writes of the Lighter Aspects of Nipponese Life and Character.

Very few books about Japan are so delightful as this one by Mr. Douglas Sladen, who well deserves the success indicated by a fourth edition. But Mr. Sladen is careful to tell us that his book is not a serious one. It deals with Japan from the lighter side, from the side of the street, the hotel, and the theatre. His own acquaintance with the country began when it was a sort of doll's house and before any one imagined that the country would ever play a rôle on the world's stage. At the present time, says Mr. Sladen, there is nothing funny about the Japanese army, or navy, or politics, but there is still a great deal that is funny about the daily life of the people, and it is mainly with these aspects that he deals.

For the Japanese woman Mr. Sladen has the largest admiration and respect. For the Japanese man not quite so much. The lower the Japanese woman is in the social scale the prettier she is, and this is perhaps due to an infusion of the blood of the gentle brown races of the South Pacific Islands. But the woman is always in subjection, no matter what her station. She is a convenience and a luxury, but never quite a human being:

And the odd thing is that, except in the low-down circles, where a woman's labor can be turned to some other account than that of waiting upon her mother-in-law, she seldom takes advantage of the desirable terms of the Japanese divorce court. Putting aside the ordinary unsavory reasons for divorce which are in use in any civilized country, and the added *prima facie* reason of leprosy, the seven reasons for divorce include a woman's disobedience to her father-in-law or mother-in-law; her harshness, unless her husband has children by a mistress; jealousy; stealing; or disturbing the harmony of kinsmen, and bringing trouble on her household by talking over-much and prattling disrespectfully. The reasons for divorce quoted are for women, because it has not occurred to the Japanese mind that any woman would voluntarily seek to be deprived of even a Japanese marriage. But the low-class woman sometimes loses her sense of shame about this matter, if she has a particularly exasperating mother-in-law, or would like to support a better husband with her earnings.

The caste of a Japanese is by no means to be inferred from the nature of his employment. When the feudal armies were abolished there were 2,000,000 samurai out of a job, and they were only fit to be printers, policemen, and domestic servants. They were good printers because they were highly educated, they were good policemen because they knew Jujitsu, while those who became neither printers nor policemen entered domestic service:

We had one for a bedroom hoy in the hotel at Kioto. He wore a mask of impenetrable stupidity. He might have been a servant in a pantomime. But one day it lighted up. I had seen a charming little book, about the size of a birthday book, with delicate hand-paintings on some of the leaves, and a good many blank leaves which I thought would do for kodaks. I was following my usual rule in curio-hunting—buying a thing at the wrong shop, which is the best way to get good bargains. The man had asked fifty sen (depreciated half-pence), and I had given him twenty. I had it on my bedroom table, and was preparing to gum Kodaks into it, when the mask sprang forward to stay my hand. There were almost tears in his eyes as he begged me not to commit such a sacrilege. It was a genuine Chioti, he said. I left him in possession, and went out to ask the proprietor, Yaami San, what on earth he was driving at. Yaami said, "Why, sir, he is a samurai. He can read." "Can't you?" I asked, knowing that he could read English fairly well. Yaami shook his head. "Not books," he said. The Japanese classics, it should be explained, employ the whole seventy or eighty thousand ideographs, which do duty instead of an alphabet for China and Japan. They are not content with the poor ten thousand, which are used for everyday affairs like newspapers.

Morality, as understood by the white man, does not exist in Japan. Sex relationships are extraordinarily lax, and if you are a man traveling alone the first thing that the Japanese room-boy will ask you is if you want a wife:

As the Japanese divorce laws allow you to get rid of a wife when you please, unmarried foreign males are apt to have a Japanese wife. It is the simplest and cheapest form of living in Japan. The wife is housekeeper, cook, and housemaid, as well as wife, and is as gentle and refined and as pretty as the man's taste can choose her. He only has to tell his room-boy at his hotel that he wants a Japanese wife, and he can have his choice of as many as he pleases. In a land where divorce is so easy, there is no reason why he should not marry her, but he seldom takes the trouble, except in stories. The Japanese regard the position of the woman as a perfectly respectable one, and the only difference it makes in her marrying a Japanese of her own class afterwards is that she has a dowry of saved wages, unless, as is often the case, she has taken the position to relieve the poverty of her parents. The affair is arranged through her father and the agent of the foreigner, generally his room-boy.

The Japanese make good servants and good waiters, but their efficiency as waiters is somewhat impaired when they wear foreign dress, and especially foreign boots, because it is unnatural for a Japanese not to run. It is not safe for a lady to go back into the dining-room for anything she has left, for she will probably find the waiter shedding their uncomfortable foreign dress, and they may not have their own dress underneath:

A Japanese has one good quality. He may not be able to understand English, but before you have been in the house three days he will know your tastes, and if you like the breast of a chicken better than the leg you will get it, and whether you like your steak to look purple or burnt umber when it is cut, you will have it. If he saw you use a teaspoon after your wife, he will very likely bring you a used teaspoon with your next morning's tea. His motto is that there is no accounting for the madness of foreigners, and the forms it takes.

The Japanese policeman, says Mr. Sladen, is always

taking notes. It seems to be the chief part of his duty to record whatever goes on. He is of high birth and low stature, but that does not matter, since he understands Jujitsu, although his authority is so great that he never has to use his supernatural powers:

The populace grovel before him. To foreigners outside of treaty ports he used to be a nuisance, because there was nothing so handy for filling up his note-book as copies of passports and descriptions of the ancestry and early life of red-haired barbarians. But where the foreigner had a right to be without passports, and in these days of alliance that means nearly everywhere now, he was a blessing, because he did not display his authority against foreigners, and was aching to display it on some one, and could always be invoked to treat you as if you were a house on fire, and keep back the spectators while you took a snapshot or painted a picture. Time is no more to a Japanese than it is to an Italian. Even in Tokyo a foreigner draws a bigger crowd than a conjuror, and a Jap likes to be close when he is looking. If it was not for the midshipmies of police, in ten minutes an artist would be part of a human ant-heap.

The imitativeness of the Japanese is much to be deplored from the sartorial point of view. The glorious umbrellas are giving place to the Sarah Gamp, while the charming native costume is surmounted by a dirty gray bowler hat resting on the ears:

It is now against the laws to go naked. Japanese interpret laws very literally. Theatres and baths go together in the Japanese mind; and I went into a bath-house in Theatre Street one day, and saw a number of persons of both sexes bathing stark-naked. "I thought it was against the law for men and women to bathe together," Mr. Mayeda, said I. "They are not bathing together," he said. There was a hambo floating on the water, and the women were all on one side of it.

An extraordinary capacity to imitate enables the Japanese dressmaker and bootmaker to produce faultless foreign clothes so long as he is supplied with the necessary model. The author tells us of a Miss Aroostook, who supplied herself with an entire wardrobe made by Asiatics on the simple principle of giving them something to copy:

Before she left Japan her entire wardrobe was made by Asiatics. Her boots, which were worthy of a Fifth Avenue bootmaker, were made by a Japanese who never wore a hoot in his life, and who used to kick off his straw sandals at her door when he came in with his bundle of kid and leather for her to select from; he also required a model, and copied as exactly as Ching Lee. There was a hootmaker in New York to whom all the smart women went and paid two or three pounds a pair, because he made very beautiful kid boots with a specially graceful cut of peaked patent leather toe-caps. Miss Aroostook had a pair of these, which she was very proud of, and got them copied by the Japanese hootmaker for about fifteen shillings. He copied them so exactly that she put on the right foot of one pair and the left of the other without being any the wiser, till she unlaced them and saw Konishi stamped on the lining of one ankle and Neill on the lining of the other.

It seems that Japanese pidgin-English or pie-English, as Mr. Sladen prefers to call it, is mainly due to the efforts of a genius called Chamberlain, who published a book giving the literal English translation of Japanese phrases. Once upon a time the author had a Japanese guide whom he called his Man Sunday because he began his ministrations on a Sunday:

This is how Man Sunday used to talk. Of Miss Aroostook, who was very pretty, he used to say, "Very good countenance is." If he wanted to go and wash his hands he said, "Hands having washed will probably come." When I had not seen him for several days he saluted me with this triumph, learnt by heart from Chamberlain, "That after, lengthily honorable eyes in hang-not always augustly robust being." Which meant, "It is some time since we last met; I am delighted to see you looking so well." If he thought I looked ill he opened his conversation with "Boddy feelings had?" And if he considered it time for me to have a snack, he would say, "Honorable inside become empty?" or "Honorable throat has dried?"

The Yoshiwara and the geisha girl come in, of course, for a share of attention. The former slightly unpalatable topic has been so fully treated elsewhere that Mr. Sladen passes it over with a slight reference:

The Japanese do not accept the view of the Non-conformist conscience about pleasure-ladies. What we call a house of ill-fame is to them hardly more remarkable than a restaurant; in fact, it is not a house of ill-fame, but a well-conducted institution under police supervision. In Japan such houses are grouped together in the pleasure quarter, like the Yoshiwara at Tokyo, and they are constantly made the scenes of plays. Temples apart, they have the most beautiful pleasure grounds in Japan; the gardens of some of them, when lit up at night, are fairy-lands. There is one above all on the shore of the Gulf of Tokyo as beautiful as anything in the "Arabian Nights."

The women are gentle and well-behaved; the Japanese see no indecency in the profession. There are no bullies, no violence, no extortion; these houses, in fact, are almost like restaurants. But they have one highly dramatic feature: the ground-floors are cages, behind whose bars the women sit, gorgeously dressed, and with their hair full of brilliant hatpins. You hardly ever see these women outside the bounds of the Yoshiwara (except at European fancy-dress balls, for which the dress is a very favorite one: the huge tortoise-shell-headed hairpins are so effective, and so is the wearing of the rich brocade obi, or sash in front, instead of at the back—the official mark of the profession).

Of the geisha girl we have a distinctly pleasing picture, and the author quotes from "The Heart of Japan," by Mr. Brownell, a description that places her on quite a pedestal:

The mission of the geisha is to make life merry. Her whole education is to that end. She can dance and sing, and play on all sorts of instruments; she knows the best stories and the latest jokes; she is quick at repartee; the games she doesn't know are those that have not as yet been invented. She is as graceful and frolicsome as a kitten, her manners are exquisite, and she is as beautiful as—well, as beautiful as a geisha. Only dead folk can withstand her charms, and it is doubtful about them. Her mirth is the best of tonics. It will mend one when anything ails the health. She cures everything; that is to say, but diseases of the heart. These geisha has been known to aggravate. In truth, she doesn't need more than half a chance to put a heart in a terrible way.

Mr. Sladen gives us some curious information about

Jujitsu, although he says that when he was in Japan he never even heard of it. At that time it seems to have been regarded as a kind of secret knowledge never to be imparted except under very strict conditions and to those who had in some way proved their fitness. We have the following among numerous remarkable examples of the art:

Mr. Yamamoto, who weighed fourteen stone, was tremendously powerful, and was himself one of the leading exponents of Jujitsu, kindly allowed Mr. Tani to operate upon him. Mr. Tani took him by the wrist and walked him off the stage, which is made of thick, soft Japanese mats, about twenty-four feet square, as easily as if he had been a child. With another grip he threw the big man over his head a dozen feet away, and then in a dozen other ways he threw him about as if he had been a hoy of eight. The audience were breathless; for several minutes they could not enjoy the marvelously exciting display of science for fear that Mr. Yamamoto's neck would be broken; but Mr. Yamamoto knew how to make himself into a ball like a hedgehog, so as not to pitch on a vital part. You can see that if instead of being a trained Jujitsu man he had been a prize-fighter, accepting Mr. Tani's challenge to meet all comers, each using his own method of attack, and had been flung about like that, his neck would have been broken in two minutes.

The Japanese merchant, we are told, has a code of morality, or rather of immorality, that is peculiarly his own:

Success in commerce is not recognized in Japan, where the merchant in theory is lower than the laborer, and only one degree above the outcast. No one has a word to say on behalf of the Japanese merchant. He has not, as in China, his position with the foreigner to fall back upon, for the foreigner would almost as soon do business with a hurglar.

That modern ideas are having a penetrative force on the Japanese mind is shown by the improved status of women and younger children, although there is still much room for growth:

One of the favorite instances of degeneration which strict Japanese quote is the growing tendency to give daughters dowries and leave legacies to the younger children. This is considered very bad form. Japanese girls are also disgracing themselves by declining to marry at seventeen, and there is nothing they consider so immoral as the Christian marriage service, in which the man is exhorted to forget his father and mother and cleave to his wife. This is sheer vice in a country where it is virtuous for a woman to sell herself into prostitution, and give her parents the money if they need it. Christianity can never become the religion of Japan till the marriage service is expunged.

Mr. Sladen has no sympathy with the efforts to convert Japan to Christianity. In early missionary days it was the custom of the Roman Catholic priests to embody the native religions in the Roman Catholic Pantheon and then there were an immense number of converts. The Japanese were willing enough to accept a new faith, but it must be an addition and not a substitute. But when the church forbade this absorption of the native faiths the supply of converts ceased at once:

It was the more honorable course, and from the artistic point of view one can not help feeling intensely grateful. Japan without its temples and its friendly profane gods would not have been Japan, but an Italy without a single church old enough to be beautiful. Christianity could not increase the loyalty and patriotism of the Japanese, and it could only decrease the finest trait in their national character—their filial piety. Christianity cuts at the very basis of Japanese morals when it says, "Forsake your father and mother, and follow Christ." That doctrine abolishing the fifth commandment must be expunged before Japan can become Christian.

I pray that Japan may never become Christian. The Japanese may be dishonest in business, but as sons and daughters, and more particularly as wives, they work out their salvation in the most satisfactory manner. I know of no people to whom the word good is more applicable than to the Japanese. Until foreigners are concerned their unselfishness is marvelous. Devotion is almost a monopoly of the Japanese.

The author thinks that there will presently be a great Buddhist revival in Japan. At present the Buddhists are out of government favor, but when some turn of the wheel brings them in line with some great national movement their power will be gigantic:

It would be an evil day if ever Japan were converted from its ancient faiths. As a moral and political code, Christianity could not keep the Japanese as patient and self-sacrificing as they are now, and the glory would go out of hill and dale. Today Japan is a fairyland, because all the most beautiful spots are shared with the gods. In every great wood you come upon stone causeways leading to lonely shrines or vast monasteries and temples. Every beautiful mountain is made more beautiful by climbing stairs and hanging terraces of antique mossy stone; and, wherever its slopes yield a level lawn, rise temple buildings, exquisitely graceful and exquisitely in harmony, whether their colors are sober brown melting into the surrounding woods, or gold and scarlet and green and white standing out against dark cypress foliage.

Space may be found for a final picture of the Japanese hotel bedroom, which still leaves much to be desired in comfort and privacy:

Before dinner is over you begin to long for your bed. You ask to be taken to your bedroom, but your bedroom is taken to you. Its walls and the bed are brought in. The walls are paper shutters which make a slice of the sitting-room your own; the bed is a quilt. "Take up your bed and walk" is an everyday occurrence in the East, where a bed is a spread. The only way a European can get any comfort out of a Japanese bed is to sleep on about half a dozen at once, one on top of the other. If you want to wash, you must do it outside. The Japanese will not allow a basin of water on their precious mats.

The author concludes his delightful book with appendices on "How the Japanese Live," "Laquer Models," "Things to Collect," and a review of Mr. Okakura's book, "The Ideals of the East, with Special Reference to the Art of Japan."

QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN. By Douglas Sladen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

Two tons of cascara bark have just been sold from the Siuslaw national forest, Oregon, at one cent a pound.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Home.

This strong and original novel by an unnamed author is one of the successes of the season, which is possibly a good reason why it may not be a best seller. But we feel that it might have been divided into two without any impairment of its value, since it has two heroes and two heroines and they are all good enough to stand alone and without the disadvantages of competition for the reader's favor. And the reader's favor will be given to Gerry and Alix, who contract a sort of volcanic marriage and then quarrel in a somewhat similar way. Alix determines to elope, and Gerry, seeing her enter the train with her lover, rushes off in desperation to parts unknown and is therefore unaware that Alix repents before the train has departed and returns to her home. Gerry covers up his trail and finally finds himself at Pernambuco, and there, by means of his usual convulsive methods, he annexes a young native woman—or she annexes him—and starts a fresh ménage on her ranch. An itinerant priest who has the welfare of the young women at heart urges him to marry her, and when Gerry explains that he is already married this rather surprising priest replies in effect that the fact does not matter and that he will guard the secret. So Gerry marries Margarita, and loves her and their child quite devotedly. It is a strange mélange, necessarily bald and unconvincing when condensed, but by no means so when told at length by the author. Of course we know that eventually Gerry will hear of his wife's fidelity and that he will come "home" again, and consequently we have our fears for poor Margarita in view of the powers for life and death that the author possesses over superfluous characters. It is a strange and original story in which the author shows considerable power in preserving the plausibilities and in holding an attention that is never allowed to flag. Gerry and Alix, and indeed all the other characters, are vividly human and all with distinctive individualities. The story is to be recommended to those who appreciate a strength and unconventionality that never deviate into forbidden paths.

HOME. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

The Constitution.

The story of an historical epoch may be very dull or it may be very interesting. It will be dull if the author relies too much on the reproduction of documents or upon excerpts from contemporary records. It will probably be interesting if he first saturates himself with the documents and records, and then tells the story in his own way and in a narrative form. Professor Max Farrand adopts the latter course. He tells us that for over ten years he has been engaged in collecting and editing the material available upon the work of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. It was a wearisome and sometimes a mechanical task, but it enabled him to create a mental picture of the proceedings from day to day and to visualize them, so to speak, in their many parts and in their entirety. Certainly he has himself consumed the wearisome and the mechanical aspects of his task, for there is nothing either wearisome or mechanical in the orderly and well-balanced picture that he gives us. He begins with the calling of the convention and he shows us its more prominent members, and the distinctive parts that they played. We have chapters on the Virginia Plan, the New Jersey Plan, and the Great Compromise, and some final chapters devoted to the finishing of the work and the great instrument as it finally issued from the hands of its artificers. There are also some valuable appendices, including a well-written survey of subsequent amendments. In his concluding paragraph the author describes the constitution as "neither a work of divine origin, nor 'the greatest work that was ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man,' but a practical, workable document is this constitution of the United States. Planned to meet certain immediate needs and modified to suit the exigencies of the situation, it was floated on a wave of commercial prosperity, and it has been adapted by an ingenious political people to meet the changing requirements of a century and a quarter." Professor Farrand has performed a marked political service and a most timely one.

THE FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Professor Max Farrand. New York: Yale University Press; \$2 net.

Business Cycles.

Among the valuable memoirs of the University of California there is none of greater practical utility than this substantial quarto volume on business cycles, the periodicity of crises, their causes, and their remedies. There is probably no topic of the kind that has been so inadequately analyzed or that has given rise to so much vague conjecture of a nature almost to be described as superstitious. To counteract loose speculation on the one hand and what may be called a commercial fatalism on the other there is nothing of such value as statistical facts presented with clarity and precision and used as

a basis for coherent and logical theory. This is the work undertaken by Mr. Wesley Clair Mitchell and most successfully performed. He divides his six hundred large pages into three sections. The first is devoted to "The Problem and Its Setting"; the second to "Statistical Data Concerning the Business Cycles of 1890-1911 in the United States, England, France, and Germany"; and the third to "The Rhythm of Business Activity." The author's conclusions must necessarily be left for judgment to the expert, but even the most unfinancial of laymen will be impressed by so great a profusion of fact presented with an orderly precision that is beyond praise. As a history of business development, a penetrating survey of its fluctuations, and a theory of cause and effects that is alike cautious and convincing Mr. Mitchell's book deserves the attention and the admiration that it will certainly evoke.

BUSINESS CYCLES. By Wesley Clair Mitchell. Berkeley: University of California Press; \$5.

Mental Demand.

Mr. Herbert Edward Law is to be congratulated upon a little volume that can hardly fail in its mission of helpfulness and inspiration. Success, achievement, and growth lie, he tells us, in the individual himself, and not in formulated courses of action. In other words character is always the pilot of life, and character is to be created and molded by systematized thought. From Mr. Law's point of view thoughts are entities and possess a certain persistent vitality after their emanation from the mind. According to the nature of thought so do we bring ourselves into certain relationships that govern what is called fate and fortune as well as establishing the mental habits that build character. All this seems now to have been proved more or less by the new psychology, but Mr. Law presents his results with a convincing and encouraging vigor. He should now tell us something of the actual mechanism of thought. We want to "see the wheels go round."

THE POWER OF MENTAL DEMAND AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Herbert Edward Law, F. C. S. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A People's Man.

Mr. Oppenheim is to be congratulated upon his return to his earlier type of story, of which he is so distinctly the master. He tells us of an American labor leader who comes to England for the purpose of promoting the general strike so dear to the heart of the extremist. But Maraton is diverted momentarily from his purpose by the persuasions of the prime minister as well as by the still more effective blandishments of the prime minister's beautiful niece. Germany, we are told, would certainly take advantage of an industrial struggle, and in that case the interests of the worker would be submerged beneath the larger international issue. But when Maraton receives assurances from Germany that she would hold her hand he reverts to his original design, and we have a dramatic picture of the swift events that follow and in which the mailed fist hears the part to be expected of it. The author writes of international affairs with a skill and apparent certainty that is convincing and persuasive, and although he has written many stories of this kind he has never done a better one than this. It may be said, too, that few writers have succeeded in sustaining themselves at so high a level as Mr. Oppenheim.

A PEOPLE'S MAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

It is rarely that a volume of memoirs secures such detailed attention and such an undissenting verdict of approval from editors the world over as that bestowed upon "George Palmer Putnam," the interesting life of the founder of G. P. Putnam's Sons, prepared by his son, George Haven Putnam, the present head of the firm.

Marion Hill, whose "The Lure of Crooning Water" ran into thirteen or more editions in London, has written a new novel, "Sunrise Valley," involving the contrast between the ideals of town and country. It will be issued from the press of Small, Maynard & Co.

The third spring novel to come from the Macmillan Publishing Company this season is "The Reconnaissance." Its author is Gordon Gardiner. It appeared on February 18.

Among early issues by the Century Company's education department will be a new nature reader by Dallas Lore Sharp, "Beyond the Pasture Bars." Mr. Sharp's "A Watcher in the Woods," an earlier issue in this same Wild Life Series of Graded Nature Books, has sold nearly 50,000 copies.

There are many excellent works on the various religions of Japan, but Tasuku Harada, president of Doshisha University, of Kyoto, is the first authority to write on its faith. Himself a Japanese, saturated both in the best indigenous beliefs and in the Christian life, he is well fitted for this task of interpretation. In "The Faith of Japan," which has just come from the press of the Macmillan Company, he expounds, not religious systems, but those instinctive working principles

by which the Japanese live. The author's closing chapter, "The Faith; Old and New," focuses attention upon the religious struggle now in progress in Japan upon which hang issues so momentous for both the Occident and the Orient.

"Mrs. Brand," the new novel by H. A. Mitchell Keays, will be issued this month by Small, Maynard & Co.

The Century Company announces early issue of two important new text-books, an "Advanced American History," by Dr. S. E. Forman, author of "Elementary History of the United States," and an "Elementary Inorganic Chemistry," by Dr. Alexander Smith, head of the department of chemistry, Columbia University.

Another reprinting (the second) of "The New Competition," Arthur J. Eddy's book on coöperation versus competition in business, is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co.

In the preparation of Mr. T. Philip Terry's new book, "The Japanese Empire," which will be published on February 28 by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Mr. Terry was helped at all times by the Japanese government. The imperial government railroad people helped him materially in the work on his maps, and gathered a great mass of valuable data about their lines for his benefit. These circumstances, combined with Mr. Terry's conscientious efforts, have made his book the most complete and authentic volume on Japan that has yet been published.

The Putnams have in train for publication in March a novel entitled "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust," by Humphrey Jordan, author of "The Joyous Wayfarer," "Patchwork Comedy," etc.

One of the most dramatic scenes in American history occurred on the 22d of April, 1889, when Oklahoma was thrown open to any one who chose to camp down on its untrodden wilderness and await the signal when all were free to run for territory enough to build a home upon—"staking a claim," as it was called. Fiction had not touched this episode, which was known as "The Run," until Isabel Gordon Curtis utilized it for the most intense situation in her new story, "The Congresswoman." The book is published by the Browne & Howell Company.

The new undertaking by Henry Holt & Co., the *Unpopular Review*, does not seem to be too unpopular though, for the publishers have already had to reprint the first issue.

There is no writer in England who has more people in this country waiting eagerly for his stories than William J. Locke. His new novel, "The Fortunate Youth," will be read just for the joy of reading.

Anne Warwick, who has lived in Paris for the last five years, has returned to America to reside permanently, spending only her summers abroad. Simultaneously is announced by her publishers, the John Lane Company, for early March, a new novel by this young author, called "Victory Lane."

"The Church in Rome in the First Century," an examination of various controverted questions relating to its history, chronology, literature, and traditions, issued by Longmans, Green & Co., is written by George Edmundson, M. A., late fellow and tutor of Brasenose College, vicar of St. Saviour, Upper Chelsea, England.

Three collections of Daudet's short stories for school use are now on the list of Henry Holt & Co., the third having been published on February 14. It included ten of Daudet's famous stories of the Franco-Prussian War,

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

Robertson's
222 STOCKTON ST.

Union Square San Francisco

with an historical background in the form of an abridgement of the history of the war by General Niox.

The John Lane Company published yesterday, February 20: "The Bodley Head Natural History," Volume II of this new departure in artistic books of science; "The Garden Patch," by Edward DuBois Flint; the popular edition of "The Red Lily," by Anatole France.

"Sappho and the Island of Lesbos," by Mary Mills Patrick, has been reordered from England by the Houghton Mifflin Company to supply the increasing demand for this attractive little book.

"Overland Red," the anonymous novel which the Houghton Mifflin Company have scheduled for publication on March 14, is arousing much interest. The publishers have received orders weeks before publication which necessitate printing a large second edition.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Coryston Family.

Mrs. Humphry Ward always enables us to mingle vicariously but gratifyingly with the socially elect of Great Britain. In this case we are introduced to the Coryston family of young people, whose fate and fortune are absolutely under the control of the widowed mother, a distinctly unpleasant lady with an aggressive personality and fervid views on the subject of politics. Under the iron discipline of the dowager it is not unnatural that the eldest son should kick up his heels, politically speaking, and develop all sorts of radical views distinctly subversive of the established order of things. His younger brother remains orthodox in matters of government, but has so little sense of the eternal fitness of things that he actually wishes to marry the daughter of a Lloyd Georgian chancellor of the exchequer. Marcia Coryston is the heroine, and she, too, has her sentimental difficulties in connection with the son of the Newbury family, neighbors of the Corystons. The young man eventually enters a religious order where celibacy is the rule, and we feel that in his case it is a very good rule, too. We part from him without poignant regret.

Mrs. Ward has, of course, painted a true picture, although she may have overdrawn the acerbities of political life in England. But we are none the less perplexed at the sight of a social order so strange to the American mind. In some respects it is almost like looking at a "moby" of the middle ages.

THE CORYSTON FAMILY. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

New Brooms.

The essays contributed by Mr. Robert J. Shores to the *Idler* are so well known that it is hardly necessary to do more than state that a collection of these clever writings has now been published in volume form. There ought indeed to be a market for the daily essay such as these. It would be a welcome relief from the sordid brutalities of the daily newspaper, but then unfortunately we must know what is going on. Mr. Shores deals with all sorts of topics, from cabbages to kings, and while his thought is not of the profound kind—thank heaven!—it is always novel, ingenious, kindly, and faultlessly expressed. And what more can one want?

NEW BROOMS. By Robert J. Shores. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Among later additions to the Home University Library is "Nerves," by Dr. David Fraser Harris (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). The volume, which is clearly written, like all the other parts of this admirable series, is an exposition of the capabilities and peculiarities of the nervous system, more particularly of those regions whose activities are not associated with the rousing of consciousness.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published a little volume entitled "Exercises for Women," by Florence Bolton, A. B., formerly director of the women's gymnasium at Stanford University. The work contains helpful suggestions on matters directly and indirectly related to exercise and development and an appendix with a wider range of work, briefly tabulated, for the use of teachers. The book is fully illustrated with over one hundred cuts and half-tones, including illustrations of mat exercises. The price is \$1 net.

Under the title of "Eighteen Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by William Henry P. Phye, we have now a revised, enlarged, and rewritten edition of "Twelve Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by the same author. The new work is described as a complete handbook of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names and words and phrases from foreign languages. It is of convenient size and clearly printed. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons and the price is \$1.50 net.

Duffield & Co. have published a fourth edition of "Cakes and Ale," otherwise described as "a dissertation on banquets," by Edward Spencer. The volume is not only practical from the gastronomic point of view, but it is also humorous, a virtue not usually associated with cook books, but since the consumption of food is often provocative of humor there is no reason why its preparation should not have similar effects. The author himself confesses that his work is "interspersed with various recipes, more or less original, and anecdotes, mainly veracious."

Most people who have any money are anxious for good investments, but only a comparatively small number of people know what a good investment actually is. To supply this information is the object of Dr. Edward Sherwood Mead in his book, "The Careful Investor," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company (\$1.50 net). The author describes the different kinds of investment, their relative advantages, the dangers to avoid, and the general rules to follow to secure success. Dr. Mead's advice is doubtless good, and the least that can be said is that it is expressed with an admirable lucidity.

THE VIOLINIST.

A MEMORY OF CAPRI.

I.

Above Solaro flamed the sun in burning glory down the land;
Slow combing waves fell, flecking white with sparkling foam the golden sand.

Alone, I paced a cliff-bound bay, a stranger in a classic isle,
Where beauty rare of Nature with the spells of Arcady beguile.

But Faith revolted surged the soul; grief agonized a wounded brain;
O'erwhelmed in death, the loss of kin convulsed the mind with bitter pain.

A cascade from the cliffs above fell in a veil of silver mist
Before a grot, whose luring shade the burdened sense could not resist.

Within I went and laid me down to close my aching eyes for rest;
Faint zephyrs whispered in the gloom; disquiet all my thoughts oppress.

Harmonious sound the ether filled of cascade drip, of azure sea,
Of chiming upland convent bells; of singing birds above the lea.

When suddenly arose a strain of perfect melody, so sweet
It pierced the tumult of my soul; it echoed through my dim retreat.

All Nature bushed, as wide awake, prone and entranced, I silent lay,
Scarce breathing, half afraid to move, I gazed out on the open bay.

Beside a rock, erect there stood, while near a gentler Sister strayed,
A radiant maiden, who with skill a Stradivarius deftly played.

A spotless robe of white she wore, her neck and arms were dazzling bare;
Blue, lustrous eyes inspired bent, and luminous gleamed golden hair.

She seemed one of the Seraphim, a spirit pure from fairer zone,
So rich an aura bright with truth and goodness round about her shone.

Attuned with rhythmic blend unto the ocean tone and sighing swell,
The threnody and prayer she played in flowing cadence rose and fell.

The veil of Heaven lifted far beyond the opalescent seas;
A broader vision, higher life, flashed on my grieving heart surcease.

For welling o'er the straining eyes released hot, scalding, crystal tears,
That cleared unreasoning grief and freed the pent-up sorrows of the years.

With eyelids closed, I listened to the strain that my worn spirit eased,
And calm in reverie I dwelt, long after that rare music ceased.

II.

In proud Milan, a rover still, amid a music-loving throng,
One eve, years later, I went in La Scala, famous fane of song.

A favorite's farewell it was; deep silence through the building ran
When she appeared, for failing health was marked upon her features wan.

A spotless robe of white she wore, her neck and arms were dazzling bare,
Blue, deep-set eyes inspired bent, and glowing streamed light golden hair.

Here in this stately city famed she charmed the all too-fleeting hour,
The maid who in that lonely bay had soothed me with her magic power.

Across the strings her bow she drew, and on the listening throng there fell
That threnody's rich melody, which I remembered, ah! so well.

The ravished senses with the strains enraptured were; there seemed to dwell
Upon the breathless multitude, when she retired, a ling'ring spell.

Until arose the loud applause, the homage paid to art alone,
Which through this skillful artist so enchantingly and thrillingly shone.

It ended in a sigh, for all knew soon she would be but a name;
Death hectic, fair, had laid fell hand upon the sweet musician's frame.

She lingered till the mistral winds began their weird and saddening moan;
Her solace thro' the wasting days was in her violin's rich tone.

She died, and in the duomo beneath the grand cathedral nave,
With requiem, chant, soul-wailing dirge, they bore her to the silent grave.

The voice of Heaven music is, that from the Everlasting Throne
Rings through the ordered universe in harmony's concordant tone.

In music dwells eternal truth to guide to God the conscious soul;
The mystic gift can soothe each grief and sorrow's secret springs control.

For evermore in strife of life through rolling years, if grieved, I see
Capri—the bay—and hearken still to that undying threnody.

—Charles Leonard Stuart, in Newark (N. J.) Call.

New Books Received.

THE WAYS OF THE SOUTH SEA SAVAGE. By Robert W. Williamson, M. Sc., F. R. A. L. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50 net.

A record of travel in the Solomon Islands and New Guinea.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester. New York: The Macmillan Company; per set, \$6 net.

In two volumes.

THE MEANING OF ART. By Paul Gaultier. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Its nature, rôle, and value. With a preface by Emile Boutroux. Translated from the third French edition by H. and E. Baldwin.

THE FLOWER-FINDER. By George Lincoln Walton, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

With nearly six hundred illustrations.

THE BACK YARD FARMER. By J. Willard Bolte. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

Directions for the best cultivation of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, the management of poultry and pets, the proper care of the lawn and everything pertaining to outdoors.

SUCCESS WITH HENS. By Robert Joos. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

Full directions for the hatching and brooding of chickens, incubation, increasing the egg supply, cure of diseases, and everything pertaining to the care of hens.

THE RED EMERALD. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE BEST MAN. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE HOME NURSE. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

Directions for the care of the sick in the house.

PRUNELLA, OR LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN. By Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. New York: Duffield & Co.

A drama.

SANBY. By S. R. Crockett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. By S. E. Forman. New York: The Century Company.

Intended for high schools, normal schools, and academies.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY. By Richard C. Cabot, M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A consideration of work, play, love, and worship.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR. By Annie S. Peck, M. A. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50 net.

A descriptive guide to the countries commonly

visited in the grand tour of South America and an account of the industries, manufactures, and noted features of the countries visited.

THE HERESY OF CAIN. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A consideration of religion in its bearing on daily life.

THE GAY ADVENTURE. By Richard Bird. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

Harry A. Franck, the wandering author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Zone Policeman 88," is somewhere in the wilds of South America. One of his most recent letters, mailed from La Paz, Bolivia, told of his long trip down the spine of the South American continent from Bogota to Buenos Aires. He said in part: "Eggs are plentiful, though in the Andes, when you enter a shop with four bushel-baskets of them sitting around in various corners, the invariable reply is, 'They are not for sale.' The proper and *à la mode* answer to this is to say in your most fluent and regal Quechua: 'Of course, I know very well they are not for sale; no Andine lady who considers herself a lady would think of selling eggs'—meanwhile you are filling your basket or sacks with the fruit in question—but—er—I have taken three dozen, how much do I owe you?' The answer is sure to be a meek, 'Dos reales, señor.'"

The centenary of the birth of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," the "best seller" of its generation, has just been passed. Mrs. Wood was forty, and a wife and mother, before she turned her hand to novel-writing, and her most famous hook seems to have been written to soothe the weariness of a severe illness. Much of it, indeed, was composed in bed, and the writer scarcely hoped to live to complete it. After running an obscure course in a monthly magazine, the story was refused by several publishers and accepted only with considerable misgivings by Richard Bentley. It fell flat until some one reviewed it enthusiastically in the *Times*, and then the printers worked night and day to cope with the demand. Within a very short time "East Lynne" was translated into almost every language in Europe, and as hook and play its popularity has known no eclipse.

One of the notable anniversaries of 1914 will be the centenary of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which will fall on September 14. Plans are already making for a celebration in Baltimore.

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"THE FIREFLY."

Trentini drew a bumper house at the Cort Theatre on Monday night, and that, too, on her second night. The Cort is a big theatre, and the lower auditorium very spacious, and yet it was occupied almost to the last row. The box contingent was well represented, there were automobiles by the score, theatre dinner parties came in line, and there were all the concomitants of a big night.

And Trentini? Well, I will whisper in confidence to the *Argonaut* readers that one must either like Trentini very much or not at all. There can be no half-way measures. For Trentini is an extremist. She is a tiny specimen of eccentricity. Impossible to classify her, for she is not of the genus musical comedienne, and it is difficult to imagine one of her temperament penned up within the dignified confines of grand opera. It is easy to imagine her vocalizing in grand opera, but easier to conceive of her as having broken ebulliently through the barriers and defiantly stormed the ramparts of musical comedy. And she doesn't belong there, either. A musical-comedy star is obliged to be equipped with a lot of qualifications that Trentini is absolutely without. Throwing aside the obvious requirements, she needs to know how to dress; or else to hire some one to know how for her. Now Trentini, it is quite apparent, is, in the matter of dress, a law unto herself. In the first act, as the little Italian street singer, she wore a hobbie-skirted costume of a sickly lavender hue and shoes and head-dress of a rampant Italian red. There were a whole lot of minor touches thrown in which fiercely fought it out among themselves, but the result was a Babylonian Tower medley of color.

Trentini is also eccentric in her style of acting. She is not really a comedienne, but what is popularly known as "a cut-up." And in cutting her numerous monkeyish capers she does what she pleases; converses with a friend in a box, if it happens to enter her head, and shows the ebullient temperament of a girl of sixteen, in spite of her prolonged experience in the dignity of grand opera. With all this she is the tiniest of creatures, and yet lacking in purely feminine charm.

She wore a mantle that was emerald green to the waist, at which point it was abruptly transformed to yellow. With her eccentricity in acting and her deviation in appearance from the normal type of musical-comedy star Trentini is certainly *sui generis*.

Her great qualification is her singing. For out of the diminutive chest of this tiny oddity there issues a full and flexible voice, which, although no longer possessing the first freshness of youth, has the reliability of the trained grand opera organ. When she sings Trentini knows what she is about, although it is evident that life has treated her indulgently enough to give her a lot of self-confidence in other things; as witness her reliance on her own taste in costumes. For I would be almost willing to swear in a court of law, even without actual knowledge, that Trentini's costumes never, never originated in the brain of the normal costume designer of musical-comedy productions.

However, to revert to her special qualification, this queer little artist knows how to sing, and wins many plaudits from the lovers of florid music. She is well up in the mechanics of vocalizing, and in the last act, when she is supposed to have become a noted grand opera star and appears in an exclusive New York drawing-room in a costume glittering like an old-style valentine, she is provided with a florid aria, in the execution of which she demonstrated her possession of those vocal attainments which have given her her place in the realm of grand opera. It was odd to see this little bit of eccentricity cavorting around among the New York company supporting her, and who looked at her, it seemed to me, with an enigmatic expression which seemed to say, "You are not really one of us."

For there was Oscar Figman comfortably familiar to the vision in a rôle not at all dissimilar to that of the Greek professor in "Madame Sherry." Not adequately provided with comedy stuff in "The Firefly," this comedian is sufficiently expert at his profession to interpolate many amusing touches, in which he never descends to mere stereotyped buffoonery. His make-up, as in "Madame Sherry," again brings out the grasshopper suggestion in his long, thin, collapsible body; and he is a past master in eccentric and amusing pose. With all this, Mr. Figman's

foreignism blends itself so agreeably with his New Yorkism that as a comedian he always offers to our jaded palates a different flavor, which makes him seem so much more finished in his art—for with him it is an art—than the average hit-or-miss comedian.

William Wolff, the well-known basso, also appears in the cast as a choirmaster in a make-up that makes him resemble Liszt. He is provided with a good rôle which offers him several opportunities to display his fine voice; notably that afforded in "The beautiful ship from Toyland," a very pretty, if somewhat studied, composition which with a male chorus to render it doubly effective figures as one of the principal musical numbers, aside from those sung by Trentini.

The book and lyrics of "The Firefly," by the way, are by Otto Hauerbach, one of the assistant librettists of "Madame Sherry"; the music is by Rudolf Friml, another Continental, and the piece is quite successful in its power of entertainment, both musically and in the matter of plot. It is said, though I can not vouch for the truth of it, that the whole composition was gotten up to order for Trentini, and that it is the story of her life, and in truth the little singer strikes me as one who would need to have a rôle fitted to her qualifications. Those who read the outline will remember that she appears as a street singer first, then disguised as a boy to escape her brutal "padrone" is borne off by the Liszt-like choirmaster to be trained into a great tenor, and after the truth of her sex is learned by her disappointed music guardian is subsequently evolved into a grand operatic star—a soprano. During the period of her pseudo boyhood the little Firefly figures as a "button" in an exclusive New York family, the women members of which find that she gets on their nerves. I must confess to some sympathy for them, but the popular attitude is supposed to be the reprobation of their haughtiness and heartlessness. Little Nina's triumph comes in the last act, when, as a hired diva, she comes for a high price and by the charm of her singing draws showers of acclamation from her sophisticated audience; in which our less sophisticated San Franciscans very heartily joined.

There are several pretty girls in the cast of "The Firefly," and a good chorus, the girls of which bear some obscure resemblance to the members of a highly respectable choral society in private life. I counted the slit skirts in the chorus, and there were only two.

Two other prominent men in the cast are Craig Campbell and Melville Stewart, the former an engaging youth with a small but sweet tenor voice, and the latter an actor who filled the rôle of the efflorescent and gallant uncle with florid competence.

Quite an extensive chorus, both male and female, is required to render or assist in the twenty numbers which make up the musical score of "The Firefly," and good work was done in every number except the finale, in which, for some reason, the pitch seemed to be suffering from the latest brand of Japanese earthquake.

"The Firefly" is a Hammerstein production, and in the last act, which represented an evening festival in a New York home of wealth, everybody lived up to the proper pitch of gorgeousness, and the *mise-en-scène* was extremely rich and handsome in general effect.

By the way, I wonder if any one, any one, be they in the first row even, had the faintest idea what the players on the stage were getting at during the first ten minutes of their discourse. Although I was well placed I can solemnly lay my hand on my heart and assert that until Jack Travers came on I caught not one articulate syllable of the conversation. Nobody on the stage could by any stretch of the imagination have conceived that such a thing were possible. Now why is this? Why is the stage dialogue written and the lines spoken by the players if not to be heard and understood? Why do managers stand it? Why does the public? The presumption is that if it is present at the preliminary exposition—which is what the first scene generally amounts to—it wishes to hear and comprehend it. Now these same players subsequently fell into line and made the workings of a somewhat unusually coherent musical-comedy plot thoroughly understood, and enjoyed by the majority, except for the omissions left by that first ten or fifteen minutes' Bedlam of indistinguishable conversational clamor. Theatre-goers often find when they re-read their programmes at home that they have passed through witnessing an entire play under some puzzling misconception due to the carelessness of the average company during the first ten or fifteen minutes after the rise of the curtain. Isn't it time for a reform?

"A WINTER'S TALE" AT THE TIVOLI.

The Tivoli management believes in giving its patrons variety. Thus for this week's bill there are many beautiful views of the Pyrenees country, a series of pictures showing the workings of the snail industry in France, a broadly comic little play, a romantic idyl of Ireland a hundred years ago, in which, metaphorically speaking, an Irish beggar maid wins her Cophetua, and a beautiful film repre-

sentation of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale." This piece is played by Italian actors of great merit, the graceful deliberation of their mute acting suggesting inevitable contrast to the more rapidly and exaggerated pantomime of the French. Indeed, one of the interesting features of these film-plays is the ability they impart to home-staying Americans to acquire impressions of the Continental methods of acting and to make intelligent comparisons. Whether it is that more Italian players of a higher grade are engaged in posing for the moving-picture plays, certain it is that theirs has been the finer work. In "A Winter's Tale" we also discover interesting differences in the Italian standards from ours, since Pauline, and not the queen, is the principal female character. And also when Pauline in the last scene reveals the long-concealed queen to her repentant consort it is not as a statue, a very regrettable omission, by the way, in not seizing a magnificent pictorial opportunity for a fine effect in a picture play.

What struck me particularly in these Italian players is their difference in type to the sharp, shrewd, more prosaic American. Their features, their gestures, and the emotions pictured on their faces blend so admirably with the old world atmosphere of Shakespeare's beautiful story; which reveals itself as being an ideal vehicle for conveying the picture-drama. One thinks, as reel after reel of beautiful scenes are unrolled, each full of picturesque event and dramatic action, "What a capital story this is, regarded as story, pure and simple."

Oddly enough, as I have already intimated, the character of Pauline is the one that dominates the play, and the finest player in the cast is the woman who plays this part. She is a woman of striking appearance, with fine Roman features and a commanding bearing, one of those women who can throw a black mantle over her head and shoulders, so that it instantly takes the folds, and she the mien, of antiquity. I could easily have imagined her posing to some of the great masters as a *mater dalarosa*.

All the players in the cast, however, act with an abandon that is unfamiliar to our more contained American type, and their freedom of gesture and of pose, and the rolling of their great, passionate black eyes shows them to be true to the Latin type in that constant suggestion of emotion overshadowing reason.

The course of the story includes many beautiful views, both of land and water, scenes in the palace of King Leontes, and of the trial of the queen, in which are grouped a large concourse of people. A living infant represents the new-born babe of the queen, both at the birth and during the flight of Antigonus with the child, thus greatly adding to the realism of the scenes pictured. A very pretty and graceful girl impersonates the young Perdita in the later scenes of the play, and I am rather inclined to think that they exercise sufficiently minute care in the selection of the players to choose those of similar type to the actors to whom they are supposed to be akin, since Perdita's charming Italian features blended so well with the effect of the reunited family group made by King Leontes, his queen, and his long-lost child.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE McCORMACK CONCERT.

To hear John McCormack sing is better than to listen to his records, and that is praise indeed. It is the charm of his personality, his *bonhomie*, which makes the difference and of necessity that is lost in the machine. It is the man behind the machine that gives the added pleasure.

A beautiful programme was chosen for Tuesday night, and beautifully rendered it was. The lovely "Moon of My Delight," from

the "Persian Garden," by Liza Lehmann, was such a delightful opening number that it at once brought an encore, as did every group sung, the middle or Irish one bringing three, and then left them wanting more. The Irish songs are those in which Mr. McCormack excels. He has the spirit, the feeling, the realst brogue, and the humor, in short everything to make them perfect in interpretation and technic. His next best work is in the English ballads, which were all charming, though "Eleanore," by Coleridge Taylor, follows me as I write, while "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" proves a close second.

Schumann and Caesar Franck do not so readily match Mr. McCormack's temperament, not badly done but not well done. The German "Innigkeit" has an elusive quality and is not part of his equipment.

Mr. McCormack's art is fine. Such diction and enunciation are as rare as is the breath control, nowhere better exhibited than in the little song which ended the Irish group, "Market Day," four verses sung in four breaths. The pianissimo is unusually pure, that and the falsetto being used with good taste and judgment, not overworked as they are apt to be when so easily produced. In short, a well restrained performance.

Mr. Macbeath was the assisting artist and he really assisted the programme, which is not always the case. His violin playing was more than ordinarily pleasing, acceptably good in tone and musical feeling. The Bach "Air" and the two last encores, especially the Pierné "Serenade," were well played. Mr. Vincent O'Brien was perfect at the piano.

H. H. S.

Margaret Illington will soon return to the Cort in "Within the Law," the great Bayard Veiller drama that had such a record-breaking fortnight recently.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Robin Hood" at the Columbia.

"Robin Hood," the best comic opera America has produced, will be sung at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, February 23. The story of this popular and artistic success is based upon the old English tale of Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws, a story used by Sir Walter Scott in his famous novel of "Ivanhoe." In the opera of "Robin Hood" Reginald de Koven has given the world a musical setting as immortal as the wonderful story itself.

Foremost among the singers is Bessie Abbott, dramatic soprano, from the Grand Opera, Paris, and Metropolitan, New York. Miss Abbott will sing the rôle of Maid Marian. This is her first appearance in San Francisco since her engagement as prima donna with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company in 1906, which was interrupted the night of the great fire. The title-rôle will be sung by Ralph Brainard, whose splendid tenor voice will be a revelation. Friar Truck will be played by George Frothingham, who has played that part more than 5000 times. Henriette Wakefield of the Metropolitan, New York, will be the Alan-a-Dale; James Stevens, a fine baritone, from the Chicago Grand Opera, will be the Little John, and Jerome Daly, as Will Scarlet, will sing the famous "Armourer's Song." The chorus is especially fine vocally, and a notable feature of this company is the augmented orchestra.

The De Koven Opera Company, which is under the direction of Daniel V. Arthur, is elaborately staged and costumed, and in detail is the same as that given at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, during the long run in that city last season.

Matinees during this engagement will be given on Saturdays only.

"The Merry Gambol" at the Gaity.

"The Merry Gambol" is once more cavorting at the Gaity, with Miss Marie Dressler as the principal rider in a merry vehicle that has been hailed as the finest mélange of mirth, melody, and girls that has visited San Francisco in many months.

Miss Dressler has entirely recovered from the illness that interrupted her engagement at the Gaity, and is her exuberant, unctuous self again, in the rôle of Mrs. Radcliffe, which will be remembered by theatre-goers long after the engagement at the Gaity has terminated as the finest impersonation that the star of "Tillie's Nightmare" has ever offered a laughter-loving public.

In the cast with Miss Dressler are Gene Leska, whose singing voice and personality are assets in musical comedy; Charles Judels, whose Italian characterization is one of the features of "The Merry Gambol"; Charles Mason, who with his "saengerfest" chorus boys offers a novelty as entertaining as it is harmonious; Charles Purcell, who is sustaining the reputation he created as a comic opera star in "The Chocolate Soldier," and Alf and Gladys Goulding, whose singing and dancing help to liven a performance that is sumptuous in costuming and scenery and rehearsed to the point of absolute perfection.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a remarkable programme of extraordinary novelty and merit. Bessie Clayton, "The Queen of Dance," who has the distinction of being the only American danseuse who has ever been engaged by the French government, and who is now enjoying a brief leave of absence, will appear in a series of her own terpsichorean creations. Miss Clayton will be supported by Ned Norton, Ada Ayres, Lee Shaw, and a carefully selected company of European dancers, who will present as a special feature "The Argento Tango Octette."

Francis Dooley, the favorite song-writer and composer, assisted by Corinne Sayles, a clever, lively, and engaging comedienne, will indulge in witty songs and dialogue.

Hans Robert, who starred as "Checkers," will with the assistance of a competent company perform Edgar Allan Woolf's latest comedy hit, "A Daddy by Express."

Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot will introduce a novel act in which dog training, juggling, and tight-wire walking are the component parts and which is climaxed by the appearance of a flock of seventy pigeons.

Clark Martinetti and Joe Sylvester, "the Boys with the Chairs," will provide a side-splitting acrobatic novelty.

Next week will be the last of Chick Sales and Louis Hardt. It will also close the triumphal engagement of George Damerel and his company in the sparkling operetta, "The Knight of the Air."

After Trentini Comes Harry Lauder.

There remains but one more week of the engagement of Emma Trentini in "The Firefly" at the Cort Theatre. "The little devil of the opera" has won her way into the heart of music-loving San Francisco. As a matter of fact she was safely entrenched there five minutes after she had made her appearance on the Cort stage last Sunday night.

Trentini's truly wonderful voice—the most

extraordinary on the comic opera stage—invites all manner of superlatives in its praise, and Otto Hauerbach, the librettist, and Rudolf Friml, the composer, have built an ideal medium for the unfolding of Trentini's varied talents. The music is of a superior order and yet contains much of popular appeal in its make-up. The vocal hit of the performance is unquestionably "Giannina," sung by Trentini, but the opera contains many other gems, notably "Sympathy," "Tommy Atkins," "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart," "Love Is Like a Firefly," and "Something."

Harry Lauder comes to the Cort on Monday, March 2.

"The Crime of the Law" at Savoy

"Traffic in Souls," the sensational photodrama, will be shown for the last times at the Savoy Theatre today, and beginning with the Sunday matinee there will be presented at the "playhouse beautiful" for the first time in San Francisco what comes heralded as one of the season's big dramatic successes, "The Crime of the Law," a new play by Rachael Marshall, remembered here as the author of "The Traffic," which was given to the world last summer from the Savoy Theatre, to go to Chicago for a run which is still progressing.

"The Crime of the Law," like "The Traffic," comes with a mission. It tells the story of a young man who is thrown into the hands of the police through the theft of money belonging to his employers, stolen for the purpose of paying his mother's doctor bills. The youth is the product of an unthinking, careless element of society, his morals perfect, but his outlook upon life warped by his reception at the hands of those who should have been his friends. From a youth who shrinks at the thought of crime the boy is transformed by the dungeon in the state prison into a criminal demon, a confirmed prey upon society, with not only his moral precepts destroyed, but his very soul shriveled. Through three acts there winds a tender, frivolous love story.

The company chosen to present "The Crime of the Law" is made up of excellent players and there will be a special matinee on Monday, Washington's Birthday, in addition to the regular matinees of Wednesday and Saturday.

Pantages Theatre for the Week.

"Twenty Minutes in Chinatown," revised and more sensational than ever, is the headliner on the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday (tomorrow). The story of the piece deals with the strife between the local tong societies, and is one of the most gripping tales that has been produced in vaudeville. Raymond Whitaker takes the leading rôle of Moy San, who abducts the pretty Chinese slave girl which starts the war of the tongs. There are fifteen principals in the cast, with a liberal sprinkling of comedy.

George Sontag, the noted California handit, will be the added feature with the show. Sontag is now a reformed citizen in every respect, and his talk, which consists of an illustrated lecture entitled, "The Folly of a Life of Crime," has been endorsed by prison officials all over the country.

Another big special is the Uyeno Troupe of Japs, with eight nimble-footed brown gymnasts in a whirlwind exhibition of daring acrobatics.

Lillian Watson, a beautiful actress, will sing a bevy of the newest song hits with an elaborate showing of gowns.

Millard, Kennedy, and Christie are singers, conversationalists, and eccentric dancers.

Monohan, called the "wizard of the skates"; Billy and Laura Dreyer, pantomimic dancers, with a couple of reels of comedy "movies," will round out one of the strongest cards that the Pantages has shown in months.

New Double Bill at the Tivoli.

"Winter's Tale" and "A Daughter of Old Ireland," the two subjects which have pleased patrons of the Tivoli all week, will be shown for the last times today, and for the week beginning Sunday another double bill will be offered for the approval of those who throng the Eddy Street theatre.

One of the features of the programme will be "The Bride of Lammermoor." The filmatization of Sir Walter Scott's immortal romance is in three parts, the principal rôles being assumed by two players well known to San Franciscans. Constance Crawley, whose "Everywoman" created a sensation here a few years ago and who excels in Shakespearean characters, will enact the unfortunate Lucy Ashton, while Arthur Maude, who has often appeared with Miss Crawley, will be Edgar, Lord Ravenswood. The action of the production takes place in Scotland during the early part of the eighteenth century.

The second feature of the bill is entitled "Princess Alexia's Escape," and shows a thrilling series of adventures in Russia. The customary comedy film will enliven proceedings and the orchestral numbers will include selections from "Lucia."

Maeterlinck's delightful fantasy, "The Blue Bird," is again on its way to the Cort, where it will be an early attraction.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Farewell of John McCormack.

That glorious singer, John McCormack, will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, February 22, at 2:30.

On this occasion the artist will sing a special request programme, and it promises to be a veritable feast of song. There have been over one hundred demands for the tenor solo from Puccini's "La Bohème," almost as many for the "Salve D'Amore" from "Faust," and half a dozen other operatic works, and McCormack will sing at least two or three of these besides German, French, English, and Irish ballads. The programme will be made up of works not on the previous offerings, with the favorites promised as encore or extra numbers.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and the box-office at Scottish Rite Auditorium will be open Sunday after ten o'clock.

Fritz Kreisler in Two Concerts

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, is here, and Sunday afternoon at the Cort Theatre and Thursday night at Scottish Rite Hall, he will reveal the full measure of his beautiful art. Mr. Kreisler's tour is directed by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is under the local management of Frank W. Healy, and will not be heard in any other city in northern California. This fact has caused such an influx of mail orders from out-of-town patrons as is seldom known. Parties will come from as far south as Fresno, from points as far north as Chico, and the bay cities will all be represented at the Kreisler recitals. This season Kreisler's tour is the most triumphant of his career, and the greatest demonstration of approval ever accorded a violinist was his recently, where at the close of his recital in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, the audience rose in a body and with cries of delight and admiration recalled him many times. Tickets are on sale now at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase. Prices, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; box and loge seats, \$2.50.

First Week's Repertory Grand Opera.

Great interest is manifested in the season of grand opera, to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House for the two weeks commencing three weeks from next Monday night, and the demand for seats for the season is very large. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale is now in progress, choice locations are going with a rush and the sale will continue until Saturday evening, March 7, the sale of single seats commencing the following Monday. Monday evening, March 16, the engagement will be ushered in by the first performance in San Francisco of Alberto Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," with Titta Ruffo, Rosa Raisa, Amedeo Bassi, Francesco Federici, Henri Scott, Gustave Huberdeau, Edmond Warnery, Ruby Heyl, Frank Preisch, and Constantine Nicolay in the cast, Cleofonte Campanini conducting. The first week's repertory follows: March 17, 8 p. m., "Aida," with Carolina White, Julia Claussen, Amedeo Bassi, Giovanni Polese, Henri Scott, Gustave Huberdeau, Rosina Galli, and international baller. Campanini conducting; March 18, 2 p. m., "La Bohème," with Maggie Teyte, Giovanni Polese, Francesco Federici, Mabel Riegelman, Francesco Daddi, followed by grand ballet divertissement and "Dance of the Hours," from "Gioconda," with Rosina Galli, Giuseppe Sturani conducting; March 18, 8 p. m., "Louise," with Mary Garden, Leon Campagnola, Hector Dufranne, Louise Berat, and forty other artists, Campanini conducting; March 19, 8 p. m., "Herodiade," with Carolina White, Campagnola, Julia Claussen, Armand Crabbe, Huberdeau, and incidental dances by Rosina Galli and corps de ballet, Charlier conducting; March 20, 8 p. m., "Thais," with Mary Garden, Dufranne, Campagnola or Warnery, and Huberdeau, Campanini conducting; March 21, at 2 p. m., "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosa Raisa, Aristodemo Giorgini, Francesco Federici, and Ruby Heyl, Giuseppe Sturani conducting, followed by "Pagliacci," with Titta Ruffo, Jane Oshorn-Hannah, Bassi, and Crabbe, Campanini conducting; March 21, 8 p. m., "The Jewels of the Madonna," with Carolina White, Bassi, Polese, and Berat, Campanini conducting; March 22, at 4:30 p. m., "Parsifal," with Julia Claussen, Otto Marak, Clarence Whitehill, Allen Hinckley, Henri Scott, Hector Dufranne, Ruby Heyl, Stanislaus

Grundgand, Armand Crabbe, Emilio Venturini, Desire Defrere, Minnie Egner, Helen Warrum, Mabel Riegelman, and Beatrice Wheeler, Campanini conducting; March 23, 8 p. m., "Tosca," with Mary Garden, Polese, and Campagnola, Campanini conducting.

Dr. Carl Jacobsen, who died recently in Copenhagen, left practically all of his estate, valued at \$400,000 to art purposes. Dr. Jacobsen devoted most of his income for years to art and science.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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VANITY FAIR.

A dispatch from Washington tells us that a clarion call to women to put on their armor has been issued from the women's suffrage national headquarters. Now we are not particularly enamored at the prospect of so startling an innovation as this, but at least it is gratifying to know that women are to put on something.

The following advertisement appears in a Canadian newspaper:

Refined and cultured young woman will marry a rich man. She is beautiful, dark, warm-hearted. Adores poetry and art. Unable as she is to tell a beefsteak from a pork chop, she has no idea whatever of cooking. At ordering a sumptuous repast, however, she is an adept. She can neither sew, mend, nor darn. Of all things, nevertheless, she loves fine linen, luxury, and elegance in dress and rich jewels. None need reply who are not in a position to provide all this.

Our own inclinations run in somewhat this same direction and thus, on the ground of a general community of interests, we should like to marry this young woman. If she will make a formal application it shall be put on file and we will see what can be done in the matter.

An Eastern newspaper, commenting on Mrs. Hammond's suggestion that it be made fashionable to be sensible and unfashionable to be foolish, says: "And yet in some respects we do not think the women are so foolish as the men. Go into society anywhere and one will find the women ready for serious conversation, while the men are very uneasy unless they are perpetrating jokes or nagging one another."

Now as Heaven is our witness this thing is patently true. It is shamefully the fact. And it accounts for much of the now plainly discernible process which is giving to women the dominance in affairs. It seems to be now only the women, the women of the middle class, who are interested in the finer things of life. The average man has become wholly incapable of thinking or speaking of anything but business, money, and politics, and politics is now made up of business and money. Once persuade him outside his pitiful little mental circle and he becomes a fool. He is so much of a fool that he can not even hold his tongue. Never before was there such a bankruptcy of ideas, such a paralysis of thought as now marks the average man. The whole field of art, literature, and religion is closed to him. Having become an idiot, he holds these things to be unpractical. His wooden intelligence even causes him to look with a certain jovial condescension and patronage upon the inferior woman who goes to hear a lecture on Shakespeare, who reads a volume of poems, or who is actually capable of thinking that philosophy or religion matter.

Those who doubt this would do well to compare the men's clubs of San Francisco with the women's clubs. Of course there are exceptions. There are always exceptions. The noble army of fools is bi-sexual. But take the average. The men's clubs is no more than a convenient and comfortable place in which to talk about money. In the women's club you will find regular discussions on art, religion, and literature. You will find also an intolerable twaddle on eugenics, white slavery, and projects for the suppression of human liberty and for doing things overnight that all the choirs of archangels have been unable to do in a million years. Women are suffering from acute vertigo and from the delirium of autocracy. They are afflicted with femininity and ought therefore to be pasteurized, and prophylactized, and quarantined until the symptoms have abated. But never mind about that. The fact remains that women are interested in a large range of subjects that the average man thinks to be beneath him, although actually they are far above the embryonic germplasm that he calls his mind. The woman who hears a lecture on the Shakespearean sonnets today will be found tomorrow showing an equal interest in the archæology of Crete, in the clay tablets of Babylon, or the persecution of the Jews in Russia. She wants to know, but her husband does not want to know. He does not want to know anything. His brain is hermetically sealed against all such things. He says they do not matter. And as soon as the time comes for him to relax what he is humorously pleased to call his mind he becomes a buffoon.

Now there is a sort of portent of feminine invincibility in all this. Which Heaven forbid. This world is governed now, not by experts, but by broad averages. I intend to be particularly cautious when putting through a mining deal with a man who has studied Plutarch and the Iliad, because the chances are that he will get the better of me. And if he has studied archæology and the atomic theory and the origin of species he will certainly do so. It is the human being with the range of interests who goes to the top. Intelligence is the one conquering caste that remains to us. Women will presently begin to coordinate their knowledge instead of running round and being silly, and modern, and things

of that sort. And then there will be more trouble with them than there is now. It is true enough that we are living in an economic world, but the human being who knows something of art and religion and philosophy, as well as of economics, will surely dominate all other human beings who know nothing except economics. And if you doubt that women are doing these things just glance over the season's programme of a woman's club. The men's clubs have no programme. They talk about money there and think they are practical.

It may be of interest to Dr. Anna Shaw to know that we also have resolved to pay no income tax. We stand shoulder to shoulder in this matter, an unexpected companionship, but a gratifying one.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, writing in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, says that what we need to do is to enlarge our area of possible sexual selection. Now that seems to be delightfully easy, and it is a wonder that we never thought of it before. Henceforth our area of possible sexual selection may be considered as enlarged, although in justice to ourselves we may say that we have always made it as large as possible and that we have tried to cultivate a broad and tolerant attitude in such matters. What we have had to complain of is chiefly a lack of reciprocity.

Mr. Shaw means that we ought to be at liberty to marry any one we wish, always providing, of course, that Barkis is willing. Mr. Shaw imagines himself as walking down Oxford Street and meeting a woman who takes his fancy. It would seem sensible that he should take off his hat and say to this lady, "Will you excuse me; but you attract me very strongly, and if you are not already engaged would you mind taking my name and address and considering whether you would care to marry me?" Now apart from the fact that the lady would charge him with white slavery and swear that he had pricked her with a poisoned needle there are other reasons why he can not do this thing. That woman, says Mr. Shaw, would be either a charwoman, in which case he could not marry her, or she would be a duchess, in which case she could not marry him. Actually the area of possible sexual choice is much more limited than this, and of course it is much more limited in England than it is here. Let us suppose that there are ten million marriageable women in the United States. Now if we had the real natural eugenism instead of the filthy quackery that goes by that name the marriageable man would be free to range at will among the ten million marriageable women—just think of it—and make any mutually agreeable marital arrangements that he wished. But can he do this? He can not. First of all his choice is confined to the women whom he knows socially. And after that he must consider caste and money. Practically he has no selective liberty at all. And so Mr. Shaw has often said to his English audiences, "You know perfectly well that when it came to your turn to be married you had not, as a young man, or a young woman, the choice practically of all the unmarried young people of your own age in our 40,000,000 population, to choose from. You had at the outside a choice of two or three, and you did not like any of them very particularly as compared to the one you would have chosen if you had a varied choice." Therefore we have actually no natural sexual selection at all, but in its place we have a "class selection which is really a money selection." Is it then to be wondered at that we have an inferior and miserable breed?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A minister was in love with a member of his choir. He himself was musically inclined, and frequently the two would sing duets. Recently he arose to announce the music for the morning service, and this is what he said in his agitation: "Miss Blank will now sing 'Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly away,' accompanied by the pastor."

Two employees were discussing what they would buy the boss, whose birthday was approaching. Said Mr. Biggins with enthusiasm: "Wiggins, old boy, we have raised \$50, and we want something that will make a show for the money. Something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?" "Sure," replied Mr. Wiggins; "buy \$50 worth of rice and boil it."

Down in South Carolina they caught an old negro roost-robber "with the goods on him," as the saying goes, and forthwith haled him into court to stand his trial for chicken-stealing. When old Rastus was placed in the dock the judge said, "Now, Uncle Ras, I suppose you realize that you're in a court of law, and you quite realize what a court is?" "Why, shore, boss," came back Rastus, "a co't? Why, a co't am shore a place where dey dispenses wif justice!"

When Mr. W. D. Howells was editing a magazine at one time a young man called on him at the office and offered him a poem. Mr. Howells read the poem and thought it was good, but somehow it seemed rather familiar. "Did you write this unaided?" he asked. "I did," replied the youthful poet. "I wrote every line of it." "Then I am very glad to meet you, Lord Byron," said Mr. Howells. "But I was under the impression that you had died some years ago!"

Another Georgia town recently voted in favor of saloons after a lively campaign in which considerable feeling was aroused. Said a citizen in justification of his vote: "If we are going to stand for our women folks wearing shadow skirts and slit skirts and transparent skirts, and our younger women learning to dance the boll weevil wiggie, the Texas Tommy Tango, the bunny hug, the bear dance, the half centre, the buzzard flop and the puppy huddle, and so on down the line, then the men folks might just as well have their saloons and the whole push go to hell together."

The captain of a steamer loading at Burnt-island took on two hands—one a Kirkcaldy man without a written character and the other a Dundee man possessed of abundant documentary evidence as to his honesty and uprightness. They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the Dundee man, when crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The Kirkcaldy man saw what had happened, and sought out the captain. "Dae ye mind yon man frae Dundee," he said, "that ye engaged wi' the fine character?" "Yes," said the captain; "what of it?" "He's awa' wi' yer bucket," was the reply.

Sometimes one can hurt another's feelings worse by a slight action than by any number of words. There is an example of this in the young married woman who went home to her mother and sobbingly declared she just couldn't be happy with her husband again. "I wouldn't have minded it so much, mother," she sobbed, "if Charlie had answered me back when I scolded him, bu—bu—but he did something worse!" Her mother was duly shocked at this. "Mercy, my dear child!" she exclaimed. "He struck you, then?" "No, worse than that, mother!" and the young wife sobbed afresh. "Tell me at once!" indignantly demanded her mother. "He—he just yawned."

Henry Phipps, who accumulated a few hundred million dollars making steel in the good old days, has little use for the Beau Brummel type. One glance at his appearance would lead one to believe that his clothes were remnants from the Civil War, and he backs up this belief by carrying an old, faded umbrella. Having an important matter to take up with Chairman Gary, he dropped into the United Steel Corporation offices, and was stopped by an office boy who happened to be new on the job. "Wanta see Mr. Gary!" snapped Phipps. "Can't see him," answered the boy. "There's been four other old guys here before you this morning looking for hand-outs."

Flannigan, who worked in the Boston Navy Yard, broke the rules of that establishment every day by sneaking off to a retired spot and smoking his pipe after lunch. He knew that if he should be detected in this breach of discipline his dismissal would follow automatically, but his love of tobacco got the best of him. One afternoon, when his pipe was blazing hot and the clouds of smoke encircled

his head, the captain in command of the yard discovered him. He knew his job was gone, but he paid no attention to the commandant. "Well, my man," demanded the captain, "what have you to say?" Flannigan said nothing. "Do you know who I am?" inquired the captain wrathfully. Flannigan, puffing steadily on his pipe, made no response. "I am the commandant of this yard!" thundered the officer. Flannigan turned his head slowly, and looked up at him. "Sure," he said approvingly; "ye've got a good job. Hould on to it."

One windy afternoon an English landlord while passing along the country lane observed one of his cottagers eating his frugal meal by the roadside before his humble dwelling. "Why, Henry," he said, "why are you eating out here alone?" "Well, sir, er—" the man stammered, "the—er—chimbley it do smoke, sir." "That's too bad. I'll have it fixed for you. Let's have a look at it." And before the cottager could stay him the laird proceeded to enter the cottage. As soon as he had opened the door a broomstick fell upon his shoulders and a woman's voice shrieked: "Back 'ere again, are ye, ye ould willain! Clear hout wiv ye, or I'll—" The farmer retired precipitately. The cottager sat in the road shaking his head in sorrow and embarrassment. The other bent over him, and laid his hand in kindly fashion on his arm. "Never mind, Henry," said he, consolingly, "my chimney smokes sometimes, too."

He was fretful and lonely, for his wife had taken her first post-nuptial trip away from him. She would be away a whole week—a whole week of loneliness and anxiety. He pictured her equally—even more—distressed at the separation. Outside to accenuate his misery, the rain streamed down in an unending torrent. The wind whistled a lugubrious wail as an accompaniment to his feelings, and the thunder put in a few well-chosen orchestral effects. The door-bell began to ring violently just as the clock struck two. Mr. Younghusband listened with mixed joy and fear. His wife, perhaps. His eager ear heard the janitor, sleepy and grumbling, open the door. A messenger-boy, dripping and soaked, stood without the portal as the janitor unbolted the door. He handed a saturated envelope to the janitor: "Mr. Younghusband?" "Anything important?" "Naw, 't aint nothin'! A woman says her heart is breakin' for him in Boston."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Unkissed.
She stood beneath the mistletoe,
A vision sweet and rare, you know,
But did the gentleman not haste
To place his arm about her waist
And plant a kiss
Plumb full of bliss?
Not on your life.
She was his wife.
—Grand Rapids News.

A Maid There Waa.
A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn leaves she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.
When night its sable shadow threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day
So the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her nose.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Answer.
"What do you like me in the best?"
The would-be actor cried.
The caustic critic pursed his lips;
"The wings!" he then replied.
—Town Topics.

The Breakfast Food Family.
John Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean;
He scorns to eat of any meat,
He lives upon Foodine.
But Mrs. Spratt will none of that,
Foodine she can not eat;
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.
To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes,
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.
But sister Lil can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast fare it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.
Now, none of these Leander please,
He feeds upon Bath Mitts.
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.
Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.
Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Buh"
The infant Spratt is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.
—Bert Leston Taylor, in Chicago Tribune.



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House Beautiful and Argonaut..... 5.85
International Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.30
Judge and Argonaut..... 7.85
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut..... 7.85
Life and Argonaut..... 7.85
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut..... 5.15
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.10
Mexican Herald and Argonaut..... 9.20
Mansey's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.85
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut..... 7.40
Outing and Argonaut..... 6.00
North American Review and Argonaut..... 6.90
Out West and Argonaut..... 4.60
Overland Monthly and Argonaut..... 4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut..... 6.00
Puck and Argonaut..... 7.85
Review of Reviews and Argonaut..... 5.15
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut..... 5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut..... 6.10
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut..... 4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut..... 4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut..... 4.75
Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lee Girvin, to Mr. Lloyd Tevis. Mr. Tevis is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and a brother of the Messrs. William S. Tevis, Jr., Gordon Tevis, and Lansing Tevis. The wedding will not take place until next winter.

From Honolulu comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Lurline Matson of this city to Mr. William Roth of Honolulu. Miss Matson is the only daughter of Captain William Matson and Mrs. Matson.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Landers and Mr. John Speyer will take place Monday, March 9, at the Swedenborgian Church. Miss Lulette Mauvais and Mr. William Gray will be the only attendants.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Hutchinson and Mr. Martin Joost took place Monday evening at the home on Washington Street of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson. The young couple will reside in Martinez.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave an elaborate dinner Friday evening at the Hotel St. Francis. Accompanied by their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton later attended the supper-dance in the colonial ballroom.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Peter Cook entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at the dance at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Mrs. Ernest Hunter has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party, Tuesday, February 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott gave a bridge party Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of friends at dinner preceding the affair.

The last Assembly dance took place Friday evening at Scottish Rite Hall under the auspices of Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick. It was a fancy dress affair and was preceded by several dinners. Among the hostesses were Mrs. Frank Bates, Miss Ola Willett, and Miss Florence Stoncy.

Mrs. William Hough entertained the Tuesday Bridge Club this week.

Mrs. David Sellars was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Sallie Maynard at her home on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club. Miss Eleanor Morgan entertained a few friends at an informal bridge-tee Friday afternoon at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Helen Goodier was hostess at a dance Friday evening at the home on Sacramento Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Goodier.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien gave a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue. Accompanied by her guests, she later attended the dance given by Miss Jean Wheeler.

Mrs. Harry Francis Davis was hostess at an informal tea Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy. Mrs. Brooke was the complimented guest again Monday evening, when Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner-dance at her home on Broadway.

Miss Louise Janin entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Dickson, whose engagement to Mr. Adolph Ehrhorn has recently been announced.

Miss Marian Newhall entertained a number of friends at luncheon Saturday at her home on Green Street in honor of Miss Laura Hobson, who is visiting her from New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor gave a dance at the Hotel Oakland Wednesday evening, when they entertained two or three hundred guests.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was hostess at a bridge party Saturday afternoon at her home on California Street.

The Misses Harriet, Marian, and Helen Stone entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway.

The Messrs. Frank Michael, Ferdinand Peterson, Frank L. Owen, and Major John C. Gilmore were hosts Thursday evening at an informal dance at Tai's Café.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner gave an elaborate dinner-dance Friday evening at their home in Los Angeles. The affair was to celebrate the birthday of their debutante niece, Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club complimentary to Lord Decies and Lady Decies. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker also entertained for the distinguished visitors during their visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Broadway.

Miss Eleanor Landers was hostess at a luncheon Monday, when she entertained a dozen friends.

Mr. Henry Hadley was host at a dinner last evening at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler. Accompanied by his guests, Mr. Hadley later attended the Bachelors' and Bachelorettes' Ball at the Fairmont Hotel. Among others who entertained at affairs preceding the ball were Miss Katherine Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Grau, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe entertained a number of young people at an informal dance Thursday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of their niece, Miss Margaret Douglas Dick, who is leaving Wednesday for her home in Scotland accompanied by her aunt, Countess de Lalande.

Captain Polton, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Presidio, Monterey, gave a luncheon Friday at the Hotel del Monte.

Commander Frederick Newton Freeman, U. S.

N., and Mrs. Fremont were the complimented guests at a dinner at the Bohemian Club Wednesday evening.

Captain Frederick Pryor, U. S. N., was host at a theatre and supper party Friday evening. Captain Pryor, who is stationed at Yerba Buena, is in command of the United States training ship *Intrepid*.

General John R. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing were the guests of honor at a reception given by the officers and ladies of the Eighth Brigade Wednesday evening at the Presidio Club.

Mrs. Henry Sheen was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon at her home at Fort Miley. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Richmond P. Davis, Mrs. Louis Burgess, and Mrs. L. S. Chapelier.

Miss Dorothy Rees gave a tea Friday afternoon at the home on Locust Street of her parents, Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees. The affair was in honor of Miss Margaret Whitney of Chicago, who is their house guest.

Lieutenant David P. Wood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wood entertained a number of friends at a tennis-tee Monday afternoon at their home at Angel Island, where for several hours their guests enjoyed playing on their indoor court.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Lord Decies and Lady Decies left Monday in their private car for Monterey en route to Southern California. During their stay in this city they were extensively entertained by many to whom they brought letters. Lady Decies, who was formerly Miss Vivien Gould, is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Jay Gould, who will be remembered as Miss Annie Douglas Graham, who with her mother, Mrs. Hubert Vos of New York, has visited friends in this city when en route to and from their former home in Honolulu.

Miss Gladys Peet of St. Paul was the guest of Miss Jean Wheeler during her few days' visit en route to Honolulu.

Captain and Mrs. Chaplin are here from London and have rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington during the polo season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker and their little sons, John, Robert, and Lent Hooker, will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. William Holloway has returned from New York for a few weeks' visit with his friends.

Mrs. B. B. Cutler is slowly recovering from a recent severe illness at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Mr. Charles N. Black and his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, returned Saturday from a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Olney and Miss Anna Olney are at present visiting friends in New Orleans en route to Washington, D. C. They will sail early in March for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham, Mrs. Lane Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, and Mr. Jules Guerin were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Miss Laura Hobson of New Orleans is visiting Miss Marion Newhall at her home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane L. Bliss of Lake Tahoe have been spending a few days at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean of Winnipeg, Canada, who have been visiting many points of interest in California, spent several days in this city with their relatives.

Countess de la Lande and her nieces, Miss Margaret Douglas-Dick, are en route to New York, from where they will sail for their home in Scotland. They have been spending several weeks with their relatives in San Mateo. With them is Miss Sara Coffin, who will join Mrs. Hannah Neal Hobart in her European travels.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery and Mrs. Richard McCreery arrived Sunday from London and were met in Truckee by Mr. Richard McCreery. They are in Burlingame, where they are established at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. George D. Widener and her son, Mr. George D. Widener, Jr., arrived Sunday from Philadelphia and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Rhoda Pickering has gone to Phoenix, Arizona, to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan and the Misses Edith Rucker and Jane Hotelling will return Tuesday from Honolulu, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, will leave the latter part of next week for Washington, D. C., where they will visit Mrs. Frank Denny and Miss Esther Denny.

Mrs. Richard Ivers arrived last week from Honolulu and has joined her husband at the home of Mrs. William G. Irwin. She was accompanied by Mrs. E. I. Spalding and Miss Helen Spalding, relatives of the late Mr. William G. Irwin, who also are the guests of Mrs. Irwin.

Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer has returned to San Mateo after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Miss Leslie Page is expected home next week from Nashville, Tennessee, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman.

Right Reverend St. George Tucker and Mrs. Tucker are en route to the former's diocese in Japan. They returned recently from the general Episcopal convention in New York and spent a few days in this city with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston is in Baltimore, where she is recuperating from a recent severe illness. Her daughters, Mrs. Norma Ames and Mrs. Wilard N. Drown, are with her, the latter having left here two weeks ago.

Mr. Frank Powers has returned from a brief visit in Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Kellogg and her son, Mr. George Claxton, are in Africa traveling by caravan and will extend their pleasure tour indefinitely.

Captain Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A., arrived a few days ago from his station at Fort Sam Houston and registered at army headquarters.

The Messrs. Charles A. Baldwin and E. Du-

plissis Beylard will sail today for a two months' trip to the Orient. During Mr. Baldwin's absence Mrs. Baldwin will divide her time between the Fairmont Hotel and visits to her friends.

Warner Sherwood is returning from Vienna, where he has been studying violin under Professor Sevcik of the Royal Conservatory.

Mrs. Charles E. T. Lull, wife of Captain Lull of Fort Winfield Scott, is rapidly recovering from a recent serious illness.

News has been received of the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Kennedy, U. S. A., to colonel on the unassigned list, and Captain William Brook, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., to a major in the same command. Colonel Kennedy, who has been temporarily detached from the Sixteenth Infantry, was recently ordered from the Presidio to the Army War College in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Walter Finley has returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after a few days' visit in this city. Mrs. Finley came to town to attend the wedding of Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs. T. Dykes Whitney and Miss Margaret Whitney have arrived from Chicago and are visiting Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees at their home on Locust Street. Colonel and Mrs. Rees with their guests will sail next Wednesday for Honolulu.

Colonel R. M. Blatchford, U. S. A., has assumed his duties as commanding officer of the Twelfth Infantry at the Presidio, succeeding Colonel Bowen, who was arbitrarily retired by President Wilson.

Major Herman Hall, U. S. A., who went to the Philippines as military aid to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, and who is slated as the next chief of the Philippine constabulary, has been finally relieved from assignment with the Twelfth Infantry and this regiment will soon be assigned another major.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Newton Freeman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freeman, who were married two weeks ago in Coronado, arrived recently in this city and were at the Hotel St. Francis for several days. Mrs. Freeman will reside in Coronado with her mother, Mrs. Coker Sims, during her husband's duty on the *Pittsburgh* at Mazatlan.

Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers left Friday for the East, where Commander Sellers will return to duty with the U. S. S. *Arkansas*.

The Misses Janet Crose and Priscilla Ellicott have recently been the guests of Mrs. Charles A. Gove at her home on Yerba Buena.

The Gerardy Concerts.

The concerts to be given by Jean Gerardy, the great violoncellist, promise to be red-letter events in local musical history. The visit of a great 'cello virtuoso is in itself a rare occasion, but when the artist announces such supporting stars as Gabriel Ysaye and Frank LaForge then indeed does the attraction become a genuine "all-star combination." The Gerardy-Ysaye-LaForge concerts will be given at the Columbia Theatre on two Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On Thursday afternoon, March 12, at 3:15, this great aggregation will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Luiza Tetrazzini Coming in Concert.

San Francisco is to once more hear the golden notes of Luiza Tetrazzini, who is now making a complete transcontinental tour under the direction of W. H. Leahy, who first discovered the singer and gave her to the United States. She will be heard here but twice this season, at the Tivoli Opera House, Thursday evening, March 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7. The assisting artists will be Rafael Diez, tenor, Yves Nat, pianist, and Pietro Caso, flutist. Seats will range in price from three dollars to a dollar and will be placed on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Tuesday morning, February 24.

Queen of Mardi Gras at the Palace

The grand court of the Palace Hotel will present a scene of Oriental magnificence when the queen of the Mardi Gras reviews her loyal subjects. Reservations for supper-tables should be made as early as possible in order to assure proper supper service. Those who reserve tables will have the use of them from 10:30 till the ball is over. Those not known to the management will give check for the same when table is ordered. The price of the admission ticket is \$5 and of the supper is \$2.50.

Wanted to Rent

By August or September modern unfurnished house with Marine View, about twelve rooms and three baths; north or northwest side of street, situated west of Buchanan, east of Locust, not further than two level blocks from car-line. Willing to take long lease and pay good rent. Address particulars to

"Renter," care of Argonaut Pub. Co.

The Woodland Hackney Stud

Property of Edgar J. DePue
We offer of our own breeding thoroughly mannered
Saddle Horses Combination Horses
Matched Teams
Sales Stable:
PARK RIDING ACADEMY - - 2934 Fulton St.

A Gold Mine Aids

Usually a gold mine, whether quartz or gravel, is used altogether for the extraction of the precious yellow metal, but a placer mine was put to a double use in the most satisfactory manner during the erection of the tower line between Drum power station in the high Sierras, and the end of the line down in the Sacramento Valley at Cordelia.

This construction, as is generally known, plays a prominent part in the distribution of electrical power on behalf of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. There were 731 towers required for this line, placed 800 feet apart between Drum power-house and Cordelia. But in the first place it was necessary to secure the rights-of-way. It is a matter of justifiable pride on the part of the company that a very amicable settlement was effected with the 273 owners through whose property the line crosses. Not a single condemnation suit was necessary, a fact speaking volumes for the fairness of "Pacific Service." Then came a crew clearing away the brush for a width of eighty feet along the line. Roads were built at heavy expense, and so well were they constructed in some sections that they have since been adopted by the ranchers in the vicinity in place of older roads near by. Permanent trails were cut on the mountain sides to permit a man on horseback to patrol the line after completion, and good, substantial iron gates were installed in each fence crossed by the company. These gates are four feet high by ten feet wide, securely fastened with chain and padlock.

In excavating for the holes necessary for the four legs of each tower no skilled labor was required, but the size of the holes and the hard ground, however, often made it necessary to resort to the use of giant powder, several tons of which were used in all. As each hole was finished it was covered with a large wooden cover to prevent any possible injury to live stock. These covers were removed by the concrete crews and then hauled ahead for further use by the hole diggers. From eight to fifteen cubic yards of gravel were necessary for each tower foundation, and in the mountainous section two methods of obtaining this gravel were found. The first was to secure it from the immense deposits of Bear River. To utilize this gravel in the upper section of the line meant that every yard would have to be raised to a vertical height of 1500 feet, and, in addition, hauled several miles. It was found that this method would make the cost of gravel extremely high.

This is where the gold mine came in. The second plan, and the one that was adopted, was the offer made by a man who owned a large placer mine near the right-of-way by which the desired quantity and quality of gravel could be obtained by hydraulic mining. Arrangements were made with him to furnish the water and labor, the company to take the gravel and he to take the gold that was washed down from the banks. It is needless to say that this unusual arrangement was mutually profitable. The gravel, after the gold was removed, was useless to the mine owner, and only served to fill his claim with what to him amounted to so much debris, but which to the company proved valuable indeed.

RESERVATIONS

For Supper Tables

at the

Mardi Gras Ball

in the Grand Court

February 24th, 1914

should be made now

As the demand for supper tables is usually in excess of the number available, it will be necessary to reserve same in order to be assured of supper service.

When reservation is made please order exact number of suppers desired.

MAJESTIC HOTEL

Northwest Cor. Sutter and Gough Sts.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Most attractive Family Hotel in San Francisco. Excellent cuisine. Moderate rates. Special inducements to permanent guests. Inspection invited.
Mrs. JOSEPHINE LIBBY, Lessee.
FREDERIC GEORGE, Manager.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The appointment of V. N. Kokovsoff as premier of Russia has been gazetted. He still retains his office as the minister of finance.

Henri Louis Bergson, noted philosopher of the College of France, has just been elected to the "Forty Immortals." Professor Bergson succeeds the late Emile Olliver.

Dr. William C. Braisted, who has just been appointed to be surgeon-general of the navy, has been fleet surgeon of the Atlantic fleet. He was born in Ohio, and was appointed to the navy from Michigan.

Phya Prabhakaranonga, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, the new representative of Siam at Washington, speaks English fluently and was four years with the Siamese legation at London.

Dr. Frank Johnson Goodnow, Eaton professor at Columbia University and at present constitutional adviser of the Chinese republic in Peking, has been offered the presidency of Johns Hopkins University.

Mrs. A. A. Adanis, whose appointment has been recommended, will have the distinction of being the first woman assistant United States district attorney, it is said. She is a graduate of the University of California, and was admitted to practice last year. She is engaged in legal practice in San Francisco.

Katbarine Sarah Macquoid, the English novelist and writer of travel books, celebrated her ninetieth birthday recently by adding another chapter to her sixty-fourth novel. In reply to questions of interviewers she declared that work kept her young. She said that formerly she used a typewriter, but had abandoned it, adding: "One can not write emotionally with a typewriter."

Henry Carter Stuart, who has just been inaugurated as governor of Virginia, is a ranchman and a banker. He took a law course at the University of Virginia, and in 1875 began an active business career. He is president of the Stuart Land and Cattle Company of Virginia, interested in an iron company, and is a successful banker. Since 1892 he has been active in the political affairs of his state.

Dr. Jose Vincente Concha, who has been elected president of Colombia, is a member of the Conservative party. He was minister of war in 1901 and a year later became minister to Washington. He disapproved of the proposed Panama treaty and retired as minister in 1903. Dr. Concha, in addition to being the nominee of the Conservative party, was supported by a section of the Liberals and Clericals. He will take office August 7.

John Wesley Hyatt, who has been awarded the Perkin gold medal for chemical discovery, in recognition of his discovery of celluloid in 1870, and also of his fifty years' research work in chemistry, lives at Cleveland, Ohio. The presentation was made by the Society of Chemical Industry. Mr. Hyatt is the seventh American to receive the medal, which was provided by Sir William Henry Perkin, a noted English chemist. Mr. Hyatt is well known as an inventor, turning his attention to that field after having become a printer. Among his inventions is a machine for extracting juice from sugar cane, obtaining eight per cent more sugar than former devices.

William Butler Hornblower, appointed by Governor Glynn as an associate judge of the court of appeals of New York, has been a prominent member of the bar a generation. He is a son of the Rev. Dr. William H. Hornblower, professor of theology in the Alleghany Theological Seminary, and his grandfather, Joseph C. Hornblower, was for many years chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

In 1893 President Cleveland nominated him to the Supreme Court of the United States, but a factional fight in the Senate prevented his confirmation. He was a member of the board appointed by the state legislature in 1904 to consolidate the statutes of New York.

Lady Mount Stephen, whose husband is likely to succeed Lord Strathcona as high commissioner for Canada in London, is probably the queen's oldest and most intimate friend. Before her marriage in 1897 to the Canadian millionaire peer she was Miss Gian Tufnell, and was lady-in-waiting and the favorite companion of the late Duchess of Teck. She has been the friend and confidante of the queen from her girlhood, as well as a great favorite with all the members of the Teck family.

CURRENT VERSE.

What Will You Do?

What will you do when the wind at night
Shrills down the chimney high?
I will sit by the hearth and fill my sight
With the flames that slacken and die.

But what of the picture in your hall,
Fairest, you said, of the fair?
I will raise a curtain and cover all,
Throat, and lips, and hair.

And what of the watch hours in your bed,
With only the cold to keep?
I will never turn my head,
Thinking that I sleep.

—Frederick Faust, in the Occident.

The Old Unrest.

Like lanterned ships on ebbing tides,
The stars drift out at dawn,
And over the hills the gray dawn rides,
In splendor of veils half drawn;
And the old hushed longing stirs anew,
The old faint mystery gleams,
And the star road, the wind road,
Are calling in my dreams.

Here in the streets the lamps burn still,
The mist elings, white and drawn,
But my dreams are out on the windy hill,
And the white roads of the dawn,
Where the distance lures beyond, beyond,
And the old Pan magic thrills
In the sunlight, and the silence,
And the wind among the hills.

For the old unrest is still untold,
That is old as the world's first breath,
Old as the sea, and the stars are old,
Older than life and death,
And new as the last wind-flower that stars
The tangle of the glen—
The dawn's breath, the spring's breath,
And the breath of dreams in men.
—E. G. Buckeridge, in the Bookman.

Comrades.

Where are the friends that I knew in my Maying,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my
roaming?

We were dear; we were leal; oh, far we went
straying;

Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!—
Where is he now, the dark boy slender
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender,
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter,
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Supplied my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding,
Bidding, bidding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a throb turns human,
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover,
They shall cling, nor each from other shall
part

Till the reign of the stars in the heaven be over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride.
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying;
Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music—they dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they;
In the width of the world there were no such
rovers—

Back to hack, breast to breast, it was ours to
stay;

And the highest on earth was the vow that we
cherished,

To spur forth from the crowd and come back
never more,

And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade;
And one, far faring o'er orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's aeco-

lade;

North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has
bled;

Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps
pursuing

My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.

—From "The Flight and Other Poems," by George
Edward Woodberry.



For
You
If
You
Are
Particular

Sold by all best grocers
See that yours carries it

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

At midnight Tuesday the jury in the Western Fuel conspiracy case returned a verdict of guilty against J. B. Smith, vice-president and general manager; F. C. Mills, superintendent; E. H. Mayer, checker. E. J. Smith, the fourth defendant, was acquitted. All four were accused of conspiracy to defraud the government.

Notification has been sent to all the departments of the municipal government that the city will carry its own risks against the injury of its employees.

Barclay Henley, attorney, prominent Democrat, and congressman from California in the '80s, died at his home, 2131 Green Street, last Saturday afternoon. A week before he suffered a stroke of paralysis. A widow and two children, Miss Gwinette Henley and Barclay Henley, Jr., survive the deceased attorney. Mr. Henley was born in Clark County, Indiana, in 1843, and came to California with his father, who served in the first California legislature, 1849-50. The son was admitted to the bar in San Francisco in 1864 and went to Sonoma County, where he was sent to the legislature for the session of 1869-70. In 1882 he was sent to Congress, where he served two sessions, representing northern California.

The Pacific Coast branch of the National Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which was provided for recently by Secretary Redfield, will be established here on February 26, with Dr. E. A. Thayer in charge.

The funeral of James A. Wilson, president of the Builders' Exchange, took place on Monday from Mission Masonic Temple, under the auspices of Mission Lodge, No. 169, F. & A. M., of which he was past master at the time of his death.

On Monday the funeral of the late Harry S. Converse, for thirty years prominently connected with the local management of the Western Union Telegraph Company and for fifty years an employee of that company, was held.

The \$1,000,000 Associated Oil tanker *Frank H. Buck*, largest of its kind under the American flag, has been launched at the Union Iron Works. The *Buck*, one of three ships being built here, is 426 feet 9 inches long and of 14,000 tons displacement.

OCULISTS PRESCRIPTION
EYE GLASSES
AT
Low Prices
The **OCULARIUM**
Henry Kahn & Co.
644 MARKET ST. OFF. PALACE HOTEL.

Hotel St. Francis

The New Cafe, containing the celebrated Herter mural paintings, is now open every evening as an after-the-theatre Supper Room.

New Attractions

Under the management of James Woods

Hotel Oakland
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

400 Rooms with outside exposure (no court rooms)
Rooms, detached bath, \$1.50 per day and up
RATES EUROPEAN PLAN
Rooms, private bath, \$2.00 per day and up
Advantageous rates to permanent guests
Noted for Cuisine and Service
Restaurant Prices Moderate
Home Atmosphere and Genuine Hospitality
Victor Reiter, Manager.

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The Greatest Exponents of Rhythmic Dancing,
Will Give Exhibitions Afternoons and Evenings
March 2, 3 and 4 in Hotel del Coronado Ballroom
POLO GAMES
Ninth Annual Polo Tournament
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He's the bravest man I know. He's not afraid of any one in the world." "He must be single."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Father—How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir! How is it? Young Man—Fine, sir; fine!—*Judge.*

She—My poor mother begged me not to marry you. He—True! That's the only time she seemed interested in my welfare!—*Judge.*

Willy—Pa, what's an anomaly? Colonel—An anomaly, sah, is a bed of mint in prohibition territory.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

She—Aren't you engaged to one of the Ripley twins? He—Yes. She—How do you distinguish them? He—Oh, I don't try.—*By-stander.*

"Lost both his fortune and his reason in a publishing venture, you say?" "Yes—tried to get out a book called 'Who's Who in Mexico.'"—*Life.*

He—They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike. She—Then you may consider my refusal final.—*New York Sun.*

"Cards have ruined many a man's home." "I can sympathize with you," replied the gloomy man. "My wife plays hridge, too."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Gentleman (engaging butler)—Are you married? Applicant—No, sir. I was thrown against a barbed-wire fence and got my face scratched.—*Boston Globe.*

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day." "How much have you saved?" "Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Do you propose to marry?" asked Miss Flitters of young Mr. Bainbridge. "Well, I haven't proposed yet," replied he, in a tone which forbade further inquiries.—*Puck.*

She—You seemed distraught at the opera last night. He—I couldn't keep foothall out of my mind—never saw so many halfbacks and fullbacks in my life!—*Town Topics.*

Faccious Doctor (to artist)—The pictures on the walls are your failures, I suppose? Dyspeptic Artist—Yes. That's where you doctors have the pull over us. You can bury yours.—*Glasgow Record.*

"Is it true that when a man marries he's sure to get the worst of it?" "That's rather overdrawn," replied the one with a quarrelsome wife. "I should say that he has a fighting chance."—*Town Topics.*

"How much does it cost your husband to run his automobile?" "Well," replied Mrs. Chuggins, "the language I heard him use leads me to fear that it is going to cost him his eternal salvation."—*Washington Star.*

"Are you sure this play of yours is going to make for the uplift of the race when you ask our club to indorse it?" "Of course, it is both enlightening and uplifting. The police have raided it three times."—*Baltimore American.*

The Caller—I want to see your master about a bill. The Diplomatic Servant—He left for the country last night. The Caller—I want to pay him. The Diplomatic Servant (hastily)—But he returned this morning.—*Sketch.*

"Here, waiter!" said the rude man in the café, "tell the orchestra to play 'Carmen' while I eat this heefsteak." "Yes, sir. Might I inquire why?" "I want to hear the Torea-dor song. I feel like a hull-fighter."—*New York Globe.*

Mr. Wayback—Be yew the waiter? Waiter—Yes, suh. Mr. Wayback—Dew yew know, I've been a-wonderin' all along why they called these places chop houses. I know now. Will you please bring me an axe? I want tew cut this steak.—*New York Globe.*

"And what do you propose to do now, William?" asked his father of the son who had just come home after graduation at college. "Oh," yawned the optimistic young man, "I think I'll go over to New York and look for a position at \$5000 per—you understand? At \$5000 per." "Oh, yes," said the old man. "I understand. You mean at \$5000 perhaps."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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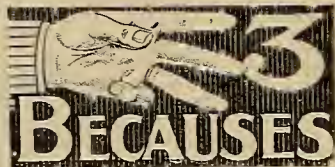
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Woman Vote.

It is possibly true as we often hear it suggested that the woman vote in the coming state election will not be appreciable excepting in so far as it may add in due ratio to the vote of the several parties. It may fairly be assumed that women in general share in the sympathies and the bias of their men-folk.

But there is another phase of the matter, namely, the effect the woman vote may have upon candidates for office. Already this may be observed in the appeals of those who have presented themselves for preferment. Among the candidates for the governorship, the senatorship, for Congress, and for local offices, every brother of them all is a hot-foot suffragist. "Equal rights," until just now a long-neglected quantity, is the universal slogan. What is meant by this phrase is nothing very definite, certainly not equality under the law, which if it were seriously proposed would raise a storm of feminine wrath. What the suffragist wants is not equality with men, but all the rights and privileges possessed by men, plus the special advantages which existing laws accord to women. But until

time shall have made definite the demands of the woman voter, every candidate may be depended upon to be an enthusiastic equal-rightser, whatever that phrase may be taken to mean.

Among the claims presented by advocates of votes for women in the agitation which preceded the grant of suffrage was this, namely, that the woman vote would "purify" the political system and eliminate all but "good" men. Just what the woman's idea of a "good" man is, politically speaking, has never been clearly defined, but the common presumption is that the first count in any feminine bill of masculine virtue relates to conventional morality. Now if—mind the if—there should be among rival candidates one who has notoriously honored this principle rather in the breach than in the observance, what will be the attitude of women voters towards him? Will they discriminate between the traditional husband and father, on the one hand, and one who has chosen to "live his own life," on the other? Will they cast their votes with or without consideration of the moral conventions? Gossip has it that one political aspirant who, despite a career of single blessedness, is presumed to know a thing or two about feminine character, has no fears.

A Modern Solomon.

An emotionalism that sees nothing sacred or authoritative except in its own spasms finds its latest example in the action of Judge Dunne in the matter of the guardianship of eight-year-old Susan Donohue. By the last will and testament of Mrs. Julia Donohue, the mother of the child, a substantial sum of money was left to the little girl with the mandatory instruction that a Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien should become her guardians. The will was opposed in its guardianship terms by Mrs. Mary O'Neil, with whom Susan has been living for some time past and who wished to continue the custody, and so Judge Dunne was asked to determine whether the terms of the will should be observed or whether they should be set on one side in favor of Mrs. O'Neil.

Now the law founded on parental rights and upon common sense would have settled that matter in a moment. Indeed it should never have been brought into court except upon some substantial plea of fitness for guardianship that was weighty enough to command attention. If the mother had lived no one would have questioned her capacity or her power to decide upon the domicile of her child. Presumably she possessed both the capacity and the power to do this when she made her last will and expressed in writing her deliberate wish that her little daughter should be cared for by people of her own choice. But here was an opportunity for the spectacular display of the gush and puff so dear to the heart of the demagogue. Therefore Susan is brought to court, together with the rival claimants for her guardianship, and this eight-year-old child is solemnly questioned as to her choice in the matter. Naturally she wished to remain with familiar faces and among familiar scenes, and so we have a tearful request that she be allowed to stay with "mamma," that is to say with Mrs. O'Neil. The scene is temporarily closed by a melodramatic statement from the bench that "the child's welfare is paramount to any will," a statement obviously intended not so much for the legal audience or for the parties to the case as for the false sentiments of a wider public audience with electoral influences and votes.

Now by what right does Judge Dunne assume to know more of the child's "welfare" than her own mother? Had Mrs. Donohue been alive no one, not even Judge Dunne, would have ventured to dispute her authority, and this irrespective of the fluid preferences and fancies of an eight-year-old child whose heart could be won in a moment by a smile or a chocolate. But Mrs. Donohue happens to have died, although not before she had shown her solicitude for the child by a money bequest and by a disposition of her im-

mediate future. And so we have a carefully staged scene in court with the rival ladies on either side and Judge Dunne in the centre in the rôle of Solomon and hoping that the resemblance to his royal and judicial predecessor will not be overlooked by an appreciative feminine public with sentiments—and votes. If the will of a legally competent woman is to be set aside in this way, in so intimate a matter as the custody of an infant child, and for no better reason than the ready tears of the child itself, there seems no good reason why we should continue to make wills at all. Why not revert to the system of the "Arabian Nights," where the Cailiff regulated all such matters from some inner fount of paternal wisdom?

A Progressive Protest—and Why.

Now that the case of the Deseret Water Company versus the State of California has been finally disposed of, or in deference to our legal readers let us say is no longer *sub judice*, it becomes a proper matter of comment. The law of the case is not difficult to understand. The state owned a school section in the mountains of Mono County. After the state acquired this ownership the Federal government created a forest reserve within whose limits was embraced this section. This subsequent reservation did not impair the title of the state to this section. The state by statute had offered to make exchange with the United States receiving for sections so placed other lands without the boundaries of Federal reserves. The Federal government has never accepted or authorized the acceptance of such exchanges. Now the state has declared that any or all of its lands not already devoted to public use may be condemned for public use by any of its citizens. This Mono land has water and power possibilities. The Deseret Company wanted to develop these potentialities for the benefit of the state and so brought an action in condemnation against the state. The trial court gave judgment for the Deseret Company and the state appealed. The supreme court upheld that judgment. It decided that the state, whose ownership of the land was unquestioned, had not dedicated it to any public use; that the mere offer of the state to exchange it with the United States—which offer had never been accepted by the United States—was not such a dedication, and gave to the United States no rights in the land, and that therefore, under the provisions of the laws made by the state, it was subject to be taken in eminent domain proceedings to be devoted to any authorized public use.

Over the soundness of these conclusions there has been, and as we are advised by our legal friends can be, no difference of opinion. Indeed in an official letter of instruction to the surveyor-general, written in 1907, Attorney-General Webb advised that officer that the laws of the United States did not authorize or contemplate the acceptance of any exchange of such sections owned by the state. The laws of the United States are in this regard identically the same now as then.

In answering the attorney-general's argument that it should be held that the United States had an interest in the land by virtue of the state's offer to exchange, and that it was better for all concerned that the United States should own and control such lands, the supreme court declared that so far as the state was concerned, which alone the attorney-general represented, it was to its interest that its lands should be under its own dominion and control, and subject to its own taxing power; that it was better for the state that the revenues derived from its sources of natural wealth—timber, oil, coal, phosphates, water, and water power—should flow into its own coffers, rather than into the coffers of the Federal government. And so, if the section in controversy did have these water and hydro-electric power possibilities, it was better for the state that they should be developed by its citizens, regulated by its own commission, and made to contribute to the

share to the wealth of the state by taxation and tolls, rather than that this should not be done at all under Federal control, or, if done, done to the enrichment of the Federal treasury.

In the course of this discussion the court adverted to the constitutional history of the nation's public lands; the refusal of the original states to permit the United States to own permanently any territory within their borders, except for strictly national purposes (such as military reservations and naval bases); the grants of the unoccupied lands of these states to the United States on the trust that the United States would sell the lands to pay the war debt; the insistence that all new states should stand on a footing of equality with the original states; the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the great case of Pollard's Lessees versus Hagan that such equality could not exist if the United States was decreed title in the tide and submerged lands of any new state or in the uplands for any other than the temporary purpose of executing the trust to sell or otherwise dispose of such lands so that full sovereignty over them might vest in the new states. The court then pointed out that the Federal government had withdrawn from state control one-third of the area of the whole State of California (it might have added, one-half or more of the areas of Colorado and Wyoming) with all the sources of natural wealth therein contained; made recognition of the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States had countenanced such withdrawals and reserves by declaring that the power over these lands was vested in Congress, and that the trust under which it held them was political in its nature, and that therefore how or in what way Congress dealt with this trust was not a justiciable question. Finally it declared that these present governmental views of the rights of the United States in these lands gave evidence of a wide departure from those obtaining at the time of the adoption of the constitution, as would be illustrated by considering what one of the original states about to grant its public lands to the United States would have answered if Congress had informed such state that it proposed to do with those lands precisely as it has done with them in California.

All that was thus said is true. No one thinks for a moment of questioning its truth. It was certainly not inappropriate to the discussion, and as certainly was expressed in temperate judicial language. It was accompanied by the direct statement that no attack was made on conservation, but that in California conservation could be entrusted to the state itself.

Why then this combination of roar and wail which such simple facts have evoked from our Progressive brethren? Why to that din does Dr. Pardee add the penny whistle of his *Enquirer* in speaking protest? Why does Mr. Long, the city attorney, who it is certain will progress so long as he thinks progression is the winning card, with a wealth of words equaled only by a paucity of reasoning, petition the supreme court to strike out that horrid language lest the city's rights in Hetch Hetchy, in some mysterious way known only to Mr. Long and by him not disclosed, may be imperiled? Why does the attorney-general, whose legal views on the question coincided with those of the court when he was a Republican and changed when, just before the last general election, he saw the light, made submission, enjoyed remission of his political sins, and was stamped a chemically pure Progressive under the Johnsonian pure food and drug act—why does he ask that this simple temperate statement of unquestioned law and admitted fact be stricken from the opinion?

Our Progressive brethren are to be sure the protagonists of national conservation as distinguished from state. But all that the supreme court said was that the cause of conservation in California would not suffer if entrusted to the state. Every possible (and impossible) commission and board in the state is controlled by the Progressives. Do the Progressives mean that conservation can not be entrusted to their own management? Assuredly not. The reason is plain. They do not want the people to know the extent of the injury to the state which their blind worship of Pinchotism has inflicted. They know that practically all the land not privately owned, and all the undeveloped sources of natural wealth have, under their clamor, been taken from the state and its citizens by the United States; but they don't want the people to know it. They know that the picking up of all these resources has cost, is costing, and will cost the state untold millions in the actual sequestration of its lands and in the resulting retardation of its normal development, but they don't want the

people to be awakened to the fact. They know that the inaction of Congress in the matter of the public domain, not only in the territories, such as Alaska, but in all the Western states as well, is scandalously wrong; but they don't want the people to know it. Because conservation is one of the idols which the Progressives created and worship and they don't want the people to learn that not only are its feet of clay but that its "name is mud."

Wherefore it is that our Progressive brethren have put Dr. Pardee forward to squeak, the attorney-general to protest, and the city attorney to declare, for reasons known to himself and his Maker alone, that such awful language imperils the city's rights in Hetch Hetchy.

Concerning Aristocracy.

A resolution by the House of Lords praying that cash contributions to party funds be not considered in the distribution of "honors" lets in an interesting light upon some of the recent methods of British statecraft. It has of course long been known that supreme success, especially in the brewing line, placed almost any Englishman in the way of getting a title, but who had imagined that knighthood, a baronetcy, or an earldom could be had by simply planking down ready cash at the box-office of a party manager? The common presumption has been that only in America political distinctions may be got in return for political contributions; and even here that method has passed into discredit—we do not say desuetude, in view of the very recent tender of the Russian ambassadorship to Mr. Pindell of Peoria.

In other days the path to "honors" in the British realm lay in another direction. It was, in fact, a way described by England's greatest poet as the "primrose path of dalliance." It would be ungracious to name names, but who that is familiar with the personal side of English history does not know that a surprisingly large proportion of present-day aristocratic families in England run back to some Nell Gwynn? In truth, no present-day British aristocrat can trace his genealogy back to kinship with famous mediæval stocks. Every blessed one of them, if his hardihood and industry be sufficient for the task, runs back to successful piracy, to highway robbery, to beer, or to something else hardly more worthy. Most frequently the record in the backward search comes to a dead halt in respect to the revered memory of some king's mistress. Measured by its own claims and pretensions the aristocracy of England, regarded historically, has rarely so much as one sound leg to stand on.

There are, indeed, many families of great antiquity in England and of sustained honorable record. But in the greater number of instances these old families are not represented in the court list. Tuft-hunting Americans, with a love for titles truly democratic, find it difficult to understand that there is widespread throughout England a pride of ancestry which regards, not with envy, but with a certain amused contempt the airs and pretensions of an upstart nobility. We could name half a dozen families whose records of land ownership and of local dignity, further illustrated by worthy forms of distinction, go back hundreds of years, but who do not possess titles and who would not turn their hands over to gain them. Persons of this kind of lineage hold the same attitude towards courtly distinctions that many distinguished Americans hold towards political life. Would Dr. Eliot gain anything in the way of respect or fame if he should become a member of the legislature? Would John Muir be a bigger man if he should turn labor haranguer and woman suffragist and so become governor of California? Would it add anything to the name and fame of Emerson if we could put "ex-senator" behind it? Truly, political honors, whether in England or in America, mean little when contrasted with the higher distinctions which rest upon character and talent.

Nowhere in the round world does a scion of Old World aristocracy find himself so distinguished a figure as in free America, where by all our standards and pretensions artificial and formal distinctions are in desuetude. In little England with its six hundred peers, most of them in modest poverty, it is no great shucks to be a lord or one of an innumerable army of Sir Knights. As a matter of fact, if we except certain figures distinguished for character, ability, or fortune, a title in these days does not mean very much in the way of privilege, and perhaps as often as otherwise it is an embarrassment rather than an advantage. In London drawing-rooms and in country house parties one meets a lord with as little disturbance of his pulse as he does

an M. C. or even a member of the legislature in this country. It is only when my lord steps ashore at Hoboken or at the foot of Twenty-Third Street that he really comes into his own. And the further he moves into the free West the more lordly becomes his estate, as witness the recent visit of the Decies outfit to California. And what a tremendous surprise it must be to one who has carried a lordship all his life with the unconscious ease of an American youth who keeps his father's Loyal Legion button in the flap of his best coat, to find all of a sudden that he is a figure of portentous distinction, the quarry of a hundred eager mammas, the fêted guest of a hundred oil Johnnies and timber barons, and the *pièce de résistance* of every front page in the land. It takes a combination of temperamental and acquired poise to stand all this sudden exaltation; and truly it is little wonder that its victims oftentimes fail to repress an outward show of arrogance which is the inward mark of a profound contempt.

It is a saving fact in English life that the connection between aristocracy and commonality is a close and shifting one, involving nothing at all in the domestic relations of families. The eldest son of an earl inherits the title, and the bulk of the family fortune, while anywhere from a half-dozen to half-score of brothers and sisters fall back into the commonality. The meaning of this is that my lord may have a considerable group of brothers and sisters with ultimately a town hall full of collateral kin who are no lords at all. This makes no disturbance of domestic sympathies, and keeps close and warm the relationships between aristocrat and commoner. At the same time it protects English life from a burdensome and growing mass of overlordship possessed of titles but of no means to maintain their dignities unless perchance such means may be got through a fortunate stroke in the matrimonial market. It does sustain family tradition and a certain family pride. As, for example, in the case of an Englishman of distinguished family who long kept a little stationery store out Sacramento Street way varying a humdrum and little paid occupation by discourses before aspiring groups upon art, literature, and kindred topics. Speaking with this gentleman one day a rather venturesome woman remarked, "Don't you, sir, feel the injustice of a system which gives your elder brother name and fortune while leaving you to find a livelihood in modest and difficult ways?" "Why, not at all," replied this true-bred blue-blood. "The system which gives my brother rank and fortune also puts upon him the responsibilities of maintaining the state and dignity of my family. It leaves me free to go my way in the world at a modest pace without any anxiety in the way of family obligations. I am glad to know that while my individual life may be of no great account, while I may live in simple ways and in entire freedom from large responsibilities, the serious business of sustaining an historic house to which I have the honor of being closely related is being carefully and honorably looked after. It is something to have been the son of an earl; it is something to be the brother of an earl. You see, madam, there are two sides to the shield." This answer fairly exhibits the attitude of one who while profoundly cherishing an aristocratic connection, not unwillingly or with a grain of envy sees the duties involved in it carried by another. Verily there are two sides to the shield.

Exit Mr. Pindell

Mr. Pindell himself is the only man who emerges with credit from what is now known all over an amused world as the Pindell incident. It will be remembered that Mr. Pindell was offered the American embassy at St. Petersburg, and but for an egregious letter alleged to have been written by Senator Ham Lewis the matter would have been regarded as but another illustration of the Bryanesque way to pay political debts and then forgotten. The supposed letter from Senator Lewis, in which the social advantages of St. Petersburg were sketched with a gusto that would have done credit to a butler, was repudiated as a garbled travesty of the letter that was actually sent, but as the letter itself was never made public we may reasonably believe that there was fire as well as smoke. However that may be, Mr. Pindell now feels that it would be "more delicate" to decline an appointment that has been made the occasion of scandal, and there will be hearty agreement with a decision that shows Mr. Pindell to be, after all, something of a diplomat and a good deal of a gentleman.

But the incident will have its value as showing once

more Mr. Bryan's extraordinary unfitness for any duties requiring fineness of mind or delicacy of touch. We have had our little difficulties with Russia in the past and they have inflicted much greater trade injuries upon us than they have upon her. The situation was one calling for diplomatic experience and tact of no ordinary kind, and it was certainly an ill-omned move to display a method of ambassadorial selection that Russia would have been justified in regarding as an affront to herself.

A "Practical" Idealist.

Mr. Pinchot's candidacy for a United States senatorship in Pennsylvania reveals another phase of a mind curiously adjusted to alien conceptions. To the German theory of autocratic authority in relation to the administration of public lands, Mr. Pinchot now adds the English idea under which a candidate for Parliament may stand for any constituency, regardless of the place of his habitation.

The facts of the case are that Mr. Pinchot was born in Connecticut, educated in New York and Europe, and became a resident and taxpayer of New York City until he entered into public service at Washington in 1910. According to his own statement, during all these years he was "only at Milford [Penn.] during vacations." He did not establish his residence there legally or otherwise until December, 1911, and has never, in fact, really lived there.

These facts having been exploited to Mr. Pinchot's confusion by the Philadelphia *Ledger*, he replied with an extended statement of his family history. "The first member of my family," he says, "settled in the Delaware Valley" after the Revolutionary War. His grandfather settled in Pike County, Pennsylvania, in 1818, keeping a general store, which upon his death was continued by an uncle. Another uncle lived in Milford until his death. Mr. Pinchot's father "was born in Milford, owned property there" always, and "never lost touch" with the town. He planted trees on many of the streets, converted the old Pinchot home into a public library, built Forest Hall and a stone building which contains "the postoffice and the bank."

Reviewing this statement, the *Ledger* smilingly points out that Mr. Pinchot appears to have overlooked the essential issue:

There was no attack on Mr. Pinchot's ancestry; his forebears are not running for the Senate from Pennsylvania. If his father and grandfather, who lived, worked, and took part in the business and other life of Milford, Pike County, had aspired to the Senate, objections to their candidacies, if any, would not have been based on their lack of association with the interests of Pennsylvania. If Mr. Pinchot had actually lived in Milford instead of New York and Washington; if he had conducted a store or built town halls and lived and worked in that village and county, as his ancestors apparently did, or bad in any way ever identified himself with the state, his eligibility would not be questioned.

Continuing, the *Ledger* remarks that Mr. Pinchot, having as a matter of form and for the purposes of politics established his legal residence in Pennsylvania two years ago, albeit he has never really lived there, is technically eligible, and if elected to the Senate he will probably be permitted to hold his seat. But, adds the *Ledger*:

If the constitution should be interpreted in accord with its spirit and intent instead of in obedience to the strict letter of the language, Mr. Pinchot would not be deemed eligible. He is standing on an idealistic platform of which righteousness and square dealing are the keystone, yet his purpose to depend upon his technical legal rights would probably receive from his great chief thunders of reprobation as a machine trick if practiced by a Republican "in an alliance composed of evil politicians and conscienceless business men."

"The Philadelphia Ledger."

A news item from the East conveys the pleasing suggestion that the tide of newspaper degeneracy is at last on the ebb and that we may expect better things in the future. At a time when our daily journals seem to vie with one another in cheap silliness and futility the Philadelphia *Ledger* has decided to suppress its comic supplement, to elevate its tone, and to increase its price. In other words it will appeal to full minds rather than to vacuous ones, and we shall watch the results with curiosity. It is true that the *Ledger* belongs to a newspaper combination that pays due deference to silliness and futility in its other branches, but perhaps it would be injudicious to look askance upon such few signs of grace as may be apparent.

Certainly the experiment is worth a trial. It may be said even to arouse a hopeful expectation. Nothing is more remarkable in the newspaper world than the al-

most complete absence of any attempt to cater to the rational portions of the community or to convey any considerable volume of the world news that really matters. The newspapers that can be read without a positive disgust can be counted upon the fingers of the two hands. The remainder appear to be written by knaves for fools, to be especially designed for the delectation of vulgar idiocy. That such newspapers are now unrepresentative goes without saying. They are mere survivals of the Stone Age. They are sustained, not by approval, but by their own momentum derived from other days.

There ought to be room in Philadelphia for such a newspaper as the *Ledger* expects to become. There ought to be room in every great city for such a newspaper, for a newspaper that will give all the real news, and that will comment upon it with dignity and without obsequies and genuflections to local villainies. Nine out of ten reputable citizens everywhere profess to loathe the daily newspaper and to long for something that can be read without holding the nose, for something in which trivial scandal and sordid crime will not be considered as having paramount claim to public attention. But whether such reputable citizens will actually buy, and advertise in, a real newspaper remains to be seen. The issue rests with them.

Benton, British Citizen.

The murder of William S. Benton by order of General Villa ties a new and a difficult knot in the tangle of Mexican affairs. Benton was a British citizen and a ranch owner in the State of Chihuahua. After the raiding of his ranch and the theft of his cattle by the rebel bandits Benton went to Villa's camp to demand reparation. Probably we shall never know what actually passed between the two men. Villa asserts that his life was threatened by the indignant ranchman, an assertion easy to make and easy also to support by an unlimited number of pliant and facile witnesses. Villa would hardly be likely to admit a wanton and unprovoked murder with "evidence" of provocation so plentifully to hand. However that may be, there is no question that Benton was forthwith placed against a wall and shot like a dog.

Now the one circumstance that distinguishes this particular murder from the unnumbered murders that have preceded it is the fact of Benton's British citizenship. For the past two or three years we have been hearing stories of outrage and violence, some of them perhaps apocryphal, some of them perhaps exaggerated, but none the less amounting to a formidable aggregate of violence and death. But nothing has been done except to make representations and to issue warnings that have about as much practical effect as hymns or incantations. But now at last something has to be done, and it has to be something definite. Benton belongs to a nation wherein citizenship counts for something in the way of protection and retribution for outrage. Great Britain does not permit the murder of her people by brigands to pass without satisfaction and punishment, and so she asks our own government to see to it that justice is done. And she asks this, not as a matter of form, but with an air of serious expectancy. Villa himself, it may be said, seems now to be aware that he has done something of exceptional gravity. His plea of provocation is the first attempt at justification that he has made, and now we read of desperate efforts to prove that Benton had become a Mexican citizen and was therefore beyond the range of foreign protection. In the meantime Villa has given reluctant permission for the exhumation of the body for the identification of the widow, while the British consul has been sent to El Paso in order to watch the proceedings in connection with the official inquiry.

The incident serves to illustrate the absurdity of the present Washington policies. Mexico is in a state of savage turbulence that is an abiding threat and peril to the citizens of all nations. Under the Monroe Doctrine we reserve to ourselves the exclusive rights of intervention, and since rights always imply obligations we are bound to extend our protection not only to our own citizens, but to those of all other peoples who are precluded from looking to their own governments for defense or reparation. And we do nothing except moralize on ballot-boxes and votes. This, it seems, might be done almost indefinitely so long as only American lives and fortunes are at stake. But now an Englishman has been murdered and tomorrow it may be a German or a Frenchman. And so we are unpleasantly compelled to ask ourselves what we are to do in

the matter—not merely say, but do. Either we must ourselves protect the lives of Europeans or we must permit Europe to do so. Some one must do it.

The Unemployed Again.

Additional reports with regard to the unemployed in New York and elsewhere may be taken to illustrate the extraordinary difficulty to be faced by those who would ascertain actual facts in their relation to merit. That large numbers of people, and particularly women, are out of work is questioned, but whether the disease is of a curable or an incurable kind is open to doubt. For example the *Commercial Advertiser* of New York in its issue of February 14 reports an interview with Lord & Taylor, who are about to extend their business and who therefore advertised extensively for 1000 additional saleswomen and salesmen. Naturally expecting that an invasion would follow their announcements, they took the necessary steps to meet it. But there was no invasion. Exactly 680 person responded, and sixty-eight of these were found to be suitable and were engaged. The representative of the firm explains that no previous experience was demanded. Nothing was demanded except a willingness to work and a reasonable desire and intention to hold the job. A large number of those who applied were mere wastrels who wanted nothing more than a dollar or two for a day's work. Others were of the well-known drifting class who could be depended upon for a week or two and no more. The net fact is therefore that Lord & Taylor, needing one thousand inexperienced people, can find only sixty-eight who are able to qualify for work demanding nothing but average intelligence and character. And yet the published report was to the effect that 4000 persons had made applications for these 1000 vacancies.

Now this particular disclosure does not militate against the fact that large numbers of people are unemployed. But how many of these unemployed are also unemployable? How many of them are incapable of any sort of sustained work or, at best, of any other work than the particular narrow kind to which they happen to be used? Certainly this experience of Lord & Taylor seems to suggest that the problem is actually one of human character rather than of economics, and an inquiry into the decadence of human character is one not lightly to be undertaken—at least here.

Such an evil as this has probably many roots, but it is hard to avoid the conviction that our educational methods are among the stoutest of them. It is evident that at the plastic period of life when habits for good or evil are most easily formed our boys and girls do not form the habit either of sustained effort or of self-discipline. It seems to be the habits of pleasure and of indulgence that they form, and these are not only permitted but even encouraged by a school system that invariably breaks down at every practical test.

Editorial Notes.

Now having got a divorce and having (by order of court) lost the custody of her children, Mrs. Clarence Mackay will have more time to devote to suffrage and other worthy causes.

The House of Representatives has just passed a bill appropriating \$35,000,000 for creating a system of government railways in Alaska, and it is said that the President, whose more or less quiet urgency helped push the measure along, will now bring to bear the full weight of his powers as a lobbyist upon the Senate. Thus it appears that the government will soon be in the way of doing what might have been done half a dozen years or more ago by private enterprise if it had been given the chance.

Young Mr. Sayers, having returned from his wedding trip, is now duly installed as assistant to the president of Williams College, and assigned to the special work of raising funds for various extensions of collegiate work. This is the right kind of a start towards higher honors in the educational sphere. For it has not passed unnoticed that in these days the chief function of the higher educator is to be an effective beggar. Scholarship used to be a chief requirement, but under the modern idea your solicitor is the real thing. Talent may easily be employed; it is the money-getting quality that really counts.

With all due respect to our friend Mr. Willis Polk, we beg leave to remark that not an architectur habit but the public convenience should be d-

consideration in the matter of relief construction at the foot of Market Street. No doubt an underground station for street-cars would make a better appearance at the foot of Market Street than an overhead loop. But we suspect that the tens-of-thousands who cross the bay each day would find it easier and pleasanter to enter and leave the cars in an overhead station and by daylight rather than to dive in and out of an oozy cellar on their way to and fro. It is natural that an architect should wish to make a beautiful picture. But after all the look of the thing ought to be subordinated to the use of the thing.

Within a mile or two of each of the mouths of the Mississippi the territory is characterized by large swellings or upheavals of tough bluish-gray clay, to which has been applied the name "mud lumps." Many of these mud lumps rise just offshore and form islands having a surface extent of an acre or more and a height of five or ten feet, but some do not reach the water surface. These mud lumps, in addition to being of importance because of their effects on the channels of Mississippi River, are also of considerable purely scientific interest, for their development is not included in the usual conception of delta growth, and although several theories have been advanced, their cause must still be regarded as uncertain. The mud lumps are commonly twenty to thirty rods broad and stand twenty or thirty feet above the adjacent bottom. Their growth occupies from a few hours to several years and is usually irregular. Generally a mud lump rises in a few weeks or months to a height of four or five feet above the surface of the water. Then it remains quiet and is beaten down by the waves in the course of a few years. Many of them subside, however, and some disappear over night. Those that rise slowly are considerably worn before they stop growing, while those that rise more rapidly and in protected places are capped by laminated silt having a maximum thickness of ten feet. Among the most conspicuous and impressive features of the mud lumps are the mud springs that are active on many if not all of them. The discharge from these springs consists of salt, watery mud, and gas. It is considered by some scientists that the mud lumps are produced by a gentle seaward flow of layers of semi-fluid clay under the land and the shallow water near the ends of the passes. The mud lumps appear to be the product of flow, because in no other places have such thick bodies of clay been found.

Last year was the greatest in the life of the American Museum of Natural History. Twenty-three expeditions, covering a range of operations extending from the Arctic to the Antarctic ocean, and to many sections of North and South America and Africa were in the field. Among them were the Crocker land expedition, under the leadership of Donald B. MacMillan, which left New York in July last to be gone four years, and the Congo expedition, under Lang and Chapin, which is ending its fourth year in the Belgian Congo and is now on its way out of Africa. Paul J. Rainey is now in British East Africa. He already has sent a collection of eighty-seven mammals, including valuable material for animal groups. James Barnes and Cherry Kearton are also now in the African field, where they are engaged in taking motion pictures of wild game. Carl Akeley is now engaged in mounting his group of African elephants for the museum and at the same time is maturing plans for permanent African halls.

Shorthand writers first gained access to the House of Commons with some sort of official acquiescence about 1786. In the year 1803 they are to be found occupying the back bench in the 'Strangers' Gallery without interference from the House officials, although the latter still affected to be ignorant of their presence. In 1836 the House commenced to publish the daily division lists itself, and from that time onwards the old idea that there was something sacred about the doings of the House which required the prohibition of publicity was exploded. After the great fire of 1834 the reporters were admitted as a matter of course to the temporary building used by the Commons, and when, on February 3, 1852, the representatives of the people took possession of their new chamber in the palace of Westminster, the press was at last officially recognized, and the reporters' gallery, as it at present exists, was an acknowledged fact.

A wind motor claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world has lately been brought into use at Harlingen, Friesland, for draining a tract of lowland redeemed from the sea by high embankments, with an area of 1850 acres. This machine, which has steel sails and is mounted on a steel tower, has a diameter of fifty feet and is said to be capable of dealing with 64,000 to 70,000 cubic feet of water an hour.

Last year almost one-sixth of the forest fires in Wyoming were set by lightning. In California lightning started more than half, with railroads a comparatively insignificant cause.

A typewriter is being introduced into India which will write the 360 characters and signs of the Bengali alphabet.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The resentment displayed by the German authorities against the story of the proceedings in Manila Bay is, to say the least of it, belated. It is just sixteen years ago since Admiral Dewey fought the battle that transferred the Philippines from the ownership of Spain to that of America. Hardly had the winds blown away the smoke of the guns than there were rumors of friction with Admiral von Diederichs, the German commander. It is true that at first they were only rumors, but presently they were authenticated by detailed reports from war correspondents, by interviews with American officers, and through all those many channels of information upon which the world relies for its news. They were to the effect that the German admiral had displayed a temper that might inoffensively be described as truculent, that he made no effort to conceal his sympathies with Spain, and that his sympathies had even taken the form of practical aid. We were told that Admiral Dewey had remonstrated, and that he had even gone so far as to fire a shot that might be diplomatically described as a signal shot, but that was none the less a shot, and that but for the moral support given to him by Captain Chichester of the British ship *Immortalité* a distinctly ugly situation might have arisen. Now it is true that these many connected and authenticated stories did not actually find their way into an official report, but none the less they became a part of the history of the Spanish war. They were universally accepted as verified facts and as being beyond dispute, since no one had disputed them. They were told in public a hundred times and they were uncontradicted. And all this occurred sixteen years ago.

But now it seems that the whole situation has been suddenly changed by the publication of an autobiography by Admiral Dewey. The book is, in very truth, an autobiography. It begins in the orthodox way with ancestors who lived three hundred years ago, it tells of the author's boyhood and school days, and it contains the usual autobiographical cargo of things that do not matter. Naturally it contains also a personal account of the proceedings in Manila Bay. But it is not an official report of anything. It has no more official significance than a newspaper story. It is interesting because it was written by the man who himself did the things that go to make history. And because it was written with such complete and conclusive knowledge it becomes also important. But it is worth noting that the admiral's account contains practically nothing that is new. He discloses no secrets and lifts no veils, and this for the very sufficient reason that there were no secrets to disclose and no veils to lift. We knew it all before, and this may be said without depreciation of a simple and modest narrative without a trace of self-laudation or display.

But the German authorities have their own way of looking at such things. The story that was negligible and of no importance so long as it was merely history becomes at once a burning affront when it is included in the autobiography of Admiral Dewey himself. Instantly it becomes something to be denounced and contradicted with Teutonic fervor, a subject for governmental inquiry and parliamentary interpellations. Herr Erzberger, who belongs to the clerical party in the Reichstag, demands an investigation and a denial, and Count Reventlow rushes into print with indignation and contradiction. One would suppose that these gentlemen had never heard the story before, but once more we may remind ourselves that it was told sixteen years ago and has been told a hundred times since. All of these gentlemen say that the idea of German partisanship in favor of Spain is a preposterous one, that Admiral von Diederichs acted with discretion and impartiality, that he observed most strictly the rules that govern neutrals in such emergencies, and that if an American shot was actually fired in the direction of a German ship—well, they do not say exactly what would have happened, but they allow us to draw hideous mental pictures of carnage and the probable submersion of the American continent. Admiral von Tirpitz, minister of marine, alone keeps his head under the comfortable assurance that Admiral Dewey is about to apologize, an action on the part of Admiral Dewey that so far has been unaccountably delayed. Under such circumstances it becomes interesting to remind ourselves of the exact terms of Admiral Dewey's story as given to the world in his autobiography.

First of all let us see what he has to say about the firing of a shot, not at, but in the direction of, a German ship. He tells us that on May 20, in Manila Bay and after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the vigilance of the American flagship was rewarded by the discovery of a German steam launch approaching the fleet. It was at nighttime, and even after the launch was picked up by the searchlights she continued to advance. Then, says Admiral Dewey, "I ordered a six-pounder shot fired over her while the marine watch on duty opened a small-arm fire." She stopped and a picket was sent to inspect her and to bring her officer to the flagship. He was warned of his danger and urged not to repeat such a trip at nighttime "as otherwise a distressing accident might unavoidably occur." Now either this incident actually occurred or else Admiral Dewey invented it, and this latter can hardly be said to be an alternative theory. And it was not the only incident of its kind. There was at least one other. We are told that on May 9 the German ship *Cormoran* came in at three o'clock in the morning. A steam launch was sent to board her and to identify her, since she might easily have been a Spanish ship flying the German flag as a ruse. But the *Cormoran* took no notice of the hail, and then, "In order to get the attention of the *Cormoran* the *Raleigh* fired a shot across her bows." The German ship came to and was boarded, the boarding officer courteously explaining the situation and

that "the shot across the bow was not provocative, but simply a form of signal when other signals had failed." Now Admiral Dewey believed, or he is polite enough to say so, that the *Cormoran* was unaware of the rules prevailing in such matters, but a little later on we find the *Cormoran* actually playing the same game for the second time. She was sighted coming up the bay and Lieutenant Brumby was sent in the *McCulloch* to stop her in accordance with the custom. Brumby hoisted the usual signal, but to this no attention was paid. Then Brumby fired a shot across her bows, "which had the desired effect." So that here we have three separate occasions when German ships were fired upon, and it is worthy of note that while there were many other foreign warships in the harbor there was no difficulty with any of them. They were all aware of the regulations that are customary at such times and were careful to observe them. Captain Chichester even went so far as to say that he had instructions from his government to comply with all restrictions that might be thought necessary, even though they were much more rigorous than those actually enforced. When Admiral von Diederichs in protest against the American action summoned a meeting of all the senior officers of the warships in the harbor in order to determine the matter the only one to put in an appearance was Captain Chichester, who told the German commander that Admiral Dewey was entirely within his rights. The other commanders not only had no complaint to make, but they were evidently unwilling to countenance the German complaint.

That there was some friction between the two admirals almost from the start is clear enough. Admiral von Diederichs had arrived on May 12, and his was the third German warship to enter the harbor. On May 6 a German transport with fourteen hundred men had appeared, and to understand the significance of this we have to remember that there was a universal expectation everywhere that Germany intended to intervene in favor of Spain, and that Dewey himself had only about fourteen hundred men in his whole force. At the same time he understood that the German ships were a long way from their base and that these fourteen hundred men might be necessary for purposes of transfer. He tells us that he called on the German admiral and referred courteously to the fact that these fourteen hundred men had already been six days in port without any signs of transfer. Admiral von Diederichs answered stiffly, "I am here by order of the Kaiser, sir," and that was all the answer that he made. German officers, says Admiral Dewey, were frequently landed at Manila, where they were on cordial terms with the Spaniards, who paid them marked attention. Admiral von Diederichs himself had officially visited the Spanish captain-general in Manila, who had returned the call at night, although none of the other foreign commanders had so far forgotten themselves. Spanish officers called upon the Germans and were saluted by the German vessels, and these salutes were returned by the Spanish batteries on shore, but it does not seem that they called on the officers of the other ships. In fact there was every evidence of an *entente cordiale* between the two forces, the German boats even going so far as to take soundings and to occupy the lighthouse at the mouth of the Pasig. And finally the Germans landed their men for drill at Mariveles harbor and took possession of the quarantine station, while Admiral von Diederichs occupied a large house which had been the quarters of the Spanish officials.

Now all these facts would be unimpeachable if they rested alone upon the bare narrative of Admiral Dewey. But as has already been said they rest upon a much wider foundation than this. They have been the gossip of the world for sixteen years, and the German authorities must have been well aware of it. But not one word of denial has been heard until now. And now we are asked to believe that the whole narrative is a fairy tale, that there was no partiality for the cause of Spain, that there was no friction between the two admirals, and that no shots were fired in the direction of German ships. And to put the pinnacle upon the whole edifice of absurdity we are gravely assured that the entire story is an invention by perfidious Albion, now as always willing and anxious to foment discord between the great and friendly powers of America and Germany. If Count Reventlow and the other patriots should insist upon a governmental inquiry it is hard to see wherein they can find any satisfaction. That an inquiry should discredit the patent facts is unthinkable. It would be an inquiry in which the American government could not join, seeing that the matter appears in no official form and is not a part of any governmental record. And so far as Admiral Dewey is concerned, he states that he has nothing to add to the record of his book. And why, after all, should the German government bestir itself in the matter? It can hardly find a grievance in the fact that shots were fired at German ships sixteen years ago. If they prefer to believe that no shots were fired, then obviously there is no grievance. If shots were fired, then it is too late now to resent it.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Annually about 15,000 pounds of spruce gum are gathered in Maine, and practically all of the crop is harvested in March. Gum pickers earn from \$1 to \$6 a day, and as the crop never fails they do fairly well. The Maine crop is larger than all the other states combined produce. The gum picker wears steel climbing spurs on his boots and in his belt he carries a light hatchet. Strapped to his waist is a bag with a wide mouth for the reception of the gum. Climbing a tree, the picker proceeds from limb to limb, chipping off the lumps of gum as he finds them, until he reaches the top. Most of the gum is caught in the wide open bag as it falls from the tree, while all that goes to the ground stands out in such relief upon the snow that it is easily picked up.

THE SACRIFICE OF SAM.

His Futile Attempt to Save the Life of Another.

Bald-faced Bill stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, then stood stock-still, and, turning his head, looked appealingly into his master's eyes.

"What's th' matter, Bill?" asked Sam. "Cast a shoe? Dam' if ye haint," he continued, after dismounting and examining the foot the horse held up for inspection. "Ought t' 've had ye fixed up more'n two weeks back, ol' hoss." He took out his knife—a sort of pocket blacksmith and carpenter-shop—deftly removed the rest of the nails by which the shoe hung to the hoof, put the shoe in his pocket, then stood up and scratched his head.

This was serious business. Here he was, over sixty miles away from home (and in a hurry to get there), in a sparsely settled portion of the country, and without the slightest idea of where or how he was going to find a place where he might get that shoe reset. True, he had no business riding an animal that required the services of a farrier; but Bill was not a native horse, and, having worn shoes when Sam first got him, he had been kept shod ever since.

It was twenty-odd miles back to Taborville, whence Sam had started that morning, and he disliked the idea of returning that distance just to have a shoe set; so, after some minutes' meditation, he decided to go ahead and trust to luck; and after walking about three miles (a painful task for a cowboy), he "met-up with" a man traveling in the other direction, who, much to his relief, told him that there was a cross-roads just ahead in the timber, with a store and a blacksmith shop situated close by.

Sam thanked him and passed on, but presently, much to his surprise, the stranger turned and galloped back to him. "I thought I'd tell ye," he said, "bein' as ye're a strangeh, th't ye'd best not dally 'round that place none—an' don't drink nothin'." Ye see," he went on to explain, "they's be'n fellahs turned up a-missin' th't was heard of last right 'bout yere. Nothin' wa'n't nevah proved, but it's a purty good place f'r t' fight shy of, I reckon."

"Good! You bet I'm right glad ye tol' me—I sho' am. I don't think I'll dally none whatevah." Then Sam and the friendly stranger parted, and Sam found his way to the crossroads.

The blacksmith was at work when he came along, but assured him he would attend to Bill "in a jiffy." Four or five men were loafing about the place, and they at once proceeded to take note of, and comment upon, Bill's good points—a fact that Sam would have duly appreciated had he been able to convince himself that their attentions were altogether disinterested. As it was, however, he viewed with suspicion all their overtures toward striking up an acquaintance, and found it difficult to treat them with the civility that South-western courtesy demands—albeit they were, to all appearances, just as honorable and upright citizens as himself. In fact they looked just like the average frontiersman whose time for the moment hangs heavily on his hands, and but for the warning of the friendly stranger Sam Stires would doubtless have "mixed free" with them. As it was, even, he inadvertently admitted that he was going to El Rio, and was in a hurry to get there; but he sensibly refused all invitations to "likker up," on the ground that it didn't agree with him.

The blacksmith's "jiffy" lasted until almost six o'clock, and while he was engaged on Bill's foot the loafers wandered out one at a time and disappeared up the hillside, presumably in the direction of a house, and this reminded Sam that it was supper-time and that he was hungry.

"'Bout suppeh-time, strangeh," said the blacksmith suddenly, as though divining his client's thoughts. "Hadn't ye bettah come up an' graze with we-all, an' let th' job go f'r a bit?"

"Cain't do it, pardner." Sam replied, somewhat hastily, thereby confirming the other in a certain suspicion he held concerning Sam (*i. e.*, that he was a marshal's or sheriff's deputy)—"cause, ye see, I got t' be a-movin' right peart, an' gittin' t' Rio. 'Bliged t' ye, all th' same. I'll jes' go ovah t' th' store an' git a snack w'ile ye finish th' job."

There was a little, faded, sharp-featured woman behind the counter in the little store, and her keen black eyes studied Sam critically as she proceeded to serve him with the cheese and crackers he called for. Presently a tall, big, square-shouldered fellow came in and stood by the door, and the woman went and joined him. They conversed in low whispers for about a minute, and Sam, dimly suspicious, glanced at them two or three times. The last time he saw that they were looking at him. Then the woman, with a half laugh, shrugged her thin shoulders and said aloud as the big man turned to go out:

"Quien sabe? Quien sabe?"

The moment the big man was gone, however, she hastened to the back of the store, looked into the bar-room, apparently to make certain that it was unoccupied, then came up to Stires, who was hastily gobbling his lunch, and asked in a whisper: "Stranger, be you a deputy?"

"Me? No, o' co'se not. What—"

"Co'se," said the woman with an impatient gesture, "I might 'a' knowed ye wouldn't say so, ef ye was,

Look yere," she went on hastily, coming closer and laying a hand on his arm. "Y're in danger, mister. Le' me tell ye, w'ile I've got th' chanst, th't ye wantuh git out o' this real quick—an' say, don't take th' Rio trail fur. Leave it a mile out, an' cut 'cross to'ds Amity Fo'ks—heah me?"

"Yes'm, I sho' do; but what—"

"Don't stop t' ast no fool questions. That big fellah's Ned Flynn, an' yere's w're 'e hangs out a lot. They'll git ye, ef ye don't look out. I'm tellin' ye this, 'cause—'cause—well, nevah min'. Only, git a move on."

Sam lost no time in seeing that Bill was properly "fixed," and, getting started, he took the strange little woman's advice and turned toward Amity Forks, thereby preserving, no doubt, a whole skin. He asked himself many times why the woman should have taken the trouble to warn him, but he was unable to find any reason for it.

As a matter of fact the woman herself could have given no reason beyond that essentially feminine "because."

* * * * *

The face of Ned Flynn haunted Sam. Why, it is impossible to say, for Sam Stires, like the rest of his family, was not at all imaginative. There was nothing remarkable about the face of Flynn, the outlaw, excepting the fact that it belied the character of its owner, being a square, honest face, with two clear, honest blue eyes, while Flynn—well, everybody within a hundred miles of the line knew what *he* was. Nevertheless, that face bothered Sam all the way home and for two or three days afterward, and he could think of no reason for its constant appearance before his mental vision until one afternoon shortly after his arrival home he started out for the Huston place to see Mat. Then, as he forded a creek near the Huston ranch, he remembered the man he had met there one time, who, he had been told after his arrival at the house, was Harry Armstrong his much-heard-of but never-before-seen rival for Mat's affections. And he remembered now that the stranger's face was the face of Ned Flynn, outlaw and "rustler."

After making this startling discovery he rode more slowly in order to recover his mental equilibrium. He was in doubt how to act in the matter, for he was by no means absolutely certain that he was correct, and he knew that to tell Mat of his discovery and then find that he was mistaken would jeopardize, if not ruin, his own chances with her. Wherefore, he resolved to proceed with caution, and to assure himself that he was right before going ahead.

"Say, Bart," he asked in a confidential tone of Mat's brother, who rode a mile or two with him on his homeward way late that night, "who's this yere man Armstrong, anyways?"

Bart Huston laughed. "Gittin' scairt of 'im, Sam? Didn't s'pose *he* was worryin' ye at all, I sho' didn't."

"Oh, I don't car' p't'lar," said Sam hastily, with a gesture of deprecation. "On'y I'm jes' sort o' cu'rus 'bout 'im, that's all."

"Wa-al, fact is, I d'no's I know much 'bout th' duck," confessed Bart. "Seen 'im onced, didn't ye? Wa-all, all I know 'bout 'im is, th't 'e's got a ranch ovah on th' Pecos, an' 'noth' one ovah b' th' Two-Mile—ol' Watrous place, ye know. Say's 'e's goin' t' sell out th' Pecos place, an' move ovah t' this country afteh th' fall raound-up. Seems t' be a purty good solt o' fellah, an' ac's like 'e's got dough. He's some eddicated, too."

"M-hm," grunted Sam, as though it was immaterial, all this information about his rival. And he said nothing more to Bart on the subject, but certainly "kep' a-thinkin' a lot," as he would have expressed it. He must make sure that his surmise was correct, and then—well, Mr. Armstrong, or Flynn, or whatever his name was, would not only be decidedly out of the running, but was in a fair way to conclude one of his visits at the Huston place at the end of a *reata*.

But before Sam had time to think out the best plan for assuring himself of "Armstrong's" identity with Ned Flynn, he learned that that gentleman was expected in a few days on a visit to Mat; and this information, volunteered by Bart, whom he met on the range, decided Sam—who had been at the point of deciding for about two years—on a course of action, and the very next day he rode over to see Mat.

As he rode up to the house he noticed that it looked singularly quiet, and (so timid was he by this time) he almost hoped the "folks" were all away, and that he could again postpone asking Mat the question he had so long been wanting, yet fearing, to ask. But Mat herself met him at the door.

"W'y, howdy, Sam!" she ejaculated. "I'm right glad t' see ye! Didn't know, f'r sho', but what 'twas some one a-comin' t' carry me off!"

"I've a right good notion t' do it," said Sam, with what he considered remarkable audacity—and then he failed to follow up this opening, but asked: "Be ye all alone, Mat?"

"I sh'd say alone! Maw 'n paw's gone t' taown, Bart an' ev'ry han's aout on th' range, an' even ol' Manuela's done skipped—went ovah on th' creek t' a Greaser fun'ral. But go an' put Bill up an' come in. We'll have suppeh, right soon."

Sam soon returned to the kitchen and sat there, with eyes and mouth open, watching Mat as she flitted gracefully about the room preparing supper. He took in every detail of the tall, lithe figure, the pretty face, and

the thick tawny hair, with its little curls that clustered about her neck. He wondered if she would ever let him handle those curls.

"Well, come 'n' graze, Sammy," she said finally. "I reckon they aint but us two t' eat this time."

"Wondeh whut she'd say ef I sh'd tell her I wish't it was jest us two al'ays?" thought Sam. But he did not say it, being very timid, and very hungry beside. After supper, however, they sat out in the "gallery," and Mat gave him an opportunity to speak.

"Seems funny, don't it, f'r jest us two t' be a-settin' yere?" the girl said, smiling at him frankly.

Sam swallowed spasmodically; his throat hurt him.

"Why not f'r al'ays, Mat?" he said finally in a husky voice. "Mat, darlin', s'pose me 'n' you fix it up t' be t'getah f'revah? Don't—don't stop me," he went on, as the girl rose to her feet and would have spoken. "I be'n tryin' t' say it f'r two yeahs. Mat, will ye marry me?"

The girl had one arm across her eyes, and was sobbing. "Oh, I wish't ye hadn't, Sam! I wish't ye hadn't 'a' spoke! I haint treated ye right, Sam, I haint. I—"

"Wh—why—"

"I s'pose I got t' tell *you*, Sam," she said, more steadily, but with eyes averted. "Ef I got t' tell ye—oh, Sam, I was married t' Harry Armstrong last winteh, w'en I was ovah on th' Pecos."

Sam sank limply back in his chair. "Ye don't mean it; ye sho' don't mean it, Mat!" he gasped. But the girl nodded her head affirmatively, and bit a corner of the handkerchief she held to her eyes.

"I cain't believe it, Mat—I sho' cain't!" said poor Sam, plaintively. "Le' me think."

So engrossed were they that they had not heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and both were startled when some one reined up suddenly, almost in front of them, and cried hoarsely: "Good God! Mat, where can I hide?"

"Ned Flynn!" ejaculated Sam, starting to his feet dazedly.

"Harry!" shrieked the girl, as the man, pale, bare-headed, and disheveled, threw himself from his drooping horse and staggered toward them. One side of his face and neck was covered with blood.

The girl sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "What is it, Harry? What is it?"

"Nothing," said the man, grimly—"only they've sent out three posses after me, and I'm *caught*. There's a lot of 'em just behind. If I could get over the Two-Mile—"

Sam started forward. "Haow fur b'hind are they?" he asked, in a queer voice.

"Right on my heels," replied the other man, with the calmness of despair. He sat with his head buried in his wife's lap and did not look up, seeming to care not at all what happened next.

Then Sam did something that surprised himself. "Git inside, you two!" he said, roughly, and tossed his hat to Flynn. Then he ran and leaped into the saddle the other man had just left, jammed his spurs into the weary horse's flanks, and, with a wave of the hand, was off toward the hills—and not a quarter of a mile behind him when he struck the road were a half-dozen horsemen.

They were just turning into the road leading to the ranch when they caught sight of him crossing the road ahead, and, with loud yells, they raced after him.

Sam knew that the horse he rode could not last long, but he still had time to think of what he had done, and what would be done to him. He knew what generally happened to persons who aided the escape of men like Flynn—but he reflected grimly that he had his revolver on, and they should never *hang* him, at least.

But—why had he done it? He did not feel sorry, really, but he could not comprehend his own action.

"Ping!" They were shooting at him now, and the bullets were flying uncomfortably close. If he could only reach the timber! He glanced back, and it gave him a pang to see how rapidly they were gaining upon him.

His horse stumbled, fell, and threw him; but he was back in the saddle in a moment and urging the poor creature on. Again he looked back. One of his pursuers suddenly halted his horse, dismounted, and, with his knee for a rest, began pumping lead after the fugitive. One—two—three shots missed him. He hoped he was drawing out of range. Then—

"What's th' matter wi' that?" asked the man who had dismounted, as he came up and joined the rest. It was Sam's cousin, Will Stires. "Through th' back, hey?" And he turned the body over. "Slick an'—good Gawd! It's Sam! You fellahs don't s'pose he'd be mixed in with—"

"Not by a dam sight!" said one of the others. "They's someth'n' funny 'bout this deal—*Sam* wa'n't in it."

And up at the Huston place other members of the posse had closed in upon the house, dragged Ned Flynn, outlaw, from the arms of his shrieking wife, and without any useless delay were just at this moment giving him the punishment he had so long and so richly deserved.

LESTER KETCHUM.

The Biltmore forest school, established in 1898, and therefore the oldest forest school in America, has been discontinued. Dr. C. A. Schenck, its director, has returned to his home in Germany.

ONE PER CENT.

Garden Cities Ideal and Real.

At last the mountain has been delivered of its mouse. The parturition notice in yesterday's newspaper was not given under the heading of "Births"; on the contrary, it had a little paragraph all to itself entitled "Garden City's First Dividend." This paragraph announced to the world that the pioneer of England's garden cities has now paid an initial dividend of the magnificent proportions of one per cent. In other words, the mountain has been in labor for more than a decade and has now produced the proverbial mouse. For the enthusiast who ventured his hundred pounds more than ten years ago will surely regard this return of a solitary pound as a very mouse of a dividend.

Nothing save the case of Glasgow is quite comparable to this sad lack of proportion between the pother and its climax. The case of Glasgow has been forgotten during recent years, but all students of municipal organization must remember the time when the commercial capital of Scotland was held up to the world's admiration as the last word in municipal government. There never was such a model city, according to its eulogists; cartloads of articles were written in its praise, some of which were shipped across the Atlantic for the delectation of American readers. The story ran that in its trolley system, in its street-cleaning, its street-lighting, its sewage works, and all the other details of a well-ordered city, there was nothing to approach that model community—all of which was doubtless mightily convincing save to those who happened to be living in Glasgow. Those unfortunate beings used to smile at each other after the manner of the Roman augurs and marvel how the city fathers managed to secure such an unrivaled service of publicity. For they knew how vast a difference there was between the ideal and the real.

But for the past decade Glasgow has been pushed out of the limelight by the Garden City. Any one who, like the present deponent, has preserved newspaper cuttings relating to that fad, must by this time have a big pile of such clippings. And if they are uncorrected by actual knowledge of facts, those cuttings would convey the impression that the millennium has arrived. They paint rosy pictures of verdant environments, of tree-lined streets, open spaces, flower-filled gardens, and a general air of *rus in urbe*; they aver that in these model cities it is cheaper to build houses than it is in London to pull them down; they tell marvelous tales of death-rates reduced to almost Mithrasian decimals; they show us the lion of union labor lying down with the lamb of non-unionism; and, in short, give most ravishing descriptions of communities spending their working hours under ideal conditions and their leisure in democratic fraternity.

Such fairy tales have made garden cities and suburbs the Mecca of the reformers. Letchworth and Hampstead, for example, are constantly invaded by hordes of earnest inquirers. Only two days since I foregathered with a party of eager Philadelphians on a pilgrimage to Hampstead, avid with anticipation of the lessons they were to learn for the improvement of the City of Homes. No doubt they returned sadder and wiser men. And yet perhaps they did not; for you must dwell in a garden city before the truth will make you free. As an objective for an afternoon's outing Hampstead is endurable. No doubt King George and his domestic partner regard it as an ideal spot. For they, too, have gone on the fashionable pilgrimage. The royal couple explored many of the homes, shook hands with the tenants, complimented them on their "cosy beds," suggested some improvements for their cupboards, and in general behaved themselves as becomes the successors of the monarch who had a healthy curiosity as to how the apples got into the dumplings. Since that visit garden cities have been more "the thing" than ever; they have taken the place of the once popular avocation of "slumming."

Yet the serpent has found his way into these Edens. Strikes were to be unknown at Letchworth, whereas not long ago that ideal community was the scene of a labor dispute which would have done credit to a hot-bed of unionism. Drinking saloons were to be banished, yet a couple have invaded the territory and every two or three years a poll is taken to decide whether there shall not be more. For there are thirsty souls in Letchworth, and they object to having to travel out of bounds in search of the foaming tankard. Social bickering, too, has begun to rear its head amid these verdant glades, for Mrs. Six Shillings is "cut" by Mrs. Half Sovereign and Mr. City Clerk gives the cold shoulder to Mr. Day Laborer. In fact, the distinctions of house rent are telling here as in less idealistic towns; if a family pays only six shillings a week for its abode it can not hope to be on visiting terms with the aristocrats who pay ten shillings for their mansion. And so satire is begotten, which finds its vent in the annual pantomime in which the "characters" and "isms" of the city are held up to ridicule.

Of all these pseudo Utopias, however, none is quite so ridiculous as the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Several of the purely industrial experiments in town-planning have approved the wisdom of their founders. Bournemouth and Port Sunlight, for example, were wisely designed for the benefit of the employees of a hat industry, and have demonstrated that under suitable conditions and with wise regulations it is possible

to house the workers in comfortable and convenient homes at a moderate cost. But such a community as that at Hampstead is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It has all the absurdities of suburbia and none of the amenities of the country. Cockneys are the most gregarious of mortals, and the most imitative. Having no decision of character, no strength of purpose, they are led by the nose more easily than any of John Bull's children. One proof of that is their pronounced tendency to localize themselves according to their occupations. Consequently just as the organ-grinders concentrate in the neighborhood of Snow Hill, so all the cranks of the metropolis are gravitating to the Hampstead Garden Suburb. It is the recognized home of the freaks and antis. If you want to learn the whereabouts of the most furious anti-vivisectionist or anti-anything else, or the most fabian Fabianist, or the most red-ragged Socialist, and do not know his address, you may always count upon finding him at home at Hampstead. And there his neighbors are suffragists, communists, and all the other abnormalities of the age. Here you will find hard-visaged women with pince-nez who imagine it to be the height of dissipation to dine at a half-crown Soho restaurant with juveniles of the other sex who affect large and loose ties; or other misguided non-maternal females who give up to pet monkeys the attentions usually bestowed upon babies and carry those flea-ridden animals in their bosoms when they go to the tube station to see their husbands off to "the City."

One of the most absurd delusions of the Hampstead suburbanite is that he lives in the country. So he, and she, behave accordingly. That is to say, they treat their neighbors as non-existent, or so far removed that they are oblivious to the insufferable nuisances of cheap lawn-mowers, out-of-tune pianos, cracked voices, and family squabbles. As if the adjacent tube trains were not affliction enough, the vocalists and lawn-mowers and piano-thumpers create a din which when accentuated by tradesmen's carts and motors and the yelping of countless dogs has driven many a garden suburbanite demented.

Altogether this Hampstead pseudo Utopia has been truthfully described as the "plague spot" of London. Not that many of its houses may not be admired for their genuine beauty, or that in some respects its planning is beyond criticism, but that where so many prospects please man is mostly "vile." For this particular community is more than any other of its type representative of the kind of Londoner who has no traditions, self-respect, or ideals. They have a culture which is without faith and minus education. Hence they are the victims of everything labeled "new," whether in theology, or fiction, or ethics, or economics. Dignity of class, which is the salvation of the day laborer as well as of the peer, does not come within the range of their knowledge; they have the vincer of gentility, and live in an atmosphere of shams. But it is a consolation that such shams have nothing more to show for their justification than a dividend of one per cent.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 6, 1914.

Japan's bridge of ill omen has been exorcised of its evil spirit, and no longer is it known as the Bridge of Strange Disappearance. Hitherto no bride would cross it, for it was the firm belief that if she did so she would surely be divorced. Recently the Shinto priests came in procession to do battle with the forces of darkness. Duly robed and equipped with patent charms, they formed themselves into two parties. One recited prayers while the other passed to and fro over the bridge, striking with long staffs at the spirits which they alone were empowered to see. This done, the bridge was pronounced "open" and safe for the most timid bride. The incident to which the bridge owes its ill-omened reputation dates from the thirteenth century. In the neighborhood, says tradition, lived one Nakano, a wealthy but unpatriotic man, whose constant fear was that his goods would be seized to swell the national war chest. So he buried his treasure in boxes by the river, slew the servant who had assisted him, and cast the body into its dark waters. His sin was visited upon the daughter, who, thrice married, was thrice left a widow. Distracted, the unhappy girl fled from her father's house, but in crossing the bridge she suddenly disappeared and was never seen again.

At the present time New York is burdened with the care of 9241 alien insane people in the state hospitals. The average length of the hospital residence of each of these is about ten years, which will entail an expenditure of \$25,000,000, it is estimated. They can not be deported, it seems, owing to the length of time they have been in the country, and recently Governor Glynn sent a special message to the legislature urging the adoption of a concurrent resolution calling upon Congress to free New York State from the expense of caring for them.

Two dueling pistols, a double-barreled pistol, and appointments belonging to Jefferson Davis in Civil War times, seized by Union troops near the close of that contest, and which have been in the custody of the War Department nearly fifty years, will be turned over to Joseph A. Hayes of Colorado, whose wife is the eldest daughter of the former president of the Confederacy.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Grenadier's Story.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems hut an hour ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair is this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes:
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One hit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky.
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Oh, never saw I sight like that!
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fier bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out, once again,
"Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-Third,
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
At the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and heaven answered:
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He limped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye I saw,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-Third,
Teach him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-Third,
Teach me the way to die!"
—Walter Thornbury.

"Ready, Ay, Ready."

Old England's sons are English yet,
Old England's hearts are strong;
And still she wears her coronet
Aflame with sword and song.
As in their pride our fathers died,
If need be, so die we;
So wield we still, gainsay who will,
The sceptre of the sea.
England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

We've Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,
We've Nelsons yet unknown;
The pulses of the Lion Heart
Beat on through Wellington.
Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old,
Strong foe and steadfast friend,
And, still unto thy motto true,
Defy not, but defend.
England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

Men whispered that our arm was weak,
Men said our blood was cold,
And that our hearts no longer speak
The clarion-note of old;
But let the spear and sword draw near
The sleeping lion's den,
His island shore shall start once more
To life with armed men.
England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!
—Herman Charles Merivale.

Up to a few years ago London and Paris were the great harp-making centres. Now London has lagged far behind Paris, while Chicago is making and selling about three times as many harps as Paris. Orchestras in the royal theatres in nearly all the capitals of Europe are equipped with harps made on the West Side of Chicago.

FAMILIAR TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

W. D. Howells Describes a European Journey and Gives His Impressions of the Spanish People and Their Country.

Mr. W. D. Howells, prefacing his description of his journey through Spain, tells us that his passion for things Spanish began when he was a boy. Perhaps it was with his first reading of "Don Quixote," perhaps with his introduction to the story of Spanish rule in America, when he could not quite determine whether his sympathies should be with the Incas and the Aztecs or with their European conquerors. He felt the same difficulty in the case of the Spaniards and the Moors, although his vote is finally given to the Spaniards, since the rule of Islam at the best "has always been the effect of personal will, the caprice of despots high and low, the unstatuted sufferance of slaves, high and low." But we feel inclined energetically to dissent when Mr. Howells tells us that "the gloomiest and cruellest error of Inquisitional Spain was nobler, with its adoration of ideal womanhood, than the Mohammedan state with its sensual dreams of Paradise." We may wonder under which rule Mr. Howells would have preferred to live, that of the Moors or of the Spaniards? We may even believe that the healthy Anglo-Saxon mind looks upon the régime of Inquisitional Spain with a shuddering loathing that is evoked by no other period of human history.

But this heresy on the part of Mr. Howells does not detract from the charm of an exceptional book. It is not a book to which we shall turn for profound disquisitions of Spanish life. It hints at no problems of politics or sociology. Mr. Howells never plunges beneath the waves or gets himself beyond the range of the sunshine on the ripples. But of profound disquisitions upon all sublunary things we have had enough and to spare. We are tired of them. The delicate and humorous touch upon the things of the surface is more to our taste.

Mr. Howells's first experience of Spanish life was at San Sebastian:

I should be grateful to San Sebastian, if for nothing else than the two very Spanish experiences I had there. One concerned a letter for me which had been refused by the bankers named in my letter of credit, from a want of faith, I suppose, in my coming. When I did come I was told that I would find it at the postoffice. That would be well enough when I found the postoffice, which ought to have been easy enough, but which presented certain difficulties in the driving rain of our first afternoon. At last in a fine square I asked a fellow-man in my best conversational Spanish where the postoffice was, and after a moment's apparent suffering he returned, "Do you speak English?" "Yes," I said, "and I am so glad you do." "Not at all. I don't speak anything else. Great pleasure. There is the postoffice," and it seemed that I had hardly escaped collision with it. But this was the beginning, not the end, of my troubles. When I showed my card to the *poste restante* clerk, he went carefully through the letters bearing the initial of my name and denied that there was any for me. We entered into reciprocally bewildering explanations, and parted altogether baffled. Then at the hotel I consulted with a capable young office lady, who tardily developed a knowledge of English, and we agreed that it would be well to send the *chico* to the postoffice for it. The *chico*, corresponding in a Spanish hotel to a *piccolo* in Germany, or a page in England, or our now evanescent bell-boy, was to get a *peseta* for bringing me the letter. He got the *peseta*, though he only brought me word that the authorities would send the letter to the hotel by the postman that night.

The author speaks often of the impressive courtesy that met him everywhere in Spain, a courtesy that was not merely conventional, as is so often the case in Europe, but that seemed to spring from a genuine benevolence and kindness of the kind that is willing to take trouble:

Everybody in San Sebastian seemed resolved to outdo every other in kindness. In a shop where we endeavored to explain that we wanted to get a flat cap which should be both Basque and red, a lady who was buying herself a hat asked in English if she could help us. When we gladly answered that she could, she was silent, almost to tears, and it appeared that in this generous offer of aid she had exhausted her whole stock of English. Her mortification, her painful surprise, at the strange catastrophe, was really pitiable, and we hastened to escape from it to a shop across the street. There instantly a small boy rushed enterprisingly out and brought back with him a very pretty girl who spoke most of the little French which has made its way in San Sebastian against the combined Basque and Spanish, and a cap of the right flatness and redness was brought. I must not forget, among the pleasures done us by the place, the pastry cook's shop which advertised in English "Tea at all Hours," and which at that hour of our afternoon we now found so opportune, that it seemed almost personally attentive to us as the only Anglo-Saxon visitors in town. The tea might have been better, but it was as good as it knew how; and the small boy who came in with his mother (the Spanish mother seldom fails of the company of a small boy) in her moments of distraction succeeded in touching with his finger all the pieces of pastry except those we were eating.

In Burgos Mr. Howells was introduced to the tomb of the Cid, although he seems to have but a small opinion of the piety of that notable hero, whose exploits remind him somewhat of those of the modern road agent. But ideas were somewhat different in those strenuous days, and we are willing to believe that the Cid died in a state of satisfaction at having "done his duty toward his God":

Our interpreter, who would not let us rest till he had shown us the box holding the Cid's bones, had himself had a varied career. If you believed him he was born in Madrid and had passed, when three years old, to New York, where he grew up to become a citizen and be the driver of a delivery wagon for a large department store. He duly married an American woman who could speak not only French, German, and Italian, but also Chinese, and was now living with him in Burgos. His own English had somewhat fallen by the way, but what was left he used with great courage; and he was one of those government interpreters whom you find

at every large station throughout Spain in the number of the principal hotels of the place. They pay the government a certain tax for their license, though it was our friend's expressed belief that the government, on the contrary, paid him a salary of two dollars a day; but perhaps this was no better founded than his belief in a German princess who, when he went as her courier, paid him ten dollars a day and all his expenses. She wished him to come and live near her in Germany, so as to be ready to go with her to South America, but he had not yet made up his mind to leave Burgos, though his poor eyes watered with such a cold as only Burgos can give a man in the early autumn; when I urged him to look to the bad cough he had, he pleaded that it was a very old cough.

At Valladolid the author was so fortunate as to see a wedding breakfast in the dining-room of his hotel. He says he does not know but in any country the women on such an occasion would look more adequate to it than the men, but in Spain they looked altogether superior. It was not only that they were handsomer and better dressed, but that they expressed finer social and intellectual quality:

Men and women had equally repose of manner, and when the women came to put on their headgear near our corner, it was a with a surface calm unbroken by what must have been their inner excitement. They wore hats and mantillas in about the same proportion; but the bride wore a black mantilla and a black dress with sprigs of orange blossoms in her hair and on her breast for the only note of white. Her lovely, gentle face was white, of course, from the universal powder, and so were the faces of the others, who talked in low tones around her, with scarcely more animation than so many masks. The handsomest of them, whom we decided to be her sister, arranged the bride's mantilla, and was then helped on with hers by the others, with soft smiles and glances. Two little girls, imaginably sorry the feast was over, suppressed their regret in the tutelage of the maiden aunts and grandmothers who put up cakes in napkins to carry home; and then the party vanished in unbroken decorum. When they were gone we found that in studying the behavior of the bride and her friends we had not only failed to identify the bridegroom, but had altogether forgotten to try.

Mr. Howells goes out of his way on more than one occasion to correct the misapprehension—if indeed it is a misapprehension—that Queen Victoria is disliked in Spain. Possibly the earlier stories of Spanish resentments were true at the time, but have now been mitigated by familiarity and mutual understanding:

This seems the place to note the fact that no Spaniard in humble life shaves oftener than once in three days, and that you always see him on the third day just before he has shaved. But all this time I have left myself sitting in the café looking out on the club that looks out on the Calle de Alcala, and keeping the waiter waiting with a jug of hot milk in his hand while I convince him (such a friendly, smiling man he is, and glad of my instruction!) that in tea one always wants the milk cold. To him that does not seem reasonable, since one wants it hot in coffee and chocolate; but he yields to my prejudice, and after that he always says, "Ah, *leche fria*!" and we smile radiantly together in the bond of comradery which cold milk establishes between man and man in Spain. As yet tea is a novelty in that country, though the young English queen, universally loved and honored, has made it the fashion in high life. Still it is hard to overcome such a prepossession as that of hot milk in tea, and in some places you can not get it cold for love or money.

Mr. Howells confesses himself a little perplexed to convey his impressions of the Escorial. He quotes with a half-disapproval the words of Gautier, who said, "but still in my soul and conscience I can not help finding the Escorial the most tiresome and the most stupid monument that could be imagined, for the mortification of his fellow-beings, by a morose monk and a suspicious tyrant." De Amicis said something to the same effect, and his words, too, are quoted, and Mr. Howells adds:

I am of another race both from the Frenchman and the Italian, and I can not pretend to their experiences, their inferences, and their conclusions; but I am not going to leave the Escorial to the reader without trying to make him feel that I, too, was terribly impressed by it. To be sure, I had some light moments in it, because when gloom goes too far it becomes ridiculous; and I did think the convent gardens as I saw them from the chapter-house window were beautiful, and the hills around majestic and serious, with no intention of falling upon my prostrate spirit. Yes, and after a lifelong abhorrence of that bleak king who founded the Escorial, I will own that I am, through pity, beginning to feel an affection for Philip II; perhaps I was finally wrought upon by hearing him so endearingly called Philly by our guide.

Yet I will not say but I was glad to get out of the Escorial alive; and that I welcomed even the sulkiness of the landlord of the hotel where our guide took us for lunch. To this day I do not know why that landlord should have been so sour; his lunch was bad, but I paid his price without murmuring; and still at parting he could scarcely restrain his rage; the Escorial might have entered into his soul. On the way to his hotel the street was empty, but the house bubbled over with children who gaped giggling at his guests from the kitchen door, and were then apparently silenced with food, behind it. There were a great many flies in the hotel, and if I could remember its name I would warn the public against it.

The poor people of Spain arouse Mr. Howells's admiration. They were always dignified, courteous, and friendly. He tells us of his regret at being forced to leave the hotel in Seville because of the street noises that made sleep impossible:

Our own grief was sincerer in leaving behind us the enthusiastic chambermaid of the annex who had greeted us with glad service, and was so hopeful that when she said our doors should be made to latch and lock in the morning, it was as if they latched and locked already. Her zeal made the hot water she brought for the baths really hot, "*Caliente, caliente*," and her voice would have quieted the street under our windows if music could have soothed it. At a friendly word she grew trustful, and told us how it was hard, hard for poor people in Seville; how she had three dollars a month and her husband four; and how they had to toil for it. When we could not help telling her, cruelly enough, what they singly and jointly earn in New York, she praised rather than coveted the happier chance impossible to them. They would like to go, but they could not go! She was gay with it all, and after we had left the hotel and come back for the shawl which had been forgotten, she ran for it, shouting with laughter, as if we must see it the great joke she did; and she took the reward offered with the self-respect never wanting

to the Spanish poor. Very likely if I ransacked my memory I might find instances of their abusing those advantages over the stranger which Providence puts in the reach of the native everywhere; but on the spur of the moment I do not recall any. In Spain, where a woman earns three dollars a month, as in America where she earns thirty, the poor seem to abound in the comparative virtues which the rich demand in return for the chances of Heaven which they abandon to them. There were few of those rendering us service there whom we would not willingly have brought away with us; but very likely we should have found that they had the defects of their qualities.

In most cases the hotels were hospitable and bad. At Granada the door refused to latch and Mr. Howells tells us that the infirmity of the door latch was emblematic of a temperamental infirmity in the whole hotel. There was a glitter, almost a glare, of Ritz-like splendor, and the rates were Ritz-like, but there the resemblance ceased:

The porter followed us to our rooms on our arrival and told us in excellent English (which excelled less and less throughout our stay) that he was the hall porter and that we could confidently refer all our wants to him; but their reference seemed always to close the incident. There was a secretary who assured us that our rooms were not dear, and who could not out of regard to our honor and comfort consider cheaper ones; and then ceased to be until he receipted our bill when we went away. There was a splendid dining-room with waiters of such beauty and dignity, and so purple from clean shaving, that we scarcely dared face them, and there were luncheons and dinners of rich and delicate superabundance in the menu, but of an exquisite insipidity on the palate, and of a swiftly vanishing Barmecide insubstantiality, as if they were banquets from the "Arabian Nights" imagined under the rule of the Moors. Everywhere shone silver-bright radiators, such as we had not seen since we left their like freezing in Burgos; but though the weather presently changed from an Andalusian softness to a Castilian severity after a snowfall in the Sierra, the radiators remained insensible to the difference and the air nipped the nose and fingers wherever one went in the hotel. The hall porter, who knew everything, said the boilers were out of order, and a traveler who had been there the winter before confirmed him with the testimony that they were out of order even in January. There may not have been any fire under them then, as there was none now; but if they needed repairing now it was clearly because they needed repairing then. In the corner of one of our rooms the frescoed plastering had scaled off, and we knew that if we came back a year later the same spot would offer us a familiar welcome.

The author tells us of a charming adventure that befell him at Ronda, where he entered a shop for the purpose of buying a donkey's headstall, since he had long intended to buy a donkey:

We chose a headstall of such splendor that no heart could have resisted it, and while he sewed to it the twine muzzle which Spanish donkeys wear on their noses for the protection of the public, our guide expatiated upon us, and said, among other things to our credit, that we were from America and were going to take the head-stall back with us.

The harness-maker lifted his head alertly. "Where, in America?" and we answered for ourselves, "From New York."

Then the harness-maker rose and went to an inner doorway and called through it something that brought out a comely, motherly woman as alert as himself. She verified our statement for herself, and having paved the way firmly for her next question she asked, "Do you know the Escuela Mann?"

As well as our surprise would let us, we said that we knew the Mann School, both where and what it was.

She waited with a sort of rapturous patience before saying, "My son, our eldest son, was educated at the Escuela Mann, to be a teacher, and now he is a professor in the Commercial College in Puerto Rico."

If our joint interest in this did not satisfy her expectation I for my part can never forgive myself; certainly I tried to put as much passion into my interest as I could, when she added that his education at the Escuela Mann was without cost to him. By this time, in fact, I was so proud of the Escuela Mann that I could not forbear proclaiming that a member of my own family, no less than the father of the grandson for whose potential donkey I was buying that headstall, was one of the architects of the Escuela Mann building.

Mr. Howells says, and very truly, that to have done such a favor to one Spanish family as the Escuela Mann had been the means of our nation doing this one was a greater thing than to have taken Cuba from Spain and bought the Philippines when we had seized them already and had led the Filipinos to believe that we meant to give their islands to them.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Howells's book is worth quoting as a summary of impressions that are not always the same as those in current vogue:

He was practically the last of those Spaniards who were always winning my heart (save in the bank at Valladolid, where they must have misunderstood me), and whom I remember with tenderness for their courtesy and amiability. In little things and large, I found the Spaniards everywhere what I heard a Piedmontese commercial traveler say of them in Venice fifty years ago: "They are the honestest people in Europe." In Italy I never began to see the cruelty to animals which English tourists report, and in Spain I saw none at all. If the reader asks how with this gentleness, this civility and integrity, the Spaniards have contrived to build up their reputation for cruelty, treachery, mendacity, and every atrocity; how with their love of bull-fests and the suffering to man and brute which these involve, they should yet seem so kind to both, I answer frankly, I do not know. I do not know how the Americans are reputed good and just and law-abiding, although they often shoot one another, and upon mere suspicion rather often burn negroes alive.

Mr. Howells is wise or witty upon every page that he writes. He gives us a picture of surface life in Spain that is without a parallel for its vivacity and its charm.

FAMILIAR SPANISH TRAVELS. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Musical sands have been known for 1000 years. There is the Mountain of the Bell on the shores of the Red Sea, which makes extraordinary sounds and boomings when the winds set the countless millions of particles rubbing against each other and vibrating. Darwin discovered the "Roarer" in Chile, which also makes tremendous noises, and there are many other examples in various parts of the world.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Witness for the Defense.

Here we have one of those novels of Nemesis or fate that give such an unusual opportunity to the skill of the novelist who is able to track the hidden threads that lead from cause to effect. When Henry Thresh still has his way to make in the world he might have married Stella Derrick, and since he loved her he ought to have done so. When success comes to him he finds that Stella has married Captain Ballantyne and is living in India. Ballantyne is a sort of ogre who reserves his drunkenness for his wife's company and does other hideous things that are merely hinted at. When Ballantyne is found dead outside his tent door suspicion falls upon his wife, and she is tried for the murder. Thresh gives evidence in her favor and perjures himself in order to show that Ballantyne had incurred the political enmity of the natives and that an attempt has already been made upon his life. When Stella is acquitted she returns to England and again meets Thresh, who is presently led to a realization of the coil that he has wound round himself by his original preference for money over love. Of course Thresh now wishes to marry Stella, but then Nemesis seems to have its own way of leading us back painfully to the spot at which we made the false start and then refusing to permit the compensation that has now become the object of our desire. We are not particularly enamored of Stella herself, but we are glad to think that for her the clouds are silver lined. The author deserves congratulation for a vigorous story based upon a true and wholesome philosophy.

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: \$1.50 net.

Earth-Hunger.

The Yale University Press has performed a real service by this substantial volume of the essays of William Graham Sumner. They are among the things that it is not good to forget and that in many respects may be regarded as a warning if not as a portent. While the essay on Earth-Hunger comes early in the book, it is not perhaps the most important. It was written in 1896, and we may note with a certain melancholy interest its concluding words. The author is contrasting the enviable position of America as compared with that of Europe. European statesmen, we are told, are living under constant strain in their efforts to avoid war, "while our statesmen can afford to trifle with the notion of war and to talk recklessly without danger of consequences. We have no strong neighbors. We are under no obligation to maintain great armaments. . . . No enemy will attack us." Mr. Sumner asks if we shall throw away all this and "run in chase of all the old baubles of glory and vanity and passion."

It may be a matter of personal predilection, but the author's essays on liberty impress us more profoundly than any others. There are twelve essays devoted to this inquiry, all of them written between 1887 and 1889, and most of them even more applicable to the movements of today than to those of thirty years ago. How far is liberty compatible with law? At what point does it merge with license? How can the principle of liberty be best construed to prevent tyranny over minorities? Is the savage free? Or the civilized man? Or the millionaire? Or the tramp? These are some of the questions put by Mr. Sumner directly or indirectly, and his answers constitute a philosophic inquiry into liberty that will unfortunately be read in the main by those who need it least. Mr. Sumner seems to suggest that only those can be politically free who have learned the art of individual self-government and that the democracy without an ethical basis must be the worst of all tyrannies. As indeed we now know it to be.

Another important collection of essays is devoted to Democracy, and here, too, we have some utterances as notable as any that have been given to the country. The volume is opened by a brief autobiographical sketch of the author, a sketch curtailed by modesty to inadequate dimensions. There are also two essays which, if not strictly autobiographical, yet reveal certain characteristics of the author which we should be sorry to miss. Much praise is due to Mr. Albert Galloway Keller for his successful work as editor.

EARTH-HUNGER AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Graham Sumner. New Haven: Yale University Press: \$2.25 net.

Simpson.

Elinor Mordaunt tells a really delightful story of a number of bachelors who imagine their lives to have been blighted by unsuccessful love and who retire for the healing of their wounds to a large country house where the feminine footstep shall be unknown. The idea is of course of an immediate antiquity, but it has usually been treated in the vaudeville style. Here we find it handled with a dignity that does not preclude plenty of fun and a little tragedy. The characters are real and distinctive human beings, and while we know in advance the fate

that awaits every one of them, the author manages to give us half a dozen love stories that no one would be ashamed of. It is a story that every reader must applaud.

SIMPSON. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company: \$1.35 net.

The Blue Book of Evidence.

There have just been published the first three volumes of a new work upon evidence in civil cases. Mr. L. Horwitz of the San Francisco bar has written five volumes of 1000 pages each of commentaries on the law of today. The work is founded on "Jones on Evidence" and preserves the sectional numbering, so that the original work, which has been published in pocket edition, will serve as a reference to the larger and later one. No less than 60,000 cases are cited, and this remarkable undertaking for one man has been completed in a little over two years. Though it is hardly our *métier* to criticize law books it may be said that the work contains a wealth of illustration and appears especially adapted to the needs of the modern lawyer rather than treating the subject from a scientific or historical point of view. As the learned author says in his preface, "These commentaries are dressed in the plainest homespun—they are for working purposes for work-a-day men, and if they abound with case and illustration it is that the man who seeks may find. If one is going to see Rome is not a Baedeker's guide better than Gibbon's 'Rise and Fall of the Empire'?" In the words of a reliable legal critic "the work is practical, clear, lucid, and scholarly and the collection of authorities exhaustive."

THE BLUE BOOK OF EVIDENCE. By L. Horwitz. San Francisco: The Bancroft-Whitney Company: \$33 net.

Brieter Reviews.

Under the title of "Success with Hens" Forbes & Co. have published a complete guide to poultry raising by Robert Joos. The fifty-five chapters give complete directions for doing everything that needs to be done in all departments of the industry. The price is \$1.

Among later additions to Bohn's Libraries is "Shakespeare's Heroines," by Anna Jameson (Macmillan Company). The author writes admirably on the moral, poetical, and historical characteristics of the women of Shakespeare, and her work, first published in 1832, is well worthy of the renewed popularity that will now be given to it.

Dr. E. B. Lowry, the popular writer on health topics, has brought out another useful book entitled "The Home Nurse" (Forbes & Co.; \$1). It gives helpful directions for the care of the sick in the home and tells how to cooperate with the physician in providing for the comfort and cure of invalids. Full directions for first aid to the injured are also given. Technical terms are avoided and a complete index makes it possible to refer quickly to the desired information.

With all due respect to the prohibitionists, it may be said that "The Flowing Bowl," by Edward Spencer (Duffield & Co.), is likely to popularize the pleasant art of drinking. Mr. Spencer not only tells us how to prepare a large number of enticing concoctions, but he also repeats every anecdote that has ever been told in the same convivial connection. He assures us that the handwriting of the original manuscript was entirely his own, but that as for the rest it is made up largely of quotations, as the old lady said of "Hamlet." The book has driven us to drink.

Mr. Walter T. Rogers in the preface to his "Dictionary of Abbreviations," just published by the Macmillan Company (\$2 net), tells us that a paragraph at the end of an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1883, to the effect that "a manual of abbreviations in current use is a desideratum" caused him seriously to undertake the work in which he has persisted for thirty years. The result is a volume of one hundred and fifty pages admirably arranged and apparently inclusive of all the terms commonly encountered. It fills a vacant place on the reference shelf.

Mr. David C. Taylor is already well known for his manuals on the art of singing, and he now gives us another, frankly intended as an advocacy of the old Italian method of vocal training that was discarded some fifty years ago. Mr. Taylor tells us that voice training was not improved by the change of method and that the vocal world is now seeking some way by which it can return to the method of the old masters. Without expressing an opinion upon matters so technical, it may at least be said that the author expresses himself lucidly and that the reader will not be left in doubt as to his precise meaning and method.

"Bluebeard," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net), is described as a musical comedy, while we are further enlightened to the effect that "herein lies the story of the miraculous discovery in a hat-box of an unpublished opera by the late Richard Wagner, dealing in the most unique and climactic manner with feminism, trial marriage, bigamy, and polygamy; its libretto and leit-motive have been studied with

passion and are now revealed with religious zeal." We were already aware of the author's claims to be regarded as a humorist, and it must suffice to say that those claims are now strengthened.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

To his popular quartet of books, all of them published within the last year—"Gitanjali," "The Gardener," "The Crescent Moon," and "Sadhana"—Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel prize-winner, has now added his play, "Chitra." It was put on the market on the 25th of February.

"Great Jurists of the World from Papinian to Von Ihering," is the title of a new book that Little, Brown & Co. are publishing in their Continental Legal History Series.

One of the most important books on the Frederick A. Stokes list, "The Two Americas," by General Rafael Reyes, ex-president of Colombia, will appear before the end of the month. It gives the latest and most authoritative information on the Latin-American republics.

Mary E. Waller, author of "The Wood-Carver of Lympus," "A Cry in the Wilderness," etc., is at work at her home on the island of Nantucket on a book of impressions and observations which will bear the title, "From an Island Outpost."

A new novel by Harold Bindloss, "The Intriguers," is from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The same house has also recently published "The Wine-Press," by Alfred Noyes, a tale of war in the Balkans.

Harper & Brothers have just published four new books: "The Masks of Love," by Margarita Spalding Gerry; "The Forester's Daughter," by Hamlin Garland; "The Idol-Breaker," by Charles Rann Kennedy; and "Bluebeard: A Musical Fantasy," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

John Masefield's play, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," has just come from the Macmillan press. In an article published in an English weekly "The Tragedy of Pompey" is considered in connection with its performance at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford. The critic remarks that "Pompey is a fine personal study of the great man in conflict with his time and by the very simplicity of its action the meaning of the play looms large. Mr. Masefield's Pompey is a nobleman who stood for aristocracy and order as against Caesar's democracy."

A forthcoming book to deal with political, social, and administrative conditions in Egypt is Sidney Low's "Egypt in Transition." The Earl of Cromer has provided an introduction for the volume, which contains also a half-dozen full-page illustrations. It will be published by the Macmillan Company.

Sir Rider Haggard's "The Wanderer's Necklace," announced by the Longmans, is a story of adventure and mystery, but entirely unlike anything this famous author of mystery stories and creator of "She" and "Allan Quatermain" has previously done. It relates the adventurous history of Olaf the Northman, who lived in the ninth century, as revealed by psychic power to a modern reincarnation of the old Berserker.

"What It Means to Marry" is the significant title of a new book that the Funk & Wagnalls Company will put forth here in America this spring, from the pen of Dr. Mary Scharlieb, an English lady physician.

Sir Charles Tupper seems to have long shared with Lord Strathcona the respect and affection of Canadians. He is now ninety-

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Autograph Letters

two years old, and it is said that "his brain is active as it was during the years he spent in building up the Dominion." He was minister of railways when the Canadian Pacific was built. He had large part in the fisheries dispute. In a new book of his reminiscences, to issue this spring, he will tell much about these and other matters with which he had to do.

The Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary has just been placed in the royal libraries at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House by special royal command. King George V and Queen Alexandra have thus set their seal of approval upon the latest and most comprehensive work of reference which has ever been issued from America.

John Foster Fraser, who has to his credit so many informing volumes of travel and observation, anticipated Theodore Roosevelt by a long tour through Argentina, and now "The Amazing Argentine" is to tell by its title and its text what he thinks of that country.

BEAUMONT, THE DRAMATIST

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Valentine.

Since Mr. Grant Richards prefaces his novel with a quotation from Evan Harrington to the effect that "Most youths are like Pope's women; they have no character at all," we may consider ourselves fully warned that we are about to be served with a biographical novel wherein the hero has "no character at all." And certainly Valentine Barat deserves precisely this description, and we are inclined to wonder whether the picture was worth the paint. The son of a celebrated architect, Valentine is furnished with an income and then left to his own resources. Apparently his father thinks as little of him as we do, and although he is driven by ennui to some semblance of perfunctory work he comes perilously near to being a mere wastrel. We wish that Valentine had a few substantial vices. Probably he would then have had some compensatory virtues, since virtue and vice are rarely found alone. As it is he has neither virtues nor vices, and we can only wonder that Mr. Richards should choose so nebulous a character upon which to exercise his unusual skill. Perhaps he intended it as a concession to the commonplace and to a day when insignificance is the passport to popular favor.

VALENTINE. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Eskimo

This substantial volume tells us of Stefansson's life with the Eskimo from 1908 to 1912, and it is certainly the most elaborate study of the Eskimo mind that has yet appeared. Although Stefansson is chiefly associated in the popular mind with the discovery of the blonde Eskimo, we find very little space devoted to them here. Nor is any careful attempt made to solve the problem, although the author seems to favor the theory that their presence is to be accounted for by the Scandinavian colony in Greenland. The chief scientific value of the journey will probably be found to consist in the explorer's collection of folklore and vocabularies, and his activities in this direction seem to have been enormous.

But this volume is without a parallel as a popular account of Eskimo life. Perhaps it is somewhat overweighted with animus against the missionaries, and we feel that his indictment would have been more effective had it been more restrained. But his case is none the less a good one. The childish absurdity of loading the primitive mind of the Eskimo with a cargo of dogmas that no one now listens to in Christian countries is obvious enough, and hardly less objectionable are the efforts to compel a native observance of customs that bear no relation whatever to religion and that are to be recommended only as being the practice of white men. Why Eskimo should be forbidden to sit in their own huts stripped to the waist it is hard to understand, but then the ways of missionaries are usually hard to understand. The material brought back by this successful explorer will probably take a long time to classify and digest, but in the meantime this volume will take its place as a monument of patient and energetic research.

MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMO. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

The Russian Ballet.

This is a small volume but copiously illustrated in black and white by Pamela Coleman Smith, an artist who, like Ellen Terry, feels "the dream" in the Russian dance.

Ellen Terry herself writes with the sympathy of an artist of the front rank of that national institution, the Russian ballet. She admires it with the discrimination of an actress who has studied and accomplished something in the art that is her subject. "As an actress," she says, "I salute dancers with the reverence of a man for his ancestors." She selects some of the most notable dancers and gives us a keen and perceptive analysis of those points in their art which have made them great. Miss Terry feels that their work rises above national expression because its guiding minds have been more than national. The supreme point, she feels, is reached by those artists who succeed in making the training of the body docile to the rhythm of the soul. Herself an artist, she expresses an almost religious respect for things of art done with sincerity.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By Ellen Terry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Russian Ballet.

This substantial and elaborate volume is handsomely illustrated, both in black and white and in color. Many of the illustrations are in full page. The author's plan is to give a chapter each to some of the most notable and beautiful of the ballets, which include a drama told in pantomime, deducing from each its psychological significance. He differs, however, from Ellen Terry in awarding his highest praise to those performances that deal with nature or kindred subjects. But he shows, like her, a thorough appreciation of the inward and spiritual soul of each ballet and an accomplished and enlightened

appreciation of the art of the ballet as a whole. Eighteen of these pantomime plays are thus interestingly outlined.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By A. E. Johnson. With illustrations by Rene Bull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Captain Protheroe's Fortune.

Mr. Oswald Kendall tells a good story of treasure-hunting, the said treasure, supposed to be in the form of sealskins, having been abandoned on the *Twin Brothers* in the Bering Sea. Captain Matthew Hawks buys the wreck from the owner's brother and collects a crew to go in search of it, and ultimately finds it, but not quite in the form that he had expected. The author not only tells a good sea yarn, but he creates some capital distinctive characters for which we are grateful.

CAPTAIN PROTHEROE'S FORTUNE. By Oswald Kendall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

CURRENT VERSE.

Recognition.

Sing, bird; shine, sun; blow, breezes fair;
And play, you crystal waters clear.
For June, for merry June, is here,
And happiness is ev'rywhere!

"I have been singing all the while,"
The robin from the rail replied.
"And I have kissed the countryside,"
The sun replied, "and made it smile."

"And I have blown across the grass,"
The zephyr answered; and the stream,
"So do my running waters gleam
Whenever Summer comes to pass."

So ev'ry pleasant thing replies;
The man and maiden wonder still:
They never saw the Summer till
They found it in each other's eyes.

—Douglas Malloch, in *American Lumberman*.

A Watchword of the Fleet.

They died with Death. Their big sea-boots
Were greased with blood. They swept the seas
For England; and—we reap the fruits
Of their heroic deviltries!
Our creed is in the cold machine,
The inhuman devilisms of brain—
The bolt that splits the midnight main
Loosed at a lever's touch; the lean
Torpedo; "twenty miles of power";
The steel-clad Dreadnought's dark array!
Yet—we that keep the conning tower
Are not so strong as they
Whose watchword we disdain.

They laughed at odds for England's sake!
We count, yet cast our strength away.
Our Admiral with the soul of Drake
Would break the fleets of hell today!
Give us the splendid heaven of youth.
Give us the banners of deathless fame,
The ringing watchwords of their fame,
The faith, the hope, the simple truth!
Then shall the Deep indeed be swayed
Through all its boundless breadth and length,
Nor this proud England lean dismayed
On twenty miles of strength,
Or shrink from aught but shame.

Pull out by night, O, leave the shore
And lighted streets of Plymouth town,
Pull out into the Deep once more!
There, in the night of their renown,
The same great waters roll their gloom
Around our midged period;
And the huge decks that Raleigh trod
Over our petty darkness loom.

Along the line the cry is passed
From all their heaven-illuminated spars,
Clear as a bell, from mast to mast,
It rings against the stars:

Before the world—was God.

—Alfred Noyes, in the *English Review*.

A Song of Gold

"Oh, the world is filled with gold, with gold,
And bound by a silver chain!"
So the king's son sang as his coach dust rolled
Past the flanks of his spurring train.
"There's a gem wherever the eye may look,"
He purred to his jeweled cloak,
"That's sweeter to me than priest or book!"
And true were the words he spoke.

For diamonds winked from his buckles' rim,
And his hilt with rubies danced,
And a sapphire claw held his velvet brim—
While out of the dusk there glanced
Glints from many a precious stone that hid in his
mantle's fold.

And ever he sang his old refrain,
And ever the tale he told,
"Oh, the world is bound in a silver chain,
And filled to the brim with gold!"

"Oh the world is filled with gold, with gold,
And bound by a silver chain!"
So a beggar sang as the sun rode bold
Through the lances of April rain.

"There's a gem wherever the eye may look,"
He laughed to his ragged cloak,
"That's sweeter to me than priest or book!"
And true were the words he spoke.

For diamonds winked from the rain-sweet grass
Where the sunset ruby-glanced,
And a sapphire blue was the springtime sky
Where the little white cloud mists danced;
And the trail he trod was a golden thread through
An emerald world unrolled.

And ever he sang his old refrain,
And ever the tale he told,
"Oh, the world is bound with a silver chain,
And filled to the brim with gold!"

—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Atlee's Magazine*.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a third printing of Anne Warner's "Sunshine Jane" before publication.

New Books Received.

THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

BURBURY STOKES. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

THE PRECIPICE. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIBRARIES. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

An essay on primitive and prehistoric libraries.

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN. By W. B. Maxwell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

BENJAMIN THE JEW. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Brentano's; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. Edited by Francis G. Wickware, B. A., B. Sc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A record of events and progress, 1913.

THE HONEY-STAR. By Tickner Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.
A novel of English country life.

FINE FEATHERS. By Webster Denison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.
Novelized from Eugene Walter's drama by the same name.

SELF HELP FOR SINGERS. By David C. Taylor. New York: The H. W. Gray Company.

A manual for self-instruction in voice culture based on the old Italian method—a sequel to "The Psychology of Singing."

BOY'S BOOK ON LOGIC. By William Timothy Call. W. T. Call, 669 East Thirty-Second Street, Brooklyn, New York.

A talk about logic.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

THE REMINGTON SENTENCE. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.
A companion volume to "The Theory of the Theatre."

CLEAR GRIT. By Robert Collyer. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1.50 net.
A collection of lectures, addresses, and poems.

THE ROCKS OF VALPRE. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

ASIA AT THE DOOR. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.
A study of the Japanese question in continental

United States, Hawaii, and Canada. With a prologue by Doremus Scudder and an epilogue by Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE IDOL-BREAKER. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.
A play of the present day.

THE MASKS OF LOVE. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.
A novel.

THE FAITH OF JAPAN. By Tasaku Harada. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A presentation of the instinctive working principles by which the Japanese people live.

The French government has just purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery the original painting by Arthur Rackham of "Jack Spratt and His Wife," one of the series of Rackham pictures now running in *St. Nicholas Magazine*. This picture was the frontispiece of the December *St. Nicholas*. This is the highest honor that the French government can confer upon a painting by a living artist. Not until the artist is dead are his canvases eligible for the Louvre.

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"ROBIN HOOD."

A particularly happy blending of song and story is what makes an opera or an operetta live. The beautiful music of Mozart's "Magic Flute" could not save it, since it was handicapped by a poor libretto. By the way, why doesn't some one of our Yankee geniuses write another one for it. And so "Robin Hood" comes back to us with all its elements of popularity in full swing. The music is too harmoniously beautiful to become hackneyed, and has too much class for any producer of "Robin Hood" to even dream for a moment of shunting off poor singers on the public. In fact the scheme of the opera calls emphatically for vocalists of a high order, and vocalists indeed they have given us in the present production at the Columbia.

The list of names is quite awe-inspiring, including Bessie Abbott and Henriette Wakefield, both of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company; James Stevens, of the Chicago Grand Opera Company; George B. Frothingham, of the original Bostonians, and Jerome Daley, a noted concert basso. Added to these are Phil Branson and Tillie Salinger, experienced and thoroughly competent; Sid Braham, a nimble-witted and light-heeled comedian who, it is plain to be seen, is accustomed to playing comedy rôles; Helena Morrill, of the Boston Opera Company, and Ralph Brainard, a tall, good-looking youth, well endowed vocally, but rather below the others in execution, who sings the title-rôle. It is a goodly list, and these people are instrumental in thoroughly reviving the old charm of the piece. It does not seem an atom old-fashioned, unless, perhaps, in the agreeable omission of the over-emphasized sex suggestion for which the confirmed theatre-goer is rapidly acquiring a pronounced distaste. For that reason the legendary romance of the story, the forest setting and sylvan pursuits of the second act, and the mediæval atmosphere, light and merry though it is, seemed peculiarly acceptable to the audience.

One would have thought that the seasoned theatre-goer would have remembered the piece too well to laugh at the comedy, for we can still hear old Barnabee's familiar accents dealing out the rich humor in the lines of the Sheriff of Nottingham, but Phil Branson is very well placed in the rôle, and wins many a round of applause. Sid Braham is an uncommonly all-round little comedian, with a particularly agreeable singing voice, a highly trained pair of dancing legs, and a pronounced comedy talent, which made his burlesque attitudes and grimaces and his tireless by-play very popular with the audience.

Bessie Abbott is the bright, particular star, and has so beautiful and highly trained a soprano that if we did not already know her record we would rub our eyes with bewilderment to hear it in comic opera. It is a bright, clear, flexible, deliciously sweet voice, bubbling out like a bird's morning song, and sparkling like crystal drops of water. It flows along as freely as a silvery cascade, even in the most florid passages of Maid Marian's show-off aria, and the stage demeanor of the charming little singer has the gayety and vivacity of one borne to shine before the eyes of an applauding public. Miss Abbott is girlish and graceful, too, wearing her prettily picturesque costumes with a personal grace somewhat removed from the more stereotyped charm of the average comic opera star. We have seen a greater variety of Maid Marians than other characters in the opera, for somehow no one soprano ever set her possessive stamp on the rôle, as did Cowles with Will Scarlett, McDonald with Little John, Barnabee with the Sheriff, George Frothingham with Friar Tuck, and Jessie Bartlett Davis and Flora Finlayson in a sort of alternation with the rôle of Alan-a-Dale. These last two singers have died since, but their memory will long survive them. The two formed quite a contrast. Jessie Bartlett Davis always carried such an aura of radiance about her that it took all of Alan-a-Dale's sorrows to quench it, but about slender Flora Finlayson there always seemed a suggestion of pathos which sometimes accompanies those doomed to an early death.

Henriette Wakefield is like neither of them. She is a handsome, rather calm artist, with such a beautiful and magnificently trained contralto that it gives her almost too solid a sense of reliability upon it, so that she lacks the vital spark of temperament. Miss Wakefield is magnificently costumed as Alan-a-

Dale, more so than we were accustomed to in the older days, and, secure in the beauty of a fine figure, carries her lad's dress with the trained grace and unconsciousness of the grand operatic artist. Calm though she is, temperamentally, she is such a fine musical instrument that one can not afford to lose a syllable—each one of which, by the way, she enunciates with rare perfection—and it is really fascinating to watch her mouth—a very pretty one—while she sings.

Another rare voice is that of James Stevens in the Little John rôle formerly filled, as a matter of course, by handsome McDonald of the old Bostonians. Mr. Stevens's baritone is a rich, highly trained organ, as smooth as velvet. It wells out without effort, like a broad abundant stream flowing over an even bed of golden sands. It goes without saying that the encore-demanding audience was hard to satisfy when it heard again the familiar strains of "Brown October Ale." In fact there were so many encores demanded and granted that half again of the normal space of time required to perform the piece was easily added. I sometimes think that the guiding spirit behind the curtain that decides these things mistakes an audience's purpose. Sometimes it only wishes to express pleasure and approval, and does not really demand a repetition. When it does there is no doubt of it. Then—at least in San Francisco it is so—it becomes like a spoiled child and asserts its will determinedly. I was glad to see that an earlier encore that it demanded, when it was surprised by the beauty of Mr. Stevens's voice, was deftly choked off by the baritone, who foresaw numerous repetitions of "Brown October Ale."

"Nine Tailors" of course had its recognition. This deep-toned lay seemed every whit as popular as ever, and Jerome Daley sang it with that spectacular depth of tone that always seems to awe an audience. He gave the "Armorer's Song" with perhaps less of that lusty hoish ring that used to so delight us in Eugene Cowles's rendition, but I am bound to add that it was executed with more artistic finish.

When we added to the pleasure derived from all these now famous solos the rich enjoyment experienced in hearing the madrigal and round, which are full of the most delicious harmonies and were delightfully sung, it will be perceived that from the standpoint of music alone the revival of "Robin Hood" constitutes a musical event. But it is music added to comedy, spectacle, and such pleasure as one can derive from the facile romances of comic opera.

Ralph Brainard, the Robin Hood of the cast, is a tall, handsome young fellow with a good tenor voice which is badly in need of polishing—that is, since he affects such first-class society. It has music and expressiveness, but is very uneven, especially in the middle register, which he does not know how to make carrying, while his upper notes, naturally fine, require the guidance of higher trainings. But he has such a fine stage presence, such good looks, and such a naturally effective voice that a few years of hard work will richly repay him.

The hint of underlying frailty in Helena Morrill's high, sweet voice is repeated in her physical aspect. But Miss Morrill, in spite of a touch of sharpness in her high notes, has much more voice than the general run of second sopranos in musical comedy, which is doubtless to be her field, and has, besides, a pleasing appearance.

Our old friend, George Frothingham, received a warm welcome in acknowledgment of his past exploits in "Robin Hood," and figured as an indispensable factor in quartets and sextets.

There was also much beautiful choral work right through the opera, and tired people who, worn out by the lengthy stay caused by numerous encores, thought of home and bed, could not resist the invitation of the St. Swinburn chorus of the last act, when the air seems full of silvery wedding chimes and all the separated loves are happily reunited.

"THE MERRY GAMBOL."

"The Merry Gambol" turns out to be a very appropriate vehicle for Marie Dressler's special brand of humor. Neither so original nor so funny as "Tillie's Nightmare," it yet offers ample opportunity to Marie Dressler to cavort around the stage in burlesque wise, to sing, to dance, to be volubly American in her speech and extravagantly burlesquely American in her costumes in their Parisian surroundings, and to dance the tango. In this last perpetration the whole company and the scenery join, and it makes a very good finale to the first act.

Although there is actually some continuity to the story of "The Merry Gambol," it is diversified with many lively interruptions. There is lots of youth in the show and a plentiful proportion of legs, for there are slits by the dozen, thighs by the score, and girls by the ton. Solid girls, shapely girls, pretty girls, fresh and young, and as yet untoughened by the exactions of their vocation.

The management lives up to its reputation in the matter of costume, and there is a con-

tinual accession on the stage of fresh ranks of fresh-faced girls in fresh costumes. Turn your eyes away but for a moment from a band of gorgeously bedecked sirens singing and capering rhythmically, and during that wink of the eye another and more dizzily costumed band has noiselessly taken its place. Nowadays everybody more or less is expected to be extravagantly costumed on the stage, no matter whether they are old and fat or young and symmetrical.

In "The Merry Gambol" Marie Dressler represents Mrs. Ned Radcliffe, a middle-aged widow of wealth, hailing from the eminently proper precincts of Galesburg, Illinois. Mrs. Radcliffe is stout, settled, and literal. Paris, of course, unsettles her. That is it unsettles her settledness, but not her morals, which retain their Galesburgian incorruptibility. She is scandalized by the goings on around her, but she will be stylish if she dies for it. So we are treated to a panoramic procession of Parisian costumes displayed on the solid proportions of Mrs. Ned. We are regaled with the radio skirt, the harem skirt, and the minaret skirt. Our untutored eyes behold for the first time the wigs that match the costumes. At various times the Galesburg widow appears in a brown wig, a white wig, a green wig, and a blue wig. And scenes in extravagant burlesque seemed exactly the appropriate setting for this style of head-dress. With the bare-skirted costume acting as an exaggerator to her robust American personality and rampant American accent there was something about Miss Dressler strongly suggestive of a stage relation to Uncle Sam. I never thought of our national avuncular figurehead as being anything but an old bachelor, but I really think that Miss Dressler lost an opportunity in not costuming herself as Auntie Sam, and coming out in tri-colored harem trousers and a red, white, and blue wig.

Like most successful burlesquers, Miss Dressler cultivates an air of being entirely oblivious of her own comicalities, and one of her great assets is the large, light-blue glare of literalness in her dilated earnest orbs. Miss Dressler and the chorus girls do not, however, constitute the whole show. Miss Gene Lunska, who made good in "The Candy Shop," is there, in a lesser rôle, however, and with lessened opportunity for exercising her pretty voice.

Charles Purcell, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, has the prominent rôle of the good-looking Yankee suitor to Auntie Ned Radcliffe's pretty niece, the pretty niece, in the person of Gladys Goulding, being very young, very dainty, very fetching, but rather too conscious of the pleasant personal qualities which win her her prominent rôle.

Charles Judels is the so-called "voiceless tenor," who is supposed to have lost his singing voice. The author of the piece, however, Addison Burkhardt by name, has so generously indemnified us for the loss of Signor Cahoso's singing notes by bestowing upon that gentleman a wealth of robustly uttered speaking lines that there is really a slight sense of fatigue induced. Which means either that Mr. Judels strains his speaking voice, or has to work too hard; the later a suggestion that should never be conveyed while the footlights are aflame, no matter how thoroughly and appreciatively we may realize it afterwards.

It seems to me that there was also a suggestion of too much hard work and fiercely expended energy in Marie Dressler's rôle. Thoroughly well as she filled it, and undoubtedly very much to the content of the audience, yet there is not enough lightness and spontaneity to her robust and broadly emphasized humor. Mr. Charles A. Mason, another principal, succeeds in tossing off his bits of humor with a more casual air, and the scene in which he figured as a German bandmaster to a German band filled up an agreeable quarter-hour, making those who could not understand German rather envious of the Fatherlanders in the audience who chuckled over various German plays on words. There was an agreeable boyishness of relish about the robust-voiced band, and how they

did enjoy blowing their lungs out in that jolly, medleyed version of "The Watch on the Rhine."

One of the best things on the programme was the tango, danced by "the Marvelous Millers," a very graceful pair who gave the popular dance in expert style, proving themselves worthy of their preëminent adjective by their really wonderful powers of endurance. Their dance, indeed, became a sort of test as to how long they could hold out. They are a very pleasing pair in the more gliding and graceful measures, and when it comes to the dips, whirls, and more spectacular displays of strength, balance, and elastic agility they prove themselves to be thorough experts.

Another good principal is Alf Goulding, who, as a reformer from Galesburg, Illinois, pronouncing expert judgment on Parisian temptations, proved himself a good comic character actor. That is rather a worn-out theme showing us a reformer taking sips of the agreeable poison that he reprobates, and in fact there seemed to be slight tendency at first in "The Merry Gambol" toward the coarseness of sex suggestion so pronounced in many musical comedies which the innocent public overlooks because of the atmosphere of hilarity in which it is set. But the fun soon glided off into other and healthier avenues and the play became a jolly, wholesome, soulless, romping affair, with plenty of experts in fun to keep the ball merrily rolling and plenty of laughers in the audience to keep the sense of enjoyment merrily alive.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

There was something magnetic in the atmosphere at the Cort Theatre on Friday, February 20. It was a subtle feeling of pleasurable anticipation, which was amply justified by the concert.

Upon Mr. Hadley's entrance he was more warmly greeted than usual, which may have been responsible for the insecurity of rhythmic attack at the opening of the Bach concerto for strings. Except for lack of shading throughout it was well enough played.

The Sibelius Legend was more comprehensible and melodic than are some of the very modern tone poems to which we have been introduced of late. It is a pleasure to acknowledge our debt to Mr. Bertram, not only for the delightful English horn solo, but for his constant good work in the orchestra.

The Smetana overture showed the orchestra to good advantage, but came as an anti-climax after the thrilling "Devil's Trill."

"One of the principal marks of genius is the combination in one and the same person of talents enough in themselves but rarely found together." Could this be more true of any one than of Fritz Kreisler? His appearance on the stage was marked by an ovation seldom equaled in San Francisco, and after the outburst subsided the audience settled itself to listen to the Beethoven Concerto as it should be played. What authority he brings to his work, and what knowledge to make the interpretation complete! To play Beethoven as Kreisler plays him means that heart and head and hands must be a unit.

And the Tartini Sonata! Almost a *tour de force* after the exhausting Concerto, it was perfect and seemed quite simple, so easily were its technical and all other difficulties surmounted.

Mr. Uda Waldrop's Harmonium accompaniment was sympathetically played and the orchestra's accompaniments were the best of the season. All in all the ninth concert of the series reached the highest mark of excellence thus far attained.

H. H. S.

Cbauncey Olcott, Robert Hilliard, and Richard Bennett are among the male stars scheduled for early appearances at the Columbia Theatre. They will appear respectively in the following successes: "Shameen Dhu," "The Argyle Case," and "Damaged Goods."

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Harry Lauder Next Week at the Cort
William Morris will present Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, at the Cort Theatre for a matinee and night performances, beginning next Monday afternoon. Lauder is on his sixth tour of America under the personal direction of William Morris. He will sail from San Francisco on the *Sonoma* March 10 for Australia, and will come back to this country after a period of six months, returning East prior to his sailing for England.
The company selected to appear with Mr. Lauder includes the English dramatic actress, Iona Garrick, in a series of impersonations; Irene Bereseny, the Hungarian gypsy cinnamist; Alfred Latell and Elsa Vokes in "A Dog of Fantasy"; the English contralto, Miss Ethel Bourne; Erno Rapee, the Hungarian pianist, and Jack Ark, the Australian thirte, in a unique diabolo exhibition.
Mr. Lauder's new repertory will include "It's Nice to Get Up in the Mornin', But Nicer to Lie in Bed," "Ta, Ta, My Bonnie Laggie Darlin'," and "The Sojer." Among their old favorites he will render, "A Wee Deoch and Doris," "She's the Lass for Me," "She Is My Daisy," "Same as His Father Vas Before Him," "The Kilty Lads," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "I Love a Lassie," and "The Safest o' the Family."
Emma Trentini in "The Firefly" closes her tremendously successful engagement with to-night's performance.

Bessie Abbott Triumphs in "Robin Hood."
The engagement of Bessie Abbott in "Robin Hood" at the Columbia Theatre is proving one of the biggest successes from a financial view that has been recorded at the Geary Street playhouse in many months. "Robin Hood," though produced a score of years ago, is today as inviting, entertaining, and delightful a musical work as any in the latter day school. It has outlived hundreds of other works that have been termed successes and with the splendid organization of which Bessie Abbott is star singing its tuneful airs, the merry old opera takes on a new and winning life. Its two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a conclusion with the performance on Sunday night, March 8. Matinees are given on Saturdays only.

The Tivoli for the Week.
"The Bride of Lammermoor" will be presented at the Tivoli for the last times today, and for the week commencing Sunday, with the exceptions of Thursday night and Saturday afternoon, when Tetrazzini sings at the Eddy Street theatre, "Through Fire to Fortune," a remarkable five-part photo-play, will be shown for the first time in this city. This extraordinary picture, which bears the subtitle of "The Sunken Village," is by California's best-known playwright, Clay M. Greene, who also plays the part of Henry Barrett, a Wall Street plunger, in the film. With con-

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Positively her only appearances this season in San Francisco
TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Thursday, March 5, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 7, at 2
Two Brilliant Programmes
Tickets, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

JEAN GERARDY
The Great Violoncellist
Assisted by
CABRIEL YSAYE - Violinist
FRANK LAForge - Pianist
COLUMBIA THEATRE
Two Sunday afts.
March 8 and 15
Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail Orders Now to Will L. Greenbaum.
IN OAKLAND
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MARCH 16 TO 28
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Seat sale for single seats opens Monday, March 9.

flagrations, war's horrors, and Roman scenes the public has become familiar, but in "Through Fire to Fortune" a new thrill has been filmed. It consists of an unusually realistic portrayal of a fire in a coal mine, a miner's torch having accidentally come in contact with a newly discovered oil well, and the crowning triumph of big scenes shows the destruction of an entire village when the walls of a mine over which it is built begin to crumble. Whole houses are seen to sink into the earth, the villagers become panic-stricken, and the fire that follows the cave-in completes the awful destruction. A snappy Keystone comedy will furnish contrast to "Through Fire to Fortune," and the music by the Tivoli orchestra will be up to the high standard established by that excellent organization.

The Gaiety's Excellent Production.
Marie Dressler in "The Merry Gambol" is now in the first real week of her four weeks engagement at the Gaiety, and after her illness is proving her ample capacity to "come back." She is surrounded by a company of much excellence and class.
The production at the Gaiety is extravagant in scenery and costumes. Keeler of New York designed the gowns and they are visions of sartorial beauty. The electrical effects, particularly in the "Exposition Finale," are gorgeous, and the evidence of the spendthrift producer are at hand in every episode of Addison Burkhardt's clever libretto.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.
The theatrical sensation of next week will most certainly be the appearance at the Orpheum of Marie Lloyd, the idol of the London music halls and the queen of all English singing comediennees. The New York critics are unanimous in declaring Miss Lloyd's songs to be the cleverest that have been brought to this country, and also say that "she puts them over with rare skill, that her articulation is perfect, every syllable being most distinct, and that her performance is a rare treat."

In addition to Miss Lloyd there will be five other new acts. Eva Taylor, a comedienne of great talent and popularity, will present with the assistance of a capable little company Lawrence Grattan's laughable farce, "After the Wedding."
Binns, Binns, and Binns, "the Vagabonds in Comedy and Music," will exhibit their extraordinary skill on a variety of instruments and will give an amusing effect to their act by the introduction of a number of mechanical comedy effects.

Aleide Capitaine, known in Europe as "the Perfect Gymnast," a woman of exceptional grace, beauty, and symmetry, will perform daring feats on the swinging trapeze.

The Hockney Company, hailing from Belgium, will present for the first time in this city a novel mixture of gymnastic and unicycle feats.

Foster and Lovett, capital comedians, will be responsible for a laughing act which they call "Who's Who."

There will be only two holdovers, those immense hits, Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales, and the "Queen of Dance," Bessie Clayton, and her company of European terpsichoreans.

Savoy Continues "The Crime of the Law"
The interest taken in "The Crime of the Law," which will begin the second week of its engagement at the Savoy Theatre tomorrow afternoon, seems to indicate that this startling play will continue an uninterrupted run of several weeks at the McAllister Street "playhouse beautiful." Like "The Traffic," Rachael Marshall's former play, "The Crime of the Law" deals with a picture of actual life, a picture seldom seen or even read about by the average person. As if the presentation of one new aspect of dramatic possibilities were not enough for the success of "The Crime of the Law" as a play, the author has woven into it a love story of the most unconventional type. This is the story of a woman who has been thrust down and then lifted again into a nobler life by the man who had made her his plaything. The unfolding of the course of this love presents a striking contrast to the usual methods of society.

While the prison scene and the third act of the play are covered with the shadow of jail bars and their consequences, the remainder of the play is softened by the influence of a feminine problem worked out with the aid of an "unblinded" cupid.

Matinees will continue to be given Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

New Offerings at the Pantagea Theatre.
The Pantagea Theatre management will enter the "shower of gold" contest and has determined on this method to find a baby that will be known as the "Pantagea Baby." The contest is open to all babies. A baby will be picked by the audience at each performance and the group of youngsters will be entered in the finale, which will take place on next Saturday night. The lucky child will be awarded \$125 in gold.
On the regular bill Bothwell Browne's tuneful musical tabloid, "The Merry Masque-

radars," will be the headliner. It is full of vim and ginger and pretty girls.

Rhoda Royal's troupe of trained high school horses have an unusually pretty act. There are three magnificent Arabian horses who prance about the stage doing dance steps, with three dainty girl attendants.

Hal Davis and a company of seven comedians will present a funny playlet, entitled "Stockton's Busy Day."

The Melnotte-La Nolle quartet of wire-walkers accomplish a series of amazing and difficult stunts on the swaying cable.

Murry K. Hill, a merry jester, with a line of new jokes, and the Brighton Four, harmony singers and funsters, round out the rest of the bill.

"Oh, Oh, Delphine," with its countless airs, which are catchy and whistly, with its pretty girls, with its prima donnas and comedians, will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Tetrazzini Opening Programme.
No concert announcements of the present season have created more interest than those of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, who will be heard here twice next week at the Tivoli Opera House, on the evening of Thursday and the afternoon of Saturday, March 7. The largest auditoriums in the various cities she has visited have been all too small to accommodate the throngs desirous of hearing her, and everywhere it has been necessary to place chairs on the stage. Mme. Tetrazzini's assisting artists are Rafael Diez, a young tenor of renown; Yves Nat, the distinguished pianist who accompanied her on her previous visits here, and Pietro Caso, flutist. Thursday's programme is as follows:

Polonaise	Yves Nat	Chopin
Aria from "Herodiade"	Rafael Diez	Massenet
Aria from "Pescatore due Perle"	Tetrazzini	Bizet
"Why?"	Schumann	Schumann
"Hallucination"	Yves Nat	
Arias from "Fra Diavolo"	Tetrazzini	Auber
Persian Serenade	Ware	
L'Ultima Canzone	Tosti	
Heimliche Afforderung	Rafael Diez	Strauss
Rhapsodie	De Koven	
Serenade	Tetrazzini	Brahms
Second Rhapsodie	Yves Nat	Liszt
Polonaise from "Mignon"	Tetrazzini	Thomas

The programme for the farewell concert of Saturday will be entirely different. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Programme for the Gerardy Concerts.
Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian violoncello virtuosi, who crowded the old Columbia Theatre early in 1906, returns at the zenith of his power for two concerts under the management of Will Greenbaum.

With Jean Gerardy will be two other star artists, each a host in himself. These are Gabriel Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist, and Frank LaForge, the pianist and composer.

The Gerardy concerts will be given at the Columbia Theatre on two Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15, and at the first concert Gerardy will play the "Variations Symphonique," by Boellman; "Suite," in two movements, Boccherini; "Air," Bach; "Abendlied," Schumann; and "Am Springbrunnen," Popper.

Gabriel Ysaye will play "A Child's Dream," by Eugen Ysaye; "Havanaise," Saint-Saens; "Romanze," in G major, Beethoven; and Wieniawski's "Airs Russe."

At the second and last concert Gerardy's numbers will include the "Concerto," by Saint-Saens; "Hungarian Rhapsodie," Popper; "Kol Nidrei," Max Bruch; "Wiegenlied," Schumann; "Adagio Pastorale," Haendel; and other interesting numbers.

Ysaye, Jr., will play some charming numbers and the galaxy of stars will join forces in presenting Beethoven's exquisite "Trio," in C minor.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum.

In Oakland a special programme will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday afternoon, March 12, at 3:15. For this event seats will be ready at the box-office of that theatre on Monday, March 9.

Last Symphony Concert for Season.
The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its tenth, or last, symphony concert of its 1913-1914 season Friday afternoon, March 13, at the Cort Theatre. Jean Gerardy, the celebrated Belgian 'cellist, will be the soloist. The complete programme follows:
Symphony No. 5, E minor, Op. 64..Tchaikowsky
Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra.....Lalo
Mr. Gerardy
"Symphonic Variations" for 'Cello and Orchestra.....Boellmann
Mr. Gerardy
Overture, "The Mastersingers".....Wagner
Tickets will be ready March 9 at the box-

offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. Prices, 75c to \$2; box and loge seats, \$3.

Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin," will give two concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, April 26 and May 3.

AMUSEMENTS

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day
INTERNATIONAL VAUDEVILLE
England's Idol
MARIE LLOYD
"Queen of Comedy Song"
EVA TAYLOR and Company present "After the Wedding"; BINNS, BINNS and BINNS, "the Vagabonds in Comedy and Music"; AL-CIDE CAPITAINE, "the Perfect Gymnast"; HOCKNEY COMPANY, Foreign Gymnastic Unicycle Novelty; FOSTER and LOVETT, "Who's Who?"; FRANCIS DOOLEY, assisted by Corinne Sales; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; Last Week, "the Queen of Dance," BESSIE CLAYTON and her European Company.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Second and Last Week Begins Sun., Mar. 1
Matinee Saturday Only
The De Koven Opera Company presents America's greatest lyric soprano
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In De Koven's Masterpiece
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Company of 60—Orchestra of 25
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Beginning Monday Matinee, March 2
Six Matinees—Six Nights
William Morris announces the six annual American tour and first world tour of
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With a Company of International Artists
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Continues Its Gay Whirl with
Marie Dressler
And a great company of 70 singers, dancers and comedians
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Evening prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET Opposite Mason
BULLETIN BABY CONTEST
Winner will enter "Shower of Gold" contest and receive special extra cash prize of \$125
Bothwell Browne's Tuneful Tabloid
"The Merry Masqueraders"
Rhoda Royal's Horses
Trained High School Equines
5 Other Pantages Features

TIVOLI EDDY STREET NEAR MARKET TURNER & DAWSON CIRCUIT.
PHOTO-PLAYS DE LUXE
Today—Last times of "The Bride of Lammermoor"
Week Starting Sunday, March 1
A Genuine Sensation!
"THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE"
Or "The Sunken Village"
By Clay M. Greene
Five Thrilling Parts
Continuous, 12 m. to 11 p. m., Daily
Matinees, 10c; Evenings, 10c and 20c

Savoy McALLISTER ST. PHONE MARKET 130
PLAYHOUSE BEAUTIFUL
Overwhelming Success of
THE CRIME OF THE LAW
A startling revelation of prison life, by Rachael Marshall, author of "The Traffic"
A Splendid Cast of Sterling Players
Perfect Production
Night prices, 25c to \$1; Matinees, Wed day, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

Nothing is more remarkable than the alacrity with which we coin falsities into phrases and then worship them as revelations from a new Sinai. Some time ago a sycophant male orator for the feminist crusade remarked that the national housekeeping must henceforth be done by women, since they had already proved their signal capacities in this direction in the smaller domestic sphere to which they had been confined by the iron tyranny of man. He said that the home was a model of economic management and that we must now avail ourselves nationally of an executive intellect so triumphantly demonstrated in the kitchen. He said a good many other things of the same sort, for when a man once starts upon this servile path he is more obsequious than a lackey, more cringing than a slave, more abject than a starved dog. And his audience applauded him, just as an audience will always applaud when confronted with some proposition that is patently and obviously and inipudently false. At the time we ventured to say with that diffidence which is our distinctive feature that women are not good housekeepers, that they are the worst housekeepers that can be imagined, that even a high-school boy could keep house better than they, and that so far from enlarging their sphere of destructiveness it should be narrowed. But for the merciful anonymity of this column we should certainly have had our little windows broken, but the waves of absent treatment arrived with the regularity of the tax collector. We lived henceforth in an atmosphere of malicious animal magnetism. We are still suffering from it.

But now comes support from an unexpected quarter. We all of us know the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We all of us know and love Bok. How many times have we not nestled into our easy chairs at nighttime after a long, harassing day in the poolroom, with the delightful prospect of an undisturbed evening with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and its audacious schemes for raising money for the church bazaar, and for curing little Johnny of telling fibs, and its delightful illustrations of ladies apparently caught by the camera just twenty minutes before the first breakfast bell. Thank heaven for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It would be a wild and weary world without our weekly Bok. (The alliteration is not premeditated. We are that sort of person.) But to resume. Mrs. Julian Heath has an article in the current issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and we may say that what Mrs. Heath does not know about women and housekeeping is not knowledge. She is a woman herself. And she is sustained in every word that she says by Bok, who, while not actually a woman—strictly speaking—has studied woman, unflinchingly, unreservedly, and in a way that we ourselves do not think to be quite nice. (See *Ladies' Home Journal*.) And Bok says, "We can not go on much longer with the criminal incompetence as presented by Mrs. Heath; that is certain." Bok ought now to resign from the presidency of the National Confederation of Mothers' Meetings. In fact we are beginning to have opinions about Bok with which we will not sully this chaste page. We should like to take Bok to the moving-picture show and explain to him where that sort of thing is likely to end. We should not be at all surprised to find that Bok had a nefarious pin concealed somewhere near the equatorial line. But never mind about Bok just now, although it is hard to get away from him. He becomes a habit.

Mrs. Heath explains what she means when she says that women are criminally incompetent. Here is a sample:

A woman goes to a store and asks: "How much is butter today?" She is told "Fifty cents a pound."

"Rather high, is it not?" she asks.

"Yes," agrees the tradesman, "but there has been an earthquake [or a cyclone or a shipwreck] and the price has gone up." The woman sighs, remarking that it is "too bad," but purchases the butter just the same. There is no argument, no investigation, no questioning of the statement—the housewife just buys, taking the tradesman's word for it. She really has no knowledge whether the real market price is higher or lower. Now how long would a man's business, conducted on this line, last?

Mrs. Heath says that women have not yet realized that decently brought up hens do not as a rule lay eggs in winter except under the spur of coercion. When she sees eggs labeled "strictly fresh" at Christmas she implicitly believes that legend. She believes, equally implicitly, that all storage eggs are bad. These are rooted convictions, unshakable and unchangeable. She knows no other test of values than the label and the price tag. She will not buy honest goods. She insists upon fraud or she will take her eggs from elsewhere. Thus Mrs. Heath tells us that she saw a carton of eggs marked 25 cents a dozen and another carton marked 35 cents a dozen. She asked the tradesman, "What is the difference between these eggs?" and after a little persuasion he replied that

there was no difference, that they all came from the same box, but that some of his customers insisted upon paying the higher price, and so of course he had to oblige them. It is exactly the same way with the butcher. He puts pieces of meat away in an inaccessible sort of safe so that he may make a display of producing them for the special benefit of the customer who assumes that meat thus guarded must have some special virtue that justifies the very special price. If the lady demurs at the price he says, "Of course we have cheaper meat, but it is not of the kind that you would like to buy." Then she collapses on the spot in the presence of such delicate flattery. Mrs. Heath piles up case after case in proof of the absolute inanity with which the woman shops, of the ease with which she is cheated right and left, of the hundred and one wiles with which the shopkeeper preys upon her ignorance, her vanity, and her credulity. The tradesman who can not sell his tomatoes at 10 cents a can does not despair so long as he has lady customers. He puts up the price to 15 cents a can and calls it a special sale. That does the trick. And so Mrs. Heath asks what would happen to a man if he ran his business in that way? How long would he keep out of the bankruptcy court?

A report from New York says that the woman whose automobile had just run over and killed another woman was heard to shriek to her chauffeur, "For God's sake, go on, go on." The screams of the dying woman were most disturbing. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* points out that in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" it is recorded that in Paris in about 1780 the custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner, and that after some protests the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as best they could. The drive of monseigneur is thus recorded:

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days [this was written in 1859], the carriage dashed through the streets and swept round corners.

At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind.

"What has gone wrong?" said monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the hansom of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling like a wild animal.

"Pardon, monsieur the marquis," said a ragged and submissive man. "It is a child."

"Killed!" shrieked the tall man in wild desperation. "Dead!" and again, with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

The marquis took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people can not take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. Give him that."

Thus does history repeat itself.

Hugo van der Goes's famous painting, the "Adoration of the Magi," purchased by the management of the Berlin Royal Museums for 1,000,000 marks, is now on view at its permanent home in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. Great difficulties attended the securing of the picture for Berlin, even after part of the purchase money had been paid. It had hung for many years as altarpiece in the convent chapel at Montfort in Spain, and although many an attempt had been made by the representatives of various European governments to acquire it, negotiations had somehow always failed. That Dr. Bode, head of the Berlin Royal Museums, contrived to get his offer accepted on behalf of his country will always be a feather in that great art connoisseur's cap. The picture is not of vast dimensions; it is perhaps fifteen feet long and eight feet high. The face of the Madonna is radiant and beautiful; her eyes are cast down at the child in her lap, whose hand she is holding. One of the kings has doffed his crown and kneels bareheaded. This figure with its clear-cut, scholarly features, is exceedingly characteristic, and the coloring of the rich crimson robe, which falls in plastic folds, is magnificent. The next king, clad in brown with sumptuous furs, and the third king are waiting their turn to present their gifts. In at the open window some peasant youths are peeping curiously. The broken wall against which the Madonna is sitting reveals, in the left corner of the picture, an exquisite bit of landscape; some soldiers on horseback passing a river, horses being led to the water.

"I see th' board of eddycation is all tore up 'bout these here eugenics in th' school down to th' county seat," remarked Hiram Weighback, laying down his paper. "I never heard o' them before, but I reckon they haint no wuss nor some o' them other foreigners they let tend school," said his wife.—*Livingston Lance*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and O.berwise.

"I seek for thee in every flower," a tenor solo, had been selected by the visitor from the city who was to sing at the village concert. Being asked what he was going to sing, he wrote that he had chosen "I seek for thee" (in A flat). In the programme it accordingly appeared as: "Song—I seek for thee in a flat."

Lord Crommell once met an Irishman in a New York hotel, and on being asked what part of Ireland he came from, Paddy replied: "Well, at wan toime I was wan av your discontented tinants." Lord Crommell glanced at him in surprise. "Yes," continued Pat, thoughtfully, "I was. But here are you and I drinking together, while in Ireland I could niver git close enough to ye to hit ye wid a shotgun."

A barrister was once escorting some ladies round the courts in Manchester during the luncheon hour. In the corridor they came on a pile of antique spears, the harmless but ponderous weapons of the javelin men, piled in a corner outside the judge's door. "Whatever are these used for?" asked one of the fair visitors. "These, my dear lady," said he, "are used by the judge in the crown court when he charges the grand jury."

A New Jersey teacher who had been greatly annoyed by revelry in the hotel where she had spent part of her last vacation took the precaution this time, in writing to another hotel which had been recommended to her, to inquire whether it had a bar. She received the following reply: "No, we haven't any bar, and if that is the sort of woman you are we don't want you. The place for you is at Yardley's, farther up the road."

A young mother, who had just returned from India, engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said: "I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet it." The mother thought a moment; then, brightening up, she said: "I remember now. Baby's last nurse was a black one. You will find the stove polish on the third shelf in the kitchen."

Trying out a new car on a country road, the demonstrator stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist: "Well, that was goin' some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask ye. How de ye stop one of these here contraptions where there aint no trees?"

While two men were driving in the country in an automobile the car broke down. Finally one decided to walk on until his companion could make the necessary repairs and overtake him. When the car was in running order again the driver started up, and a mile farther along came to an old negro hoeing corn near the roadside. "Did a pedestrian pass this way awhile ago?" asked the man at the wheel. "No, sah. I heen right heah in dis cohn patch more 'n an hour, an' nothin' done passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he wuz a-trampin' 'long on foot."

A few days after he had purchased the horse he returned with it, highly indignant, demanding satisfaction. He declared the poor brute had every disease and infirmity under heaven, and its appearance bore out his statements to some extent. After telling the former owner all this and denouncing him as a scoundrel, he concluded: "Now, I want to know what you're going to do about it?" "Something ought to be done. That's a fact," said the other, calmly. "Well, I should say there had." "Well, I'll give you the name of a good veterinary surgeon; it's a shame to have that horse suffer in that way."

Two newspaper men met on the street of one of the large cities, spoke their minds freely, and told the truth, one to another. "Well," said Smith, "I hear that old Jones, editor of the *Trumpet*, was found dead in his office last night." "Yes, so I hear," answered Brown. "Foul play is suspected, of course," he added. "That's the police theory. But why should anybody kill him? Had his paper been making any enemies?" "None at all, as I can hear. You know he had stopped all sensationalism and was printing a pure, modest, highly moral family paper." "Aha! That explains it!" "Who could have killed him?" "He wasn't murdered, man. He starved to death!"

At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger took a seat in one of the mourning coaches. The other three occupants of the carriage were rather curious to know who he was, and at

last one of them began to question him. The dialogue went like this: "Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?" "Na, I'm no' a brither of the corp." "Weel, ye'll be his cousin?" "No, I'm no' a cousin." "At ony rate, ye'll be a frien' o' the corp?" "Na, I'm no' that either. Ye see, I've no' been verra weel nased," the stranger explained complacently, "an' my doctor has ordered me carriage exercise, so I thoct this wad be the cheapest wey to tak' it!"

A well-known railroad president once took occasion to visit a small Southern town to enjoy the excellent fishing nearby. He carefully concealed his identity, and was consequently snubbed by a "leading citizen," with whom he attempted to strike up a conversation on the banks of the stream. When leaving he secured the services of an aged black to carry his things from the hotel to the depot. There the departing visitor caught sight of the man who had given him the cold shoulder. "Poor Smith," he said, smiling amusedly. "Suffering from an aggravated attack of egotism." "Dat so?" said Uncle Silas, in surprise, following his gaze. "He done lived heah more'n twenty yehs an' Ah nevah knowed afore dat he wuz ailin'."

When the minstrel show reached town, in Alabama, there was barely time for the usual street parade. Awaiting the company at the depot was a large reception committee of darkies. Every darky in the crowd was anxious to get the job of carrying one of the show banners, not alone for the sake of the free pass paid in exchange for the duty, but for the added glory of taking part in the procession. This was a small and struggling troupe, however, which boasted only one banner—a large and ornate square of imitation red silk. A big negro grrahed it as the property man passed it off the car, and clung to it, fighting off all opposition. As he started proudly up the street, with the flagpole resting in the pit of his stomach, a stiff breeze caught the banner and it helled like a sail, almost dragging the color-bearer off his feet and forcing him to tack and jibe to keep from being capsized bodily. Observing his plight, a disappointed candidate for the same job raised his voice in invocation from the sidewalk: "Sick him, wind!" he yelled. "Sick him!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cautious.

A canny old Scot was Hugh Miller,
Who married the widow McTwiller;
Cost for two made him sick,
Said he: "I'll dee quick,
An' a saving 'twill be on ma siller."
—Livingston Lance.

A Foreboding.

In Victoria's day the woman's array
Was most of the time a disguise;
All the ribbons and laces bunched up in wrong
places
To hide her fair form from men's eyes.

But today women feel it is right to reveal,
Not to shroud, human beauty divine;
From instep to throat, revelation's the note—
Indication, at least, of each line.

And some of us fear lest, in days drawing near,
If the last trifling modesties fall,
The elect we may view, on the avenue,
Without any clothes on at all!
—New York Times.

Kinemadventure.

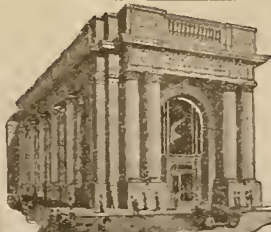
"Come, sit by my side, and listen well,"
Said the old, old man to the little lad;
"There's many a tale that I can tell
Of thrilling adventures that I have had.
I mind how I paddled many a mile
Where the tide of the mighty Congo flows—"
"I know," said the lad, with a beaming smile,
"I've seen that stream at the movie shows."

"I paddled long and I paddled far,
And far tramped I o'er the jungle sod,
Where wildest spots of Africa are
And white man's foot has but seldom trod.
I saw the buffalo plunge and snort
In the miry fords of the upper Nile—"
"Yes," cried the boy, "I know that sport;
It's been in the movies quite a while."

"And once where the big Zambesi roars,
As all of its water, downward hurled,
Into a mighty chasm pours,
A fall so vast that it shakes the world,
I stood amazed as I watched the sight;
No greater moment I hope to know—"
"Yes," said the boy, "Twas just last night
I saw those falls at the movie show."

"Ahem!" said the old, old man. "No doubt
It would seem impressive to you to learn
That I have followed the North Star out
To lands where the red auroras burn;
Where the world stands wan in the icy air.
I have stricken the kingly great bear low—"
"Yes," said the lad, "it's great up there;
I've seen such hunts at the picture show."

"Now woe is me!" said the gaffer old,
"The world of adventure, with all its scenes,
Today on a reel of film is rolled
And flashed to life on the movie screens.
My day is past, and it seems no place
Save Heaven remains, where they do not go—"
"I saw," cried the lad, with shining face,
"A Heaven film at the movie show."
—Dean Collins, in *Life*.



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Assets.....\$6,823,670.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund.....166,570.12
Number of Depositors.....64,639

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Total Assets.....7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders.....3,266,021

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Manager Pacific Department

The Insurance Exchange - - - San Francisco

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Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut...6.45
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Pearkes have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Pearkes, to Lieutenant Herman Trench Vulte, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *California*. Miss Pearkes is a sister of Miss Laura Pearkes and a niece of Mrs. Eugene de Sahl.

The wedding of Miss Ida Sonntag and Mr. Hamilton Murray took place Tuesday evening, February 17, at the home on Scott Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag. Mrs. Joseph Pearson of Sacramento, who was formerly Miss Corinne Dillman, was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Olive Wheeler, Edith Slack, Elizabeth Brice, and Virginia Murray.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess at a dinner-dance last week at her residence on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Brooke, who was formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy of this city, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. James Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooke entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry L. Eyre gave a dinner Friday evening at their home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles Bailey.

Mrs. James A. Cooper entertained a number of friends Thursday at a bridge luncheon at her home on Gough Street.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway, preceding the symphony concert.

Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin entertained a group of young people at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club as a farewell to Miss Sara Coffin, who left with Countess de Lalande and Miss Margaret Douglas-Dick for Europe, where Miss Coffin will join Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart.

Mrs. Felton B. Elkins was hostess at an informal luncheon at her apartment in town complimentary to Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia. Mrs. Widener was again the honored guest at a luncheon given at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. William Delaware Neilson.

The Misses Elva and Corannah de Pue entertained a number of friends at a dinner preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicks' Ball Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Walter Filer of Santa Barbara was hostess the same evening at a dinner and later accompanied her guests to the ball.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen gave a bridge-tee Saturday at her home on Scott and Green Streets and entertained a number of her young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali entertained their friends at an informal dance Thursday evening at their new home on Russian Hill. Preceding the affair Mr. Frank Michael gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler were the complimented guests at a dinner given Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn. The dinner was followed by a most enjoyable musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libbey King entertained their relatives and a few friends at a christening party last week, when their little grandson was named Ralph King, Jr. The sponsors were Mrs. Joseph King, Jr., and the Messrs. George L. Cadwalader and Joseph King, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, who reside in Calaveras County, are the guests of Mr. King's parents.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Martha Brevoort.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris gave a dinner recently complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simpson of North Bend, Oregon.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was a luncheon hostess Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Graeme Macdonald was the complimented guest at a tea Monday, when her sister-in-law, Mrs. Allan Macdonald, gave a reception in her new home on Seal Cliff Avenue.

Mrs. Samuel Monserrat entertained at a bridge-luncheon in honor of Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Sr., who has recently arrived from Louisville, Kentucky, to reside in this city.

The Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis gave an informal dance Monday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club to celebrate their twenty-first birthday.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace was hostess Thursday at a bridge-tee at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman entertained a large number of guests at a dinner Tuesday evening preceding the Mardi Gras Ball.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster was hostess at a dinner at her home on Scott Street and with her guests attended the ball.

Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Saturday at her home in Burlingame complimentary to Mrs. James Lee Laidlaw of New York, who was the guest of honor at luncheons given by Mrs. Frank P. Anderson, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Graupner, and Miss Ethel Moore.

Mrs. Frank P. Anderson and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker were hostesses at teas in honor of Mrs. Laidlaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a dinner Thursday evening complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, who departed Sunday for their home in the East.

Mr. John D. Boyd was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan have issued invitations to a dinner Friday, March 6.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham entertained a number of their friends Tuesday evening at an official dinner at their home on Pierce Street.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday in honor of her niece, Mrs. Charles

Bailey, who has been constantly entertained by her legion of friends in this city.

Mrs. Samuel Blair gave a bridge-tee recently in Mrs. Bailey's honor.

Miss Jennie Blair entertained a number of friends at a dinner complimentary to General Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey, who also enjoyed the hospitality of Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace at a similar affair.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was hostess Monday evening at a dinner at her home on Jackson Street in honor of General and Mrs. Bailey.

The officers of the Eighth Brigade and their wives gave a reception Wednesday evening at the Presidio complimentary to General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing. Preceding the affair dinners were given by Major William C. Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett, in honor of Captain Claude Cochran, of the revenue cutter *Bear*, and Mrs. Cochran; Major J. L. Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines, who entertained in honor of Colonel Pruett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pruett; Captain Charles Bundel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bundel, whose guest of honor was Miss Grace Baxter of Portland, and Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simpson.

Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tobin gave a dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy was hostess at a tea recently at her home at Fort Mason in honor of Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mrs. B. H. L. Williams entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at her home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant George S. Gillis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gillis gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Gillis's cousin, Miss Grace Baxter, daughter of Colonel John E. Baxter, U. S. A., who is here from Portland visiting Captain Charles Bundel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bundel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry Brevoort and her daughter, Miss Martha Brevoort, departed yesterday for Southern California after an extended visit in this city. During their stay they were guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph M. Masten and her daughter, Miss Eugenie Masten, have returned from the East, where they have been spending the past two months. En route home they visited the Messrs. Stewart and Kendall Masten, who are attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Sally Fox has returned from Monterey, where she has been the guest of Miss Alice Warner.

Mrs. John Murietta and her infant son have arrived from Arizona and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory. Mrs. Murietta was formerly Miss Maybelle Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West have returned to their home in Stockton after having spent the winter in this city. They occupied the home on Broadway of Mrs. Emelie Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bancroft have recently been visiting their niece, Countess Artsimovitch, at her home in St. Petersburg. Countess Artsimovitch was formerly Mrs. Beulah Hobbs Jones of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard are here from New York visiting Mr. Howard's mother, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard.

Mrs. George M. Pullman is expected to arrive this morning from Chicago and will join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico after a week visit in Oakland.

Mrs. Herbert Payne is at the Adler Sanatorium, where she has undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Ruth Winslow has been spending the past week with friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter in this city.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant is expected home shortly from Lausanne, Switzerland, where he has been taking a cure.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers will sail Thursday, March 5, for their home in Honolulu after a brief visit with Mr. Ivers's sister, Mrs. William G. Irwin. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Richard Ivers, Sr., who will spend several months with them at their island home.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd, who are spending the winter in Dr. Adolf Barkan's house on Laguna Street, will spend the summer in their country home in San Rafael. Next winter they will occupy the Mintzer house, which they have leased for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned to their home in Winnipeg, Canada, after a visit with their relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith O'Brien are con-

templating a trip to Europe, where they expect to remain several years. During their absence their home on Buchanan Street will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morton.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Miss Beatrice Nickel, and Miss Lee Girvin spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mr. Douglas C. Alexander sailed Wednesday on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu. He expects to be away a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. King McComber of Paris have arrived in this city and will later visit Dr. Henry J. Macomber and Mrs. Macomber at their ranch at San Benito.

Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin has gone to Portland to spend a month with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark and her sister, Mrs. Raoul Duval of Paris, spent several days last week in Monterey. Mr. Duval is en route here and will join his wife in San Mateo, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

The Misses Ruth Zeile and Marie Louise Black spent the week-end in Burlingame with Miss Isabelle McLaughlin. Miss Harriett Alexander was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan. The Misses Elizabeth Oyster and Gertrude O'Brien were with Miss Rebecca Shreve in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained the Misses Marion Zeile, Laura Hobson, and Marian Newhall, and Mr. Douglas Alexander.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy has returned to her home in Burlingame after a rest cure at the Florence Ward Hospital in this city.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins is contemplating an automobile trip through Southern California. He will be accompanied by his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, are among others who will soon leave en route for Southern California.

Mrs. John McMullin will leave soon for Coronado, where she will spend several weeks. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Earl Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller), is residing in Coronado, where her husband, Lieutenant Shipp, U. S. N., is on duty.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mrs. Norma Preston Ames, and the latter's children, Frances and Preston Ames, have returned from Baltimore, where they have been since their arrival a few weeks ago from Europe. Mrs. Preston is recuperating at the Fairmont Hotel from her recent illness. Mrs. Ames is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown.

Mr. Keth Curran has arrived from New York and is visiting his brother, Mr. Homer Curran.

Mr. Gordon Armsby is rapidly recovering from an accident in Switzerland, where he fractured his arm while skiing.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Willard Sperry has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Foss at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, has been brightened by the advent of a son, born on February 21.

In the near future at the Columbia Theatre San Francisco will have an opportunity to see the popular star, Henrietta Crossman, in her latest success, "The Tunes of Men." Miss Crossman is a charming actress who in the past dozen years has had many successes to her credit, but from all accounts she is presenting today the best work offered by her since she became a notable star.

A Ghiordes rug woven in the sixteenth century brought \$21,000 at a recent sale in New York. This price has been topped in the past, however, for one of the Marquand rugs sold for \$38,000.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Commander Evans of the Scott Antarctic expedition has been presented with the gold medal of the city of Paris. He delivered a series of lectures before the French Geographical Society.

Orestes Zamor, the new head of Haiti, chosen by congress, is a man of affairs and has had considerable experience in affairs of the republic. He is former governor of the northern department of the island, and in 1911 occupied the office of minister of war.

Mrs. Henrietta Nichols Smith, widow of Charles Emory Smith, former Postmaster-General and minister to Russia, and at the time of his death editor of the Philadelphia Press, has become a novice in the Institute of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine in New York.

Louis Ritman, whose paintings are attracting attention, is a young Russian who received his first training at Hull House, Chicago, and has forged his way to the front in spite of many obstacles. A child of very poor parents, he became a protégé of Hull House, studied in the drawing classes there and showed such remarkable talent that at the age of fourteen he obtained work in a sign painter's shop in the neighborhood. His father was out of work, and for a time the boy was the sole support of the family. Then he began to study at the Fine Arts Academy. The first

year he won a scholarship entitling him to two years' free tuition. Paris became his goal. He scraped together enough money for the fare and arrived in Paris penniless. Lawton Parker befriended him, and Ritman's work immediately attracted attention in Paris. He exhibited at the Salon.

Dr. Shosuke Sato, who has been appointed exchange lecturer to this country, is one of Japan's great scholars. He graduated from the Sappow Agricultural College, a remarkable college founded by General Kuroda with the help of able men from the United States, and then came to the United States, where he took a course at the Johns Hopkins University. When Dr. Sato returned from the United States, he was not to be tempted by any of the offices his country begged him to accept, but went back to Sappow and in due time became its honored president.

Commander William Thomas Turner, who will be placed in command of the new Cunard liner *Aquitania*, the largest ship flying the British flag, began his career with the same line thirty-seven years ago. He went to sea at the age of thirteen as deck-boy on a sailing vessel, and by slow degrees mounted to the captaincy. While captain of the *Catalonia* in 1897 he saved the crew of the sinking *Vague*, and in recognition of this rescue was presented with a medal from the Mercantile Marine Service Association. He is a native of Liverpool, a man of retiring nature, disliking photographers and publicity.

Cornelius C. Beekman, an Adams express rider of 1852, with headquarters at Jacksonville, Oregon, has been for fifty-seven years a bank president of that town, a record probably not equaled in banking circles in this country. He came to California in 1850, went to Yreka, where gold had newly been discovered, and somewhat later entered the employ of the express company. In 1859 he erected at Jacksonville the building which he has occupied ever since as a banking establishment. He cares little for politics, but has been mayor of his town and was for fifteen years a regent of the state university. In spite of his eighty-six years he continues to personally superintend his banking business.

Sir Sanford Fleming, who conceived and made possible the Canadian Pacific cable, and who has probably done more than any other living man to develop Canada's great West, recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. He is a Scotchman whose life has been devoted to the upbuilding of Canada. As a railroad builder he linked the East with the West, having demonstrated the practicability of the route for the Canadian Pacific line. To accomplish this, he walked the entire distance from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Prior to that, however, he was chief engineer in the construction of the Intercolonial, the first link in the ocean-to-ocean road. He has written many important books on engineering and imperial subjects.

Outlook Bright for Grand Opera Season.

The big topic in musical and society circles is the coming season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House, during the two weeks beginning Monday, March 16, and from the subscription sale of seats, which has been progressing at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the engagement will be tremendously successful. The company boasts of many Americans on its list of artists. Among the singers are Mary Garden, Mme. Carolina White, Jane Osborn-Hannab, Mabel Regelman, Minnie Egner, Helen Warrum, Beatrice Wheeler, and Florence Macbeth. Miss Macbeth will be heard as Gilda on the opening night, when the great Titta Ruffo will sing the title-role in "Rigoletto." Allen Hinckley, Henri Scott, and Clarence Whitehill are three American singers who have repeated their great European triumphs in America and have won the unqualified approval of their countrymen in every one of their appearances. Whitehill created a sensation here last year as Wotan. The Chicago Grand Opera Company maintains a chorus school, and from the ranks of this training school for American singers the members of the great chorus are selected.

The sale of seats for single operas will commence at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s one week from Monday morning.

The second week's repertory follows, the first having been published February 21: March 24, 8 p. m., "Lohengrin," with Rosa Raisa, Julia Claussen, Marak, Whitehill, and Hinckley, Campanini conducting; March 25, 8 p. m., "Barber of Seville," with Titta Ruffo, Florence Macbeth, Giorgini, and Scott, Sturani conducting; March 26, "Manon," with Mary Garden, Campagnola, Dufuranne, and Huberdeau, Charlier conducting; March 27, "Don Giovanni," with Tita Ruffo, Carolina White, Rosa Raisa, Giorgini, Huberdeau, Trevisan, and Scott, Campanini conducting; March 28, 2 p. m., "Madama Butterfly," with Maggie Teyte, Bassi, Federici, Margaret Keyes, and Minnie Egner, Sturani conducting, followed by a grand ballet divertissement; March 28, 8 p. m., grand farewell performance, programme to be announced later.



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

By an order of the State Railroad Commission the new rates of the Wells Fargo Company will go into effect on March 15 instead of March 1.

The Folsom Street soup kitchen closed Sunday morning. Over 2000 men lined up for the last meal. The expense of operating the kitchen during the period of its activity was about \$30,000.

The funeral of the veteran, Colonel James C. O'Hara (retired), Coast Artillery officer, was held at Fort Winfield Scott on Tuesday. Colonel O'Hara died in Berkeley. Interment was in the National Cemetery at the Presidio.

Permission has been asked by the Southern Pacific Company, in a petition filed in Washington, to retain its Pacific Ocean auxiliary. Permission was also asked to keep its fleet of twenty-two steamers operating between New York and Galveston, New Orleans and Havana, an asset that is estimated, with wharves and other property, to be worth \$16,500,000. It is set forth in the application that after July 1 the Pacific Mail intends to engage in traffic between San Francisco and Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, European ports, and the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States.

The Standard Oil Company has won an important compensation suit in the case of W. O. Cleary. The Industrial Accident Commission, after awarding small indemnity for temporary disability, held that hernia is rarely the result of accidental injury; that it is more in the nature of a congenital disease and that every claim based upon it is to be viewed with suspicion. It is declared that where offer is made to provide medical treatment at the expense of the employer and compensation during the period of incapacitation, no further claim will be allowed.

Major Fred G. J. Margetson, a pioneer of 1851 and until recently the manager of the McCloud Building, died at 6:35 Wednesday morning of heart disease.

The Southern Pacific Company's new half-million-dollar ferryboat, *Alameda*, is now in service between San Francisco and the Alameda mole. The new boat is one of the largest as well as the fastest and most modern ferryboats at present in use on the bay. There are seven bulkheads below the main deck and five more extending to the platform deck. Any of these might be pierced in the event of a collision without endangering the lives of the passengers in any way. Its length is 292 feet over all, with a width amidships of 42 feet.

C. M. Levey, vice-president and general manager of the Western Pacific, announces that the road will not default in the payment of the March coupon on its first mortgage 5 per cent bonds. The March interest upon its bonds has been paid into the trust company and now awaits the Western Pacific's order.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I have eggs as cheap as thirty cents, ma'am, but I wouldn't guarantee 'em." "Well, send me a dozen, please. They'll do to lend the neighbors."—*Life*.

"How did you propose to support my daughter, sir?" "I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—*Rehaboth Sunday Herald*.

De Lancy—Are you advancing any in her affections? Reginold—Oh, yes; last night she said I was nothing to her whatever; the night before she said I was less than nothing. —*Dallas News*.

Judge—Describe what passed between you in the quarrel with your wife. Man on Stand—The plates were regular dinner size, your honor, and the teapot had a broken spout.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Cyrus Green—Molly, what is that picture called in the catalogue? Mrs. Green (reading)—Cows after Rosa Bonheur. Mr. Green—By gosh! I see the cows, but where is Rosa Bonheur?—*Dallas News*.

"I wish I had taken my mother's advice when she begged me not to marry you." "Did your mother try to keep you from marrying me?" "Yes." "Oh, how I have wronged that woman!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"It seems to me," she said, "that geniuses are always terribly self-conscious." "Oh, I don't think so," he replied. "I frequently become so absorbed in my work that I forget all about myself."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Are these live crabs?" she asked, poking her hand about in the box. "I should think you'd know; there's one hitting your finger," said the surprised dealer. "Oh, yes, to be sure. But I'm a Christian Scientist."—*Life*.

Mrs. Pester—Don't you really think that women have more patience than men? Mr. Pester—I'm sure of it. I've been watching you play solitaire all evening with a deck that's four or five cards short.—*Boston Globe*.

Famous Tenor (who has been invited to dinner)—I should be only too pleased to do as you ask and sing a little song, but I am quite hoarse tonight. Hostess—Oh, what a pity. Can't you do anything else?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Young Mother—I really don't know why he cries so. Bachelor Friend—Perhaps it is his teeth coming through. Young Mother—No! He isn't teething. Bachelor Friend—Maybe it's his hair coming through that hurts him!—*Puck*.

William (who has been persuaded to contribute to our annual concert)—Can 'ee tinkle "Farmer's Boy," miss? Squire's Daughter—Have you brought your music? William—Music! I don't sing by music, I sing by hearsay.—*London Opinion*.

Country Vicar (to widow whose best pig has died)—Well, you know, Mrs. Higgs, these little troubles are sent us by Providence for our good. Mrs. Higgs—Oh, yes, sir; but what a comfort it is to know that there's One above as won't let Providence go too far!—*Toronto Globe*.

"What do you mean by coming in here with that tire all cut to ribbons?" shouted the enraged owner of the sixty-horsepower racing car. "I ran it over a milk bottle, sir," said the trembling chauffeur. "A milk bottle, eh? Seems to me you could see a thing as big as that." "The boy had it hid under his coat, sir."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Maggie," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you." "Ye will, will ye? I'll have ye know, mum, that I've been workin' out for two years, an' I've worked for eighty-nine at the best families in town, an' I aint ever bin discharged yet. I'm lavin' this afternoon for a better place."—*New York Globe*.

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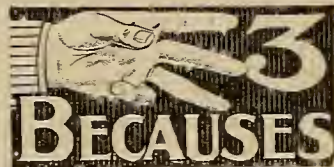
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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As to Discrimination.

Senator Borah declares himself unable to see that there can be any competition between ships engaged in coastwise traffic and ships engaged in international traffic. We invite the senator's attention to the case of hard-coal importations for the Mare Island or Bremerton navy yards. The Pacific Coast, thanks to rigid "conservation" in Alaska, produces no hard coal. Such coal must be brought from the North Atlantic ports of the United States or from Wales, the mileage by way of the Canal being practically the same. Now if an American ship bringing a cargo of hard coal say to Mare Island goes free through the Canal, and if an English ship bringing hard coal from Swansea, Wales, likewise to Mare Island, must pay tonnage rates, is there not here a definite and positive discrimination in the case of ships in competitive trade? And since England holds our pledge that there shall be no discrimination, is not her plea as to the Canal tolls well taken?

A hundred illustrations might be given to the same effect; but after all the question is primarily one of common honesty. Our treaty with England—in other words, our contract with England—calls for equality in conditions and rates for the ships of all countries. The rules prescribed by Congress for operation at the Canal place a tonnage charge upon ships in international trade, but allow American ships engaged in the coastwise trade to pass through the Canal free. It is, we repeat, a matter of common honesty. Though it is true that we have built the Canal "with our own money," we have no right to favor our own ships, because we yielded and contracted away this right before we did the first stroke at the Isthmus. "No one," says Senator Borah, "is urging that we disregard our treaty obligations." But Mr. Borah does urge just this thing when he insists that we have a right to discriminate in favor of ships in the coastwise trade as against ships in international trade.

Why Industry Halts at San Francisco.

The New York *Commercial*, a newspaper of established authority with respect to matters of industry and business, has been casting a careful eye upon San Francisco; and in its number of February 19 it dilates at length upon our achievements since the great smash-up. And after reciting what we have done it proceeds to tell some things we have failed to do. "San Francisco," says the *Commercial*, "should be the centre for supplying the larger part of the Pacific Coast States, and it enjoys what amounts to high protection through its distance from Eastern manufacturing centres, the protection being in the form of freight rates." But, it is pointed out, industrial progress in San Francisco has been halted by the failure of new manufacturers to establish themselves and old ones to enlarge their plants. "Bad labor conditions" is the explanation. "The trades unions," the *Commercial* goes on to say, "are in full control, and they persist in making absurd and ruinous demands."

The *Commercial* points out that it is not so much the scale of wages, high as it is, that hurts the industry of San Francisco so much as it is "the grafting of the labor leaders and the demands made by labor unions not connected with manufacturing in a direct sense." A manufacturer recently returned from the Coast gives the *Commercial* this illustration:

He looked over the situation closely and became unusually well informed regarding the troubles of manufacturers in that city because he was consulted by a personal friend who was planning to establish an industry of considerable importance in that city. All financial arrangements for going ahead with the work of erecting the buildings and putting in machinery and an option on a suitable site had been secured. The only point that remained unsettled was getting one of the railroads to build a tap line to the works. The building of this tap line was a cheap and easy task and the railroad officials told the manufacturer that they would put it in for him on what he considered reasonable terms.

The high railroad official who had entered into this tentative agreement with the manufacturer suddenly turned to him and suggested that it would be wise for him to see the president of the Teamsters' Union before he made up his mind about building his factory and putting in the tap line from the railroad. The railroad official was his true friend and he knew it, so he followed his advice though he was astonished to think it would be a necessary preliminary to such an undertaking. The president of the Teamsters' Union told the manufacturer that his union would not permit a tap line to be run from the railroad freight yard to the factory. The handling of goods between the freight yard and the factory was the perquisite of the Teamsters' Union. If the manufacturer persisted in running his own business in his own way the union leader told him that he would be boycotted, that all trucking to and from his factory which might be necessary would be interrupted as much as possible by the union, that he would not be able to engage the services of union men in any capacity and that if he employed "scabs" the various labor unions of San Francisco would combine together to make things as unpleasant as possible for him and his employees. In addition to this all union men on the Pacific Coast would be ordered to boycott the goods that he made in his factory.

As his sole object in building the factory in San Francisco was to supply Pacific Coast trade and as he knew the extra costs of manufacturing in San Francisco would preclude all chances of competing in foreign markets or in the Eastern states, this manufacturer stopped right there.

And so San Francisco lost an industry of some importance, not because wages are high, but because the Teamsters' Union would not consent that transportation of merchandise should be performed by modern and economical methods. The project was killed because the Teamsters' Union would not permit the business to be done in a business way. The *Commercial* further remarks:

No capitalist will put in his money under such conditions. San Francisco will have to get along without this particular industry; furthermore San Francisco's overcrowded labor market will get no relief so long as it operates under this policy. What is more, the experience of this manufacturer has become widely known amongst his many powerful friends and it is as great a blow to San Francisco as anything that has happened for some time. The mad folly of workmen who will submit to such destruction of their hopes and their prosperity is almost inconceivable. This factory, if it had been built, would have employed men at regular wages such as labor unions in San Francisco demand, but to make a success of the enterprise it would be necessary to handle all supplies coming in to the plant and all goods going out from it as economically as possible.

All of which is presented, not because it tells anything we do not already know, but as a reminder of what we are losing through a supine policy of tame submission to insolent and ruinous demands.

Blackmail Made Easy.

The arrest of a young San Franciscan (upon whom no sympathy need be wasted) for "white slavery" has so far established just one thing, namely, that again we are cursed with that abomination of justice, a prosecuting attorney who tries his cases, in advance of the court hearing, through the medium of the public press. Every respecter of the law devoutly hoped that such practices had gone forever with the discrediting of Heneyism. Yet we find our new United States District Attorney Preston quoted daily in interviews, no one of which he denies. It is "an awful case." He "never heard of a more flagrant one." A "conviction is assured." The woman's story "excites pity and a conviction of its truth." She is "not a blackmailer." She spent "large sums of her own money." She was "in a hospital for a month and paid her own bills." He has many "damaging letters." The grand jury "was profoundly impressed with her story." "Her life before and after her relations with Whitney have nothing to do with the case." And so on through all the nauseating stuff with which the past has made San Francisco so sadly familiar.

And yet just what are the facts as disclosed by the judicial forum to which Attorney Preston lies with such a sad gayness, or gay sadness? These same newspapers tell us that the complaining witness is not a "girl," but an adult woman, long past her nonage; that Whitney, a married man living apart from his wife, met her in the night life of New York. She traveled with him here and there as his mistress. He paid the bills; he squandered money on her. She says he promised to get a divorce and marry her; a consideration which may appeal to the tender heart of Attorney Preston, but one which is known to the law as "base." She leads this gay life in various cities with and without Whitney. She is, according to your viewpoint, favorably or unfavorably known in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In the latter place she marries. She leaves her husband, makes further demands on Whitney (not blackmail of course); declares she will "not stand for" Whitney's coldness to her and interest in a rival, and lays her pitiful story before the district attorney. As soon as that sympathetic soul can see through his blinding tears he takes her before the grand jury and for the reporters. Miss Hannan, strong in her sense

outraged womanhood, assured that all of the Preston kind will "go the limit for her," and satisfied now that she has "raised hell" with Whitney, modestly wires to a man in New Orleans, "If you want me, I'll come.—Snooks," and vanishes from our midst, leaving behind a strong odor of patchouli and brimstone.

Such is the sad tale. With the morality of such liaisons we are not here concerned. It is no new thing for men to have mistresses, nor yet to travel with them. But to call such conduct on the part of a man "white slavery" is a mockery; to treat the woman as a "victim" is insanity. Whatever by amendment the Federal statute may have become, it was originally designed to prevent commercial traffic in prostitution, and was a wise and humane measure. The sole authority the United States possesses to pass any law touching the vices of citizens arises only when the commercial element is present—since that authority admittedly rests, and rests alone, upon the constitutional right of the Federal government to "regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states."

The power to pass all other regulatory and punitive measures remains with the state. It is indeed time that we had a decisive utterance from the Supreme Court of the United States on the question, for in its exercise today, instead of being a "White Slave Act," it might more justly be entitled, "An act to foster private revenge and to make blackmail easy."

"A Word from the White House."

Every now and again something turns up to remind us that for all the furious onslaught made last year by Mr. Wilson against lobby practice at the national capital, the game still goes on at the old stand and in pretty much the same old way. Mr. Ashmun Brown, who writes from Washington both wisely and entertainingly to the *State Capital Record* of Olympia, Washington, is the latest to reveal certain processes, both inside and outside the government, tending to affect the course of legislation. The story is told sympathetically, since Mr. Brown is avowedly in with and part of the particular "push" of which he writes.

Mr. Brown describes the activities of Mr. Will E. Parry of Seattle, formerly city editor of the *Post-Intelligencer* (and the editor of the *Argonaut* is glad to bear witness, the very best city editor since the world began), who, representing the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, has been actively promoting the Alaskan railway measure. Mr. Parry has been applying to this work at Washington a system which he employed effectually in his old professional days in laying out his work and in assigning his men. Describing Parry's processes, Mr. Brown says:

Here on Mr. Parry's desk is a little box of neatly arranged cards. The guide cards that stick up above the others bear the names of the states in alphabetical order. Beneath each guide card are cards bearing the names of the members of Congress from that state, with plenty of room on the card for memoranda.

As they are ranged in the box, you will notice that stuck in the left upper corners of many of the cards are black metal clips. These indicate that the members whose cards are so decorated are for the hill. Pick up one such and you will find a notation like this:

"2-3-14. Leche reports promised absolutely to vote favorably."

On the left side is a corresponding row of copper-colored clips. These indicate the members who are definitely opposed to the measure. Midway between the copper clips and the centre is a row of white clips. These indicate the men undecided but disposed to vote against the bill. Midway between the centre and the row of black clips is another row of white clips, indicating those who lean toward the bill but have not yet made up their minds to vote "aye."

Written on the cards of all are many interesting bits of information concerning affiliations, relationships, fads, and fancies; all sorts of information.

But it is the use to which Mr. Parry has been putting these admirable arrangements which excites the correspondent's interest—and our own. "Morning assignment time," says Mr. Brown, "finds the scene about the desk much the same as in a city editor's room. Mr. Parry seems deeply absorbed, the 'boys' lounge about expectant':"

"Mr. Heifner," says Mr. Parry, "as usual, you will take the White House today. I am told that all Representative Sorghum needs is a little pressure from the President. See if you can't get it applied. And then there is Representative Jinswinger of Arkansas. I think a word from the White House would bring him in line; he is trying to get his cousin appointed minister to Dahomey."

"Mr. Leche, you are on the Department of the Interior today. Tell the Secretary"—and the city editor goes off into a detailed list of things that are to be done.

And so on through the list of waiting roustabouts

goes the quondam "city editor" until the day's work is all laid out and under way.

Now the curious part of this interesting revelation, a revelation naively made, since Mr. Brown heartily commends the whole process, is the light in which it puts an administration committed positively against the vice of lobbying. The vision of "Mr. Heifner" pursuing his labors within the sacred precincts of the White House and drawing upon the President for "a little pressure" upon Representative Sorghum is, all things considered, most edifying. And again there is a curious light in the suggestion of "a word from the White House" for the "bringing into line" of the representative who is "trying to get his cousin appointed minister to Dahomey." And then there is another sinister phrase—"and so on through the list."

The whole story reminds us of the philosophy of a certain one-time German-American citizen of San Francisco who declared himself as being "hell on all drusts except dose vot I am in mit." This phrase appears to sum up President Wilson's attitude towards lobbys—they are all vicious excepting those he happens to be "in mit."

"No Married Man Need Apply"

In another column will be found a lengthy communication from Colonel H. Weinstock on the subject of the Workmen's Compensation Act. Colonel Weinstock takes exception to an *Argonaut* comment to the effect that the new act must produce a discrimination against married men. Indeed the *Argonaut* pointed out that it had already done so in view of the statement made by a contractor to the board of supervisors that he would employ only unmarried men so as to diminish his liabilities under the law. Colonel Weinstock now seeks to dispel our mental shadows by a creditable display of legal lore anent the practices of antiquity, the old common law based on judge-made decisions, and the pleas of divided liabilities that once held sway before the present renaissance of political wisdom. It is all very edifying, very illuminating, and very instructive, but we still fail to find a single word in the original comment to which the smallest suspicion of inaccuracy can attach.

On the contrary the *Argonaut* hereby extends its thanks to Colonel Weinstock for an official confirmation of its forebodings, a confirmation so authoritative as in no way to be slighted. "It is undeniable," says Colonel Weinstock, "that it costs less to kill a workman who is alone in the world, having no one dependent upon him or heir to his property, than to kill one who has wife and children dependent upon him for support." That was precisely the contention of the *Argonaut*, and the fact that the above-mentioned contractor has openly avowed his discrimination against the Benedicts is proof positive that employers are fully aware of the buttered side of their bread. That our ancestors had many undesirable features in their jurisprudence is undeniable and interesting, but irrelevant, except from the antiquarian aspect. The point is that these same undesirable features in their essential principle have now been reenacted by the legislative pieties of today and that at least one important employer has been quick to announce that "no married man need apply."

It would be interesting to follow Colonel Weinstock through the whole of his ingenious argument, but space forbids. Moreover, it speaks for itself. Not only does it confirm the *Argonaut* contention *literatim et verbatim*, but it even adds to its force, since we are now told that "married men are not the only sufferers" under the new law. That, of course, is true. It is not only the man who has a wife who will be discriminated against by the employer. His sisters and his cousins and his aunts, if dependent upon him, will be equally detrimental to his chances of employment.

But the real gravamen of this matter is not to be found in the demerits of a particular law. It is far wider than that. The discriminatory principle belongs to an evil brood of haphazard and heart-throb expedients that must act with unerring effect to the discouragement of marriage, and that at a time when a reluctance to marry has become one of the portentous phenomena of our social life and one that is most fertile in sinister evils. Of what avail is it to urge the iniquities, real or imaginary, of ancient legal practices except to avoid their repetition? And it is precisely their repetition that we find here. We find it elaborated and premeditated. We find it proclaimed and defended. We find the amazing avowal of its official

advocate that "it is undeniable that it costs less to kill a workman that is alone in the world * * * than to kill one who has wife and children," and that "married men are not the only sufferers." In other words, a modern legislature conspicuous for its pharasaical and self-righteous pretensions is not only stupidly indifferent to the progress of an ominous social evil, but it goes out of its way to aggravate and to inflame it.

A similar example of ineptitude—this time from a judge—comes from Los Angeles. We read of a man who has committed some marital offense and whose sentence is actually pronounced by the offended wife herself and upon the invitation of the bench. That judge ought to be transferred to some other occupation, such as dishwashing, that would be less of a strain upon his feeble intelligence. He was placed on the bench to administer the law, and not to provoke a cackle of idiot applause by prostituting and disgracing the law, by exposing it to scorn and derision. It is certainly a novel departure in legal procedure if complainant and judge are to be combined in the person of one irate woman. It is time now that the public interest should assert itself in some effective way against a legislative and judicial imbecility that thus irritates a social evil that it is too fatuous to appreciate.

A Danger to the Race.

How grateful we ought to be to those scientific luminaries whose unceasing vigilance warns us of the dangers that threaten the race, and who are so unselfishly willing, even eager, to send their opinions and their portraits to the daily press for the edification and instruction of mere people. For example, take the case of Professor Edwin Grant Conklin, hitherto unknown to fame, but gallantly resolved to rectify that little matter. Professor Conklin has been lecturing at Princeton on the future of humanity, a topic upon which he has some exclusive information that he is disposed to impart. It seems that we are very nearly upon the rocks of disaster. A trifle of fifty years or so and we shall be in the whirlpool of racial extinction. For the moment we are disposed to thank heaven for Professor Conklin, but the danger is so imminent that there is no time for prayer. It must wait. This is one of those cases where *laborare est orare*. The human race, says Professor Conklin—meaning of course Princeton—will be degenerate within the time specified "because the higher classes are failing to reproduce," thanks to the feminist movement. For the moment we are disposed to give three cheers for the higher classes, but this is no time for levity. We repress frivolous instincts and turn with resolution to the grim struggle with the enemy.

But what are we to do in the matter? Eager to aid still further in the perpetuation of the race—at least by precept—we find that our patriotic aspirations are thwarted by a lack of guidance and leadership. Professor Conklin is like the physician who diagnoses the disease, but who gives no prescription for its cure. Has he no remedy to suggest, no method by which the higher classes can be compelled to transmit to coming generations those delightful characteristics that have excited our envy and our admiration? Can he indicate no sort of law that will compel these delinquent higher classes to show a due sense of the fitness of things and of their duty to the human race? Personally we are lamentably uninstructed upon such affairs. What we are pleased to call our education was finished before these delicate matters were being imparted by the young women to whom an inscrutable Providence has entrusted our scholastic institutions. Doubtless any modern high school girl could tell us all about it, but a nearly obsolete modesty prevents inquiry. But can science do nothing to head off this calamity?

But it may be that our momentary consternation has led us astray, being naturally-susceptible to professorial enthusiasms. A further contemplation of the situation may tend to restore tranquillity and confidence. After all, who are we that we should seek to interfere with those mysterious processes by which nature seeks ever to restore her threatened equilibrium? Is it possible that nature intends the extinction of the feminist upper classes in just the way that has been indicated and that the professor views with such alarm. Certainly there is a blessed solace about the thought when once the idea is fairly faced. If nature had only been a little quicker on the job she might have forestalled the arrival upon the scene of those amiable and gentle young women with the tender names of Sylvia and Cristabel

who call Mrs. Pankhurst mother. But imagine Mrs. Pankhurst as a grandmother! Imagine the prospect of a long vista of reproductive little Pankhursts, of a Pankhurst brood, that, like the poor, will be ever with us. Therefore let us walk warily in this matter lest some worse thing befall us. Let us rather endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Let us not be beguiled by the effervescent Conklin. Let us ask ourselves which is actually the greater threat to the human race, the perpetuation of the feminist upper classes or their painless euthanasia by those methods into which it would be indiscreet for mere man to inquire but for which we may hope a continuing efficacy and success.

As to "Wise Expenditure."

Mr. Eshleman's theory that in estimating the value of a business or plant there must be reckoned only such amounts as have been "wisely expended" does not square either with the experiences of business or the suggestions of common sense. We venture to say that there is not today in existence anywhere in the world a business or plant whose capital account is limited to "wise" expenditure. At every stage of every business there must be spent upon it sums greater or less in the experimental spirit. Take the case of a railroad running through a mountain country: Before a single dollar is expended in the work of actual construction there must be preliminary reconnaissances and surveys to determine the best course to be followed. And it is inevitable that many forms of engineering construction—bridges and the like—must likewise be experimental and temporary—not reckonable in the cost of the final construction, but all going legitimately into the capital account.

Before any business, especially if be a new business, can be fairly put upon its feet, there must be a try-out of plans and projects as originally conceived, and it is inevitable that before any such business comes to its ultimate working plan, there must be considerable loss in experimentation and in mistakes.

The progress of invention, too, in most things involves a constant throwing away of old machinery with the substitution of new at a considerable cost. Now if the cost of experiments and mistakes are to be eliminated, if only what is "wisely expended" is to be reckoned in capital account and made the basis of rates and prices, then we suspect that few businesses could be demonstrated to be profitable.

In every project involving heavy physical construction, in every business brought to a successful routine, there is a history of expenditure more or less "unwise" in the sense that it must be accredited to the account of experience. Experience thus gained is one of the essential and recognized assets of every going concern, be it a bank, a railroad, a grocery store, or a chicken ranch. And in so far as Mr. Eshleman's theory would cut out from any institution or business what is fairly chargeable to the experimental account he would reduce the capital account below the point of necessity and legitimacy. "Wise expenditure," under Mr. Eshleman's theory, would require an infallibility of judgment and a perfection of skill which unhappily are not given to the average man of business—or to any man. We will go so far as to venture the suggestion that Mr. Eshleman himself has not come to his present professional and official stature without many forms of experimental waste of energies and forces. In any fair reckoning of the cost of what has gone into the make-up of his individual efficiency there must be, since Mr. Eshleman is human like the rest of us, a considerable allowance for experience and wastage.

Editorial Notes.

Registration of voters in California continues to run heavily to the advantage of the Republican, as distinct from the Progressive party. Measured by the returns, there are two Republicans to every Progressive, or something better. Governor Johnson explains the situation by declaring that most of those who register as Republicans will vote the Progressive ticket. But Mr. Johnson did not always hold this idea. In a speech at Oakland, delivered on January 18, in the course of an impassioned appeal for registration under the Progressive party name, Governor Johnson said:

I am unable to comprehend why a man who writes Republican after his name can vote for a Democrat or a Progressive to carry out his principles if he did not have those principles before he registered.

Now are we to assume that in his speech in Oakland

His Excellency was talking through his hat, so to speak, or that his powers of comprehension have expanded?

Spokane sees the necessity, if she would develop and extend the sphere of her industry and trade, of supporting the open-shop principle. To this end there was held last week a sort of convention in which sixty per cent of the organized industry and business of the city was represented.

It is a common, at least, if not the prevailing opinion at Washington that President Wilson "at the proper time will say the word which will prevent his renomination"—this in respect of that plank in the Baltimore platform pledging him in support of the single-term principle. It is explained that if Mr. Wilson should today declare himself to this effect "nine-tenths of his influence with members of Congress would go down the Potomac." Much of the authority which Mr. Wilson exercises over Congress, especially over members of his own party, is founded in presumptions of his renomination and his reelection. He understands this and wishes to make the most of it; and he will make no announcements so long as there is to him an advantage in any expectations which anybody may hold connecting him with another term in the presidency. The theory is plausible.

President Wilson is scheduled to deliver an executive message to Congress in advocacy of the movement to abrogate the law exempting American coastwise ships from payment of Canal tolls; and his argument will no doubt be before the public by the time this number of the *Argonaut* reaches its readers. In a case so clear and with his fine powers of expression, Mr. Wilson can not fail to make powerful impression both upon Congress and upon the country. He will be able to show that we are under the obligation of a clear bargain deliberately made to accord to the ships of other nations the same privileges of use and the same rates that we give our own. If it be urged against his position that the platform of his party declares for freedom from tolls for coastwise ships, he will be able to answer that the hurried action of a political convention can have no authority to impose a dishonest policy upon the government or to compel a man of honor in the President's chair to do that which would dishonor his country. It is true that the course he has taken involves the President in a charge of inconsistency; but there will be a measure of moral power in the retort that the situation is one in which a man of fine sense of obligation would rather be right than consistent. That the President will prevail we have not the first doubt. He has the support of every moral consideration, and he stands before Congress thrice armed in that he "hath his quarrel just."

Thanks to a most complex situation and to the goodwill of the British government, we have escaped serious immediate consequences in the matter of the Benton incident. For the moment the British government has chosen to put brakes upon the traditional British policy of protection for British citizenship wherever it may be, in order to save us from an impossible situation. But the incident is not without its lessons. First of all it has made plain the fact that the "Constitutionalist" movement in Mexico is no less ruthless in its ideas and in its acts than the Huerta government. It further makes plain the fact that in arming and supplying the northern rebels we have stimulated their pretensions and increased their capacity for mischief, without winning their friendship. While Carranza and Villa are glad to get what they can through the favor of the Washington government, they concede nothing to it on the score of reciprocal obligation. By any fair standard of judgment we stand today in no better case with the northern rebels than with Huerta. We are not in a position to command anything at the hands of either, and must under the policy of "watchful waiting" swallow insults from both. But the supreme lesson of the incident is this, namely, that our policy is one of infinite hazard. At any hour there may occur a case like that of Benton, or something worse, calculated to put upon us an overwhelming responsibility. England, for the moment, has been unprecedently generous and has so saved us from embarrassment. But even English friendship would hardly stand a second strain; and no other European nation would be likely to let us off so easy. We owe it to England that in the immediate instance we have escaped the consequences of an egregious folly. The government at Washington should take warning and readjust its policies.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Order of Native Sons.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 25, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have been a subscriber to the *Argonaut* for many years, and your editorials have had considerable weight with me because I have thought that there was an endeavor to state the facts fairly.

However, in your issue of February 21, 1914, in an editorial headed "James D. Phelan, Candidate," you go out of your way to give the order of the "Native Sons of the Golden West" a slap in the face when you refer to it as a "dubious organization."

I am constrained to believe that you are not advised of the good work that the Native Sons of the Golden West are doing, so, as a past grand president of the order, and one who has been in close touch for many years with the activities of the organization, I purpose to tell you what this fraternity is, and has been doing, for the benefit of its members and the people of the State of California.

In the first place, "it seeks to elevate the citizen and to impress him with the higher concerns of life." It takes care of its sick and buries its dead. It endeavors to obtain employment for unemployed brothers. In a word, it does all those things that are done by any fraternity for the benefit of its members.

Now as to what it does for the benefit of the people of the State of California: First and foremost, it assists in finding homes for homeless children, and during the four years it has been engaged in this most laudable work it has placed three hundred children in good home, where they are receiving the same maternal care and affection that you and I had.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West are the only fraternities in the world engaged in this laudable work. The funds for carrying on this work are obtained from entertainments given each year by the several parlors of these orders throughout the state. The office of our central committee is No. 855 Phelan Building, where you can get full information relative to this great work if you desire.

In the next place this order has expended much of its funds in the restoration of the old missions and landmarks of the state, and at present has in hand the erection of a magnificent monument to the memory of the Pioneers on the spot where so many of the Donner party met their tragic death. And finally, through a per capita tax on every member of the order, a fund of \$3000 is raised each year and is given to the University of California to be used for research work in California history, under the direction of the department of history of that institution, which is headed by Professor Henry Morse Stephens. Do you consider an organization which is doing the things I have stated a "dubious organization"?

I think I have shown that the Native Sons of the Golden West, through its good work, has more reason for its existence than any other fraternity in the state.

C. M. BELSHAW,
Past Grand President, N. S. G. W.

[Undoubtedly Mr. Belshaw speaks by the card. He is, we suspect, the only man alive who has read and inwardly digested and taken seriously the constitution and by-laws of the order of the Golden Brick. He is therefore in exclusive possession of knowledge not vouchsafed to those whose opportunities have been limited to observation of the activities of the order as worked out apart from its pretensions. The *Argonaut* confesses the inadequacy of its own privileges, which have been limited to observation of some scores of cheery, not to say bleary and distinctly roisterous occasions, and to certain very definitely worked-out political effects. We bow to Mr. Belshaw's more intimate (and exclusive) knowledge, and we cheerfully concede to him a championship which comes happily upon the hour of gubernatorial candidacy.—EDITOR ARGONAUT.]

"No Married Man Need Apply."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 25, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In an issue of the *Argonaut* for February 14th, under the caption of "No Married Man Need Apply," you called attention to an alleged discrimination against married men in the matter of employment and accounted for it on the ground of greater hazard to the employer for that kind of labor than for the unmarried. There are certain aspects of this issue of discrimination against family men by reason of the Workmen's Compensation, Insurance and Safety Act with which you and your readers may not be familiar and to which your attention, and that of your readers, may profitably be attracted.

It is undeniable that it costs less to kill a workman who is alone in the world, having no one dependent upon him or heir to his property, than to kill one who has wife and children dependent upon him for support; but it may not have occurred to you that this is true under any form of law that gives injured workmen, or their heirs or dependents, right of redress against their employers and has always been true ever since there were such laws. Such is the fact.

Under the common law, with the infamous old common law defenses of "assumption of risk" by employee, of "fellow servant," and denial of claim for damage if the injured person was ever so slightly negligent, although the negligence of his employer might be ever so gross, this discrimination did not count for much for the very good reason that the laws for the protection of workmen did not count for much either, but as soon as those old, judge-made defenses were taken away, the cost of killing unattached, as compared with attached men, became at once apparent to all employers who had their eyes open.

Every person in California who works for another is under the protection of one or other of two laws. If not under the Workmen's Compensation and Safety Act, then under the law of liability for damages based upon the negligence of the employer or some one in his employ, and the justification for such discrimination is not greater under compensation than under negligence. In fact, quite to the contrary, and for the reasons following:

Liability under the compensation act is "in lieu of any other liability whatsoever," and runs in favor of those only who are dependent and only to the extent of such dependency, whether partial or total, whereas, under the provisions of Section 377 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California, whoever is responsible for the tortious death of another is responsible, not alone to his dependents, but to his heirs, and there are few persons so absolutely unattached that they leave no heirs of any degree to bring a suit for damages in the name of the estate of the decedent. Many an agricultural employer, thinking to avoid responsibility by remaining under the old law, may find himself in the fire instead of in the trying-pan and without contributing much to his compe-

Furthermore, only about half the single men in the

market are unattached. The other half are working to support aged parents or younger brothers or sisters, and so married men are not the only sufferers.

You venture to affirm that, "No one has suggested that married men are more efficient than their unmarried comrades." The fact is quite to the contrary. No employer of experience has suggested anything else than that, on the average, the man who carries to his work responsibilities for dependents, whether wife and children or father and mother, is a more dependable and efficient worker than the wholly unattached whom it costs little or nothing to kill. The unattached are mainly those who have not felt themselves equal to the support of a family, or who have found their earning power no more than requisite to support their appetites and passions in a style commensurate with their importance. They are, in the main, birds of passage, irregular in their service and a source of danger to their work-fellows, and the higher earning capacity and efficiency of the family man over that of the floating unattached will more than make up for the cost of fully insuring the family man against compensation risks. Those who are doing the discriminating complained of are those who have not looked beneath the surface for their facts.

And yet, if this form of discrimination be not carried too far, it will not work against the public welfare. In industry as well as in war, it is better that the unattached go out upon the firing line, that they take the places of the married men in extra-hazardous occupations, as in logging camps, tunneling, blasting, etc. Information gathered by our statistical department shows such a tendency to be apparent.

If this form of discrimination goes too far to be in the public interest some constitutional way will have to be found for following the example of Italy, which makes the state the dependent in default of other dependents, just as our state is heir in default of other heirs, and then converts the death benefits into the accident prevention fund, thus devoting the proceeds of the life that is lost to the prevention of losing other lives. This idea has much to commend it, but a constitutional method of applying it is where this remedy for a possible evil is at present stuck.

Furthermore, the fact has been overlooked that, where the employer carries accident insurance he pays the same insurance rate for married as for unmarried workers. If in employing men he discriminates in favor of the unmarried man he does not even lessen the loss to the insurance company. The claim for medical treatment and for compensation, in the event of an accident other than for death, is the same, regardless of whether the injured worker is married or single, has or has not dependents.

Yours very sincerely, H. WEINSTOCK,
Member of the Industrial Accident Commission.

According to geologists Long Island affords particularly clear evidence as to the history of the great continental ice sheet which covered the Northern states many thousand years ago. The southern margin of this great ice sheet extended to Long Island, it is said, and remained there for a long time, depositing a thick body of intermixed boulders, sand, and clay as a terminal moraine, which is now the "backbone" of the island. The ice moved southward and brought these materials from the north, dropping them at its melting edge. This peculiar method of deposition developed a very peculiar topography, consisting of an irregular aggregation of hummocks and hollows, which have produced the many beautiful details of configuration that make the higher parts of Long Island so attractive to lovers of nature. The most notable of these hollows in the moraine ridge is the one holding the picturesque Lake Ronkonkoma, which lies in a depression fifty feet below the surrounding ridges. Several other similar pits are eighty to eighty-five feet deep, and some of the larger irregular hollows are several miles in length.

Until the aid of science was invoked, the work of unloading cars loaded with coal in winter in Philadelphia proved to be a heavy task, for it often happened that whole trainloads arrived with the coal frozen into a solid mass. Science built a concrete and nearly air-tight house at Greenwich Point, into which twenty-one loaded coal cars may be backed at one time—like so many pies in an oven. Here, in a temperature of 150 or more degrees, the solid contents of a car is thawed loose from the sides. In forty minutes or so, the cooking process being complete, the cars are taken from the oven and hoisted over the ship, when the coal runs out easily. That hot air can do to twenty-one cars in forty minutes what it took 100 men a day to accomplish.

Boric acid in considerable quantities is generally recognized as an original constituent in the waters and gases given off with volcanic emanations. In fact, the Tuscan fumaroles, in Italy, have been an important commercial source of boric acid for a long time, and in the past, possibly even to the present time, almost all the boric acid brought into the European market has been derived from this source. There is abundant evidence of the presence of boric acid in volcanic emanations in many parts of the world. On the other hand, boron is so rare a constituent of rock-forming minerals that it forms an almost inappreciable small percentage of the earth's rock mass as a whole.

Signing of the documents necessary to complete the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the old English home of the Washingtons in Northamptonshire, took place at the close of a meeting of the British committee for the celebration of the centenary of peace between England and the United States, and it will be restored and furnished. The signatories were the Duke of Teck, Lord Shaw, chairman of the executive, and Lord Cowdray, chairman of the finance committee. The estate includes the old house and nine acres of land adjoining. A copy of the only genuine portrait of Mary Ball Washington, mother of George Washington, will eventually be placed at Sulgrave.

Oregon and Washington far outstrip California in the work done by private owners for forest protection.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A few weeks ago the Viceroy of India had occasion to make a journey by railroad from one part of the country to another. The reports say that his carriage was surrounded by police and soldiers, alert, watchful, and almost aggressive in their demeanor toward the crowds. The railroad line was patrolled from end to end and the light of the torches illuminated nearly every inch of the way. The viceroy was afraid of assassination, or rather the authorities were afraid for him, since viceroys are not supposed to fear anything. These precautions were something wholly novel in the life of India. They were described as portentous by the Europeans who saw them. They seemed like the large initial letters that are used for the beginnings of new chapters in printed books. The white men talked of them a good deal and shook their heads over this fresh evidence of the "spirit of unrest," but the natives made no sign. They never do. That is always the trouble with the natives of India and with Orientals generally. One never knows what they are thinking about until their thoughts are suddenly translated into fierce and stealthy action. And then things happen.

Indeed things have happened already, things that are comparable with the few heavy, sullen drops of rain that pre-empt the monsoon. An attempt has actually been made upon the life of the viceroy. Assassinations have followed each other with a certain grim persistence and regularity. At least one of the great rulers of India, the Gaekwar of Baroda, has been guilty of a breach of decorum at the coronation durbar, an offense in no way to be measured by Occidental standards. Those who make a trade of espionage say that there is a certain ominous hush in the bazaars, a seeming state of expectancy, while from time to time there are signs of the secret signals, such as the passing from hand to hand of the chupatties or little cakes that are known to be of the nature of a call to attention. The Indian officials feel somewhat like the child in the darkened room who is awed, not by the sounds, but by the stillnesses, not by the visibilities, but by the invisibilities. These things get upon his nerves. He casts around him somewhat wildly in his search for causes. With the stupidity common to the white man when confronted with the immaterial, he believes that everything will be right if he can but hit upon a due combination of reform—or what he calls reform—and severity. So he hurriedly passes a few remedial laws and talks a little of the fraternal obligations of empire as a concession to reform, and suppresses a few newspapers as a concession to severity, and then observes with a sinking of the heart—carefully concealed—that the evil grows worse. That is the situation in India at the present moment. It accounts for the bodyguard and the patrolled railroad when the viceroy takes his walks abroad. There is no desire to face the problem of an assassinated viceroy, which would demand either an abdication of authority or its vindication, neither being safe or easy.

So we may reasonably ask ourselves as to the causes of Indian unrest. There was a time when there was no such unrest, and this was before the days when the "blessings of civilization" had been brought by the British Raj, before the coming of education and printing-presses and sanitation and hygiene were introduced into the country. One might have expected that India would be more sensible of her blessings and that she would have placed a higher valuation upon the benefactions so esteemed by the white man. On the other hand it might be pointed out that unrest in India is no more unreasonable than unrest anywhere else. And today we have unrest everywhere. Then why not in India also? The white man has been passing ameliorative laws for himself for the past two hundred years at least, and he is now more discontented than ever before. With more or less full self-government, with a democracy that can do what it likes, when it likes, and how it likes, he has yet succeeded in getting himself into a state described by the late Alfred Russel Wallace as the most degraded yet recorded in the history of the race. George Bernard Shaw contributes his little word of timely comfort by the assurance that the present age surpasses all others in its collective villainy. Doubtless these are the exaggerated exuberances of overflowing hearts, but if they contain even a modicum of truth we may well cease to wonder that India, too, should feel the tidal wave of revolt. India is not a democracy. Practically speaking, she has no ballot-boxes nor votes. The people of India must do as they are told, whether it be to get themselves vaccinated or to fill in a census return. And if white men are so signally unable to govern themselves without filling the world with wars, rumors of wars and revolutions, how can we blame the Hindu if he fails to purr very audibly under those same ministrations in which he is in no way allowed to participate? If we are to demand reasonable behavior from the people of India the day may come when some one will demand reasonable behavior from us. If universal suffrage can not save us from that steep place that was so fatal to the other Gadarene swine how can we expect that India will be saved by the votes of those so obviously unable to save themselves? Failing to promote our own happiness or even to bring happiness in any way within sight, we are yet righteously indignant at the discovery that we have not conferred happiness upon the Hindus. It is not surprising that the white man should fail in the task of governing India. The surprising thing is that he should have made so hideous a failure of the attempt to govern himself.

The Englishman is now failing in India because of the sheer and unadulterated stupidity that always distinguishes the white man in his dealings with Orientals. He simply

can not conceive that the Oriental, and especially the Hindu, has other and different ideals, that his whole scheme of life stands upon a different basis. The white man always looks upon the Oriental as largely identical with himself, but with the accident of a dark skin and a large surplussage of original sin and wrongheadedness. In the generosity of his stupid heart he offers to the Oriental all those things that he himself believes to be the crown and the coping-stone of human life, and when the Oriental shows his polite contempt he proceeds to force them upon him. He shall be saved whether he wishes it or not, even though it take all the king's horses and all the king's men to do it. That any human being should despise "material progress" is simply unthinkable to him. That the Hindu should look with a profound indifference upon railroads and bridges is incredible. And that he should object to hygiene and sanitation and trousers and vaccination and prayer-books is the mark of an idiocy that must be cured by main strength. Now it may be that the white man is right and that all these things are good things, but it is time for him to face the fact that the Hindu does not think so, and that his failure to appreciate is not due to idiocy but to conviction, not to childishness but to the rooted conservatism of a profoundly intellectual old age. If you ask the educated Hindu what he thinks about a railroad he will tell you that he disapproves because he does not think it good that a few people should acquire much money or that poor people should be encouraged to travel about in search of better-paid work. He will tell you that the ideal state is where all men live in their home districts and where all men are poor enough to stimulate them to hard work. Trade advantages and commercial expansion seem to the educated Hindu about as advantageous as cholera germs would seem to us. Now the Hindu has no objection at all, or very little, to cholera germs, since they do no more than kill the body, which he holds in the lowest estimation. But he believes that railroads are likely to lower the moral tone, and who are we to contradict him? Now these things are facts. They are not the aberrations of a primitive people. They are the rooted convictions of a vast and ancient and cultured civilization. They are immovable convictions, and it is no easy nor safe thing to try to move the fundamental certainties of hundreds of millions of people. When those hundreds of millions of people realize what is going on they are likely to do things that make it unsafe for the viceroy to travel unguarded.

We shall understand the whole matter of Indian unrest if we can only conceive of a people to whom what we call material advantages make no appeal. Doubtless we shall smile the smile of incredulity at such an idea and thereby demonstrate our own silliness. But, once more, this is the fact in India. Now if some one urges us to eat when we are not hungry we shall doubtless first of all decline with courtesy. But at the first sign of forcible feeding under the conviction that we are actually hungry but that we are too stupid to know it we should certainly resist. That is precisely what has happened and is now happening in India. Mr. Geoffrey Cookson, who has forgotten more about India than most of us are ever likely to know, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, says of the Hindu: "As for the prospect of greater comfort in his home, happiness to him is not an affair of meat and drink and clothing. The material benefits which we urge upon him are of little relevancy, little importance in the scheme of things. He does not want them much, and he feels with a sort of dim amusement that we are forcing food upon a man who is not hungry; yes, and creating the demand which it is our commercial interest to supply. As for him, the life that he desires is the life without exertion, without care; life in the old grooves, free from incessant interference; life simple, frugal, reverent, with long periods of leisure, poor in comfort, not very rich in hope, but dignified even among dirt and squalor by a certain lofty detachment of spirit which enables him to quit it when the time comes calmly and without fear of death."

It is, of course, the religions of India that make the Hindu what he is. The lofty pieties that are so well known to saturate the lives of white men entitle us to look with a strong disfavor on all forms of belief that smack very much of otherworldliness. But the Hindu does not only talk of immortality. He believes in it. With him it is an ever-present reality. Every act of his life is shaped toward that end, doubtlessly superstitiously shaped, since there can be no doubt that all forms of belief that are different from ours are mere superstitions to be cured by missionaries and guns. Therefore he can not understand why any one should be in a hurry with the abysses of an unending time ahead of him. He can not conceive how anything can be important upon which time will one day lay her destroying hand. And when he finds that the white man's system compels him to hurry, and forces him to worship the things that he holds to be transitory and contemptible, he becomes restive. Therefore what we call progress appears to him to be irreligious, and it is not wise to tamper with the faith of hundreds of millions of men. And so there we have still another reason why the viceroy must now be guarded when he travels. SIDNEY CORYN.

Nearly 2000 plant specimens have been collected on the national forests in California for the purpose of determining their value as forage for stock. Data are collected as to their range, abundance, forage value, etc., and the information will be compiled in pamphlet form for the use of the field force. In this way knowledge is gained of the plants beneficial to stock and of those which are worthless or injurious, and practical use is made of this information in the administration of national forest stock ranges. In the course of this work a number of species previously unknown to botanists have been discovered.

THE TOLL OF SOLITUDE.

When the Shepherd Went to Musselshell.

Never a cloud varied the blue sameness of the sky. Dusty sagebrush and dry buffalo grass carpeted the gray plain as far as eye could reach. A solitary crow winged its slow flight earthward toward the carcass of a dog. Even the crow made no sound. The panting, patient sheep, gnawing at the gray herbage, wandering about hunting a more edible bit, "baa-baaed" to each other. Their bleating and baaing sounded loud and strange in the silence of this vast waste.

Crouched under the shade of a tuft of scraggly sagebrush sat the old shepherd. His matted hair hung about his drooping shoulders. His dirty slouch hat was pulled far over his face. His long cob pipe was loosely held between his gnarled, yellow teeth. His dim, watery eyes gazed far past the gentle sheep toward the south. He was not reading. This unlettered son of the plains knew no books. He was not laboring with hand or brain. He saw the crow, and vaguely wondered if it was worth while to bury poor old Spot. The dog—his only companion—was dead; what use to bother about a grave—besides it was too hot to move. So he sat still, and gazed on into the hazy distance.

Shepherding is so easy. It causes no exertion. Here he stayed, week in and week out, tending his master's sheep. This was Old Jim the Shepherd—the only human being on the deserted plain.

For months he had not seen a human face. In fact the mild, quiet sheep were his only companions, as he sat through the hot day and idly dreamed of the time when, relieved by another herder, he should go south to the little village of Musselshell. He saw himself striding into his favorite saloon and drinking and carousing with his fellows.

But as evening came on he roused himself and scrambled stiffly to his feet. It was easier to crawl almost. He herded the sheep together. It was work. Spot used to do all that.

"Poor Spot—he was a good dog—I'd bury him if I had a spade," Jim mumbled to himself as he drove the sheep to water. They drank. The swaying, palpitating mass moved slowly toward the rude wooden corral, and Jim crept slowly after them. His hands reached forward and clutched toward the ground and dumbly he wondered. He tried to speak and felt a queer gurgle in his throat.

"I never been this way afore; I haint been drinking—I don't understand," he muttered.

All night, rolled in his greasy blanket, he looked toward the stars; but now no stars shone in the heavens, only white, twinkling sheep, and their "baa, baa" beat like waves upon his ears. He rolled, and clutched, and wondered that the silence had once troubled him. Silence was heavenly, but this everlasting sound—

At last he slept and dreamed again of the Musselshell and the lowly cabin, where was the only sort of home he had ever known. She would care if he were sick. Old Moll, the only female of the settlement, was not a good woman. She was ugly and dissipated, and had been to the lowest depths—but she had been kind to Jim, and she was—a woman. He murmured her name and smiled in his sleep.

Next day his relief came. The old shepherd hardly stopped to welcome his brother worker, but strapping the gray blanket on his back and stuffing his pockets with bread and bacon, started at once on his forty-mile tramp to the settlement.

It had never seemed work before—this forty-mile walk—but now his feet crept slowly. The gray plain had changed to a mass of white, woolly backs, yet he knew he had left the sheep far behind. He mopped his hot, dry face mechanically, grasped his heavy stick tighter, and struggled on. He shut his eyes and mumbled and tried to run.

When night came he had to rest some, but he did not stop long to sleep, for sleep failed to come and he hungered for Musselshell and the drink that would drive away these awful sights and sounds. It seemed as if his feet moved queerly—his hands clutched forward. His shaggy head bent further down. Still he tramped doggedly on through the night; and the morning light found him tramping blindly, his eyes fixed on the far-away trail that led to drink and freedom.

"Whisky'll fix me right. Allays has afore. Won't it, Moll?" But even the broken utterances proved too much exertion, and silently he trudged on.

It was late evening in the month of September. The ugly frontier village of Musselshell looked almost attractive in the moonlight. The low, wooden cabins and sod shanties of its one straggling street lay in an irregular row. It was past ten o'clock. The three saloons were bravely lighted and from each sounded shouts and merriment.

A dim coal-oil lamp placed outside to light thirsty travelers threw its rays on the Red Bucket—the sign of Musselshell's worst saloon. Next door in the hovel of old Moll shone a solitary candle.

All at once the noisy, drunken crowd within the Red Bucket became silent. The bleating of a sheep was heard at the door.

"Wants a drink," laughed a carouser. "Le's bring it in." With cheerful curses and much merriment each man, drunk or sober, hurried to the door. It was swung wide.

There on the threshold was a creeping, dark figure, bleating and baaing and rubbing its head against the

doorpost. Some one leaned down and raised Sheepherder Jim to his feet; but he fell back again on all fours, and continued to baa and bleat.

The crowd gazed a minute at their old companion. Then some one remarked, "Call old Moll. She'll take him in."

"Just another shepherd gone nutty," was the bartender's comment as with a shrug he turned back to his bar.

And the drinking and rough amusement went gayly on as if there had been no interruption. But an ugly, wicked old hag crooned over a crazy shepherd in the cabin near by.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1914.

THE INHERITANCE.

Old Soutar Weds, But Remembers His Son.

One evening old Soutar showed a new poem to his son. After twice reading it attentively his son pronounced it to be a gem.

"If you will persevere," the young man said, "you may next year write another beautiful little thing like this. Then, if you continue diligently for a few years longer, perhaps until you are sixty, you may write still three or four more beautiful poems by which people will perhaps remember you."

Remembrance! Why, that was immortality. Old Soutar pictured his few verses collected in a little volume, one that could go into the coat pocket . . . and imagined people turning carefully each white page, beneath some tree or beside a stream on a fine afternoon. He was not at all distressed that his talents were not yet recognized. No man with a message was ever accepted at once; and most of his poems were serious—they dealt with life.

"All great poets are dead," he told his son. "They had to die for people to admit their genius."

His son never disturbed this belief. To the man past middle life who begins suddenly to write verse, there is so little time left for progress that people should either give praise or remain silent.

Time had not brought to the widower much fortune. Thus there were moments in which he would think of the furniture of his house as capital which could be realized in need. It had cost him nearly a thousand pounds, but he could not expect to get quite so much for it now. One could never sell a second-hand thing for its value. Naturally he hoped that it would pass safely to his son some day.

The young man told him not to think of that day.

Just to prove how quickly life can change its face, however, there came to stay at a neighbor's a lady who owned thirteen cottages. And old Soutar, sear but still taut, a visitor there one evening at sunset, came within her observation. She strolled down the lawn with him, and looked admiringly over the hedge into his own garden adjoining, which he loved next to his poetry. He cut her a rose—he quoted a verse.

On a date not much later, facing his son on the hearthrug at dusk, he held up a letter.

"My word, she has arranged to leave me nicely provided for," he began. "Listen—" and he read out a phrase from her letter, emphasizing each word: "I have been to my lawyer's."

The young man made a comment in which he seemed to share his parent's gratification, but added inquiringly:

"Shall you ask to see her will?" And from the tone of his father's answer he inferred all he was curious about. It was a very simple reply, but given with the fervor of justification:

"I shall insist."

There! He might have guessed it at first. His father, with his usual impulsiveness, had made a new testament—and shown it to her. From which he could judge its exact nature. He was disinherited. For a woman who was almost a stranger, too! As to her—as to the visit she professed to have made to her lawyer, why, the statement carried no conviction at all, and his father, credulous as a child, could not see this. Still more, she was comparatively young and would outlive the old man easily. Already, in his imagination, he could see this woman coldly selling the furniture accumulated so slowly, earned in such stress, and spending part of the money and leaving the rest to her relatives. Her relatives—what a herd she must have!

Reflecting deeply, his eyes wandered from the fire to the white marble clock on the oak mantelpiece, then to his father sitting on the sombre plush divan re-reading his letter—and not combatting a single one of all these thoughts. Why, his very silence convicted him.

Nourishing his dejection in this way, he waited coldly until the time came when he must go. True, he had given the united couple his blessing, but—it was as if one of the last links in a long chain had snapped. Accordingly, the father with his new interest, the son with his grievance, got still more out of touch with each other.

"He is like a child with a new toy," the young man said to himself. It is in such a frame of mind that we can conceive those who have lost our sympathy, or who have offended us, in the most grotesque lights. Thus he depicted his father's new wife on the huge divan, sitting up with dollish primness, her feet not reaching to the ground, and beside her old Soutar, on his face a most foolish expression. It was too ridiculous!

Such points of view persisted until he paid the couple one day a short visit.

Old Soutar took his son aside—hinting at the difficulty nowadays of getting a private chat with a friend, or, for that matter, with anybody else at all. Their eyes met.

How quickly, in moments of this kind, does the warm blood surge to the heart, when people who love each other but whose destiny has been severed, meet again.

Placing his hand on his son's shoulder, old Soutar began to speak.

"You think I've forgotten you in my will?"

"Well, to speak frankly," his son answered, "I have felt conscious of that."

"My boy, I haven't," old Soutar said. "I have added one little codicil, of which my wife must never know. I've left you all my poems."

Poems! He wanted to laugh. Then he recollected. They were the treasures of his father's heart. Beside them the furniture was something common—musty.

As for old Soutar's wife, it can not be said that she was very fond of poetry.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1914.

Pasteurized Fiction.

(As submitted to the magazine.)

Helen Damerel and Goddard sought a quiet café. Soon they were in a quaint private dining-room overlooking the sensuous waters of the Seine. Helen was very seductive that evening. Her filmy satin gown half revealed and half suggested the subtle contour of her body. Her uncovered shoulders glistened in the roseate light of the candelabrum. Her fine features were accentuated by delicate pencilings about her eyes and the merest touch of carmine applied to her cheeks.

A dapper little short-legged waiter tripped in and waited.

"Two Crème d'Yvettes," Goddard ordered.

"Helen," he breathed passionately, "say that you love me and that you will marry me!"

There was a silence. The amorous strains of the "Kreutzer Sonata" were wafted to them. "I wish to God I had never seen you!" Goddard added despairingly.

"I don't, my beloved," the girl returned, her eyes in his.

"You—you mean that?" Goddard took the cigarette from his lips and, rising, came quickly to where she sat. He put his arms about her and drew her slowly up to him until their lips met. She did not resist him now. When he put his arm about her she surrendered gladly, hungrily, to his embrace, and in that kiss she betrothed him her life.

"Darling!" he breathed close against her young flushed face.

Outside the wind sighed through the naked trees; and in the distance an owl called softly to its mate.

(As blue-penciled by the editor.)

H—en D—erel and G—dard sought a restaurant. Soon they were in the main dining-room overlooking the silent waters of the Seine. H—en was very attractive that evening. Her heavy cashmere dress fitted high about her throat, and its numerous folds hung loosely about her. Her fine features were accentuated by her natural color.

* * *

A dapper little short-limbed waiter tripped in and waited.

"Two French Vichys," G—dard ordered.

"Miss D—erel," he breathed, "say that you will marry me and that you love me!"

There was a silence. The solemn strains of Handel's "Largo" were wafted to them. "I wish to Heaven I had never seen you," G—dard added despairingly.

"I don't, Mr. G—dard," the girl returned, her eyes downcast.

"You—you mean that?" G—dard took the toothpick from his lips and, rising, came quickly to where she sat.

* * *

"H—en!" he breathed.

Outside the wind sighed through the trees; and in the distance an owl called softly.—Owen Hatteras, in *March Smart Set*.

The great development of underground drainage in many parts of Florida has given rise to many springs at places where streams emerge from subterranean channels. The number of such springs is very great. In size they vary from mere seeps to discharges which give rise to creeks and rivers large enough to float good-sized passenger and freight steamers. The best-known and largest is the Silver Spring, in Marion County, which gives rise to a large stream of remarkable clearness and beauty. The water emerges from a basin over thirty-five feet deep, and the spring is so clear that objects lying on the bottom are distinctly visible.

The largest dairy farm in the world is nearing completion at Head Lake, Headingly, a suburb of Winnipeg, Canada. When completely stocked the farm will contain 2500 head of cattle within its fences. With 1500 of these giving milk, the total yearly output of milk and cream is expected to be about 3,000,000 lbs.

IMMORTALS WHILE YOU WAIT.

How the Académie Made Three In Thirty Minutes.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon there were four chairs vacant in the Académie Française; about half an hour later there was only one. The difference between three and four needs explanation. Four "Immortals" have died since the last election, but the chair of Jules Claretie has not yet been formally declared vacant. That is the way with the Académie; the members are in no indecent hurry to take official cognizance of the demise of their colleagues; hence the fauteuil of M. Claretie is not yet technically empty. It follows, then, that the election of yesterday afternoon was concerned with the filling of three and not four chairs.

And there were seven candidates. A week ago their various claims to be hall-marked as "Immortals" were duly "presented" to the electors by their respective sponsors. That is almost as interesting a ceremony as the actual reception which marks the admission of the new Immortal. The sponsors for the candidates of the recent vacancies included Pierre Loti, Alexandre Ribot, and Paul Bourget, the former urging the claims of the poet Charles de Pomairols, the second those of the philosopher Henri Bergson, and the last-named those of the dramatist Alfred Capus. Pierre Loti was picturesquely eloquent in advocating the merits of M. de Pomairols, M. Ribot made out an excellent case for M. Bergson, and M. Bourget had many reasons to urge why his friend M. Capus should take his place among the elect. The one disappointment of that preliminary ceremony was that no one appeared to plead the claims of Michel Pons, that workman aspirant who has come to be regarded as a perpetual candidate for Académie honors. The worthy Michel, who has been shepherd and navy and café waiter, did once secure one vote, but this year he seems to be further off than ever from the charmed circle.

Yesterday's election was expected to last the whole afternoon, whereas the whole business was over in the record time of thirty-five minutes. Of the Academicians thirty-one were present, the absentees including Edmond Rostand, who is sick, and Anatole France, who still adheres to his vow never to enter the Académie again. The president, M. Poincaré, abandoned his official duties to register his vote, he being specially anxious, it is thought, to secure the election of Léon Bourgeois, the veteran radical who has twice refused nomination for the presidency. But M. Bourgeois was one of the defeated. This may surprise those distant onlookers who remember he has served his country faithfully in several important positions, besides being a writer of distinction; but the explanation is that there are already four politicians in the Académie and that the majority think that is an adequate representation. Besides, M. Bourgeois belongs to a different camp, his political views being anathema to those of most of the Immortals.

And he had to contend with the most formidable candidate on the list, Alfred Capus to-wit, whose record as novelist and journalist and dramatist insured him diverse sympathies. Nor is it improbable that a spice of fun may not have influenced several of his votes. Each candidate is voted upon for a definite chair, and to M. Capus had been assigned the task of capturing the fauteuil formerly occupied by Henri Poincaré. Another law of the Académie is that the new Immortal shall deliver a panegyric on the life and work of his predecessor. This will explain where the joke of M. Capus's election comes in. For the late M. Poincaré was a mathematician, one of the most profound mathematicians of the age, of whom it has been asserted that there are only two or three men in the world who understand his writings. And it is this savant upon whom M. Capus will have to pronounce his verdict when the day for his formal reception arrives! He will be allowed ample time to prepare his discourse, and he will need it all if he intends tackling M. Poincaré's thirty abstruse volumes. There is one thing in M. Capus's favor; he has told us that his first successful article as a newspaper man was written on Darwin, notwithstanding the fact that he knew nothing about that man of science. If he retains his journalistic gifts—and his *Figara* articles suggest that he does—he may surprise the Academicians by "getting up" Poincaré's mathematics in a startling manner.

By the election of P. de La Gorce one historian succeeds another, for he fills the chair of Thureau-Dangin; but in the case of Henri Bergson a philosopher follows a statesman, for the fauteuil he will occupy is that left vacant by the death of Emile Ollivier. If the election of M. Capus was the most popular event of yesterday's ceremony, that of M. Bergson was achieved by the largest majority, no fewer than nineteen votes being cast in his favor. That is a tribute to the unique position he occupies in the mental life of the French capital. Professor Bergson's lecture-room in the Collège de France is every week the scene of one of the most fashionable gatherings in Paris, for his idealistic philosophy is the cult of the hour, just as *Les livres* are the gospel of scientific materialism. Those who pretend to an intimate knowledge of the trend of Parisian thought constantly assert that a great change is taking place; that agnosticism is a creed out-of-date; that proclamations of ignorance are no longer in fashion; that a renaissance of spiritual belief has taken place; and that henceforth science is to have its

philosophy. There is no denying that M. Bergson has made a certain type of idealism popular by his books and lectures, or that he has established himself as a champion against the materialism of science. In brief, he attacks the materialists on their chosen ground, for he stoutly denies that there is an absolute connection between consciousness and cerebral conditions. Whatever the ultimate verdict may be, this new Immortal is thoroughly representative of one well-defined phase of Parisian thought.

Nor is M. Capus less representative. In his plays especially he has set himself the task of capturing the spirit of his age. Above everything else he strives to give contemporary atmosphere to his stage work, for it is a leading axiom of his that no play of the present can afford to ignore what is being thought here and now. "No man of today," he once said, "has lived without talking of Socialism. When he comes on the stage, we must feel that he has been talking of Socialism: that is atmosphere." If this applies to the majority of the Capus stage characters, then Paris is the best of all possible cities in the best of all possible worlds. For M. Capus is the Pangloss of the French stage. He is so much an optimist, indeed, that his phrase "*Tout s'arrange dans la vie*" has become the proverb of Paris. It seems natural for his characters to be cheerful; they are all smiles and humor. Yet this is not equal to saying that M. Capus takes a merely superficial view of life; notwithstanding the brightness of his typical heroes and heroines, he somehow manages to give the impression that they, too, have known their sorrows and will know them again. In other words, they make us feel they are a part of the life we are all living, and if they only show us the brighter side of things while they strut their brief hour on the stage, why that is all to the good in a world where there are too many causes for depression.

Altogether, then, the Academicians did a good half-hour's work yesterday afternoon so far as the elections of Alfred Capus and Henri Bergson go. One would have liked good Michel Pons to have been made an Immortal, too, for he also is a cheery soul; but if that was not and is not to be, there is consolation in the thought that Bergson and Capus have been honored as they ought. With two such examples before them of the prizes of optimism, perhaps other philosophers will strive to become less abstruse and other playwrights less decadent. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, February 13, 1914.

During the last six years the number of women students at the German universities has nearly quadrupled. In the winter of 1908, when the doors of German universities were first fully thrown open to women, there were 1108 women students enrolled; today there are 3685 women taking regular courses and as many more who are attending lectures. Nearly 400 of the women students are foreigners. Russia sends the largest number and America the next. The women have for three years been going more to the non-Prussian universities. Leipzig and Munich especially had large gains in that time; and the smaller institutions like Jena, Wuerzburg, and Freiburg have also made relatively large gains.

In China wireless is receiving considerable attention, though as a rule the service given is not very satisfactory. Some twelve stations are operated or supposed to be operated in various parts of Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces, and the Chinese government has planned extensions of wireless service all over the country, including a service to Tibet and the so-called New Territory. A contract was made about a year ago for establishing a complete system of high-power stations from Peking and Kalgan to Shanghai, Canton, and all provincial capitals and also on the Pratas Island Shoals, about 200 miles south of Hongkong, but for financial and other reasons the actual work has not yet been commenced.

A considerable trade in deer, reindeer, and wild-sheep horns exists in China for use in Chinese medicines, and Hongkong, as the chief centre of trade in Chinese medicines in South China, imports a considerable quantity of such goods annually. Wild-sheep horns in prime condition bring something like \$3.60 to \$5.75 gold per ounce. All these horns are ground into powder and mixed with other ingredients to form a sort of pill tonic—"strengthening pills," as the Chinese term them—and are used largely by old people and people in debilitated condition. Some of the large medicine factories in China maintain herds of deer for their horns.

Five timber-cruising parties have been in the field in California this winter in the Modoc, Shasta, Lassen, Plumas, and Eldorado national forests, each party consisting of from four to six forest service rangers. The work is done on snowshoes, and this mode of travel has proved to be an excellent way of getting over country which is too brushy to permit easy going in summer. There has been some delay this winter on account of storms, but as a rule very little time is lost and timber cruising has been found to be profitable employment for the rangers during the winter season.

The first high school on record to be electrically heated is at Rupert, Idaho.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sonnet.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

—William Wordsworth.

Venice.

Venice, thou Siren of sea-cities, wrought
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,
Of sunbeams and cloud-shadows, phantom-fair,
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-horn thought!
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare
As are thy sons and daughters, they who wear
Foam-flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught!
O dark brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze
Plays over sun-burned cheeks in sea-hallowed air!
Firm limbs of moulded bronze! frank debonair
Smiles of deep-homed women! Loves that seize
Man's soul, and wait her on storm-melodies!

—John Addington Symonds.

Nuremberg.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and hold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old:
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron hand,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
In the church of sainted Schald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.
Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art:
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with hasty hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wise of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.
But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man grave and dovelike, with his great beard white and long.
And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.
Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-hard.
Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.
—Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

A GLIMPSE OF SIBERIA.

M. P. Price Describes a Great Journey and Touches Upon the Future of a Little Known Country and Its People.

It will probably take many such books as this to persuade us that Siberia is not a howling wilderness peopled by the victims of Russian penal cruelties. In the popular mind Siberia is indissolubly associated with quicksilver mines and political convicts, a place of miseries and iniquities. Our attitude toward it may be described as a shudder.

It is therefore with a sense almost of shock that we read Mr. Price's opening words, wherein he tells us that Siberia "is now where Canada was a generation ago." The Canadian settler lost his early nationality and became a Canadian, and in the same way the Russian who settles in Siberia becomes a Siberian and begins to complain of a lack of understanding on the part of his home government. He feels a new patriotism toward the country and even adopts the wiles of the promoter. He boasts of the wealth of his mines and the fertility of his fields, and speculates confidently on the future of the land in the most approved modern way. And Mr. Price persuades us easily that the Siberian has reason on his side.

It is the Russian rather than the Siberian proper who is despondent about the future of the country. The author tells us of a commercial traveler representing a firm at Irkutsk who lamented that "the dead hand of St. Petersburg is on Siberia," governing the country while knowing nothing of it:

He seemed despondent about Russia's future, feared the corrupting influence of bureaucratic government, and only smiled when I suggested that possibly they were merely passing through the intermediate phase which might bring better conditions in the end. "If it has done nothing else," I suggested, "autocracy has surely held Russia together, while its evils are diminishing with the march of progress and reform." But he did not reply. Mankind, it seems, is ever ready to see the dark side of a change, and I have often noticed amongst Russians generally something more than an innate conservatism. A passive apathetic fatalism, characteristic of Eastern minds, dominates them, and, as it were, overshadows their public spirit. And small wonder, when one thinks of the monotony of the country, with its endless plains and melancholy groves of stunted hirsch, and of the heavy hand of bureaucracy which so effectually stultifies individual effort. Hour after hour, mile after mile, each as the last, the train rolled over the Baraba steppe, melancholy and monotonous. It is just the sort of country which would produce an apathetic and fatalistic trait in the human mind.

At Krasnoyarsk the author tells us that he met an intelligent Russian gentleman engaged in gold dredging and who was quite certain that the future of Siberia was a rosy one. Criminal exiles were no longer being sent to "poison our social life," and with the advent of a good class of peasants everything would be well. And here we have a frank statement of anti-Semitic feeling that deserves quotation if only on the principle of hearing the other side:

"The worst problem," he continued, "are the Jews. I disagree with the Cadet party and approve of the Nationalist policy of political disability for the Jews. No one can exist along with them, for their standard of life is so different, and in time they will draw all the country into economic bondage under them. Besides, their dishonesty in the remote parts of the empire is often flagrant. I approve of a policy which restricts them to certain areas and denies them the right to hold land. In this part of Siberia Jews of old standing only—namely, those who came here in the earlier days—are allowed to live."

Siberian distances, says the author, are staggering in their immensity. On the map a long day's journey is hardly noticeable. After a while he began to lose the sense of time, and perhaps this general peculiarity of the Oriental mind is due to the same cause and to a familiarity with immensities. He gives an interesting account of the characteristics of the innumerable villages that he passed on his way:

The villages which we passed on the way were Russian in every aspect. Streets were wide and full of ruts and slime. The houses had log frames and rough-hewn boards for the roof. They had a clean and well-kept appearance and were surrounded by fences of wooden boards. Through the fence a gateway opened into a courtyard where the live stock were kept. A stream generally runs behind the village, and the manure from the yards is pitched in heaps along its banks, being carried away each year by the spring floods. Inside we always found the houses neat and clean. There is a large room with a brick stove, taking up perhaps a quarter of the room. In this the family eat, live, and sleep, some on the stove, and some on the floor, while a separate small room is kept and reserved for visitors or others who are not members of the family. The rooms are whitewashed, and each member of the family has a steam bath every week in a hut kept for the purpose outside. The notion that the Russian peasant is habitually dirty is most mistaken. Here, at all events, the average Siberian peasant's house could compete with the best cottages in rural England. The temperature of the rooms is generally rather a trial to such as are not used to extreme cold outside, and sealed windows with a stove inside.

Russians and Tartars live amicably together in these villages, and the author notes that the Russians seem to have the power of intermingling with the subject races with which they come in contact and of submerging racial distinctions:

I had a talk with an old Russian peasant in one of the villages about the Abakansk Tartars, and I asked him how the Russian peasants got on with these Tartar neighbors. "All right," he said; "they are quite peaceable people. Sometimes a Tartar will steal your horses, but not so much now, and those who like to live with us in the village become one of us. After all, we are brothers." "And what sort of religion have they?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "they worship God." "Does that mean your God?" I asked. "Yes, sometimes," he said. "Then he has more than one god?" I asked. "When someone in the family is ill," he replied, "then they call in the shaman witch doctor to drive away the bad devils. When

we have some one ill the priest prays to the Bogomater (Mother of God); but for the Tartars, the shaman beats a drum and the illness goes. That is his business, and that is our business, but never mind, when they are well they come to church. We are all brothers."

Travelers in Russia speedily become acquainted with the nuisance of the public holiday. A tattered tradition of some miracle once performed by a dubious saint is sufficient excuse for a day spent in idleness and drinking, and nothing is allowed to interfere with the conventional lethargy of the occasion:

The first night we were in our new abode we thought it might not be out of place to get something to eat. Our servant and I went out into the town to try our luck. As usual, outside on the doorsteps of the houses sat groups of men and women, eating pine seed and doing nothing. "Where can we buy something to eat?" "Don't know," was the reply. "Are there no shops?" "All shut, holidays." "When will they be open?" "Don't know." "How long do holidays last?" "Don't know." Passing on we came to a place where it appeared that eggs were to be sold, and we accosted the owner, who was squatting outside and eating nuts. "Have you some eggs here?" "Yes." "Can you get us some?" "No; the shed where they are kept is locked up." "But can't you go and open it?" "No; it is a holiday." "Well, we will give you a higher price because it is a holiday." "I have not got any eggs at all," was the reply. It was obviously hopeless to do business with any one in such a mental condition as that, and everybody else we tried was the same. At last, in despair, we hit upon a Jewish bootmaker, and entered a low, dingy room quite unlike the clean Russian houses we were accustomed to. There was no difficulty in getting the Jew to do business, but the quality of his fare was distinctly below that of his Russian neighbors. All he could produce was a mouldy loaf of bread and half a dozen eggs that had seen better days. However, with that and some scraps that we had left from our journey we made our evening meal. On subsequent days it was always a struggle to get food enough to keep us going, as long as the Easter holidays lasted, and as for attempting to make preparations for the further journey it was utterly out of the question until these people awoke from the mental torpor of the religious holidays.

At Minusinsk the author had occasion to visit the local bank, a low, dingy wooden building filled with customers who had strolled in some hours before and who were squatting on the floor in patient indolence. Here, he says, was the true East with only a thin veneer of the West upon it. Loutish looking clerks were writing laboriously in child-like letters, stopping every few minutes to drink cups of tea which were in continuous process of circulation:

The chief clerk was an anemic youth with an academic air, who had evidently not been to the barber for at least twelve months. He had been let loose from one of the middle schools after having acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, a smattering of history and geography, and a little dangerous political idealism. The bank manager, who was surrounded by a halo of sanctity in a special room, and to whom we presented our letters, was an evil-looking creature, who looked as if a not remote ancestor of his had been sent away from old Russia for old Russia's good.

After a brief conversation we expressed a desire to draw some cash, and I was therefore left to attend to this process in the main room of the bank. I first had to wait till the greasy crowd of Kazan Tartars and Siberians had completed their financial transactions, for which they had been waiting all the morning, and that took at least an hour. I then explained what I wanted to a red-faced youth across the counter, who seemed partially to understand, and retired to the corner of the room. I waited till the hand of the clock had once gone round and then was asked by another red-faced youth if I would explain again what I wanted.

After another half-hour's wait I was informed that I had come to the wrong counter, and must go to the other end of the room, where another beautiful specimen of this menagerie was perched upon a high stool. It took roughly fifteen minutes for my ideas to filter in, another fifteen minutes for them to digest, thirty minutes more for them to be executed, and fifteen minutes more for the final signing of paper and handing over of cash. I left with the conviction that next time I had occasion to visit a Siberian bank on business, I should have to make a day's expedition, and take all my meals with me, and possibly even a bed for the night.

The passport system is almost as great a nuisance as the holidays. It is a fixed principle of the government that no one must ever travel anywhere without a minute record of his movements, and very often the necessary permission must be obtained from the governor of the province or even from St. Petersburg:

In spite of this apparently ridiculous formalism one could not but be struck with the extraordinarily intricate passport system which controls the movements of all persons both native and foreign in all districts throughout the empire. Our names and all about us were known to all frontier officials from the Yenisei government to the Ili frontier in Western China. No native Siberian can move from his village without a village paper stating who he is and where he comes from and whither he is going. To leave the empire a Russian subject must have a special passport from the peasant official in charge of the "volost" or district in which he lives. And so this marvelous system works throughout the length and breadth of this great empire; no one can move without the risk of having his papers demanded, and every one can be traced if he is wanted for anything by the authorities. The expense of keeping the system in working order must be enormous, and one doubts its practical use, although no one can doubt that it works with reasonable efficiency.

Mr. Price gives us an occasional glimpse of the political exile, and once more we have to revise our present conceptions. He met one such exile at Minusinsk. He and his family lived in a large house and his actual punishment seems to consist of a certain social ostracism consequent upon banishment from the great centres of Russian life:

When I went to call upon him he came to the door himself, and showing me in through a room where he and his wife had been having their evening meal, ushered me into a room beyond. I noticed his calm, philosophical face as that of a man who had evidently endured mental strain with stoical fortitude; but his wife, more nervous than he, showed signs of former anxiety. It seemed strange indeed that I should be sitting in company with two members of high Russian society, now ostracized by exile to Siberia, and stranger still to partake of their intelligent conversation on topics of human interest. First of all I was interested to know what restrictions were placed upon the exile's liberty. I

found that he was not allowed to leave the district in which he resided, and that every week he had to sign his name in a book kept at the house of the chief "Nachalnik." With that exception his life was free. He had money and he could live as he liked and go where he wished within that district, but he was continually watched by spies, who dogged his footsteps wherever he went. I was surprised to find that he, too, had caught the fever of modern commercialism, which is beginning to run throughout Siberia. He related to me how he had acquired gold concessions on the Mongolian frontier and was hoping to find capital to float a syndicate for working them next year. This was not at all my idea of the life of a Siberian exile. Instead of being made to work himself in the galleries of the gold mines till death released him from his chains, the exile now floats syndicates to work these mines.

Mr. Price describes his entrance into a small Siberian village somewhat removed from the regular post road and therefore without the usual facilities for the entertainment of guests:

As soon as it became known that a foreigner was in the village, glad of an excuse for something to do, the groups began to break up and a small crowd of kind but empty and lazy faces began to collect around me and I heard the following remarks: "Who is it?" "English engineer!" "Gold seeker!" "Yes, he must be after gold, for the English always know where gold is." "Is there going to be war with China?" asked a youth who had just completed his military service and was hoping to settle down at home again. Not feeling exactly disposed to discuss Russia's foreign relations at that moment, I ignored the question and proceeded to explain that I was the advanced guard of a party of three Englishmen on their way to Mongolia. A considerable crowd had now collected, and it seemed almost hopeless for me to explain what I wanted, especially as they all talked at once in true Eastern style. But a few kindly old peasants quieted the crowd and told them not to press round me; for, they said, "after all, he is our brother." It was not long before these old men grasped the situation; several volunteered to take me in, and after some inspection I fixed on a square log-house in the centre of the village.

The Siberian peasant is stupid, sordid, animal, but lovable. His defects are evident enough, being all on the surface, and yet the author tells us that the more he saw of him the more he loved him:

It is interesting to note what passes through the peasant's mind when he is asked to describe the wild country beyond his frontier. He always thinks of it in terms of bread and vodka. His estimation of the country is in inverse ratio to the prices of bread there, and in direct ratio to its facilities for obtaining vodka! The gold attraction plays a certain but, I think, a secondary part in his estimation. In fact, he is like a child who thinks of his immediate bodily comforts before all else. At the time I almost relished the idea of rough fare, without bread and vodka, but had I been six months older I should probably have thought more wisely, and my ardor for wandering in trackless forests on the off-chance of seeing primitive Finnish tribes would have been severely cooled.

The Siberian peasant is entirely apathetic toward the problem of education. It has no concern for him and seems to him to be entirely useless. In one village the author found that about two per cent of the people were able to read and write:

One evening I found myself in conversation with another village character. He was the priest's assistant and choir trainer. At his request we took a little walk together to the outskirts of the village, and for some minutes as we walked along he remained silent as if pondering over something in his mind. Suddenly he turned to me and proceeded to ply me with one question after another about the country from which I came. "What political parties are there in England?" he asked. "Is there a Revolutionary party?" To this I replied by asking what he meant by a Revolutionary party, and I was informed that it meant an organization for the destruction of ministers and governments. I tried to explain that such a policy had not yet appeared in England, and proceeded to ask what good he thought such an organization would do. A blank stare came into his face; an expression which asked, "How could any one with any education or culture doubt that an organization for destroying government was necessary for the welfare of the state?" What he proposed to put in its place appeared in his mind to be quite a secondary matter, which he refused even to discuss when I broached the matter to him. "An organization," he added, "is necessary to make the ministers of the Tsar go—!" and then with a gesture he imitated the explosion of a bomb. I realized then that I was in the presence of a member of the Socialist Revolution Society, and possibly of a former active member of that body for whom the authorities had prescribed a little pure country air in a remote frontier village of Siberia, as being more beneficial to mental health than an explosive factory in a back street in Warsaw. So here he was now, in this remote district, assisting the village priest in chanting and incense-burning on Sundays, and ruminating over projected assassinations of ministers on weekdays.

Mr. Price by no means confines himself to the record of a journey or to his impressions of the people. He shows us that he has made an elaborate study of conditions, and for this reason his work should be valuable from the commercial and economic point of view. He gives us chapters on the social evolution of the country, on its present economic position, and on the developments that may be expected in the near and distant future. And finally we have an illuminating section on "Mongolia in Its Present Economic and Political Relation to the Russian and Chinese Empire." There are, indeed, few books of the kind that give so well-rounded a view of a country that will assuredly play its part, and a large part, in the coming movements of the race.

SIBERIA. By M. P. Price. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50 net.

Kentucky's "Model Town," lying across the Ohio River from Evansville, Indiana, has been sold for taxes. It consisted of ten acres of land, a city hall, and electric light and power plant. The town was laid out four or five years ago, and it was announced that it would be run on the Utopian plan. Stores, factories, and all other business were to be operated by the people and all city ordinances were to be framed by the citizens in town meetings. After the founder of the place disappeared the inhabitants moved away.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

His Father's Wife.

The author tells a story of intensity and power, but one that has a certain sombreness that may not be universally welcome at a time when the novel is expected only to amuse. The scene is laid on one of the English islands between the Crouch and the Thames, and the chief characters are Farmer Rugwood, his son Roger, and the young girl Barbara, who has been adopted by the elder Rugwood on the death of her parents. Rugwood himself has just become a widower, and so it becomes doubly desirable to retain the services of Barbara, who is thus called on to do what she can to take the place of the wife and mother. The title of the novel almost discloses its plot. Rugwood decides to marry Barbara in spite of the disparity in their ages, and not until too late does Roger discover that he loves "his father's wife." The tragedy is one by no means unknown to real life.

In this case the tragedy is not wholly unrelieved, but the chief virtue of the book is to be found in its intimate portrayal of life and character and in a certain power of relentless narrative that reminds us somewhat of Mrs. Wharton.

HIS FATHER'S WIFE. By J. E. Patterson. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Outlines.

Mr. John D. Barry shows us once more that his art is a most enviable one. It seems to be the aim of the average essayist to say in a beautiful way the things that are not worth saying at all and that arouse no more than a ripple of aesthetic pleasure. But Mr. Barry does far more than this. Not only is his literary workmanship of a high order, but he has a felicitous skill in showing us the significance of insignificant things and in displaying freight of ethical values so often carried by the commonplace of life in full range of our unseeing eyes. The fifty essays in Mr. Barry's latest volume are all of them based on some familiar fact of life, but they all reveal some unfamiliar meaning. Moreover, there are many among them that leave us with the uncomfortable sense of having been convicted of social sin, and this is peculiarly wholesome at a time when toleration and apathy have become the most active and positive of social evils. Mr. Barry gives us the unvarying impression of writing from the heart and conscience as well as from the mind, and this is so rare that it deserves all the emphasis of approval and applause that can be given to it.

OUTLINES. By John D. Barry. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.50.

The Argyle Case.

We may doubt if this detective novel, founded upon the play of the same name, has derived much strength from the collaboration of Mr. William J. Burns. It is imagination that decorates a novel, and not adhesion to fact. The detectives of Gaboriau and of Poe and of Doyle are artistic creations and therefore immortal. Their strength is in the fact that there might be such people, but that as a matter of fact there are no such people. The introduction of detectaphones and of gear of that kind, the irrelevancies of the so-called realism of the day, are sources of weakness and not of strength, doubtless good bait for the groundlings, but of no permanent value.

THE ARGYLE CASE. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

The Gathering Storm.

This volume, addressed primarily to England, but actually to the civilized world, comes as a rude reminder of the domain of fact as opposed to the sentiment that evades and denies fact and that calls itself by the name of optimism. The author, who calls himself "A Rifleman," attempts to read history in the light of economics and, *mirabile dictu*, he does it in a romantic and fascinating way. His one mistake is to regard history as turning upon this single hinge to the exclusion of ethics and religion. He makes an insufficient allowance for sentiment, and because of this his picture is needlessly dark and his forecast unduly harsh.

We are now at the point, he says, where economic activities no longer have new markets for their conquest, and consequently we must anticipate a more strenuous competition between rival groups of producers. We are at the point of maximum development so far as markets are concerned, and the only compressible factor must be wages and the conditions of labor. At every other point we have reached the unscalable wall and therefore "we are on the threshold of an epoch of great wars, furious industrial upheavals, and prodigious all-round activity alike in industrial and military effort, the birth throes which will be born the brief but brilliant period of Maturity, the last flicker of the creative energy of our civilization." Labor will naturally object to the rôle assigned to it as the one compressible factor and therefore "there can not fail to develop a general con-

flict between capital and labor upon a more gigantic scale than ever heretofore in the history of mankind." The conflict between capital and labor will be the reflection of a wider international conflict between the nations that can not expand except at the cost of each other, and so "a momentary recrudescence of barbarism will check the ethical development of mankind, a recoil from a highly developed civilization to the crude animalism of strife will unlock the gates of a savage blood lust which from the ethical standpoint will throw mankind hundreds of years a hack in the plane of civilization." It is a dreary picture, and it is one to which we must be forced to give our assent but for some lingering hope that it will be the ethical development of mankind that will check the recrudescence of barbarism rather than the reverse.

THE GATHERING STORM. By "A Rifleman." New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Mural Paintings

The art world should congratulate itself on the publication of these lectures delivered by Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield before the Art Institute of Chicago and since greatly enlarged. Nothing more important on the subject of mural painting has yet seen the light or any plea so effective for a serious attitude toward a decorative art that has not yet come to its own in America. It is to be feared that the difficulties confronting the mural painter are still very great. He has to deal not so much with individuals as with committees and legislatures. His constituency is the public with the usual disposition of the public to consider all qualifications but the right ones. Building commissioners and architects may measurably help or retard his work, and he still has to win for his art by his own capacities the dignities that rightfully belong to it.

But Mr. Blashfield is practical as well as theoretical. He devotes valuable chapters to the actual execution of mural painting, to illumination, and to the choice of subjects. Mural painting in America ought, he says, to be distinctively American, a goal not yet won, but already in sight. Knowledge of the past must be confined with due recognition of the present and its spirit. On the whole the author is hopeful of great things, and his enthusiasm is contagious. We feel that he has largely helped in the development of the art of which he speaks so well.

MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA. By Edwin Howland Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

Aunt Olive in Bohemia.

The author chooses one of those simple plots that give boundless opportunity for character depiction. Aunt Olive is an elderly lady who has been in subjection to a tyrannical relative all her life and who finds herself suddenly wealthy and free to give full rein to her suppressed instincts for art and benevolence. Such a story can easily degenerate into the mere goody goody variety, but the author keeps it at a robust level and introduces us to half a dozen separate romances that are disclosed to her in the little art community in which she throws her anchor. It is a thoroughly wholesome and well-told story, and one that revives our faith in human nature in spite of the optimistic newspapers.

AUNT OLIVE IN BOHEMIA. By Leslie Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Man with the Iron Hand.

This is the first of a series of stories of the Mississippi Valley during the years from 1650 to 1850, written from the viewpoint of the Indian. Henry de Tontey, its hero, was a lieutenant of La Salle, and the author follows the wanderings of Marquette and Joliet and La Salle among the Indians and Frenchmen up and down the river until all but De Tontey are dead. The story is of actual occurrences drawn from real history accurately told after full investigation of the sources. It is a stirring narrative ably and vividly told.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON HAND. By John Carl Parish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25

Thackeray.

We may confess to a scant sympathy with those who seek to find some continuous thread of mental or ethical development in the lives and writings of the great men of letters. Probably Browning has suffered more from this kind of research than any other, and probably he would have had but little tolerance for it. And now it is Thackeray's turn. We much prefer to think of a great novelist as writing under the spur of an inconsistent inspiration, or depending more upon mood and whim than upon any intention to express a sort of spiritual autobiography. But Professor Stephenson believes that he can detect a kind of orderly growth in the consciousness of Thackeray, a sort of passage from one philosophy to another, and although we may think, as we do, that the thread is too slender to follow, we can none the less enjoy an attempt that is based upon fine critical powers and an attractive plan of exposition.

The author tells us that there are three

stages in Thackeray's inner life, that the first was a sort of splendid pessimism and that the end was a recognition that when all is said and done "all's right with the world." We may doubt if Thackeray ever displayed the pessimism with which he is here credited. A recognition of falseness, pettiness, and meanness is not pessimism, nor is it pessimism to gibe these evils or to be saddened by their prevalence. But although we may not agree with the author's conclusions and although we may fail to see any continuity of philosophic growth, we can none the less heartily enjoy so good a piece of critical writing as we have here.

THE SPIRITUAL DRAMA IN THE LIFE OF THACKERAY. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Blister Jones.

This clever hook is made up of a series of incidents in the life of a jockey. Relatively few of us know much of the turf, or want to, but we all of us like a distinctive picture of human character, especially when it belongs to spheres from which we are far removed and that we have no intention to approach otherwise than through the pages of a book. This is exactly the service that Mr. Foote has rendered to us, and the picture is rich in life. "Blister Jones" can be read in two or three hours, and the time will not be wasted.

BLISTER JONES. By John Taintor Foote. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.20 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Back Yard Farmer," by J. Willard Bolte (Forbes & Co.; \$1), contains seventy-five chapters of complete and reliable directions for the cultivation of the back yard garden—a very desirable hook for those who have back yard gardens.

From the Lotus Press, Eugene, Oregon, comes a tiny volume of verse by Alma A. Rogers, already known as the author of "Songs and Sermons in a Garden." Much of the verse is technically good and some of it is musical.

The first folio edition of Shakespeare now being issued by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company has been enlarged by the addition of "The Tragedie of Coriolanus," edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

"A Woman in Revolt," by Anne Lee (Desmond Fitzgerald; \$1.25 net) is apparently an exposition of feminist principles in the form of a novel. If it should be our misfortune to be brought into contact with such a woman as its heroine we should give her whatever she wanted in the hope of getting rid of her, for a more absurd person never yet appeared in print.

A recent addition to the Home University Library is a useful book on "Nerves," by David Fraser Harris, M. D., C. M., B. Sc., F. R. S. E. (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). At first we feared that we had still another tiresome work for the benefit of disagreeable nervous people, but Dr. Harris has comparatively little to say to them, although they are not left altogether in the cold. He treats of nerves from the physiological standpoint just

The White House

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as he might treat of bones. On his own words he attempts "to explain in non-technical language the place and powers of the nervous system," and he does it so well and so clearly as to excite admiration.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a tastefully prepared little volume entitled "Public Library Administration," by Walter S. C. Rae (75 cents net). The author says of his work that "it advocates a policy of extension in the activities of those institutions generally approved by librarians. No claim is made to originality in any of the schemes dealt with; but in bringing them together in this form it is hoped that some good will be done by enabling those interested to obtain a knowledge of the subject which can only be procured at present by reading the various text-books and professional periodical publications." There is no doubt that he has succeeded in his purpose.

BEAUMONT, THE DRAMATIST

By Charles Mills Gayley
Professor of the English Language and Literature, University of California.

A literary portrait of the most poetic of Shakspeare's contemporaries in the drama, which distinguishes Beaumont clearly from Fletcher, defines with authority his position as a dramatist, and portrays vividly his charming personality.

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The reader is compelled to recognize the genius of the great novelist that is so apparent in this too voluminous book, but he can not but be wearied by much of the repetition and the mass of tedious detail. It is unfortunate that Dostoevsky never acquired the orderly art form in fiction that contributed so much to Turgeneff's renown.

THE IDIOT. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Congresswoman," lives in Washington, and while at work on her last novel she might have been found day after day in the gallery of the House of Representatives, gathering color, incidents, and characteristics of men on the benches below to help make her story more real. Various characters in the book are so true to life that it is claimed they will be readily recognized in Washington. The Browne & Howell Company are publishers of the book.

"Alone in the Wilderness," by Joseph Knowles, who went naked into the "pine tree jungle" of the East, remained two months, and came out clothed, armed, and shod, has been published by Small, Maynard & Co. Now Mr. Knowles says he expects to come to California and duplicate his feat.

By an odd coincidence, close at the heels of L. P. Jack's "All Men Are Ghosts," Henry Holt & Co. have just issued Mr. De Morgan's new novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost." Those who enjoy Mr. De Morgan's leisureliness will be glad to learn that the new book will be over 800 pages.

The Century Company has just published "Beaumont, the Dramatist." It is the work of Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English language and literature, University of California, and aims to present a literary portrait of one whom Professor Gayley calls "the most poetic of Shakespeare's contemporaries in the drama," and to distinguish Beaumont clearly from Fletcher.

Longmans, Green & Co. recently put to press a work entitled "Flying: Some Practical Experiences," by Mr. Gustav Hamel and Mr. Charles C. Turner. The work will deal mainly with the practical side of aviation and will contain records of numerous personal adventures. Mr. J. Elrick Alder will contribute a chapter on the physiological and medical aspects of aviation, and the Hon. Guglielmo Marconi on wireless telegraphy.

The National Drama League does not neglect the youngsters by any means and is certainly stimulating their interest in acting, as is indicated by the fact that Henry Holt & Co. announce that they are just having to print Constance D'Arcy Mackay's book of little plays, "The House of the Heart," for the fifth time and her "Patriotic Plays and Pageants" for the third.

It is reported from London that Hauptmann's latest novel, "Atlantis," published there by Laurie and in New York by Huebsch, is one of the great fiction successes of the season, being now in its fourth edition.

Recognition of his success as a city planner has come to John Nolen from over the seas. Dublin has invited him to assist in the preparation of a civic exhibition which will last during the summer and fall, and to work on a plan for the general improvement of the city with reference to housing, parks, playgrounds, schools, etc. Much of Mr. Nolen's experience is summed up in his book, "Re-planning Small Cities" (Huebsch), practically the only book of its kind dealing with the American situation.

Doughleday, Page & Co. have just published "The Panama Canal," by Frederic J. Haskin, author of "The American Government," as evidence of its authoritative quality the pub-

lishers announce that Colonel G. W. Goethals, the chief engineer in charge of the canal, has given his approval of the chapters pertaining to the engineering problem; and Mr. Ernest Hallen, the official photographer of the Canal Commission, has supplied the illustrations. The bird's-eye map of the isthmus prepared by the *National Geographic Magazine* is also included.

There is to be a new story of Pennsylvania Dutch life this spring by Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

The Century Company published on February 27 "Silent Sam and Other Stories," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, and Samuel Merwin's "Anthony the Absolute," in which the chief character is a brilliant but unworriedly scientist, who goes to China to study Oriental music and is caught in a whirl of curious experiences.

It is to supply the general reader as well as the student with a handy guide to the history of this country between the years of 1877 and 1913 that Professor Charles Beard of the faculty of Columbia University has written his new work, "Contemporary American History," just published by the Macmillan Company.

William Butler Yeats is dividing his time between his lecture tour in this country and the reading of the proof of the revised edition of his "Stories of Red Hanrahan," which is announced for publication shortly.

Readers of "China under the Empress Dowager," written some few years ago by Messrs. J. O. P. Bland and Edmund Backhouse, will be interested in "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by the same authors, which is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in this country and by William Heinemann in London. The volume carries the story of the Manchu dynasty through the last five centuries.

"The Reconnaissance," the first book by Gordon Gardiner to be published in this country, was issued on February 17 by the Macmillan Company. It is a story of action in Africa, England, and the Continent.

The University of Chicago Press has published "Unpopular Government in the United States," by Albert M. Kales, a prominent member of the Chicago bar. The author discusses various expedients for restoring the American ideal of democracy, and considers constructive proposals such as the commission form of government for smaller cities, and the application of the principles underlying this form to larger cities and the state and to the selection of judges.

Lilian Whiting, author of "Athens, the Violet Crowned," has sailed for Italy. From Florence, where she will remain until early April, Miss Whiting will go to London to work on a new book which she regards as the most important of anything she has ever undertaken.

Autograph collectors find an "easy mark" in Gelett Burgess—at least when they are children—and children are the most insistent and numerous of those who ask for his signature. Few months pass without a score or so of requests, and such favors are always granted by the author, who takes pride in a very pretty collection of children's letters, signed by names which he modestly says some day may be more famous than his own.

Among the numerous books published by General James Grant Wilson, whose death recently occurred, one work—"The Poets and Poetry of Scotland"—stands out from those dealing with American subjects as a tribute to the writer's native country. In the preface to the two thick volumes, the selection for which was, he says, a labor of love, General Wilson states that he believes no nation under the sun "is more abundant than Scotland in local bards."

New Books Received.

BEAUMONT THE DRAMATIST. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt. D., LL. D. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

A portrait, with some account of his circle, Elizabethan and Jacobean, and of his association with John Fletcher.

ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SUETONIUS. With an English translation by J. C. Rolfe, Ph. D. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS. With an English translation by Walter Miller. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

HORACE, THE ODES AND EPODES. With an English translation by C. E. Bennett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

the version of Herbert Baldwin Foster, Ph. D. In nine volumes. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

ADRIET ON AN ICE-PAN. By Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 25 cents net.

Issued in the Riverside Literature Series.

SINOPAH, THE INDIAN BOY. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 45 cents net.

A story of Indian life.

SUCCESS AT GOLF. By Harry Vardon, Alexander Herd, George Duncan, Wilfrid Reid, Lawrence Ayton, and Francis Ouimet. With an introduction by John C. Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

A practical handbook for those who would improve their play.

SUNSHINE JANE. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

A second printing of a popular story.

THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE. By Ruth Holt Boucault. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

SILENT SAM AND OTHER STORIES OF OUR DAY. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

RURAL LIFE AND EDUCATION. By Ellwood P. Cubberley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A study of the rural-school problem as a phase of the rural-life problem.

THE HYGIENE OF THE SCHOOL CHILD. By Lewis M. Terman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65 net.

Issued in the Riverside Textbooks in Education.

CROWDS JR. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net.

A little book for people who wish to grow larger.

THE BODLEY HEAD NATURAL HISTORY. By E. D. Cuming. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

Volume II. British Birds. Passeres. With illustrations by J. A. Sheperd.

WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

A novel.

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

EZEKIEL EXPANDS. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A story.

THE TREASURE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A novel by the author of "Mother."

OPERATION OF THE NEW BANK ACT. By Thomas Conway, Jr., Ph. D., and Ernest Minor Patterson,

Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

A general view of the financial situation created by recent legislation.

PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER. By Rose Lucia. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A reader for the second and third school years. With illustrations in color.

BELSHAZZAR. By Gertrudis Gomez De Avellaneda. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

A drama. Translated from the Spanish by William Freeman Burbank.

WHEN WILLIAM CAME. By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of London under the Hohenzollerns.

THE STRONG HEART. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SIMPLE SIMON. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

A WIFE OUT OF EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

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HARRY LAUDER.

Harry Lauder is indubitably known to fame. They seem to be continually spinning yarns about him all over the English-speaking portion of the universe, and, whether they are about his cannyness or his comicality, the men chuckle mightily over them. For Harry Lauder is a man's entertainer. It didn't take long to discover that, on his opening night at the Cort, which theatre had only a row or two to spare in its large auditorium, so numerous had old Scotch friends or new curiosity-seekers turned out to worship at the shrine of the popular idol. It was not a fashionable audience that was attracted. The street was not lined with automobiles as on the Trentini opening night, although, oddly enough, there is some curious stage congruity linking the image of the romping little Italian and the canny little Scot when one thinks simultaneously of these two departures from types. But Harry Lauder draws an audience of far simpler musical tastes than the little prima donna. Lovers of vaudeville take to him very kindly and the Scots rally around him with pride and pleasure.

These two mingled elements made a bustling and interested crowd inside and outside the theatre on Monday night. The tall, red-faced gold-braided, kilned pipers, perspiring from their efforts and grinning from ear to ear, were joshing each other in broad Scotch, while the curious and sympathetic crowd jostled and elbowed them. Success was in the air. The audience was buzzing with cheerful expectancy. We were going to see Harry Lauder, the great little man!

But first we had to witness the efforts of the troupe of vaudeville entertainers in their particular specialties, the which filled up about half the programme. Although the assistant performers are rather déclassée, as compared to the Orpheum standard, the audience, which was in jolly mood, managed to get its modicum of enjoyment from them. It was very kind to the juggler with the spinning tops, who, in spite of his pronounced scowl, came a cropper; indifferent to the lady with alarums and excursions in her voice who did impersonations; approving in its attitude toward the good-looking gipsy cimbalist and her violin-playing associate; visibly and risibly tickled over the cleverly imitated caninisms of "the world's greatest animal actor."

When the Hungarian pianist with the sol-feggio hair sat him down with an experienced air at the piano half a score of men, taking base advantage of the semi-dark, quietly stole away, but without folding their tents, be it understood. They meant to return later, but they had come to hear Scotch songs and jokes, and not musical classicism, and the pianist had an alarmingly classical appearance. However, he had a remarkably spectacular set of fingers and really made a hit.

Then there was a London music-hall singer, a woman with lower notes that were almost bass in her otherwise light, feminine voice, who made a vocal descent into the basement in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

The most popular number, however, may be said to be a game of basket-ball on wheels played by two bicycle riders, with an agile umpire running excitedly around the stage, and the delighted audience lending vocal aid and encouragement. For those who knew their Harry had come there in jovial mood, well aware that the canny Scot would give them a chance to exercise their lungs before the evening was over.

Somewhere about half-past nine Harry Lauder made his appearance, and then there was that lull in the air which is the silent homage to greatness. In those who knew him not it was curiosity and the interest of sizing up the unknown. In tried and trusted appreciators it was the sentiment unexpressed but understood: "Well, now, didn't I tell you?"

Harry Lauder entered the stage clad in kilts and all the usual plaid appurtenances, and with a careful emphasis of every possible element of the grotesque in his small, jolly, tubby person. He began to sing in a rather light, pleasant, and entirely unremarkable voice. His Scotch accent was all there, and while he, occasionally playfully exaggerates the delightful Scotch burr on his "r's" he is altogether too clever to otherwise spoil his naturalness by unnatural stage emphasis. That genuine and really rich and racy accent constitutes one of his strongest holds on

the clan. His song, a ballad narrative describing a Scotch wedding, was the first link in the chain which Harry Lauder weaves, binding himself and his audience into a state of sympathetic concord. It took quite a time to estimate the shrewd little entertainer at his true value, as it stands in the eyes of his admirers. After all the tumult and the shouting had died he stood there, to an unbiased judgment, as just as an average vaudeville entertainer with a pleasant little, limited, unpretentious, untrained voice, a genuine Scotch accent, a comical build and general physiognomy, only fairly humorous, and that sense of humor appealing principally to men. But at the end of his hour I understood. Harry Lauder, with his songs, his monologues, his jokes, his costumes, and the series of Scotch views which are shown on a periodically descending back drop, gradually furnishes a thick Scotch mist of fun and sentiment. At first things are purely comical; then sentimental; that stage is reached with "I love a lassie," and continued with the monologue about "Ma mother's hoose," and "Maggie's wee hoose." All this song and monologue are sung and spoken with a very suggestive, full-sized back drop representing a Scotch landscape, which contains the view of a neighboring village. Thus the Scotch atmosphere is well established. Harry Lauder has costumed himself more soberly and less grotesquely for this altered mood; and now he begins to bind the simpler hearts in the audience more closely to him. His songs are all very primitive and easily caught. Well this shrewd little strategist knows how an audience likes to lend a hand occasionally and air and exercise its lungs.

Some one calls out, "Sing us an Irish song, Harry." And Harry does, just to be in with the boys. But he sticks to his policy, all the same. The audience has now reached such thoroughly folksy terms with the Scotchman that there is a general feeling of joining in the fun. This is the time that the singer chooses for introducing "A wee Deoch and Doris," which is the same as saying, "Fellows, let's have another one all round, before we best of friends must part." Harry Lauder, by the way, talks directly and openly to the audience as man to man. He yawns to them, jokes with them, sings to them, winks at them, laughs with them, whispers confidences in their ears, and finally stirs them up to joining in a chorus. The response at first is merely a low humming. Then he interrupts them, harangues, reproaches, rallies, and finally wakes up quite a response. The audience, having heard the exceedingly simple lay often enough to learn it, joins in, and with a comfortable, old-fashioned, crooning note sings it with the sense of refreshment that an audience always feels when it steps down from its attitude of spectatorship and takes a cordial hold of things.

Clever Harry Lauder! Oh, the canny Scot! What a knowledge of human nature! What a wonderful business head! And what a marvelous press agent! Or isn't he the man behind the gun, and in reality is not he himself one of the rare and radiant press agents of the universe?

"THE CRIME OF THE LAW."

Rachael Marshall has the humanitarian instinct of the genuine reformer. I have now seen two plays of hers, and I feel no doubt of it.

There are, of course, plays and playlets, film or otherwise, founded on burning questions of the day that are aimed at popular emotionalism purely for purposes of gain. Some of these, also, dealing with sex questions are advertised in such a way as to stimulate prurient curiosity, while simultaneously making loud protestations of offering a moral lesson. But one must acquit Rachael Marshall of this sort of hypocrisy. She is sincere in her desire to help the under dog, however imperfectly or faultily she may carry out her intentions.

In spite of its emotionalism and its sensationalism, "The Crime of the Law" is a very poor play. "The Traffic" was a well-knit drama and contained a swift and logical succession of poignant scenes and exciting action. "The Crime of the Law" is sequential enough, but it is fairly stuffed with disquisitions. All of the principal characters take turns in orating. The girl of irregular life who is about to be turned out by her illicit companion of a year passionately claims a right equal to her companion's to rehabilitate her life. Miss Marshall certainly scores a point, but Bijou has altogether too much time allowed her, and her transition from rather fustian earnestness to a slangy anticlimax causes a decided jolt. And besides her variations from devil-damns-and-hell-spangled discourse to polysyllabic oratory is crude and unconvincing.

Larry, the young attorney who subsequently becomes a prison warden, occupies the platform in the second act, and holds forth at great length on prison reform and militant suffrage, winning ardent claps from ardent polemicists in the audience. He almost makes us believe that we are at a league lunch of some sort.

Andrew Michaels, who is informed with simple faith by the prison hero that he is a great man because he is at the head of the union, restrains his oratory, thus winning our gratitude, but he listens with polite attention and not a sign of impatience to every other fellow's speech.

When the prison hero, after being thoroughly corrupted mentally and crippled physically by his prison experiences, is finally arrested, he contrives to hold his stage audience, including two ruthless and otherwise impatient policemen, strangely willing to lend him their ears while he dilates at length on the imperfections of the prison system and the havoc it has wrought in his own case.

"Rat" Sullivan almost monopolizes the entire talking territory of Act II in delivering himself, after thirty-three years' incarceration, of a signally logical and up-to-date arraignment of prison management. True, Mr. R. Sullivan expressed himself in prison jargon, but he seemed to be armed with all the points advanced in progressive prison articles published in monthly magazines; and this in spite of the fact that it is customary to place such magazines on the *index expurgatorius* of prison literature. In fact Miss Marshall allowed the controversialist in her to down the dramatist. As a result not only her play suffered, but her cause. Apparently she has not realized that the playwright should let the graphic presentation of conditions that he wishes to be remedied naturally and inevitably to evolve by means of the action of the drama, instead of being cast excitedly into the forefront of things like a gage of battle. We would have felt for the cause she advocated more poignantly if we had not recognized so plainly that the creator of the play was trying to work on our sympathies. That was because the play is entirely subsidiary to the theme, which is another point against it. And then there was a shock to our conventions in observing the placidity with which Larry receives the news of Bijou's past irregularity. He had believed her to be of the same status as Jean, the pure heroine, and when he receives the presumably distressing information, which generally makes the high-hearted, idealistic, and manly hero feel all broken up, he is as placidly unconcerned as if his cigar had gone out; less so, in fact.

A further breach of good taste lies in showing us Bijou, after her marriage, as an honored guest at the home of her ex-lover, goo-gooing prettily at her delighted bridegroom, with Andrew the ex looking on with sedate approval. Of course this is not to say that Bijou is just as good as Andrew, and perhaps better. The world moves, and we've got that far, but it takes a long time to unsettle rooted ideas, and it seems to me that Miss Marshall went just a "lectle" too far in showing us that quartet in such intimate juxtaposition.

In fact the play is simply crammed with faults. It reads—or acts—as if the author had rushed at her work full of ill-digested enthusiasm. Her facts and conclusions are straight, and the world is coming to believe that the criminal must have the ethical side of him developed by humane and intelligent treatment based on some principles of scientific psychology, instead of having it beaten and brutalized out of him. But this truth should be aimed at logical and orderly minds in a logical and orderly way, instead of presented with a mass of emotional verbiage.

"The Crime of the Law" will win plaudits from the under dog, but it is the fellow on top who can help the one who is down, and the judicious will grieve that a writer of Miss Marshall's fervor and sincerity has not marshaled her ideas into better and more persuasive form in order to reach and convince those in whose hands the power to act lies. Such speeches as this: "If all the women had a chance for the things they really want they wouldn't go wrong," seems to offer altogether too large a charity to the weak sister who does not resist.

Larry's pronunciamento, "Crime is a moral disease. No man ought to be punished. He ought to be cured," is certainly rather startling to those who, while believing in humanely curative methods, believe also in the punitive element cutting some figure.

Miss Marshall is still too much of an extremist, and she would have done better to allow her enthusiasm to simmer down a little, while delivering herself over to a prolonged effort to cast her play in some kind of an art form.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

In a recent lecture before the Royal Institute in London Professor Arthur Keith, in an anthropological study, gave it as his opinion that Shakespeare was a descendant of the Bronze Age invaders, the true or round-head invaders. That was a remarkable fact, the professor added, for it was this same short-headed stock, spread abroad in Central Europe, throughout Germany, France, and Italy, which has produced the world's finest artists. Burns, he said, on the contrary, was a good representative of the long-headed type of man. His skull was very broad and of excessive length, and appeared to be closely set to the neck. It represented an ancient type,

The George Sand Case.

When a Paris theatre presented a play, "L'Enfant du Siècle," describing the famous love affair in Venice between George Sand and Alfred de Musset, Mme. Frederick Lauth, the granddaughter of George Sand, at once filed a complaint for posthumous libel on her grandmother against the author of the play and the manager of the theatre, and sued for \$40,000 damages. The case has now been settled so quietly that it has aroused little remark. Nevertheless the decision of the court is full of curious interest. The court, while greatly reducing the sum claimed in damages and exonerating the manager, nevertheless decided in favor of the plaintiff on the following grounds: "That, whereas, the plaintiff was born in 1866 and was brought up by her grandmother to the age of ten, her grandmother having died in 1876, it is obviously blameworthy on the part of the author to produce on the stage a series of scenes and incidents concerning the private life of a person dead some thirty years, and who was therefore well known to and loved and esteemed by the plaintiff, and wounding her feelings, etc., considering that George Sand, in her old age, was a model of goodness, etc., condemns the author to pay a sum of \$1000 as damages."

An occasion of great interest to scholars, students, travelers, and others this spring will be the representation of classical drama, to be given from April 16 to 19 in the ancient Greek theatre at Siracusa (Syracuse). The city named, it will be remembered, was the metropolis of western Hellenic civilization, while the theatre is perhaps the most beautifully located of all such classic remains. The committee in charge has chosen for representation the Agamemnon of Aeschylus; the language to be employed is Italian, following the translation of the well-known Hellenist, Professor Ettore Romagnolo. An adequate train service from the Continent, with ample hotel facilities at Syracuse, is assured by the committee having charge of the representation.

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Soloist: **JEAN GERARDY**

(Great Belgian 'Cellist)

Tickets on sale Monday at box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Cort Theatre. Prices, 75c to \$2; box and loge seats, \$3.

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 Season of Grand Opera
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 Two Weeks, Commencing Monday, March 16
SINGLE SEAT SALE
 Begins next Monday morning at the Tivoli Opera House. Prices, \$6 to \$2. "Parsifal" prices, \$7 to \$2. Special attention paid to out-of-town patrons. Make all checks payable to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Blue Bird" at the Cort.

Probably the dramatic opening of the week that interests theatre-goers most deeply is the return of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," at the Cort. Judged by the capacity audiences of last year and the number of extra performances that had to be given—including the phenomenal "morning matinee"—"The Blue Bird" has the warmest kind of place in the affections of the San Francisco public. A big advance sale indicates that that affection is undiminished, and the Cort from Monday night on will be the mecca of spectacle-lovers, old and young.

"The Blue Bird" is a prose poem on the quest of heart's desire, and the heart's desire is happiness. It takes the form of a vision or dream-journey, in which two children named Tyltyl and Mytyl explore the past, the present, and the future—the wonders overhead, Night's murky depths below—in quest of the bird of good fortune.

Master Burford Hampden, the English boy-actor, is returning here tomorrow night to enact his delightful rôle of little Tyltyl and Miss Editha Kelly to play Mytyl. Among the distinguished adult principals may be mentioned Ethel Brandon, the San Francisco favorite; Cecil Yapp, W. H. Denny, Dore Davidson, John Sutherland, Charles Hampden, George Sylvester, Angelo Romeo, Alice Butler, Martha Messenger, Emily Cameron, Rosepha Chisholm.

The symbolic dances will again be given by a large corps of little folks, while the Debussy, Massenet, and Bizet special music will be interpreted by a large orchestra. The New Theatre \$150,000 production, with all its spectacular, pantomime, and trick effects, has been maintained intact. The only matinees announced are for Wednesday and Saturday.

Henrietta Crossman Coming to the Columbia.

To a great comedienne like Henrietta Crossman, a brilliant comedy is an absolute necessity, and in "The Tongues of Men," by Edward Childs Carpenter, which comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, March 16, for an engagement of two weeks, she has the most notable vehicle that has been written for her in years. The theme, which is the old battle between the church and the stage, lends itself to attractive treatment in the hands of the dramatist, and in the rôle of an opera singer Miss Crossman has the most charmingly hewitching part she has played in a long time. When "The Tongues of Men" was successfully produced this season at the Harris Theatre, New York, the critics were warm in the praise of the star and play, and her many admirers flocked enthusiastically to her support.

Maurice Campbell has supplied a notable cast and production of metropolitan players, among whom are Frank Gilmore, Margaret Randolph, Sheridan Block, Homer Granville, Edward Lee, Laura McGilvray, Katherine Preshey, Paul Dautet, and Florence Fontayne.

"The Merry Gambol" Continues a Favorite.

The continuance of the success of Marie Dressler at the Gaiety Theatre in Addison Burkhardt's "The Merry Gambol," remains notable, and next week begins the fourth week of what might be an indefinite engagement of the merry comedienne in the merry musical comedy if other hookings did not necessitate the withdrawal of the piece after a fortnight more.

In the case of "The Merry Gambol" the success is easily explainable. The music is lively and tuneful; the prima donna, Gene Luniska, is a real singer; the chorus is harmonious and vigorous vocally, agile in dancing, and the ensembles have been perfected. There is an unusually effective arrangement of the color effects in which the imported gowns blend beautifully while showing off the individual beauty of the stately or sprightly wearers.

Mason's "Saengerbund," Judel's story of how he as the voiceless tenor lost the melodious use of his vocal chords, the dancing of the Marvelous Millers, and the numerous specialties with which the plot is liberally sprinkled, are some of the elements which conspire with Miss Dressler's huge hit in making "The Merry Gambol" the success that it is.

"Judith of Bethulia" at the Tivoli.

"Through Fire to Fortune," Clay M. Greene's gripping photo-drama, will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli this evening, the afternoon being devoted to the Tetraxini concert. For the week beginning tomorrow a highly interesting biblical production, "Judith of Bethulia," will be shown for the first time in this city. This four-part photo-drama, telling the tragic story of Judith and Holofernes, is based upon the Book of Judith in the Apocrypha, and on the poem and tragedy from the same source by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is a free rendition, in which the siege of Bethulia by Holofernes and the storming of the walls are given spectacular importance. According to the apocryphal story, the children of Israel had fortified

the hill passages by which the invading army from Assyria would be obliged to enter into Judea. The principal of these fortified places was Bethulia. The story is intensely dramatic, and among the striking scenes in this remarkable picture are those showing the battle outside the city, the assaults on the massive walls, the scenes of famine within, the unsuccessful attempt of the Jews to regain the walls, the tragic death of Holofernes at the hands of Judith, and the final destruction of the Assyrian camp. Strictest attention to detail in costume, weapons, and instruments of war, customs of the people, and correct scenic backgrounds are manifest throughout the picture. The Keystone comedy will make a decided contrast to the seriousness of "Judith of Bethulia."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Another bright light of the legitimate stage is now shedding his lustre on vaudeville in the person of Henry Woodruff, who is well and favorably remembered as the successful star of "Brown of Harvard" and "A Prince for a Night." Mr. Woodruff will present next week at the Orpheum a fine little playlet by John Stokes entitled, "A Regular Business Man," which fairly teems with witty and amusing dialogue and clever complications. He will be supported by a capable company which includes the old favorite, James M. Brophy.

Ray Samuels, the blue streak of ragtime, who made such a great hit with the 1912 Orpheum Road Show, will be heard in new and diverting ditties.

Collins and Hart will introduce an extraordinary novelty in their original strong man act, the like of which has never been witnessed here.

James F. Kelly and Emma Pollock will sing, dance, talk, and create a lot of fun. They appropriately style their act "Ginger Snaps."

Billy Rogers is not only able to duplicate the tones of nearly every musical instrument, but possesses the extraordinary gift of being able to imitate birds, beasts, etc. He sings at the opening of his act in a fine baritone and follows it with a concert in which he gives imitations of the cornet, flute, mandolin, banjo, and musical glasses.

Grace Carlisle, the possessor of a delightful mezzo soprano, and Jules Romer, a violin virtuoso, will present a musical offering entitled, "Just a Song at Twilight," which is a most enjoyable entertainment.

Next week will most positively be the last of the famous English comedienne, Marie Lloyd. She will introduce new songs and character types.

The only other holdover will be the Hockney Company in their foreign gymnastic unicycle novelty.

Last Week of "The Crime of the Law."

"The Crime of the Law," Rachael Marshall's drama built upon the penological problem with a by-thread of the double standard of morality woven through it, will enter upon the third and last week of a very successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre with the matinee of Sunday.

The author, Miss Marshall, under the guidance of Oliver Bailey, her producer, spent many months on tour of the various state penitentiaries, equipped with letters from prominent prison reformers which secured for her the help of many state governors who are interested in the work of finding a more successful way of punishing first offenders than the method in vogue since the first dungeons were built.

Matinee performances, at reduced prices, are given Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, and at the performance of Monday evening matinee prices will prevail.

Attractions at the Pantages Theatre.

A stirring romance of the frozen north, called "The Luck of a Totem," starring Harry Girard and Agnes Cain-Brown and a company of ten principals, will be the top-line attraction on the new show opening at the Pantages tomorrow (Sunday). Girard is the author of the vest-pocket opera, which is based on an actual incident and is a connected tale in the form of a plot. Miss Cain-Brown was the prima donna with the original Bostonians, and was starred in the "Sho-Gun" under the management of the Henry Savage forces. The novelty of a male chorus makes the "totem" production notable, and the poles carried with the act are exact replicas of the originals with four delightful musical numbers.

A breezy little tahlod, with Zena Keefe, supported by Gaxton and Cameron and a company of ten is the added feature on the new bill. "College Town" is the title of the act, which is handsomely staged and especially built with a number of brand-new ballads. Walter Schrode and Elizabeth Mulvey, a duo of the best-known Broadway comedy stars, have been chalking up a hit with their hilarious success, "The Theatrical Agency."

The other acts on the bill are the Hughes Musical Trio, three talented singers and instrumentalists; Manne and Belle, termed the

"ragtime maids," have a budget of rollicking "tags"; Rizal and Atima, flexible gymnasts who turn themselves into knots, and Jack Golden, the German Senator, in a merry monologue.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Last Tetraxini Concert Today.

Mme. Luisa Tetraxini will give her second and last concert at the Tivoli Opera House this afternoon, assisted, as before, by Rafael Diaz, the renowned young tenor, Yves Nat, solo pianist and accompanist, and Pietro Coso, flutist. The programme, entirely different from that of Thursday night, is as follows:

Legend of St. Francis de Paule Walking on the Waves Liszt
Yves Nat
Prelude; Love, I Have Won You Ronald Rafael Diaz
Aria, "Linda di Chamounix" Donizetti Tetraxini
Nocturne; Etude Chopin Yves Nat
Aria, "Vissi d'Arte" from "La Tosca" Puccini Tetraxini
Als die Alte Mutter Dvorak Mai
Lolita Puccini
Waltz from "Romeo and Juliet" Gounod Tetraxini
Etude er forme de Valse Saint-Saëns Yves Nat
Couplets, Mysoli, "Perle du Bresil" David Tetraxini

The Gerardy Violoncello Concerts.

It has been many years since San Francisco music-lovers have had the opportunity of hearing a violoncello virtuoso, and in fact there are only two really great performers on this difficult and beautiful instrument now before the world of music. Jean Gerardy is one of them. Tomorrow afternoon, March 8, at 2:30, Manager Will Greenbaum will present Jean Gerardy at the cosy Columbia Theater. At his concerts he will have the valuable assistance of Gabriel Ysaye, violinist, and Carl Gruchhausen, a splendid pianist, who is taking the place of Frank LaForge, as the latter is lying very ill in New York and was compelled to abandon his tour.

Sunday's programme will include Boellman's "Variations" for violoncello, a Suite in two movements by Boccherini, and works by Bach, Schumann, and Davidoff. Ysaye will play works by Saint-Saëns, Beethoven, Wieniawski, and a composition by his illustrious father.

The second and last Gerardy concert will be given on Sunday afternoon, March 15, when by special request the great artist will play the exquisite "Sonata" in A major, for violoncello and piano, by Beethoven, the brilliant "Concerto" in A by Saint-Saëns, and works by Max Bruch, Haendel, Schubert, and Popper.

Tickets for both events are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday after ten will be placed on sale at the Columbia box-office.

In Oakland these stars will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Thursday afternoon, March 12, at 3:15, presenting an entirely different programme. The Oakland tickets will be ready at Ye Liberty on Monday.

The next attraction under the Greenbaum management will be Mischa Elman, "the Caruso of the Violin."

Last Symphony Concert for Season.

The Francisco Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoon, March 13, at the Cort Theatre, will give its last concert of the 1913-1914 season. Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian 'cellist, will be the soloist. Seats will be on sale next Monday at the usual places and the programme will include the great symphony No. 5 of Tschaiowsky, the most widely known of Russian composers. Marked by bold modulations, strong rhythms, gorgeousness of orchestral color, the No. 5 symphony is one of the greatest compositions on the list of orchestral literature.

Mr. Gerardy will make memorable the occasion by his playing of the Lalo concerto in D minor, for 'cello and orchestra. In part two of the programme Mr. Gerardy will give his great performance of Boellman's "Variations Symphonique," the announcement of which is usually sufficient to send all the violinists and 'cellists to the concert hall.

Wagner's overture to "The Mastersingers" will be the last number on the programme.

Grand Opera Season at Hand.

The Chicago Grand Opera Company, which comes here soon, last Saturday brought its Philadelphia season to a close and started on its second transcontinental tour Sunday morning. The tour will embrace fifteen cities, and a total of 9825 miles will be traveled.

The company will travel on two special trains. The first section will carry the chorus, ballet, orchestra, and working staff. The second will carry the artists, conductors, and executive staff. The first section will be preceded by a train consisting of thirteen baggage cars.

The repertory on this tour will consist of eighteen operas and the number of people going on this tour exceeds the number carried

last year. There will be thirty-eight artists this season, while there were but thirty-five last year. Sixty-five men will be in the orchestra, while there were sixty-one last year. The chorus will consist of sixty-four, against fifty-nine last year. Twenty-four girls comprise the corps de ballet, while there were twenty last season, and there will be four conductors, instead of three. Adding to this the executive staff, as well as the stage mechanics and others, the number of people on this tour will be between 250 and 260.

The tour opened in Cleveland last Monday night and closes in Milwaukee April 25. Next Tuesday the organization begins a brief engagement in Los Angeles, and on Monday, March 16, a two weeks' season will be inaugurated at the Tivoli Opera House. The sale of seats for single operas will begin next Monday morning at the box-office of the Tivoli, and all mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House, will receive prompt attention. Prices for all operas except "Parsifal" range from \$6 to \$2, while seats for the great Wagnerian work will be from \$7 down to \$2.

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MARIE LLOYD
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New Songs and Character Types
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Continues Its Gay Whirl with

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Evening prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinees,
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ANOTHER STAR SHOW

HARRY GIRARD, AGNES CAIN-BROWN and Company of ten in "The Luck of a Totem"; ZENA KEEFE and GAXTON and CAMERON in "College Town"; WALTER SCHRODE and ELIZABETH MULVEY, Broadway's Twinkling Comedy Stars; HUGHES MUSICAL TRIO, Singers and Instrumentalists; MANNE and BELLE, "Those Ragtime Maidens"; RIZAL and ATIMA, Flexible Gymnasts; JACK GOLDEN, the German Senator; COMEDY MOVIES.

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PHOTO-PLAYS DE LUXE

Tetraxini Concert This Afternoon
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VANITY FAIR.

A number of New York women have been asked to express their opinions on the subject of chivalry, and it is a little curious to note that the more prominent the women the sillier the opinions. Of course we do not expect very much except amusement from Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, but that lady's conception of chivalry as a virtue exercised by one woman toward other women is fully up to her usual level of eccentricity. Then there is Miss Rose Young, who would "rather have the vote any day than chivalry as it is now understood."

The mere man may be excused for thinking that the prevailing feminine note toward chivalry is based upon a heresy. Chivalry, we are told, was all very well while the world was governed by physical force, but it has now no place in a society from which force has been abolished and that is controlled by sweet reasonableness and moral sentiments. There was a time when superiority was conferred by bodily strength, but that need no longer be considered at a time when bodily strength has lost its values. Therefore let us abolish chivalry, say these feminist advocates, in full reliance that men will always give women whatever they want and defer alike to their comforts and their whims.

We wish that we could feel quite so sure that the day of physical force was over and that physical weakness no longer demands protection and exemption. Personally we are of opinion that the moral nature of humanity remains exactly where it has been for ten thousand years, and that the appeal to force is perilously near the surface of the thinnest of thin veneers. That humanity has emerged from the reign of violence is one of those fine sentiments so patently and flagrantly untrue as always to excite our frenzied applause, since we rarely applaud anything except the most impudent of falsehoods. At the present moment there is not a single country in Europe that is not on the verge of war or of revolution. One of the bloodiest wars in history has just been concluded amid the execration of the world for the cruelties inflicted upon women by combatants who were lacking in the now much derided chivalry. Four great countries may be said even now to be in the throes of revolution, that is to say Mexico, Portugal, China, and Russia. There is absolutely nothing except chivalry that protects the women of those countries, and it may be said that they are all countries where the feminist movement has not yet been heard of. There are many competent observers who believe that the world is now about to begin a cycle of war and revolution of unprecedented magnitude, and if these forecasts should be approximately true it is evident that nothing but chivalry will stand between women and extinction. The spectacle of women who imagine that they can dispense with the old safeguards and exemptions and replace them with a vote, that they can ward off from themselves the ever-threatening cyclone of physical force with the ballot-box, is so surprising as almost to make us despair for human sanity.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, in spite of his unfortunate profession, seems to be a gentleman of wit and discretion. He has just perpetrated a book entitled "Still Happy Though Married," and although we have our doubts about these loud protestations of marital bliss the author seems really to have something to say. Wisdom of this kind, be it noted, comes usually after that period wherein it would have been most useful. It is acquired, not by foresight, but by experience.

Marriage, says Mr. Hardy, should not be looked upon as a means to happiness. Nature, he points out with a rare philosophic wisdom, never gives us the things for which we are searching. Either she gives us something quite different or she waits until we have abandoned the search, and then she confers the boon upon us. Therefore let us see if we can not play a piece of innocent trickery upon fate and persuade her that we are looking for something quite different from our real quest. Convince her that we are looking for one thing, and she will probably give us the other. Therefore let those about to marry put all ideas of happiness from their minds. Let them decide that it is now necessary to enter that path of self-discipline and mortification known as marriage. Let them assume its obligations as they would a hair shirt or peas in their boots. Let it be for them a sort of voluntary penance, a means by which heavenly merit may be acquired at the cost of earthly comfort. Let them encounter it with a sigh of resignation as one of those stern and uncomfortable duties that it would be unworthy to evade. Then fate will hasten to give us the thing for which we are not looking and we shall effect a capture without the labor of pursuit.

But at the same time a certain method of selection is necessary. Even though we recognize the indubitable fact that marriage and misery are convertible terms there is no reason why we should be more miserable than we have to be. Courage is one thing, but

recklessness is quite another. Even the bravest soldier may determine to sell his life dearly and to give himself all the chances that are consistent with courage. And here the Rev. Mr. Hardy comes once more to our aid with advice so sagacious as to be beyond praise. Let not the selection of a wife depend upon such non-essentials as a liking for babies or an assumed willingness to listen to your conversation. Never mind about a community of tastes or any of the flapdoodle that is usually supposed to presage bliss. These things do not count. The first thing that the wise man will do is to inspect the mother of the lady whom he proposes to honor if found worthy. It may be hard to believe that the daughter will be like the mother, but she will. Never mind the allurements of youth, for they will pass away. If the elder lady is unable to pass through the ordinary doorway without a steady hand at the wheel be assured that the daughter is constructed on the same specifications and that the same blue print will eventually prevail. Turn her down, kindly but firmly. Tell her tactfully and gracefully that you are in the market for quality, not quantity. Tell her to apply elsewhere. A true gentleman will be able to do this with courtesy and aplomb.

But the supreme test must be applied at table. Watch how the lady eats. Never mind about the etiquette of that operation. The supreme requisite is that she should eat as though she enjoyed it. If she seems to be having a thoroughly good time you may tell her that her application will be favorably considered. But if she dallies with her food, if her appetite seems to be of the ethereal kind, tell her that there is no vacancy at the moment, but that you will keep her name and address on file. Put it in just that way so as not to hurt her feelings, but never marry a woman with a poor appetite. The test is an unusual one, but it sounds good.

The lady herself should be no less particular in selecting a husband. Marrying, says the author, is much like eating mushrooms. They look very similar to toadstools, but the difference between them is that of life and death. Never marry a man "in whose face the Ten Commandments are conspicuous by their absence." Never marry a man in the expectation of reforming him. It can not be done. The average man can not be reformed except with a club, and it must invariably be used with fatal results. Let the wife be assured that she is far more likely to accenuate the man's vices than to abolish them. Let her make allowance for this. Let her see to it that there is enough leeway to allow for depreciation, for it is depreciation that she will have to face. And no man ever spoke truer words than that.

The New York *Sun* reports some remarks made by a Mrs. Elizabeth Newsom in the first heat of her rage on hearing that sex hygiene had been forbidden in the schools of New Jersey. The report reads as follows: "Let the wiseacres visit the blind babies' homes and they make snake their bald homes and they may shake their bald blasted little lives is apt to knock the props from under the peach bloom theory." Rarely have we seen so terse and concise a statement of the case. Thank heaven that there are still women with the courage of their opinions who are able to state those opinions in appropriate language.

A plaster cast of the French normal—or, more strictly speaking, ideal—woman is being made by Professor Desbonnet of the Paris Faculty of Physical Culture, and will be placed in the collection of the Louvre Museum, under the same roof that covers the Venus of Milo.

During the last few weeks (says the New York *Tribune*) Paris physicists and scientific amateurs in female beauty have followed with keen interest the movement in the United States which resulted in a jury of physicians awarding the prize to Ida Zackmann. Similar investigations made by Professor Desbonnet in the Paris schools of physical culture show that the young woman selected by the Paris jury as a normal woman has the following dimensions: Height in bare feet, 1 metre 65 centimetres; circumference of neck, 32 centimetres; shoulders, 97 centimetres; contracted chest, 87 centimetres; inflated chest, 92 centimetres; waist, 68 centimetres; contracted waist, 66 centimetres; hips, high measurement, 91 centimetres; lower hip measurement, 96 centimetres; thighs, 55 centimetres; calves, 34 centimetres; half ankles, 21 centimetres; wrist, 16 centimetres; half circumference of extended arm, 25 centimetres; half circumference of folded arm, 28 centimetres; fore arm, 25 centimetres; weight, 60 kilogrammes.

These measurements, accepted as normal for the French ideal woman, differ considerably from those of the normal American woman. It is noted that the French of both sexes are gaining in height, chest, and weight at the rate of one per cent increase for every twelve years since 1880.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Murphy was assistant cook on board a "trooper" bound for India. The first morning he forgot to wash the boiler out after breakfast, consequently there were tea leaves on the surface of the soup when dinner was served. To clear himself of the blame he went to the respective messes and said: "If yez foind any tay leaves in the soup you'll know it's mint."

A certain hard-headed business man who is somewhat shy on general education, but a specialist in his own field, was discussing the hard times. "Well," he said, "there's one fellow that I envy. He's busy all the time. Everywhere I go I see people using his machines." "Who's that?" inquired one of the company. "Why, this man Vacuum, that makes all them patent cleaners!"

Dean Hole once told a story of John Bright. A witty and persistent clergyman was urging Mr. Bright to subscribe towards rebuilding his church, and got the natural reply that, as a Quaker, Bright could hardly be expected to give for the purpose. The clergyman replied that the building must be pulled down first, and that perhaps he would like to subscribe to that part of the process. "In that case," said Mr. Bright, "I'll give ten pounds."

A Devonshire man once invited a Socialist to visit his estate and see what he had done for the villagers. As they drove about the men touched their hats and the boys and girls "hobbed" and curtsied. Soon they passed a man smoking his pipe, who took no notice of the squire. "Ah!" said the Socialist. "That's the man for me. He is independent, calm, and takes no notice of all this sham and glitter." "Yes," replied his companion, "that's the town fool."

Down in Georgia a negro, who had his life insured for several hundred dollars, died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning suit. Showing her purchase to her friend, she was very particular in going into details as to prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked: "Them sho is fine clocs, hut, hefo' heaven, what is yo' goin' to do wif all dis black underwear?" The hereaved one sighed: "Chile, when I mourns, I mourns."

A good story is told by Judge Rentoul, which has reference to the acoustic properties of the Central Criminal Court, London. These are not so perfect as they might be, and there is a decided echo from the walls. Some time ago Judge Rentoul sentenced a prisoner to six months' hard labor. When the judgment was passed "Six months' hard labor" was echoed from the back of the court. Taken aback, the prisoner turned to the warder by his side and inquired anxiously, "Are these sentences to run concurrently?"

An old gentleman in the north of England had, in his later years, become so penurious as to deny himself many of the necessities of life. A friend, who had sent him some sacks of coal, called on him one day shortly after and was sorry to find the old man sitting fireless in the depth of winter. "I hope the coals kept you warm, Mr. G.," she began. "They have indeed. Thank you very much for thinking of me so kindly," said he. "But I am afraid they are all gone now," she continued. "Oh, no, quite the contrary. I have not burned any of them. Whenever I feel cold I carry a sack up and down the stairs. The exercise warms me beautifully."

Walter McQueen, a person of color, faced Justice Howard in the police court at Jackson, Tennessee, the charge against him being assault and battery on the person of Lily Belle Hopper. In addition to the battered complainant three of her friends appeared as witnesses against him. The clerk read the warrant, beginning: "City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen"—and so on. The prisoner scratched his head, meantime contemplating the glowering faces of the chief witnesses for the prosecution. "Please, suh, read dat fust part over agin to me," he requested. "City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen," obliged the clerk. "Well, judge," said Walter, "ef de whole city of Jackson an' dese foah cullid ladies is organized aginst one nigger, what chance has he got? I's guilty!"

One of Australia's best landscape painters was out with his bag of tricks near Daylesford recently. He had pitched in front of an old, two-roomed, wattle-and-dah hut, softened with a crimson-flowered creeper, which he thought would make an excellent sketch. While he was working a tall, hairy man came out of the hut, and regarded him with some misgiving. The hut-dweller approached. "Watcher doin', mister?" he said. "I'm painting your picturesque dwelling," said Patter-

son. The hut-dweller regarded Patterson dubiously for a minute, then went indoors. Presently he reappeared with his wife, and the two advanced towards the artist. "Mind yeh," said the man, pointing at the painter, "I've got me witness—you're doin' this at your own expense."

A shy young man had been calling on the sweetest girl in the world for many moons, but, being bashful, his suit progressed slowly. Finally she decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in his buttonhole and said: "I'll give you a kiss for that rose." A crimson flush overspread his countenance, but the exchange was made. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room. "Why, where are you going?" she asked, in surprise. "To the—er—florist for more roses," he called from the front door.

The long-suffering wife of a habitual drinker in a Mississippi town served notice on the local dramshop keepers—that this was in the old days before prohibition—that she would prosecute any one selling her husband intoxicants. So when the gentleman in question, slightly waverous on his pins, but dignified and scholarly as always, dropped into his favorite saloon that evening and called for a toddy the harkeeper only shook his head. "Can't do it, colonel," he said. "Sorry, but you know how it is." "But, sir," said the colonel, "I am athirst. I famish for a cooling draft!" "All right, then," said the bar-keeper; "have a glass of water on the house!" And he produced a cold, brimming glassful. For a moment the colonel contemplated the offering sourly. Then he raised it to his lips and in a resigned tone of voice said: "If the great philosopher Socrates could drink hemlock without a shudder I suppose I can swallow this!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Strenuous Times.

Father's in the garden,
Straining all his nerves;
Mother's in the kitchen,
Straining her preserves;
Brother's straining muscles—
But we can't rejoice,
For sister's at the organ,
Straining her poor voice.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Knockers.

No man can knock you on the sly
And do so with impunity;
The only knocker who gets by
Is known as Opportunity.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eugenics.

He chose her, not because her eyes
Were like the stars that glow at night;
Her hips were of goodly size
And she was of superior height;
He thought not of her father's wealth,
For that, to tell the truth, was small;
He chose her for her rugged health,
Her hearty pleased him not at all.

Her nose was big, her jaw was square,
Her height was suited to her weight;
'Twas not because he thought her fair
That she was asked to be his mate;
To state the facts and nothing less,
She did not have a lovely face;
He chose her, as you doubtless guess,
That they two might improve the race.

She looked at him with favor, not
Because of honors he had won;
She did not waste a single thought
Upon the deeds that he had done;
She gave herself to him because
He measured six feet in his socks,
And, being free from ailments, was
About as strong as any ox.

Love did not figure in their case,
They sternly thrust all that aside;
'Twas solely to improve the race
That they in marriage were allied;
They dwelt within a city flat,
Their joys were few, their circle small;
In time they both grew coarse and fat,
And never had a child at all.
—S. E. Kiser, in Life.

Labor.

I strike the barp in labor's praise
And gladly lift my singing voice,
Contending that all striving pays
And hid the workmen rejoice!
I praise the factory and the store,
The mattock, axe, and eke the plough,
But do not ask me to do more
Just now!

I love to hear the whistles blow
That summon noble souls to toil!
The worthiness of work I know—
How some delight to till the soil,
How with the humble tools of trade
Some carve out fame, some fortunes get;
But I won't leave this pleasant shade
Just yet!

I love to watch the ranks go by
With steady, plodding, earnest pace,
And dinner pails containing pie
To fit each honest, rugged face.
Ah, yes, toil is a noble thing!
The worker is upright and free;
But I'll let luck my living bring
To me! —New York Globe.



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Of San Francisco

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Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,699,466.33
Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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DECEMBER 31st, 1913:

Assets.....\$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,897,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 166,570.42
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum
was declared.
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SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
Capital.....\$1,000,000
Total Assets..... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders..... 3,266,021

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American Boy and Argonaut.....	\$4.30	Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
American Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.65	Outing and Argonaut.....	6.00
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.80	North American Review and Argonaut..	6.90
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Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.90	Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.60
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	5.85	St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.10
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	6.90	Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
International Magazine and Argonaut...	4.30	Thrice-a-Week New York World (Demo- cratic) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.85	Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....	4.25
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	7.85	Woman's Home Companion and Argona..	5.75
Life and Argonaut.....	5.15	Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....	
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut...	9.10		
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10		
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20		
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.85		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Bertheau, to Mr. Hall Roe. Miss Bertheau is a sister of Miss Anita Bertheau and Mr. Rudolph Bertheau and a cousin of Mrs. Pierre Moore and Mrs. Carl Wolf. Mr. Roe is the son of Mrs. William A. Storey of Chicago and a brother of Miss Laura Roe.

From Kalamazoo, Michigan, comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Amy Gardner and Mr. Edward McMartin Sargent. The bride, who is the daughter of Colonel Cornelius Gardner, U. S. A., now stationed in this city, has resided in Kalamazoo with her grandmother, Mrs. Allan Potts.

Miss Kate Brigham was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Miss Margaret Douglas-Dick, who left the following day for her home in Ireland.

Mrs. Harold Mann entertained a coterie of congenial friends at a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon at her home on Lake Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson gave a dinner Sunday evening at Pebble Beach Lodge. About twenty guests enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller entertained the members of the younger set at an informal dance Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Edith Grant was hostess at a dinner preceding the affair.

Mrs. Pierre Moore was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Martha Brevoort, who left Friday for Southern California en route to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John Gayle Anderton was host at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. Charles St. Goar was hostess at a luncheon Friday in honor of Mrs. Charles Schlacks, who has been constantly entertained by her legion of friends prior to her departure Wednesday for Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slack entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Sacramento Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Schlacks.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler gave a luncheon Monday complimentary to Mrs. Schlacks, who also enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. William Reding and Mrs. Prentiss Kohl at similar affairs.

Mrs. John F. Boyd was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Tuesday at her home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a bridge-luncheon Wednesday, when she entertained a number of friends at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess Saturday at a luncheon and matinee party.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun entertained a number of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Victor Kohnke.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe of Santa Barbara, who is spending a few weeks in this city with Miss Harriet Stone.

Mrs. William Storey was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Helen Bertheau.

Dr. Francis Wakefield and Mrs. Wakefield entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at their home on Octavia Street in honor of their house guest, Miss Dorothy Simpson.

Mrs. Edward de Witt Taylor will be the guest of honor Thursday evening, when Mr. Herbert E. Law will give a dance at his residence on California Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Christian Hemmick of Washington and her daughter, Mme. Dreyfus-Barney, who

were also the complimented guests at similar affairs given by Mrs. Russell Lukens, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Stewart Hooker, and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr.

Miss Margaret Carrigan was hostess Sunday afternoon at an informal egg-nog party at the home on Walnut Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

Mrs. R. P. Merillion was hostess Saturday at a bridge party and tea.

Mrs. Ernest Hueter entertained a score of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Bush Street.

Mrs. Richard Heimann was hostess at a luncheon Monday, when her guests were a coterie of her friends who were brides of the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Edwards entertained a congenial coterie of friends at an informal dinner last evening at their home on Washington Street.

Lieutenant Matthew Thomlinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Thomlinson were the guests of honor Sunday at a reception given by Mrs. Thomlinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, at their home in Berkeley.

Captain William Tobin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tobin entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the bi-monthly hop at the Presidio.

Captain Francis H. Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln also gave a dinner the same evening and later accompanied their guests to the hall.

Lieutenant David P. Wood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wood gave a dinner recently at their home at the Presidio complimentary to Major Robert W. Rose, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rose.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and her children, Miss Isabelle and Master Hall Bishop, are visiting relatives in Honolulu, where they will remain several weeks.

Hon. John Alexander Bloomquist and Mrs. Bloomquist arrived last week from Boise and spent a few days at the Palace Hotel en route to Southern California. Mr. Bloomquist is president of the public utilities commission of Idaho, and is prominently identified with the politics of his home state.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Grimwood and Miss Emma Grimwood are established in their new home in Piedmont, where Mr. Grimwood is recovering from his recent serious illness. They have as their house guest Mrs. Charles Grimwood of New York, who returned a few weeks ago from Europe.

Miss Katherine Strickler departed Saturday evening for Albuquerque, where she will remain indefinitely with her father, Mr. Willard W. Strickler. Miss Strickler's brother, Mr. Kennedy Strickler, will sail in March for the Orient and will make a tour of the world before establishing himself in business in Paris.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Mrs. John Drum are en route to New York and will go by way of the Mediterranean to Naples with the intention of traveling through Italy. In Paris they will be joined by Mrs. Osgood Hooker, and the congenial trio will enjoy an extensive motor trip.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie, Mrs. Brodie, and the latter's son, Mr. Austin Tuhhs, sailed on the *Nippon Maru* for the Orient and the Philippines.

Mrs. William H. Crocker departed Monday for New York en route to Paris, where she will join her daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker, who is visiting her uncle and aunt, Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski. They will return home in June and will be accompanied from New York by Miss Helen Crocker, who is attending St. Timothy's School in Cantonville, and Mr. William W. Crocker, who will graduate from Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., and their little son have been spending the past week in Monterey.

Miss Lillias Wheeler has gone to Kentucky to visit Miss Frances Jewell, who will return with Miss Wheeler and will spend the summer with her at The Bend on the McCloud River.

Mrs. George Page has returned from Southern California, where she has been traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Cox of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Jr., Mas-

ter Jerry Bishop, and Miss Edith Bull are traveling in South America and will spend the summer abroad. Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Sr., is expected home shortly from Rome, where she has been spending the winter.

The Messrs. Charles A. Baldwin and E. Duplessis Beylard sailed Thursday on the *Mongolia* for the Orient, where they will spend the next two months. Master Charles Baldwin, Jr., is with his mother at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain during Mr. Baldwin's absence.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., has sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium to return to her apartments at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Peter Martin has rented for a year the palatial residence on Broadway of the late Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and will return to this city as soon as it is deemed advisable for Mr. Martin to travel.

Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman is planning to spend the summer in her home in Burlingame. She will be accompanied by the two little children of Mr. Whitman and their little son, Charles Crocker Whitman. Mr. Whitman will make occasional visits to his family during their stay in California.

Mr. Hubert Mee has gone to Honolulu for a few weeks' visit.

Miss Fannie McCreary and her niece, Miss Julia Van Fleet, have returned from an extended visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger will leave in April for Europe, where they will join the latter's daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, who have been traveling during the past six months with a governess.

Mrs. Herbert P. Blanchard has returned from a visit with friends in Sacramento.

Miss Persis Coleman has returned from Washington, D. C., where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings.

Miss Leslie Page arrived yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman, with whom she has been spending two months in Tennessee.

Miss Ernestine McNear is home again after a visit with friends in St. Louis and New York.

Mr. Charles Pringle, who for many years has resided in Mexico, is visiting his relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot have returned from their wedding trip and are residing in their new home on Pacific Avenue near Presidio Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman and their little son arrived yesterday from Tennessee and are visiting Mrs. Bridgman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard. They will reside permanently in this city.

Miss Marguerite Doe is here from Montecito and is the guest of the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles have been spending the past week in Coronado.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and their daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, have returned from a week's visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin arrived Monday from Santa Barbara and have since been at the Palace Hotel. They are contemplating spending the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton will travel extensively during the next eight months. After a trip to Honolulu and possibly the Orient they will go to Europe for another pleasure tour.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., is slowly recovering from a recent illness at the Read Hospital in Washington, D. C. Mrs. von Schrader is visiting friends in Washington and will accompany her husband to this city as soon as he is able to travel.

Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt are established in their new home in the Presidio, Monterey. Mrs. Pratt was formerly Miss Sallie Murray.

Mrs. Herman Hall has gone to Monterey to make an indefinite visit. Her husband, Major Hall, U. S. A., is aide to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison of the Philippines.

General Charles Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey and the Misses Omira and Polly Bailey left by the Santa Fe for Fort Totten, New York, where they will reside several years. During their visit in this city they were the guests of Mrs. Bailey's aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Colonel Willard F. Harrison, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the retiring board at Washington, D. C.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., Mrs. Rees, and Miss Dorothy Rees sailed on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu. They were accompanied by Mrs. T. Dykes Whitney and Miss Margaret Whitney of Chicago.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tracy C. Dickson, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the Isthmian Canal Commission and is ordered to the New York Arsenal, Governor's Island, assuming command of the Sandy Hook proving ground.

Major-General William W. Wotherspoon, U. S. A., now assistant chief of staff, will succeed Major-General Leonard Wood as chief of staff April 22, when the latter will become commanding officer of the Eastern Department.

Rear-Admiral Uriel Sebree, U. S. N. (retired), arrived Sunday from Coronado and spent a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair Ellis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellis have returned to Mare Island after a few days' visit at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., has been appointed flag lieutenant to Admiral Howard, U. S. N., who is in command of the Pacific reserve fleet in Mexican waters.

Lieutenant Herman Trench Vulte, U. S. N., spent a few days in town last week and was the guest of Mrs. J. U. Pearkes, who has recently announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Edith Pearkes, to Lieutenant Vulte.

Loring Club Concert.

On Tuesday evening, March 10, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Loring Club will give the third concert of its thirty-seventh season. The programme announced for this concert

is full of interest, including men's voice music, a capella, accompanied by strings, piano, and organ, and a Persian Idyll entitled "Before the Dawn." In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of strings, with Gino Severi as principal violin, Frederick Maurer being the pianist, and J. C. Fyfe the organist. The concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sahin, the conductor of the club.

Al Jolson will be at the Cort Theatre soon, presenting "The Honeymoon Express."

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"Tricity House."

There is always something new under the sun to again disprove the old saw which has been disproved a thousand times, and this time it is conservative old London town that comes to the front with the innovation. "Tricity House," the first to be established in that city, is evidence of the progressive spirit of that seat of conservatism.

From the crude kitchens of the earlier years, with their great waste and uncertainty under the most favored conditions to the "lectric" kitchen of today is a far cry, but it exemplifies the advancement of the nation and the necessity of keeping abreast with science if the wishes of an advanced public are to be observed. It marks the advancement from the open smoky peat fires to the unseen fire which has been brought for many miles along a slender wire, tamed and harnessed to do man's bidding at will by the simple pressing of a button or the turning of a tiny lever.

The all-electric restaurant, or "Lectric House," as it is called, has made a decided hit in London, and the apparatus and methods are right down to the minute. The quaint name appeals to the Old World spirit while making use of the latest inventions in its line.

The kitchen equipment is complete. Electric grills, ovens, vessels for deep fat frying, and devices for slow cooking and rapid boiling are in use, together with a varied assortment of hot plates, toasters, hot water urns for tea and coffee, and hot cupboards for keeping cooked food at the proper temperature for serving.

Not only the kitchen, but the east and west rooms, where meals are served, are provided with cooking devices. For light refreshments the smaller apparatus for preparing toast and tea is most convenient, and appeals directly to the heart of the Englishman who must have his tea at a regular hour, in business or at play.

Even the heating of the establishment is done by electricity, and of course it is electrically lighted. In fact, the use of the marvelous fluid is thoroughly demonstrated in this very attractive restaurant, which has proved so successful that other places in London have been established along similar lines.

San Francisco has not yet reached the "Lectric House" stage, but that it has wonderful opportunities in this direction must be apparent to anybody who has given any serious thought to the advancement which hydro-electric power has made in the northern half of California in recent years. Already electricity has replaced other forms of power in many instances in the cities, on the farm, and in the mountains themselves, where the great power plants have been built at the cost of millions of dollars. As London is inclined, so eventually must be every large city, for human ingenuity constantly brings to light new uses for the mysterious "juice" which makes day of night and turns drudgery into enjoyment. It was a realization of future needs which therefore prompted the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the pioneer in the field in the state, to undertake the construction of the great Lake Spaulding dam and the Drum power-house, recently completed, which have added already 33,000 horsepower to the company's supply. Each year will see more power required in the country, and more will be generated to meet the requirements of "Pacific Service." Already "Pacific Service" supplies two-thirds of California's population, serving thirty of the fifty-eight counties in the state, and as the field is constantly enlarging it naturally follows that this service will become a greater power in the general development of the country than has been dreamed of.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

William H. Lovill, who has succeeded Robert S. Hitt as minister to Guatemala, is a Baptist minister. He lives at Austin, Texas, and is in his sixty-third year.

Lieutenant George R. Goethals, whose work in the Panama Canal Zone has been pronounced exceptional, is the son of Colonel Goethals, builder of the great waterway. Lieutenant Goethals has been engaged largely on the fortification of the zone.

Former President Taft has been elected president of the newly organized American Academy of Jurisprudence. The work of the academy will fall into three concepts. The first is the encouragement of systematic research; the second, the recognition of a system of legal education; the third, a systematic restatement of the law.

Dr. Herman Paasche, who is coming to California at the invitation of the State University, is vice-president of the Reichstag, and has long been known as a close and sympathetic student of American conditions, which he understands better, probably, than any other man in German public life. He is the author of two books, giving his impressions of the United States. Dr. Paasch will deliver a number of addresses on economic and political problems.

Rahel Hirsch, on whom the coveted title "professor" has been conferred by the University of Berlin, is the first woman in the history of that institution of learning to be so honored. Dr. Hirsch acquired the degree of doctor of medicine some years ago, after making a brilliant record as a student. Recently she has acted as assistant to the famous Dr. Kraus at the Charity Hospital, and has made a reputation by researches in special branches of pathology, particularly fevers and diseases of the secretive glands.

Douglas Ellington, who took the degree of bachelor of science in architecture at the University of Pennsylvania in 1912, has just received the Rougevin prize in Paris. He is the first American to whom this coveted distinction has been given. Until 1902 no American had received any honor or award in connection with this prize, but in that year a countryman of Ellington was mentioned for second place. The Rougevin is open to the competition of all nationalities, as compared with the Grand Prix of four years' study at Rome, which is conferred solely upon French students.

The Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, who has just added to his many achievements by the discovery of a new dark planet, was ordained a Unitarian minister in 1890, and has been in the ministry ever since. He became interested in astronomy, and has discovered about thirty-five minor planets, several variable stars, and three comets. He has made several telescopes as a recreation. In recognition of his scientific work he has been awarded medals by leading astronomical societies. He is a member of the Astronomical Society of America, and has also written many articles on his observations.

David F. Atwater, Yale's oldest living graduate, now in his ninety-seventh year, will celebrate in June his seventy-fifth year out of college. He has lived at Springfield, Massachusetts, for thirty years. Dr. Atwater in his senior year at the Yale Medical School was an assistant at the Bellevue Hospital in New York. He opened an office in Brooklyn after graduation and practiced there a dozen years, serving also during that time as an alderman and a city health officer. He is a direct descendant of the David Atwater who planted the Atwater elm on the New Haven Green, who came to that colony in the ship *Hector*, accompanied by Rev. John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton.

Henry W. Thornton, recently appointed general superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway Company, the largest railway system in England, is an American, and up to the time of his selection for the new position was general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. Henry W. Thornton is forty-two years old and is a native of Logansport, Indiana. He has been on the payroll of the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1894, when he started as a draughtsman after he was grad-

uated from the University of Pennsylvania. He prepared for college at St. Paul's School, Concord, and entered the engineering department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1890. In 1895 he was appointed assistant engineer of construction of the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad, one of the subsidiary lines of the Pennsylvania system.

CURRENT VERSE.

Along the Road.

I walked a mile with Pleasure.
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

—Robert Browning Hamilton, in the *Century Magazine*.

The City That Will Not Repent.

Climbing the heights of Berkeley
Nightly I watch the West.
There lies new San Francisco,
Sea-maid in purple dressed,
Wearing a dancer's girdle
All to inflame desire:
Scorning her days of sackcloth,
Scorning her cleansing fire.

See, like a burning city
Sets now the red sun's dome.
See, mystic firebrands sparkle
There on each store and home.
See how the golden gateway
Burns with the day to be—
Torch-bearing fends of portent
Loom o'er the earth and sea.

Not by the earthquake daunted
Nor by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing
Plays she a new-found game.
Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendor
Ever upon the earth.

Here on this crumbling rock-ledge
'Frisco her all will stake,
Blowing her hubble-towers,
Swearing they will not break,
Rearing her Fair transcendent,
Singing with piercing art,
Calling to Ancient Asia,
Woofing young Europe's heart.
Here where her God has scourged her
Wantoning, singing sweet:
Waiting her mad had lovers
Here by the judgment-seat!

'Frisco, God's dauntless foe-man,
Scorns and hisphemes him strong.
Tho' he again should smite her
She would not slack her song.
Nay, she would shriek and rally—
'Frisco would ten times rise!
Not till her last tower crumbles,
Not till her last rose dies,
Not till the coast sinks seaward,
Not till the cold tides heat
Over the high white Shasta,
'Frisco will cry defeat.

God loves this rebel city,
Loves foemen brisk and game,
Tho', just to please the angels,
He may send down his flame.
God loves the golden leopard
Tho' he may spoil her lair.
God smites, yet loves the lion.
God makes the panther fair.

Dance then, wild guests of 'Frisco,
Yellow, bronze, white, and red!
Dance by the golden gateway—
Dance, tho' he smite you dead!

—From "General William Booth Enters into Heaven and Other Poems," by Nicholas Pachel Lindsay.

A Broken Lute.

I am the thing round which the aureole
Of music hung, now like an empty bowl,
Reft of the living wine that was its soul!

Lo, I am as the rose that once was red,
Its fragrance gone, its glowing petals shed;
I am the body with the spirit fled!

And yet about me like an unseen flame
That raptured mystic worshippers acclaim,
Hovers a melody that none may name,

Impalpable save to anointed ears;
Yet he who hath true divination hears
Harmonies chorded with the swinging spheres;

For naught of loveliness can vanish quite,
But lingers near us, be it sound or sight,
One with the whole, one with the infinite!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Smart Set*.

The Darkness.

The darkness has been very kind to me;
She has shut out the white flame of the world,
Hidden the sun of sorrow when it hurled
Its beam on me, and I was lost in light!
She brought the velvet healing of the night
When I was frantic with the staring day,
Till round about me her great spirit lay,
A waveless ocean, drowning my dismay.

The darkness has been very kind to me;
Like a still prayer thought by a lonely nun
Her quiet is; the day's griefs, one by one,
Drift to the shore of long-forgotten things,
And hushed are the loud earth's old echoes,
Deep in her bosom, deep, oh, very deep.
I hide my head when her first shadows creep,
And sink at last within the pool of sleep.
—Charles Hanson Towne, in *Collier's Weekly*.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The army of the unemployed broke camp on Tuesday afternoon and started on its march out of the city. The two factions crossed the bay and are camped in the Emeryville district.

The cornerstone of the First Congregational Church was laid last Saturday afternoon with appropriate ceremonies, participated in by church dignitaries of several denominations. About five hundred persons gathered on the site of the new edifice, Post and Mason Streets, and witnessed the ceremonies.

James R. Frazier, general manager of the California and Northwestern Railway, died at Rome Friday of last week. He was a veteran railroad man and was widely known among railroad men of this state and the Pacific Coast. He was formerly superintendent of the Coast division of the Southern Pacific Railway, which position he held for a number of years.

Appropriations were made by the supervisors Tuesday afternoon for the following large public works: Construction of the Mile Rock tunnel, \$220,000; construction of the Washington Irving School, \$80,000; purchase of twenty-five additional cars for municipal railway, \$152,775; unloading and storing material for railways, \$5000; construction of an addition to the Geary Street car barns, \$175,000.

One of the principal events of the Robert Enmet memorial celebration held on Thursday evening by the Knights of the Red Branch was the unveiling of a bust to Thomas Desmond, former sheriff of San Francisco.

The body of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, which was brought to this city from Santa Barbara, will be cremated. The ashes will finally be taken to Samoa and placed by the side of Robert Louis Stevenson's body. Mrs. Stevenson's estate, under the terms of the will, goes to Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, with instructions to pay Lloyd Osbourne, Mrs. Stevenson's son, \$300 per month for life. A few minor bequests were made.

Collection of the Twin Peaks tunnel assessment began on Thursday. The time allowed for payment will expire at 5:30 o'clock on Monday, April 13. There are 16,189 separate lots in the assessment district.

The police department has asked the supervisors for a larger budget appropriation. For the present fiscal year its allowance is \$1,518,128, and it wants \$2,015,148 for next year. Chief White and the police commission say that 250 men should be added to the force on account of exposition travel next year and increase in population.

E. W. Hale, pioneer of the state, died Wednesday at the St. Francis Hospital after a short illness. He was a member of Hale Brothers, Inc., and a director of the California National Bank of Sacramento. Mr. Hale was fifty-seven years of age and was a native of Michigan. He was the son of the late Marshall Hale, pioneer Californian.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you familiar with the Mexican situation?" "Only up to eight o'clock this morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Health is wealth," quoted the sage. "Oh, no, it isn't," replied the stranger. "I am a doctor."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Madam, do you give any of your time for self-reflection?" "Certainly, I do. What do you suppose looking-glasses are made for?"—*Judge.*

"Mrs. Pankhurst, please," said the visitor at the jail. "She's just gone out, but if you'll wait she'll surely be back very soon," replied the jailor.—*Le Rire.*

"I don't like Mrs. Wombat. Wants to talk about her poodle all the time." "Is that so?" "Yes; never seems to care to hear about my canary."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"Mahel, I'm drawn on the grand jury." "So am I, Gertrude." "Our responsibilities will be heavy." "I realize that. What shall we wear?"—*Livingston Lance.*

"Study your lessons, my boy, and you may be President." "Bah!" "Any how, if you're not President, you'll be fitted for the lecture platform."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bings—You say your wife is an anti-suffragist? Bangs—Yes; she spends her time gadding around the country asserting that woman's place is the home.—*Town Topics.*

"Aren't you the man I gave some pie to a fortnight ago?" "Yes, lidy, thank you; I come back because I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."—*Punch.*

First Girl (at seashore)—I don't care what kind of a husband I get. Second Girl—Gracious! First Girl—So long as he's rich, handsome, kind, and generous.—*Boston Transcript.*

Crawford—What makes you think it is necessary to give sex instruction in the schools? Crabshaw—How else could the children understand the plays when they go to the theatres?—*Life.*

Minister (calling an inmate of prison)—Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Kenney—Well, they've got me hypnotized, then; that's all.—*Dallas News.*

"My wife was to give a rose tea, everything scented with roses." "A delicate conceit." "Yes; but things went wrong. The people in the next flat took that occasion to have onions and cabbage."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Villager (to squire's daughter)—I dunno 'ow 'tis, miss: There's you never 'ad a 'ushan', an' 'ere's me buried two; this one 'e's my third, and if the Lord wants to 'ave 'e I do know where I can lay 'ands on another.—*Winter's Pie.*

Mrs. Henrypeck (looking up from her reading)—This writer says that the widows make the best wives. Mr. Henrypeck—But, really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.—*Stray Stories.*

"I want you to understand," he said, addressing his seventeen-year-old son, "that I am still the boss in this house." "All right, dad," the boy replied, "but you're a coward to make the boast behind mother's back."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?" She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"—*Catholic Citizen.*

Mrs. Parvenue—That picture in the corner is by an old master. Mrs. Swartleigh—Indeed! I would never have guessed it. Mrs. Parvenue—Yes, the man I bought it from gave me a written guaranty that the painter was past seventy-five before he did a stroke of it.—*Stray Stories.*

Waiter (to town councillor, who is furtively feeling the edges of the knives arranged on the banqueting table)—It's all right, Mr. Brown. Every one of 'em has been sharpened. Town Councillor (moodily)—Ab wor looking for a blunt 'un; t' last time Aw wor 'ere Aw cut my mouth!—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Mistress—Now, Sarah, I want you to be careful about breaking this vase. It cost a great deal of money, and I would hate to have it carelessly broken the first thing. Sarah (three days later)—There's your vase, ma'am, and I couldn't have broke it more carefully if I'd tried for a month.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mistress (to servant)—Bridget, you remember the policeman who sat in the kitchen with you so late last night without a light? Bridget—Yes, ma'am. Mistress—Well, I met him this afternoon, and I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him. Bridget—Sure, ma'am, ye needn't think that'll make me jealous.—*Sketch.*



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Unemployed.

It is evident that we have much to learn in the handling of mobs of unemployed and unemployable men. San Francisco has momentarily rid herself of this dangerous nuisance by the simple expedient of transferring it to some other community. Oakland followed the same plan at the expense of Richmond. Now we read that Sacramento is congratulating herself upon having driven the disreputable horde into Yolo, but what Yolo will do under the infliction remains to be seen. The disturbance at Sacramento seems to have developed into something like a pitched battle with plenty of bloodshed and a respectable casualty list. And it may be said that these concomitants are a tribute neither to our sense nor to our civilization.

This system of ridding ourselves of our troubles by loading them on the shoulders of some one else is a thoroughly bad one. It is an indefensible piece of civic selfishness, and one that leaves the problem precisely where it was before with the addition of turmoil and hate. There is only one way in which a city ought to deal with such a condition as this. Work at a living wage ought to be offered to those that are willing to take it, and those who refuse to take it ought to be

treated legally as vagrants. There should be no toleration of such impudent demands as were paraded through the streets of San Francisco, where the unemployed assumed the demeanor of conquerors entering a captured city.

We may as well strip our minds of all sickly sentimentalism with regard to these sturdy rogues who masquerade as unemployed. For misfortune there can be nothing but sympathy, but genuine misfortune can be identified in a moment by the simple expedient of offering work at a living wage. We know from bitter experience that not ten per cent of these men have any intention or desire to work. Work is the one calamity that they intend to avoid at all costs. The remedy is therefore clear. Separate the sheep from the goats by offering work at a living wage, a matter easily arranged by a coöperation between the city authorities and private benevolence. Those who refuse to work are obviously vagrants and amenable to the vagrancy laws. It might fill the jails uncomfortably for a few days, but it would be effective and final. At least there should be a stop to the selfish practice of transferring a nuisance to the next town, where it will be just as great a nuisance as ever.

One Year of President Wilson.

Viewing broadly his first year in the presidency, it must be said of Mr. Wilson that he has impressed the country profoundly both as to the sincerity and force of his character. He has been The President—there can be no doubt about that. Whatever notion anybody may have had that he would be dwarfed by his Secretary of State, or by anybody else, has been dissipated by the logic of events. From the day he entered the White House he has been the central and the dominating figure in the administrative life of the country. He has been more than this, for he has ruled not only the administrative department, but the legislative department as well. No leading item in his programme as announced before election has been overlooked or slighted. Nothing that he has really wanted Congress to do has Congress failed to do.

Perhaps the most conspicuous achievement of Mr. Wilson's first year has been his success with his own party. Both by its principles and by its habits Democracy is a horse hard to ride. For a generation the Republican party, through influences unnecessary to define, has been a disciplined force. It has been highly organized and successfully bossed. It has been drilled in subordination to authoritative leadership, so effectively drilled in truth that now with its old leaders thrust aside it finds itself aimlessly drifting and without capacity immediately to pull its forces together. But the Democratic party, having been long in the minority and without the mastership which responsibility enforces, has developed a spirit which may be defined in the word individualism. To have overcome this go-as-you-please tendency, this disposition to individual policy and individual action, has been truly a large achievement. And however we may explain it, it still redounds to the credit of Mr. Wilson. Even if it be conceded that before Mr. Wilson came into office Democracy had learned by its failures the practical folly of independent as distinct from coördinated action, even if it be conceded (as in justice we think it must) that in the years of their authority in Congress Messrs. Clark and Underwood had brought the party to unified and consistent courses, there still remains to the President the credit of having handled the majority in Congress with consummate address and with highly effective results. The one other man, and he a President of high character and great personal force, who tried to do it found the job beyond his powers. It is something to have succeeded where Grover Cleveland failed.

Mr. Wilson's conception of the presidential office sacrifices something of Democratic tradition. The

President, in Mr. Wilson's view, has a double mandate. He is the official head of the government, likewise the official head of his party. And in this conception are included practically the powers of legislation as well as that of administration. The party, in Mr. Wilson's view, is responsible for the making of the laws; and the President is entitled to control the party. Here is a sharp departure from the Democratic ideals of other times. It exalts the presidential office; weakens the initiative of Congress. And if it seems to evade a principle fixed in the constitution, it still has the merit of being in accord with the immediate mood of the country. There can be no doubt that the people, broadly speaking, have lost confidence in Congress—and not without reason. They see the House of Representatives filled up with second-rate men chosen largely upon local and personal issues and individually eager above all things to placate local feeling in the several constituencies, and so to retain their places. They see members of Congress disposed everywhere and always to subordinate national to local motives. Only in a little less degree all this applies to the Senate as well as to members of the House. Then the country has grown immeasurably bigger both in its geography and in the diversity of its affairs. The average citizen inclines more and more to distrust an impersonal Congress about whom he can know little or nothing, and to place reliance upon a President about whom he may know much. It is in human nature to look to something—preferably to somebody—upon whom responsibility may definitely be placed. Thus the presidency tends to become more and more the fixed and responsible centre of the government. Progressivism—and progressivism in all parties and under all names rules the hour—tends to emphasize and exalt the powers of the President.

Intellectually, as his books and lectures have demonstrated, Mr. Wilson is a conservative, but by propensity and under the influences of politics he is a progressive. He has the schoolmaster's habit of mastership and much of the fatalist's tendency to supreme faith in his own judgments. In his personal character, therefore, he fits the conditions and the times. And however we may resent an attitude which at many points seems lightly to regard the constitution, we must accept the fact that he matches the mood of the day and so wins a success which would be impossible to a man of greater consistency of character and of more judicial temper.

The constructive achievements of President Wilson's first year are considerable. They include a general modification of the tariff, not indeed a perfect piece of legislation, but in the main a fair response to the demands of the country and a reasonable answer to the pledge of the party. They include, too, the important constructive legislation involved in the financial bill adopted before the Christmas recess. To be sure the foundation for this measure was laid under Republican initiative and involved in the report of the Aldrich committee; and further, to be sure, the bill as originally presented was effectively modified by the conservative forces in Congress. None the less something very large and very substantial has been done towards providing what has long been a crying need. Even ultra-conservative bankers now concede that the new scheme is full ninety per cent good. Mr. Wilson is entitled to the credit of an achievement which could not have been carried through without the kind of force and persistence which he applied to it. Incidentally there has been enacted an income-tax measure which despite many objectionable features both in principle and in detail is calculated to put a crimp in the nose of over-large wealth, and is further calculated to satisfy a not unreasonable popular demand that those who enjoy an exceptional protection from the payment shall contribute exceptionally to its support. In the doing of these things Mr. Wilson has gone

beyond the spirit if not indeed beyond the definite letter of the constitution. He has used his powers as the official head of the government and as the dominating authority in his party both to initiate and to enforce legislation. In a sense—in spirit if not in letter—he has usurped functions which belong to the legislative branch. But he has done this by means relatively inoffensive. No President ever had a better command of what we may style the moral powers associated with his office. Others, as for example President Jackson, have been more arrogantly authoritative. Others, as for example President Roosevelt, have been more brutally domineering. But none other ever got what he wanted from a reluctant Congress by methods less definitely objectionable. Without using either the mailed fist or the big stick, Mr. Wilson has still had his way. He has had it none the less effectively because he has made the most of notable powers of suggestion and suasion and because he has kept out of sight, at least, those heavier weapons which lie always ready to the hand of an imperative man in the presidential office.

It is much to be regretted that a record which testifies so largely to the credit and fame of Mr. Wilson should be marred by two positive and inexcusable defects. Nothing can ever condone Mr. Wilson's surrender to the demands of organized labor in the matter of the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation bill of last year. The facts are still fresh. There had been passed by Congress, at the instigation of a selfish unionism, a bill which practically exempted labor unions from the operations of the Sherman law. The project had been artfully engineered for the sake of establishing a precedent, but not so artfully as to escape the judicial eye of President Taft. No act of Mr. Taft's in the presidency more became him than his refusal to permit this outrage upon equity and justice. Mr. Wilson must have known that Mr. Taft was right. But, heedless of many considerations which should have appealed to him, deaf to warnings, he caused this evilly conceived measure to be recalled by Congress, and after a hesitation which exhibited the struggle in his mind, gave it a reluctant confirmation, at the same time testifying to the mischievousness of the special exemption. There can be but one construction of this act. Either Mr. Wilson directly, or more probably through his campaign agents, must have made a bargain—and a low intrigue it was, by whomever made—guaranteeing to the agents of organized labor this wrong and vicious act. We have now as a natural sequel to this great wrong renewed efforts on the part of the labor leaders to establish the special classes which they represent as a privileged order of society. The bill which Mr. Taft wisely thwarted and which Mr. Wilson reluctantly approved is now quoted as a precedent—as a precedent which gives to every cringing congressman under the whip of organized labor in his home district a kind of justification for doing what no legislator has a moral right to do. The act stands a stain upon Mr. Wilson's record. No matter what his success may be in other respects, no matter what fame may come to him through other acts, this must remain an indelible blot upon his personal escutcheon.

The policy of the administration in Mexico, although for the moment more conspicuous in its impositions, is of quite another sort. The President has acted unwisely, whimsically. He has been and continues to be stupidly wrong. But the difference between the Mexican mistake and the action with respect to the Sundry Civil bill is just that between a blunder and a crime. One may be condoned, while nothing can ever wipe out the other. The case of Mexico exhibits a characteristic defect of Mr. Wilson's individual character—a defect partly due to the circumstances of his life, partly to the propensities of his character. He is distinctly a stubborn man, not without the vanities which are the common infirmity of the unyielding autocrat. Long before now Mr. Wilson should have seen what all the rest of the world sees, namely, that his Mexican policy is founded in Utopian dreams, that it imposes unspeakable cruelties upon a suffering people, that it drives straight at the very thing which he stands pledged to prevent. In the matter of the Mexican situation Mr. Wilson's mind seems closed alike to information and to reason. The picture is not a pleasant one, nor is it relieved by attempts to disguise the obvious failure of a whimsical policy by the futilities of sentimental and rhetorical declamation.

It is impossible not to contrast and with unpleasant

reflections the rigid arrogance of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy with the scrupulous equity and the fine sense of honor displayed in his attitude towards the Panama tolls question. Here—in the demand for repeal of a law enacted in disregard of the public faith—Mr. Wilson is at his best. Here he is obviously right; here his utterances carry the high emphasis of assured moral purpose. But Mr. Wilson, who sees so clearly where others are wrong, ought in the face of overwhelming evidence likewise to see where he is wrong himself. The man who easily finds the courage to disregard the mandate of his party and who seeks to reverse the action of his associates in the government ought in consistency and honor to see with the same clear vision the faults of his own policy and to find the courage to correct them.

Mr. Wilson's plans for the future involve a question universally in mind. Will he in contempt of a principle to which he stands pledged by his party platform be a candidate for a second term? The common opinion is that he will. The *Argonaut* thinks that he won't. Those who insist that candor requires an open avowal on his part one way or the other obviously do not understand that much of the influence of a man in office relates to the definite period of his retirement from office. That is to say, a President who has years of possible or probable authority before him is in a much stronger position than one who is certain to be off the boards at an early date. The same principle which attracts worshippers to the rising sun holds allegiance to the sun already risen and with a long course of clear daylight ahead. Mr. Wilson, possibly President until 1921, is a more potent figure than Mr. Wilson, destined to retire in 1917. Therefore, even though it may be definitely in Mr. Wilson's mind to obey the mandate of his party, he is wise to make no announcements. He is entirely justified in minding his present business, leaving it to others to interpret his ultimate intentions as they may. But it is to be remembered that the platform of 1912 in terms pledged the candidate to the single-term principle, and that the candidate (Mr. Wilson) in terms accepted the platform as it stands. True, he has swerved from it in the matter of the Canal tolls, but upon considerations which reasonable men must respect. We believe that at the right time and when it can do the least harm to his official influence Mr. Wilson will announce his plans and that these plans will justify the pledge and exalt the man.

Plow versus Play.

The significance of small things was never better illustrated than by the scandal in connection with the San Jose farmer who allowed his sixteen-year-old daughter to plow his orchard. The scandal would have been bad enough in all conscience if the offending ranchman had accepted the chastisement of public opinion with a contrite heart and a promise of amendment. But he did nothing of the sort. He said that plowing was a suitable occupation for a healthy country girl and that it was a pity that there were not more girls with similarly useful and strenuous occupations. Not satisfied with so sturdy a defiance of public opinion, he went on to say that if parents in general would but follow his example there would be less work for juvenile officers and fewer scandals wherein shady restaurants and questionable lodging-houses played their usual malodorous parts. And to complete the discomfiture of the humane officers and the officials of the juvenile court, who were hurriedly summoned to the scene of the crime, the girl herself declared that she liked to plow and that she found it less exhausting than playing basket-ball. If she had ever learned to tango she would probably have been still more emphatic in her preference for the plow. The fussy idiots who began the trouble are now trying to rearrange their alleged minds after the unprecedented impact of an idea.

Perhaps it is too much to hope that the example of one sensible farmer and of his equally sensible daughter will have much effect in counteracting the flood of maudlin sentiment that is now doing so much to ruin childhood. Mischief such as this is seldom recognized until it has been done, but it would certainly seem that the social tragedies that now follow each other with such dreary regularity must penetrate even the befuddled minds of those whom we allow to direct our sympathies and our sentiments. Their cardinal doctrine seems to be the exemption of youth not only from all performance of duty, but even from a recog-

nition that there is such a thing as duty. Childhood, we are told inferentially, is to be governed by nothing but appetite and self-indulgence and with no other star than pleasure. Anything in the way of practical guidance or training has become a heresy, and compulsion has become a crime.

There is no need to ask where these things end. The newspapers are answering that question day by day, and luridly. We must surely know that there is something gravely amiss when we read of young girls with homes and mothers—save the mark—who are allowed to loaf about the streets, to drink with strangers at one resort after another, and finally to be escorted, drunk, to a hotel. And for every case that we hear of there are a dozen others that we do not hear of and where the shame and disgrace are tempered by secrecy. It is not the girls who drive plows who come to this evil plight. It is the girls who have been encouraged to believe that personal pleasure, excitement, adornment, are the sole ends of their lives, the only things worth having, and that there is nothing to live for except self-indulgence. And these are the girls who recruit the mournful armies of the underworld.

It seems that there is not much to hope for from public opinion in view of the imbecile agitation at San Jose that would have punished a man for ordering or even for allowing his daughter to plow his orchard. If that same father had started his daughter on the usual freshman's course to misery and ruin, to the divorce court at the best, to the underworld at the worst, there would have been no word of protest or remonstrance. Good sense is not only out of date. It is in a fair way to become a statutory offense.

Washington Gossip.

Nowhere under the shining sun is there a richer field for meaty gossip—for a kind of insignificant talk which has real significance—than our capital city. Every condition of Washington life tends to inspire it, since not one person in ten ever has anything serious to do, and since everybody dines out there is abundant opportunity for it. And we suspect that an accurate report of current table-talk at the national capital would serve the historian of the next generation rather better than the most accurate accounts of the proceedings of Congress or even the doings of his High Mightiness the President himself. Who is there who does not get a more illuminating view of the character of Andrew Jackson and of his times from the Peggy O'Neil incident than from the grave debates of Congress on the National Bank bill?

Just now the Burleson family, taken as a text, may serve to illustrate not merely the social but the political atmosphere of Washington better than the current reports of the *Congressional Record*. Burleson père, as all the world knows, was a long-time member of the House from Texas. Previous to the time when Burleson came to Congress his family and the family of Representative William R. Smith lived side by side in the same town in the simplicity characteristic of Texan domestic life. It was past the era of coöperative soap-boiling, but there were other forms of neighborly interchange in which the Burlesons and the Smiths joined with easy cordiality. Gossip has it that there was a board off the fence between the Burleson and the Smith back yards through which the children of the two families played hide-and-seek; and it is even hinted that Mrs. Burleson and Mrs. Smith exchanged neighborly amenities while each was busy over her own clothes-line.

But times have altered. The Burlesons now are "cabinet ladies" and the Smiths have only such rank in Washington society as attaches to a Texan representativeness. The story goes that the Burlesons have gotten to an elevation on the social ladder where they look back with a fine scorn upon the degrees by which they did ascend and have assumed what is called a toplofty attitude toward their one-time familiars the relatively humble Smiths. Naturally the Smiths have joined the "I-knew-them-when" club and are saying things about the Burlesons which, losing nothing in the telling, are furnishing a staple entertainment for Washington dinner-tables.

Mr. Burleson himself, the swift voice of rumor goes on to say, is not having just the best time of it. As a former member of Congress, having been "one of them" himself, his old associates feel that he ought to give them everything they want. The office of Postmaster-General is particularly difficult by reason of the

postoffice patronage, which is largely subject to congressional suggestion. It is difficult for a congressman to realize that the man who dispenses that patronage may have something to consider besides old friendships and the claims of former official association. Congressmen do not all understand that a Postmaster-General may lie under the necessity of viewing things and of dispensing favors from the executive and administrative point of view. And the good but tactless Burleson has therefore got himself in bad with a good many of his old associates, particularly some of his late colleagues from Texas.

Receiving visitors gracefully is one art; getting rid of them quickly is another. And neither Texan life in general, nor the habits of a congressional politician in particular, have tended in the case of Burleson to develop that social finesse which keeps the outer room clear. Hence there is always to be found in Mr. Burleson's reception room a crowd of rather more-than-less irate senators and representatives waiting to see him, while some long-winded nobody is killing time in the inner sanctum. There are precedents for Burleson's deficiencies in this respect, a very high one in the case of a no less important personage than our late amiable and worthy President, Professor William Howard Taft of Connecticut. It was his inability to get rid of bores and to make room for men whom he really should have seen that did much to weaken certain forms of favor in this distinguished instance. Already it has hurt Burleson. And so when the Honorable Jack Beall of the Texas delegation gave a dinner the other night to Texans in Washington, Burleson very pointedly was omitted from the invitation list.

But this is not the sum of the good Burleson's woes. And here we come to where gossip runs into serious things. Burleson is not close in with the President. Let us whisper it low, few of the cabinet are in fact. Mr. Wilson does not require much counsel; he takes practically none at all except from what we may designate as the senior class. In this administration the cabinet is not assembled to consider policies; it comes up to the White House merely to get orders. Bryan is the only man who really cuddies up. McReynolds, Redfield, Willson, Houston, Garrison, and Daniels hold an intermediate relation, while poor Burleson lingers only just within hailing distance. On the other hand, members of the cabinet, though denied the privilege of assisting in the larger policies of the administration, have some compensation: the President lets each department—the Department of State alone excepted—gang its ain gait and run its own affairs without meddling. The exception, as already noted, is the Department of State. In truth Mr. Wilson, like William of Orange—was it really William of Orange?—is his own foreign minister, and as usual where one man attends to another man's business, he is a mighty bad one, as the case of Mexico demonstrates.

And speaking of Mexico, the President's cocksureness is a marvel to everybody in the know at Washington. An incident will illustrate how blind he is to events where his own ideas stand definitely formed and how deaf to counsel. The other day in his regular weekly heart-to-heart conference with the newspaper correspondents at Washington he was even more certain than ever that "watchful waiting" is going to yield peace in Mexico. He expressed himself—only last week and since the Benton incident, bear in mind—as thoroughly satisfied with existing conditions, insisting that current reports of murders and outrages were exaggerations. "This country," he said, "is big enough and powerful enough to wait patiently in the face of seeming insults for the working out of events to the right end." He hinted that the cry for intervention is an artificial cry and that it is being promoted by evil influences, but he did not name them. He talked of the horrors of war and said that if the people would but stop to consider they would give no heed to selfish demands upon false issues for intervention. He pointed out with the positiveness of a man free from any doubt in the matter that Huerta is merely a grandstander and is surely working his own downfall, there being in his own mind obviously no doubt that such a climax would lead to peace and order. His discourse was all generalizations, nothing specific. Apparently he has no realization that his own policy has created the intervention cry. Curious, truly curious, that a man who can see some things so clearly should have such uncertain and distorted vision in relation to other things.

Editorial Notes.

Something more than the conventional publicity is deserved by the announcement that Miss Helen Keller will lecture on the subject of her own life at the Scottish Rite Hall on the evening of March 17 and in the Columbia Theatre on the afternoon of March 19. Both these occasions are under the auspices and for the benefit of the Associated Charities of San Francisco, an organization nearly unique in the effectiveness and the economy of its administration. Miss Keller herself stands beyond all need of introduction. She is probably better known than any other human being now alive, as she is certainly more admired. She is the most signal living example of the heroism that turns disaster into victory. She has triumphantly surmounted a combination of physical disabilities that in one less dauntless would have consigned her to a living death. Apparently condemned to a perpetual futility, she has raised herself not only to the level of the average, but far above it both in intelligence and in intelligent expression. Those who by their presence do honor to Miss Keller will be doing still more honor to a certain indomitable trait of human genius that never yet found a more arresting exemplar.

It is an open secret that the retirement of John Bassett Moore from the State Department is due to his unwillingness to support the vagaries of a foreign policy which he regards as at once lawless and fatal. Mr. Moore is our highest authority on international law and he has during the past year been the one competent and devoted figure in the department. He has warned both the President and Mr. Bryan of the utter futility of the Mexican policy, and he has shown the folly of our course in Central America. Failing to make any impression in any of these cases, he is forced in self-respect to retire. Mr. Moore's going leaves the Department of State literally shot to pieces. Mr. Bryan has neither the temperament, the habits of business attention, the legal knowledge, nor the judgment to handle international affairs. The President, who is neither a lawyer nor a diplomat, nor yet a man of practical affairs, undertakes to direct the department, but has made a sad mess of it, as exhibited in the case of Mexico. Early in Mr. Bryan's career he dismissed the expert men in the department and filled it up with political claimants, foremost among them being Joe Folk, whose acquaintance with international law and diplomatic practice had been acquired in certain hot local fights at St. Louis. Then there were brought in an ex-insurance solicitor from somewhere in the Southwest and a broad-hatted Texan whose experience ran through a variety of occupations, ranging from keeping a breed-horse in summer to teaching a singing-school in winter. In the Department of State these gentlemen were practically a whole drove of bulls in a china shop. Mr. Folk has been transferred to another branch of the government service, and Mr. Bryan's other selections, being content to do nothing and draw their pay, have been kept on. Now with the retirement of Mr. Moore and the transfer of Mr. Folk there are two important vacancies in the department which cry aloud for ability and training. In the ordinary course of administration the filling of these vacancies would fall to Mr. Bryan. But the President has learned that Mr. Bryan's judgment is not to be trusted in delicate matters and it is announced from the White House that choice of the new officials in the State Department will be made by Mr. Wilson himself. So now we shall expect a new organization mostly made up of Virginians, Carolinians, and college professors.

There is a phase of recent national diplomacy which has failed of the public attention merited by its importance. South America has never really liked North America. All the Latin republics have drawn upon our system as a pattern, but imitation in this case does not spell confidence. All along they have been more or less afraid of us, and something more than less resentful of the assumptions and the possible inferences of our Monroe Doctrine. The so-called A. B. C. of South America, otherwise Argentine, Brazil, and Chile, are very considerable countries on their own account, and each has what is now entitled to be styled a stable government. There has been no revolution in any one of these countries for many years nor any immediate likelihood of disturbed social order. At least they consider themselves definitely and firmly established; and they resent the idea that any other country has any sort of right to extend authority or protection over them. Our

rape of Colombia in the matter of Panama came as a shock to these more stable of the South American nationalities, for they saw in the incident that for all our high pretensions we are capable in emergencies of a ruthless piracy. It became the special care of Secretary Root and after him of Secretary Knox to overcome as far as possible the fears and the resentments of South America, and just this was in the way of accomplishment when the Mexican trouble came along. The A. B. C. were coming to think that we at last were comprehending them as great, stable, and civilized nations and were disposed to encourage the development of trade and commerce. But grape-juice diplomacy has changed all this. We are now further from our Latin-American neighbors than at any time in recent years. President Wilson's tacit aid to the Mexican revolutionists, his censorship over the political morals of the Mexican republic, and the steady and certain drift toward intervention have not only alarmed the smaller countries, but Argentine, Brazil, and Chile as well. The statesmen of these countries are far from being fools. They are quite able to contrast the fair words of the President's Mobile speech with what has followed in our dealings with Mexico, and they are hardly to blame for regarding the former as mere buncombe.

Hi Gill, three years ago elected mayor of Seattle on an "open town" platform and later recalled under pressure of ultra-virtuous motives, is again elected mayor of Seattle by a neat majority of some fourteen thousand and more. This time the versatile "Hi" stood as a champion of all the moralities. The various changes of sentiment and policy involved in this bit of history it would be impossible to explain logically if we did not know something about the general situation in our northern neighbor. Seattle is much in the position of one of those familiar dignitaries who regularly attends church and who, with a solemn austerity, serves as official plate-passer, but who at the same time is a director in enterprises which thrive by grafting arrangements and who likewise rents out his buildings without wishing to know to what purposes they may be put. Now Seattle is the centre of the Alaskan trade and the winter headquarters of many thousands who live upon their summer earnings in mines, fisheries, sawmills, and logging camps and who are distinctly addicted to those diversions which call for red lights. Seattle prospers very largely through the patronage of classes who neither affect the afternoon tea nor yet the church sociable. Seattle has a sentimental wish to be, or appear to be, decently circumspect. But her innermost wish is to thrive. What Seattle really wants if she dared set forth her mind freely would be a declared policy in respect of all the proprieties, with actual license to pretty much everything tending to active business. Hi Gill ought perfectly to fill the requirement. His latest pose should satisfy the sanctimonious and his demonstrated character should give assurance to the strictly business element.

It seems that courts and lawyers are still trying to determine whether Harry Thaw is or is not a dangerous character. It is a point upon which the average mind unencumbered by legal garbage has come to a conclusion long ago. Sane or insane, Harry Thaw is the most dangerous character in the country, and he has been so for many years. He is dangerous to our self-respect, dangerous to our institutions, and dangerous to our reputation. If he should henceforth shoot a man before breakfast every morning he could hardly be a more devastating force in our civilization than he has already shown himself ever since he left school. The spectacle of an array of legal luminaries spending month after month in order to determine whether Harry Thaw is dangerous is one to make angels weep. Whatever his mental condition may be, he seems to be much more sane than a legal system that is now exposing itself to the derision of the world.

Staining wood with beautiful colors while the tree is still standing is undergoing experiment. The dye is introduced at the root, and some trees take up three gallons of the coloring fluid in two days. If introduced when the sap is flowing most freely the results are quick and very marked. The colored tree is cut and used for interior or other woodwork and furniture.

During the last fiscal year 1,197,892 aliens entered the United States. This was a larger number than in any fiscal year since 1907. During the year 34,000 were sent back who were here in violation of the law.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A week ago we were told by an always veracious press that a new revolution had broken out in Portugal and that the streets of Lisbon were filled with fighting mobs. The fighting mobs were presumably intent upon bringing back the king, but upon this point the newspapers were a little vague, and perhaps the mobs also were a little vague, as mobs often are. Upon the following day the reports were contradicted, at least so far as the revolution was concerned. It was admitted that the streets of Lisbon were filled with turmoil and murder, but it was ingeniously explained that this was more or less their normal state and therefore not to be described as revolutionary. The citizens of Portugal were still animated by the loftiest variety of republican sentiment. They were still resolved to be eternally and gloriously free. The rioting and bloodshed was no more than an effervescent protest against work and also against the fact that the hideous tyranny of capitalism still had its roots in the national soil. Such incidents were to be expected from a gallant and high-spirited people just emerging into the light of liberty.

Now heaven forbid that civilization should show any impatience toward Portugal. It is true that these emergencies into liberty from under the iron heel of cruel despotisms are apt to be bloody affairs and that the patriots have a pleasant little way of cutting each other's throats that is rather sickening. It is also true that the world has now some three or four of these little affairs on hand and that some of them are likely to set better people by the ears before they are finished. But we heard so much about Portugal a few years ago and we applauded her so loudly that it is a little disconcerting to find that these good republican patriots are still murdering each other and filling their country with a red carnival of chaos. There is now no king in Portugal. There is no aristocracy there. The ballot-box has been solemnly installed and the citizens can vote in any way they please if they can only get some one to oblige by reading the voting papers to them. What more do they want? What more can they want? Have we not heard upon the highest authority that ballot-boxes and bliss are convertible terms and that votes and virtue go ever hand in hand? It is now three years ago since King Manuel was expelled from the country, and during that time there have been four cabinets, each one more extreme than its predecessor. The jails have been filled and kept filled with Portuguese suspected of a lack of fervor for liberty. Just as fast as they died—and they died rather fast—their places have been filled with other suspects, who also died, mainly from hunger and ill-treatment. Any one found misusing the ballot by voting for the wrong man was arrested. So were those who failed in noisy expressions of admiration for Marat and Robespierre and the terrorists of the French revolution. Those who were so guilty as to possess a little money left the country quickly amid the maledictions of the good citizens who had no money. In point of fact nothing was neglected that could blow into a flame the smoldering embers of human liberty, but the net result of all these heroic measures, of all this expenditure of patriotic energy, is the conversion of the streets of Lisbon into a sort of permanent shambles. It is discouraging.

Some of the chief features of the new Portuguese liberty are worthy of attention. And chief among them is the organization known as the Carbonarios. It was the Carbonarios who arranged the assassination of King Carlos and his son, and who were even then strong enough to protect the murderers from punishment. It was the Carbonarios who engineered the subsequent revolution that drove Manuel from the country and proclaimed the republic that was rapidly recognized by America and then by all the other countries of civilization. The Carbonarios, being responsible for the whole business, naturally took the lead in the conduct of affairs. Loudly demanding constitutional government, they took care that they themselves should be the power behind the ballot-box. The ballot-box, they argued, was for the dupes and the fools, an admirable toy for idle men, but upon no account to stand in the way of the men who meant business. It was they who prevented the undesirable citizens from becoming candidates for election, and it was they who saw to it that no votes were inadvertently cast for the wrong men. And in the meantime the world went on applauding the advent of a new constitutionalism that was so clear a presage of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. A little later we find the Carbonarios so firmly in the saddle as to throw off all disguise. The people were still allowed to amuse themselves with ballot-boxes and voting papers, but it was the Carbonarios who ruled the country. They have a sort of inner circle numbering about 32,000 men, and every one of these patriots is pledged to murder any one who may be distasteful to headquarters. And they keep their pledge. We need have no doubt about that. Being men of their word, they have gradually extended their power until they have actually become the government itself. The prime minister is a Carbonario. So is the minister for foreign affairs. So are other members of the executive. The editor of the chief government newspaper is an official of the Carbonarios. Practically every one with any power is in the ranks or they would not long remain with any power. And in the meantime the people go on voting in the way that they are told and they are filled with an innocent surprise that voting neither fills their stomachs nor covers their backs and that they have to work just as hard as ever. They had been told just the contrary. They had been assured that voting was a substitute for work, not an addition, and it is due to their pardonable disappointment that they are now killing each other.

An example of the new Portuguese liberty is furnished by Lady Bedford, who has just visited the country. She tells

us that Father Theodoro Joao Henriques, wishing to return to Madeira from Spain, where he had been taking the waters, decided that it would be more prudent to go directly by steamer rather than to cross Portugal, in view of that hatred of religion so well known to accompany these national aspirations toward freedom. He embarked on a British ship, and although the ship had to enter the Tagus he naturally thought that he would be safe on the water and in a foreign steamer. Not at all. Father Henriques was unacquainted with liberty. No sooner had his ship anchored in the river than she was boarded by the fiscal guard and he was arrested on the charge of speaking disrespectfully of the republic *during the voyage*. He was taken ashore and confined in the Lisbon prison and then transferred to Trafaria. The prisons were horribly cold, wet, and filthy, although the word filthy is hardly adequate to the sanitary conditions. He had to buy his own food, since the government feeds no prisoner until he has been convicted. If he has no money he starves. Trafaria is reached by water from Lisbon, and during rough weather the boats can not cross. Consequently during rough weather the prisoners starve, and then die of tuberculosis and rheumatism. In this instance the British government interfered, and after seven months of a horrible and torturing imprisonment Father Henriques was released. He lived for just another seven months, and then he died from the effects of his ill-treatment. His old father died the same day from grief and shock, and his brother has been severely ill ever since from the same causes. What happened to Father Henriques has happened to innumerable others. The prisons at this moment are filled with starving men whose worst offense is a suspicion of lacking enthusiasm for liberty. Trials are a mockery, seeing that the Carbonarios stand behind the judge ready to exercise the "recall" with knife or poison. Political prisoners are treated in the same way as the criminals. All heads alike are shaven, all stomachs alike empty. But the political have the worst of it, seeing that they will eventually get a life sentence or what amounts to a life sentence. The criminals will probably be freed by the other malefactors on the bench.

Now if we are capable of thinking at all, these facts, and similar facts in Mexico and China, should convince us that there are people who are incapable of being free. Three times now we have broken out into spasms of applause when revolution has spread its flames over the countries of the world. We applauded Mexico when she exiled Diaz, and we now wish that we had not been so precipitate. We applauded China when she banished the Manchus, and we see now that the Chinese republic is a mockery and that her people are governed now as always by one strong individuality. They are incapable of any other sort of government, and it has been wisely said that if the Chinese people had any conception of what was meant by a republic they would have repudiated it long ago, so foreign is it to all their basic conceptions of order and stability. And we applauded Portugal when she expelled Manuel—and Manuel was only a boy of nineteen—and we now see that Portugal has been a welter of bloodshed and misery ever since and that she did no more than exchange one form of tyranny for another infinitely worse. Free institutions are veritably a gift of God to free peoples, but they are poison to those who are slaves. Freedom must be born in the mind and the heart before it can find its way into ballot-boxes and capitols.

Indeed we may reasonably wonder if nature intended that all men should be free irrespective of their ethical status. The instinct to obey seems ineradicable in the human heart, undisturbed alike by sentiment and by institutions. There is nowhere a human unit who is not under the compulsion of obedience somewhere and somehow. The rod of authority is over the whole human race, and it is curious to note that there is no democrat so advanced that he will extend the limits of self-government indefinitely. No one has yet suggested that armies and battlefleets be governed democratically or that generals should call mass meetings to decide their maneuvers. There was sound sense in the old Roman practice that was content with democracy in times of peace, but that summoned the dictator in times of stress. We ourselves when we have toothache do not call a plebiscite to decide upon the treatment. We go to a dentist, to an autocrat, and pay him to dictate the proper measures. It is actually character and knowledge that govern us all, however it may please us to amuse ourselves with institutions and systems. Nothing can ever lessen the compelling force of human character that smiles always contemptuously at ballot-boxes and votes and uses them to its own ends. If you and I go together upon an expedition it will happen within forty-eight hours either that you are governing me or that I am governing you, and there will be no need to arrange it or discuss it. Character will decide the matter of leadership. Wherever two men are gathered together for a common purpose one will be the master and the other will be the servant. We may choose our puppets and clothe them in purple and fine raiment, but somewhere out of sight they will be on their knees to the man with character and he will be the ruler even though we never hear his name nor know of his presence. The evil of the boss originates from no other source than the instinctive human willingness to obey. No nation will ever reach an actual and a vital self-government until its separate units have learned that supremely difficult art for themselves individually. It was once said by a philosopher who was so wise that I have forgotten his name that every man on earth must be some kind of a slave. He must be a slave either to his own higher nature or he must be a slave to other men. He must be bound and shackled by his own conscience or by his fellow human beings. The price of political freedom is bondage to the law of right and wrong. And when we look at Portugal and Mexico and China and at the world at large who among us will say that the philosopher was wrong. SIDNEY CORVIN.

JANET AND THE DEVIL.

The Cause of the Minister's Solitary Life.

The Rev. Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the Vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life without relative, or servant, or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on one side, and on the other many cold, moorland hill-tops rising toward the sky, had begun at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemen sitting at the ale-house shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that dreary neighborhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the intensity of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring school-boys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

Many, even of the people of the parish were ignorant of the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life. Fifty years before, when Mr. Soulis came first into Balweary, he was still a young man, full of book-learning and grand at expounding it, but, as was natural in so young a man, with no experience as a pastor. The younger sort were greatly taken with his gifts and his talk; but old, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be so ill-supplied. There was no doubt, anyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been a long time at college. He was careful and troubled for many things beside the one thing needful. He had a great number of books with him—more than had ever been seen before in all that presbytery; and hard work the carrier had with them, for they were all like to have stopped behind in the Devil's Hag, between Balweary and Kilmakerlie. He desired to get an old, decent woman to keep the manse for him and see to his dinners; and he was recommended to an old crone—Janet M'Clour, they called her. There were many advised him to the contrary, for Janet was more than suspected by the best folk in Balweary. Long before that she had had a child to a dragon; she had not come to communion for maybe thirty years; and boys had seen her mumbling to herself up on Key's Loan in the gloaming, which was an unusual time and place for a God-fearing woman. However, it was the laird himself that had first told the minister of Janet; and in those days he would have gone a great way to please the laird. When folks told him that Janet was sold to the devil, it was all superstition, he said. When it got about the village that Janet M'Clour was to be servant at the manse, the folks were fairly mad with both him and her; and some of the women had nothing better to do than get round her door-steps and charge her with all that was known against her, from the soldier's child to John Tamson's two cows. Up she got, and there was not an old story in Balweary but she made somebody smart for it that day; they couldn't say one thing but she could say two to it, till at last the gudewives caught hold of her and clawed the clothes off her back, and pulled her down the road to the water of Dule to see if she were a witch and would sink or swim. The hag shrieked till you could hear her at the Hanging Shaw, and she fought hard. There was many a gudewife bore the mark of her next day and many a long day after; and just in the midst of it who should come up but the new minister.

"Women," said he (and he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fairly wild with terror—and clung to him, and prayed him, for Christ's sake, to save her from her tormentors; and they for their part told him all that was known, and maybe more.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, not a word of it. Saving the child," says she, "I've been a decent woman all my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, His unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Well, it would appear that when he asked that she gave a groan that fairly frightened those who saw her, and they could hear her teeth grind together in her jaws; but there was nothing for it but the one way or the other; and Janet lifted up her hand and renounced the devil before them all.

"And now," said Mr. Soulis to the good women,

"home with you, one and all, and pray to God for His forgiveness."

And he gave Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a shift, and took her up the road to her own door like a lady of the land; and her screeching and laughing was a scandal to be heard.

There were many solemn-faced people long over their prayers that night; but when the morning came there was such fear fell upon all Balweary that the children hid themselves, and even the men folk stood and peeped from their doors. For there was Janet coming down the road—her or her likeness, none could tell—with her neck disjointed, and her head on one side like a body that has been hanged, and a look on her face like an unburied corpse. By and by they got used to it, and even looked at her to see what was wrong; but from that day forth she could not speak like a Christian woman, but stuttered and stammered, and the name of God came never on her lips. Sometimes she tried to say it, but it might not be. Those who knew best said least; but they never gave that Thing the name of Janet M'Clour, for the old Janet, they thought, was in the deepest hell by this time. But the minister was neither to hold nor to bind; he preached about nothing but the cruelty of the people that had given her a stroke of the palsy; he punished the children that tormented her, and he had her up to the manse that same night, and dwelt there all alone with her under the Hanging Shaw.

About the end of June there came a spell of weather the like of which never was known before; it was close, and hot, and breathless; and yet it was gusty, too, with gusts of wind that whistled through the glens, and bits of showers that moistened nothing. Mr. Soulis could neither eat nor sleep, and when he was not writing at his weary book he would be roaming over the countryside like a man possessed, when everybody else was glad to keep cool within the house.

Above the Hanging Shaw, in the bend of the Black Hill, there is a bit of inclosed ground with an iron gate, at one time the churchyard of Balweary, and consecrated by the papists before the blessed light shone upon the kingdom. It was a great resort of Mr. Soulis's; there he would sit and consider his sermons. Well, as he came over the west end of Black Hill one day, he saw first two, then four, and then seven black crows flying around and around above the old churchyard. They flew low and heavy, and squawked to one another. He was not easily startled, and went straight up to the walls; and what did he see but a man, or the appearance of a man, sitting in the inside upon a grave. He was of great stature and black as hell, and his eyes were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard of black men many times; but there was something forbidding about this black man that caused him to start. But up he spoke, for all of that, and said: "My friend, you are a stranger in this place?" The black man answered not a word; he got upon his feet, and began to walk to the wall on the far side; but he still looked at the minister, and the minister stood and looked back, till suddenly the black man was over the wall and running for the shade of the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly knew why, ran after him, but he was wearied with his walk and the hot, unwholesome weather; and run as he would, he got no more than a glimpse of the black man among the trees till he got down to the foot of the hillside, and there he saw him once more, going hop-step-and-jump over Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis was not pleased that this ill-looking creature should make so free with Balweary manse, and he ran the harder, but no black man was there to be seen. He stepped out upon the road, but there was nobody there; he went all over the garden, but saw no black man. At last, and it is feared a little timidly, as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and went into the manse, and there was Janet M'Clour before his eyes, with her broken neck, and none too pleased to see him. And he then remembered that when first he set his eyes upon her he felt the same cold and deadly shiver.

"Janet," said he, "have you seen a black man?"

"A black man!" quoth she. "Save us all! You are not in your right mind, minister. There is no black man in all Balweary."

But she did not speak plain, you must understand, but champed like a pony with the bit in its mouth.

"Well, Janet," said he, "if there is no black man, I have spoken with the Evil One."

And he sat down like one with a fever, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Pshaw!" said she; "think shame to yourself, minister!" And she gave him some brandy, which she always kept by her.

Soon Mr. Soulis went into his study among his books. Down he sat, and thought of all that had come and gone since he was in Balweary. The more he thought, the more he thought of the black man. He tried to pray, but the words would not come to him; and he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could not do anything at that. There were times that he thought the black man was at his side, and the perspiration stood on him cold as well water; and there were other times when he came to himself like a Christian child and minded nothing. The upshot was that he went to the window, and stood looking over Dule water. The trees are rather thick, and the water lies deep and black under the manse; and there was Janet washing the clothes, with her skirts gathered about her waist. She had her back to the minister, and he, for his part, hardly knew

what he was looking at. Suddenly she turned around and showed her face. Mr. Soulis felt the same cold shiver as twice before on that day, and it reminded him of what people said, that Janet had died long since, and this was a demon in her clay-cold flesh. He drew back a little and scanned her narrowly. She was washing the clothes, singing to herself; and, oh, God guide us, but it was a frightful face! Then she sang louder, but there was no man born of woman that could tell the words of her song. And at times she looked side-long down, but there was nothing there for her to look at. There went a shudder through the flesh upon his bones, and that was heaven's warning. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himself, he said, to think so ill of a poor, old, afflicted creature who had not a friend but himself. And he offered up a prayer for himself and her, and drank a little water—for his heart rose against the meat—and went up to his bed in the gloaming.

That was a night that has never been forgotten in Balweary, the night of the seventeenth of August, 1712. It had been hot before, as I have said, but that night it was hotter than ever. The sun went down among uncouth-looking clouds; not a star nor a breath of wind. You could not see your hand before your face, and even the old folk cast the covers from their beds and lay panting for their breath. With all that he had upon his mind, Mr. Soulis was troubled; the good, cool bed that he got into scorched his very bones; he slept and wakened; he heard the time of night and a dog howling up the moor, as if somebody was dead; he thought he heard devils shouting in his ears and saw ghosts in the room. He must, he thought, be sick, and sick he was—little he understood the sickness.

At last his mind got clearer, and he sat up on the bedside, and fell to thinking once more of the black man and Janet. He could not well tell how—maybe it was the cold to his feet—but it came in upon him like a flash that there was some connection between the two, and that either or both of them were demons. And just at that moment in Janet's room, which was next to his, there came a scuffle of feet, as if men were wrestling, and then a loud bang; then a wind went rustling around the four quarters of the house, and then all was once more as silent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was afraid of neither man nor devil. He got his tinder-box and lit a candle, and made three steps toward Janet's door. It was standing ajar, and he pushed it open, and walked boldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's, and filled with grand, old, solid furniture, for he had nothing else. There was a four-post bed with old tapestry, and a broad cabinet of oak that was full of the minister's divinity books, put there to be out of the way, and a few clothes of Janet's lying here and there about the floor. But no Janet could Mr. Soulis see, nor any sign of contention. In he went (and there's few that would have followed him), and looked around and listened. But there was nothing to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in all Balweary parish, and nothing to be seen but the little shadows turning round the candle. And then all at once the minister's heart fluttered and stood stockstill, and a cold wind blew among the hairs of his head. What a weary sight was that for the poor man's eye! For there was Janet, hanging from a nail beside the old oak cabinet; her head lay on her shoulder, her eyes were bloody, the tongue projected from her mouth, and her heels were three feet clear above the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thought Mr. Soulis, "poor Janet's dead!"

He came a step nearer to the corpse, and then his heart fairly leaped in his breast. For, by what magic it would ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hanging from a single nail, and by a single worsted thread for darning hose.

It's an awful thing to be alone at night with such a prodigy of darkness, but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned and went his way out of that room and locked the door behind him, and went, step by step, down the stairs, heavy as lead, and set down the candle on the table at the stair-foot. He could not pray, he could not think; he was dripping with cold sweat, and nothing could he hear but the thumping of his own heart. He may have stood there an hour, or maybe two, he minded so little, when all of a sudden he heard a low, unusual rustle upstairs, and a foot went to and fro in the chamber where the corpse was hanging. Next the door was opened—though he had minded well that he had locked it—and then there was a step upon the landing, and it seemed to him as if the corpse was looking over the rail and down upon him where he stood.

He took up the candle again, and as quickly as he could went straight out of the manse and to the far end of the causeway. It was still pitch dark; the flame of the candle, when he set it on the ground, burnt steady and clear as in a room; nothing moved but the Dule water, seeping and sobbing down the glen, and the unholy footstep that came toiling down the stairs inside the manse. He knew the footstep well, for it was Janet's; and at each step, which came a little nearer, the cold got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made and kept him; "and, oh Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was coming through the passage for the door. He could hear a hand feeling along the wall, as if the fearful thing was feeling its way. The branches tossed and moaned together; a long sigh came

over the hills; the flame of the candle was blown about; and there stood the corpse of Thrawn Janet, with her gingham gown and her black shawl, with the head still upon the shoulder and the frown still upon the face of it—living, you would have said; dead, as Mr. Soulis well knew—upon the threshold of the manse.

She did not stand there long. She began to move again, and came slowly toward Mr. Soulis where he stood under the trees. All the life of his body and the strength of his spirit was starting from his eyes. It seemed she was going to speak, but wanted words, and made a sign with the left hand. There came a gust of wind, like a cat's paw; out went the candle, the tree-tops moaned like human beings, and Mr. Soulis knew that, live or die, this was the end of it.

"Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone! If you be dead, to the grave; if you be damned, to hell!"

And at that moment the Lord's own hand, out of the heavens, struck the horror where it stood. The old, dead, desecrated corpse of the witch-wife, so long kept from the grave and hustled around by devils, flashed up like flaming brimstone and fell in ashes to the ground. The thunder came, peal on peal, followed by the pouring rain, and Mr. Soulis leaped through the garden hedge, and ran, with leap upon leap, for the village.

That same morning John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as it was striking six. Before eight he went by the inn at Knockdow; and not long after Sandy McLellan saw him go slinking down the road from Kinklerlie. There's little doubt but that it was him that dwelt so long in Janet's body. But he was caught at last, and since then the devil has never troubled Balweary.

But it was a sore dispensation for the minister. Long, long he lay raving in his bed, and from that hour to this he was a changed man.—*Robert Louis Stevenson. Reproduced from the Argonaut of March 11, 1882.*

Port Blair, the principal port and centre of activities in the Andaman Islands, is unique in the British empire for any tourist going to make a stay there. He must first obtain a permit to land, and next get his rations, servants, and conveyances to go about, from the supply and transport department of government. Consequently any one going there must stay with friends. Except a few bazaar people there are no free laborers in the Andaman Islands. The convicts are 12,000 in number, and there are about 4000 self-supporters, who are time-expired convicts, settled in the island with their families. These are mostly small farming squatters who also draw their rations from the government. In return these squatters offer their crops to the government for sale in the first instance. Port Blair is one of the prettiest places in the world. There is a large bay running into numerous creeks, and looking from the top of Mount Harriett—1200 feet high and a superb natural sanitarium—the harbor and creeks appear like the lakes of Killarney. The wealth of the Andaman Islands, whose area is about 2600 square miles, lies in its forests; and their chief forest tree is the padouk, a very valuable wood. During the last twenty years a fair amount of land around Port Blair has been planted in cocoanuts, Liberian coffee, and rubber, but in the absence of proper agricultural knowledge concerning these products the results are poor. Liberian coffee gives two crops a year, grown under shade; but no pruning or draining has been attempted, and a greater part of the area is dying out, partly due to the absence of shade. All the islands are practically a mass of forests, in which there is a great scarcity of mammal life. Strange to say, there are in the Andamans no types of leopard, or bear, no mongoose, monkey, or jackal.

Alum workings in the province of Sivas, Turkey, have been actively operated for fully three hundred years. Near the village of Goynyk there is a plentiful supply of the rock or raw material, as the operations so far have been primitive, and only the face of the hillside has been dug out and reduced. The alum-bearing rock is brightly colored, usually with a pinkish or red tinge, and the waste from the Goynyk workings flows down to a small stream along the roadside, to whose waters it gives a pinkish white and opaque color, incidentally killing all the brook trout that happen to venture into the stained water from the higher part of the stream. The rock or ore is first roasted and then broken into small pieces, which are very light because the chemical elements have been burned out. The broken rock is then placed in open pits and allowed to be exposed to the rain and weather for a whole winter, during which time it becomes something like slacked lime, crumbling easily and finely granulated. In this state it is boiled with water in a large cauldron, the stone and waste matter being gradually taken out as it is stirred. Having been sufficiently boiled, the liquid, now almost clear, is placed in cooling tanks made of masonry. In the course of a few days the alum crystallizes around the sides of these tanks to a thickness varying from six to nine inches. It is then ready to be broken into smaller pieces and sent to market. The small portion of alum that sinks to the bottom of the tanks is boiled a second time and yields a lower quality.

JOHN BULL GETS A SHOCK.

An American Manager for an English Railroad.

This has been a "joy week" for those sons of John Bull who, like the present deponent, entertain a genuine regard and admiration for Americans. Pro-American Britishers, whose patriotism is none the less sincere because they can appreciate the fine qualities of other nations, often have had half-hours in their native land. If they praise the United States they are at once suspected by their fellow-countrymen. And personal experience counts for nothing with the insular Englishman. If you inform him, for example, that American city hotels without a bathroom off each bedroom are becoming extinct, or describe the comforts of steam-heating, or explain such ramifications of the trolley system as link Boston with New York, his grunt of disbelief implies that he holds you guilty of having contracted what he regards as the ingrained American habit of exaggeration. In fine, and notwithstanding the crowded steamships passing to and fro, English ignorance of the United States is still almost as dense as in the days of the *Mayflower*. Only a couple of days since I had to listen with such patience as I could command to the strident boasting of a business man who declared that he could "beat any New Yorker" in a commercial deal.

But self-satisfied John Bull has had a nasty jar. And all through a lord and a miserable Tory! The jar was given at the annual meeting of the Great Eastern Railway, whereof Lord Claud Hamilton has been a director for forty and the chairman for nearly twenty years. His company, he explained, was in need of a general manager, and he had been scouring all Great Britain for a suitable man. All his inquiries had resulted in the discovery of only two men who might some day be fit for that position, but at present their lack of the necessary experience made them unfit for the post. He told his fellow-directors his difficulty, and they had grace given them to reply, "Go, if you like, to the United States." Lord Claud took them at their word. He at once ascertained that in Henry W. Thornton, general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad, he would find the man he wanted. So Mr. Thornton soon received a cable explaining the situation, and he caught the next steamer en route for an interview with Lord Claud and the directors of the Great Eastern. It was another case of *veni, vidi, vici*. For the directors were not more captivated by Mr. Thornton's massive, genial, and forceful personality than he was attracted by the possibilities of "making good" in John Bull's isle. So the contract was signed, and Mr. Thornton is even now in his American home gathering together his household goods prior to assuming his duties at the beginning of April.

That is the jar. It has touched John Bull in a sore place. For generations he has told himself that his railroads are the best railroads in the whole world. His permanent ways are unequaled, his engines unrivaled, his cars the last word in comfort, his accidents the fewest, and his speeds the greatest. And now to have an American installed as the general manager of one of the biggest systems! Why, for years past it has been the jibe of John's newspapers that Americans are mere babes in railroad matters, that they have more frequent and more disastrous accidents than any railroads in the world. And so on. Now, gentle reader, you may perhaps have an inkling of the extent to which Henry W. Thornton has wounded John Bull's pride.

Of course he resents it. At least some of him does. The managers of other railroads have been called upon for their opinions, and they have given them in the main as adverse to Lord Claud Hamilton's startling innovation. Some of the newspapers are exceeding wroth, and the funny thing is that it is the Liberal organs, the champions of "democracy," which are always girding at the Tories for their opposition to new ideas, that have most vigorously denounced the Tory Lord Claud for passing his countrymen by in favor of an American.

But the pro-American Britisher rejoices with great joy. This particular member of that corps has had considerable experience of American railroad men, remembers with gratitude their geniality and resourcefulness in handling the huge properties of a traveling theatrical company, and bodes nothing but good from Mr. Thornton's advent. He will speedily win the goodwill of all London newspaper men, for he has already told them that they will always be able to see him when they call on business. Such a statement is enough to stagger the cockney journalist. The general manager of an English railroad has hitherto been as inaccessible as the Grand Lama of Tibet. He has been guarded and re-guarded and triple-guarded by a horde of insolent underlings with as much sanctity as though he were the holiest of relics. It is unthinkable that he should be scorable by a mere newspaper man even if he calls on "business." Mr. Thornton is to change all that, hanks to heaven; and when he has set the fashion perhaps some of the high-mightinesses of the other railroads will become a little more human.

Nor will the journalists alone have cause for blessing the name of Lord Claud Hamilton. One of the curses of English business life, as it is also the curse of John Bull's civil service, is that hitherto in the majority of cases promotion has been automatic. A man expects years to count for more than efficiency.

He worships the fetish of seniority. If he is a dullard at his work and grow less instead of more valuable as the years go by, he takes refuge in the merit of *anno domini*. Nor is that all. English business life is constructed in water-tight compartments. What you are you are expected to remain. Once a clerk always a clerk; once a porter always a porter; once an engine-driver always an engine-driver. Consequently John Bull has an unlimited supply of square pegs in round holes. It is a species of commercial caste. The grocer makes his son a grocer, and so on all through the scale; in our railways it would be rank heresy for a clerk to aspire to the post of general manager. In fact that conception of democracy which Lowell once defined as a form of society "in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it" is as alien to the average British mind as though the United States did not exist. Wherefore it is a matter for sincere congratulation that Lord Claud Hamilton is importing a man who looks at life from a different angle and may be depended upon to promote merit wherever he finds it, though it be in the porters' cabin.

Such discipline is the best tonic possible for John Bull in these days. He has had several doses of late, on the polo field, in the athletic arena, and even in the sphere of government. For General Botha's sharp and ready method of dealing with labor agitators when they become a nuisance to the community has given some of John Bull's offspring as rude a shock as Lord Claud's innovation. And the humor of that situation is that the pro-Boers, the men who in the days of the war wanted the Boer to be top-dog in South Africa, have squealed the loudest because Botha has proved the top-dog in the recent trouble. Altogether the placid John has had an unhappy time of late, but by the time our American manager has got into his stride and applied a few alert ideas to the running of the Great Eastern it would not surprise me to find the said John looking across the Atlantic for a few more Henry W. Thorntons.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 20, 1914.

While the system of wireless telegraphy continues its growth, there is no great evidence that it is likely to supersede the cable, for in the year 1913 new submarine cables were laid by the British government between England and Ireland, although the British postmaster-general controls the wireless telegraph stations in Great Britain and Ireland. Cables were laid by the French government between France and Algiers; by the British, Canadian, and Australasian governments jointly between Australasia and New Zealand; by the Greek government between Chios and Mytilene, and the German government has arranged to lay another cable between Germany and England this year. The Dutch government is preparing to lay new cables in the East Indies and the Japanese government between Japan and China. Private English cable companies laid cables from Arabia to Ceylon, and from Ceylon to the Malay Peninsula. In fact nearly six thousand miles of new cable was made and laid in 1913. The mileage of cables during the last five years has increased from 247,000 to 280,000. The governments have increased their cables by twenty-three per cent and the private companies by eleven per cent. There is no instance of the abandonment of a submarine cable and the substitution of wireless telegraphy.

Once considered useless, the ivory nut has become an important product and now adds considerably to Ecuador's export trade. Something like 20,000 tons are shipped from that country each year, worth about \$1,700,000, while Colombia and Panama are both increasing their output. The tree is a stunted palm fern with a short thick trunk which grows slowly to a height of ten to twenty feet, marked by spiral lines or scars left by fallen leaves and fruit stems. The leaves resemble large gorgeous green feathers and are like those of the coconut palm, while the blossoms are of pure white and very fragrant. The seeds or kernels resulting from these are first in the form of sacks of sweet, refreshing liquid that changes into a soft, delicious, edible pulp, and finally becomes the hard nut of commerce. The nuts mature very slowly, requiring from blossom to ripeness fully a year. The gathering of green or unripe tagua nuts is prohibited by law in Ecuador. Hundreds of natives, called taguaros, make a business of gathering these nuts from the wild trees of the interior of Ecuador, collect them on rafts, and float them down the rivers to Esmeraldas or other Pacific ports, where they are sold in open markets to the exporters.

Only within the last few years have the Swiss people generally become interested in the preservation of the teeth. This is true especially among the middle and poorer classes. It is noticeable among these classes that little or no care has been taken of the teeth, and to find one of them with sound teeth is the exception. It is generally accepted that the Basel water causes early decay and disintegration of the teeth. Conditions had become so bad that in 1912 the city of Basel established a municipal dental clinic.

Seven thousand people are now taking University of California courses by mail—a work first begun only a few months ago. Six thousand of these are at work in correspondence courses in agriculture.

OLD FAVORITES.

To Minerva.

From the Greek.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I can not write a verse, or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,
And let us have a lark instead.—Thomas Hood.

Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan
Was the son of an elderly laboring man.
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight.
And p'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the lovely Deeside,
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,
There wasn't a child, or woman, or man
Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,
With reed and with chanter—with bag and with drones:
All day and all night he delighted the chiefs
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighboring maidens would gather around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

All loved their M'Clan, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,
Though his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporrán, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he can not assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay:
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson M'Clan—
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man:
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween!
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Let's show," said M'Clan, "to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see," said M'Clan, as he thoughtfully sat,
"In My Cottage" is easy—I'll practice at that."

He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'll hardly believe it) M'Clan, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—
It wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed and the Sassenach danced,
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced;
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around:
And fill a' yer lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air frae the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land;
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for Angus M'Clan,
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man,
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay
To find them "take on" in this serious way.
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said Pattison, touching his hat,
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that:
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than Angus M'Clan."

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

—William Schwenck Gilbert.

A ditching machine which contains living quarters for the men who operate it is used in the Florida Everglades. The machine weighs thirty-seven tons and is equipped with a 45-horsepower gasoline engine. The living quarters provided for the crew are on top of the machine. The house which is thus provided will accommodate eight men. An independent electric generator furnishes a searchlight, which makes it possible to run at night. The machine has cut one mile of ditch in ten hours, or 528 cubic yards an hour. Owing to the fact that the muck soil is too soft and spongy to permit of transportation by animals the machine must carry supplies for an eight-mile run.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Sir Edward Cook Writes a Biography of the Woman Who Reformed the Military Nursing Systems of the World.

Florence Nightingale died less than four years ago, and already we have this large two-volume biography by Sir Edward Cook. But the work shows no signs of haste. It is complete and balanced in every respect, and perhaps this is due not only to the competency of the author, but also to Miss Nightingale's habit of "hoarding" her papers and correspondence. We are told that she preserved even soiled sheets of blotting paper on which she had made notes in pencil. Her first will directed that all her letters, papers, and manuscripts, with some exceptions, should be destroyed, but a subsequent codicil revoked this direction and bequeathed her manuscripts to her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter. After her death the papers were sorted chronologically by his direction, and they have formed the chief foundation for the present biography.

Miss Nightingale was over ninety years of age when she died, and therefore the period of her youth carries us well back into early Victorian days. In 1844 she was visited by Julia Ward Howe, who was in England at that time, and Mrs. Howe gives us a few words of description that we may well wish to have been more numerous:

In 1844 Julia Ward Howe was in England with her husband, Dr. Howe, and they visited the Nightingales at Embley. "Florence," writes Mrs. Howe in her reminiscences, "was rather elegant than beautiful; she was tall and graceful of figure, her countenance mobile and expressive, her conversation most interesting." A reminiscence of a later date records an encounter with Sir Henry de la Bèthe, the pioneer of the Geological Map of England. Warrenton Smythe and Sir Henry dined at Mr. Nightingale's, and Florence sat between them. "She began by drawing Sir Henry out on geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Latin and Greek, and then our geologist had to get out of it. She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smythe about the inscriptions, etc., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry. When the ladies left the room, Sir Henry said to Smythe, 'A capital young lady that, if she hadn't floored me with her Latin and Greek.'"

A main characteristic of Florence Nightingale's early life seems to have been self-discipline. She constantly reproaches herself for irregularity and even sloth, and she prays to be delivered from desultory thoughts, from idle dreaming, and from "scrappiness." Her home life seems not to have been very congenial, for although her parents were good and intellectual people they were not in full sympathy with the ideals of their daughter:

Florence Nightingale in her later years used sometimes to describe with a twinkle of affectionate humor the routine of a morning in her home life as a girl. Mama, we may suppose, was busy with housekeeping cares. Papa was very fond of reading aloud, and in order to interest his daughters, would take them through the whole of the *Times*, with many a comment, no doubt, by the way. "Now, for Parthe," Miss Nightingale used to say; "the morning's reading did not matter; she went on with her drawing; but for me, who had no such cover, the thing was boring to desperation." "To be read aloud to," she wrote, "is the most miserable exercise of the human intellect. Or rather, is it any exercise at all? It is like lying on one's back, with one's hands tied, and having liquid poured down one's throat. Worse than that, because suffocation would immediately ensue, and put a stop to this operation. But no suffocation would stop the other." As the younger daughter of a busily efficient mother, Florence was not often entrusted with household duties; but on one occasion at any rate, she was left in command, and that during the important season of jam-making. "My reign is now over," she wrote to her cousin Hilary, who was an art-student (Dec., 1845); "angels and ministers of grace defend me from another! though I can not but view my fifty-six pots with the proud satisfaction of an artist, my head a little on one side, inspecting the happy effect of my works with more feeling of the beautiful than Parthe ever had in hers."

Florence Nightingale had more than one opportunity to marry, and to marry well, but she was not able to take any step without that examination so recommended by Socrates. And examination led her to conclude that love usually begins by vanity, or jealousy, or self-love:

In one of the many pages of autobiographical notes which she preserved in relation to this episode in her life, Miss Nightingale thus explained her refusal to marry. "I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a passionate nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passionate nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming. But would it? I could be satisfied to spend a life with him combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. . . . To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life, without hope of another, would be intolerable to me. Voluntarily to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide."

The conditions encountered by Miss Nightingale during the Crimean War naturally occupy a goodly share of Sir Edward Cook's work, but he is to be commended on a reticence that severely limits the details of a record that is now so well known and that characterized all wars at that time. The hospital accommodation was incredibly infamous, and human life was placed almost on a level with the lives of cattle:

"It is impossible," Miss Nightingale told the royal commission of 1857, "to describe the state of the atmosphere of the Barrack Hospital at night. I have been well acquainted with

the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but I have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with it." Lastly, hospital comforts, and even many hospital necessities, were deficient. The supply of bedsteads was inadequate. The commonest utensils, for decency as well as for comfort, were lacking. The sheets, said Miss Nightingale, "were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. It was indeed impossible to put men in such a state of emaciation into those sheets. There was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and only empty beer or wine bottles for candlesticks." Necessary surgical and medical appliances were often either wanting or not forthcoming. There was no machinery, until Miss Nightingale came, for providing any hospital delicacies. The result of this state of things upon patients arriving after a painful voyage in an extreme state of weakness and emaciation, from wounds, from frost-bite, from dysentery, may be imagined, and it is no wonder that cholera and typhus were rife. In February, 1855, the mortality per cent of the cases treated was forty-two. No words are necessary to emphasize so terrible a figure.

Writing to her friend, Dr. Bowman, Miss Nightingale says that she could write a letter dear to a surgeon's heart, but "you can have little idea from reading the newspapers of the horror and misery (in a military hospital) of operating upon these dying, exhausted men. A London hospital is a garden of flowers to it":

The wounded are now lying up to our very door, and we are landing 540 more from the *Andes*. I take rank in the army as brigadier-general, because forty British females, whom I have with me, are more difficult to manage than 4000 men. Let no lady come out here who is not used to fatigue and privation. . . . Every ten minutes an orderly runs, and we have to go and cram lint into the wound till a surgeon can be sent for, and stop the bleeding as well as we can. In all our corridor, I think we have not an average of three limbs per man. And there are two ships more "loading" at the Crimea with wounded—(this is our phraseology). Then come the operations, and a melancholy, not an encouraging list is this. They are all performed in the wards—no time to move them; one poor fellow exhausted with hemorrhage, has his leg amputated as a last hope, and dies ten minutes after the surgeon has left him. Almost before the breath has left his body it is sewn up in its blanket, and carried away and buried the same day. We have no room for corpses in the wards. The surgeons pass on to the next, an excision of the shoulder-joint, beautifully performed and going on well. Ball lodged just in the head of the joint and fracture starred all round. The next poor fellow has two stumps for arms, and the next has lost an arm and a leg. As for the balls, they go in where they like and come out where they like and do as much harm as they can in passing. That is the only rule they have. . . .

Her devotion and power of work were prodigious. "I work in the wards all day," she said, "and write all night"; and this was hardly exaggeration. To all but the wounded she was a rigid disciplinarian and a creative organizer, but to her patients she was always the tender and compassionate nurse:

Miss Nightingale has been known, said General Bentinck, to pass eight hours on her knees dressing wounds and administering comfort. There were times when she stood for twenty hours at a stretch, apportioning quarters, distributing stores, directing the labors of her staff, or assisting at the painful operations where her presence might soothe or support. She had, said Mr. Osborn, "an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera and fever. The more awful to every sense any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him, administering to his ease by every means in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him." "We can not," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her uncle, Mr. Smith (Dec. 18, 1854), "prevent her self-sacrifice for the dying. She can not delegate as we could wish; but the cases are so interesting and painful; who could leave them when once taken up?—boys and brave men dying who can be saved by nursing and proper diet." It is recorded that on one occasion she saw five soldiers set aside as hopeless cases. The first duty of the overworked surgeons was with those whom there seemed to be more hope of saving. She asked to be given the care of the five men, and the surgeons consented. Assisted by one of her nurses, she tended the cases throughout the night, administering nourishment from her stores, and in the morning they were found to be in a fit condition for surgical treatment. "Miss Nightingale," said a Chelsea pensioner, in recalling his experiences at Scutari, "was always coming in and out. She used to attend to all the worst cases herself. Some of the new men were a bit shy at first, but many a time I've heard her say, 'Never be ashamed of your wounds, my friend.' " "I believe," wrote a civilian doctor who saw her at work, "that there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice, and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted perhaps but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would hardly have supposed it possible she could be already cognizant."

While she was rigid in allowing none of her nurses seriously or needlessly to overwork themselves, Miss Nightingale had no pity on herself. After finishing her heavy correspondence at night she would make a final round of the wards. A lady volunteer who accompanied her on one of these rounds says: "Miss Nightingale carried her lantern, which she would set down before she bent over any of the patients. I much admired her manner to the men—it was so kind and tender":

Famous, too, became the words which one poor fellow sent home. "What a comfort it was to see her pass over. She would speak to one and nod and smile to as many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." "Before she came," said another soldier's letter, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was boly as a church." Mr. Sidney Herbert read out these letters at a public meeting in November, 1855. Lord Ellesmere used Mr. Macdonald's description in the House of Lords in May, 1856. And Longfellow, in the following year, made a poem of it all, one of the most widely known poems, I suppose, that have ever been written:—

Lo! in that hour of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

The men idolized her. They kissed her shadow, and they

saluted her as she passed down their wounded ranks. "If the queen came for to die," said a soldier who lost a leg at the Alma, "they ought to make her queen, and I think they would." Her lively sense of humor, which Mr. Osborne had discerned in talks with her in the hospital, was appreciated also by the patients. "She was wonderful," said one, "at cheering up any one who was a bit low." "She was all full of life and fun," said another, "when she talked to us, especially if a man was a bit down-hearted." Who can tell what comfort was brought by the sound of a woman's gentle voice, the touch of a woman's gentle hand, to many a poor fellow racked by fever, or smarting from sores? And who can say how often her presence may have been as "a cup of strength in some great agony"? "The magic of her power over men was felt," as Kinglake has described, "in the room—the dreaded, the blood-stained room—where operations took place. There perhaps the maimed soldier, if not yet resigned to his fate, might at first be craving death rather than meet the knife of the surgeon; but when such a one looked and saw that the honored lady-in-chief was patiently standing beside him, and—with lips closely set and hands folded—decreasing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, he used to fall into the mood for obeying her silent command, and—finding strange support in her presence—bring himself to submit and endure."

That Miss Nightingale was furiously attacked on religious grounds need hardly be said to those acquainted with the *odium theologicum*. Catholics and Protestants alike howled at her, but it was only with an amused contempt that she heard herself described as unfit for her position because of her alleged religious heresies:

If a nurse was efficient, Miss Nightingale was on the friendliest terms with her, equally whether the nurse were Catholic or Protestant. Miss Nightingale herself was accused successively, and with equal absurdity in each case, of being prejudiced for, or against, Catholics and Protestants, and of being inimical to religious ministrations altogether. The Protestant charges of proselytizing by Catholic nurses were of course met by counter-charges of attempts by Protestant nurses to convert Roman Catholic patients; and finally a chaplain solemnly appealed to the war department in London to remove one of Miss Nightingale's staff on the ground that the nurse had been heard to avow herself a Socinian. Miss Nightingale protested successfully against any such disciplinary measure, urging that the lady, whether Socinian or not, was an excellent nurse. Much of all this perverse disputing was born of sheer ignorance and intolerance. One of Miss Stanley's ladies was accused by a certain chaplain of "circulating improper books in the wards." Particulars were asked, and it was found that the offending book was Keble's "Christian Year."

The author gives us some extracts from Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," as an example of her combination of general grasp with minute attention to detail. Nothing is too small for her touch, but everything is referred to a general principle:

Another of Miss Nightingale's characteristics—her taste for epigrammatic and often pungent expression—is conspicuous in "Notes on Nursing." "Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever; in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding." "No man, not even a doctor, ever gives any other definition of what a nurse should be than this—'devoted and obedient.' This definition would do just as well for a porter. It might even do for a horse. It would not do for a policeman." "Some 'obedient' nurses know no medium between 'Now no fire,' 'Now fire,' as if they were volunteer riflemen." "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, or incapacity in other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'" There is lively humor, too, in many of the personal descriptions. Miss Nightingale quotes Lord Melbourne's saying: "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires very strong health to put up with women." "I am quite of his opinion," she adds, and she gives some little word-pictures of the female nurse (old style). "Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles—only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it." She was writing in the days of crinolines, and draws a picture of "respectable elderly women stooping forward," when invested therein. Another picture is of the nurse who is supposed, "like port wine," to improve with age. We are not told the circumstances, but we are assured that it was a "fact" that a nurse, when ordered to administer brandy-and-water to a fainting patient, supplied the last week's *Punch*. Then there is a description of the mincing nurse, with "an affectedly sympathizing voice, like an undertaker's at a funeral." All Miss Nightingale's pictures were drawn from life. "I wonder," wrote one of her friends, "if the originals will recognize themselves."

There can be no successful attempt to define Miss Nightingale's religion. It contained a distinct element of mysticism balanced by her extraordinary practicality:

So, then, Miss Nightingale was broad-minded in her attitude towards creeds and churches. For her own part she believed that religious truth was positive, and could be discovered; but in her outlook upon the beliefs of others she judged them by their fruits. She asked not so much what was a man's or a woman's religious formula, but whether it renewed a right spirit within them. With religiosity, if it was centred on self, she had no sympathy. "Is there anything higher," she asked, "in thinking of one's own salvation than in thinking of one's own dinner? I have always felt that the soldier who gives his life for something which is certainly not himself or his shilling a day—whether he call it his queen or his country or his colors—is higher in the scale than the saints or the faquirs or the evangelicals who (some of them don't) believe that the end of religion is to secure one's own salvation." Within the limits indicated by these remarks, she would have agreed a good deal with what Mrs. Carlyle said to John Sterling: "I confess that I care almost nothing about what a man believes in comparison with how he believes. If his belief be correct, it is much the better for himself; but its intensity, its efficacy, is the ground on which I love and trust him."

We could readily, even thankfully, spare the larger number of the biographies that are now being given to the world, but this is one of the few that could not be spared. And its value is enhanced by the admirable literary skill of its preparation.

THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Sir Edward Cook. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Flying Inn.

Mr. Chesterton's name on a title page is the sure promise of something brilliant, but perhaps not of something that is always convincing. But he convinces us here. He declares war upon those governors of the human race whose conception of their duties is that of the nursemaid toward infants and who would forbid us by laws from doing all those things that are deemed hurtful to us. We must suppose that the village inn has disappeared and that its weather-beaten sign has become the mark of an illegal trade. So two of Mr. Chesterton's characters possess themselves of the sign of the Old Ship and leave it in various places where it will give the maximum of annoyance to officialism and where it may serve as a reminder to the people of their departed liberties.

But the plot does not matter. Nothing matters but the authorship, and here the authorship is at its brilliant best. Humor, satire, pathos, and defiance are upon every page, while many of the songs are of the kind that haunt the memory. Indeed we must succumb to the temptation to quote a single stanza: But Noah, he sinned, and we have sinned; on tipsy feet we trod, Till a great big black tectotaller was sent to us for a rod.

And you can't get wine at a P. S. A. or chapel or Eisteddfod: For the Curse of Water has come again because of the wrath of God, And water is on the Bishop's board and the Higher Thinker's shrine, But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

Mr. Chesterton's power over public opinion ought to be enormous, but we wonder if it is. Indeed we may wonder if there is any longer such a thing as public opinion.

THE FLYING INN. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

A Bookman's Letters.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll needs no introduction to a public that has learned to look upon "The Correspondence of Claudius Clear" as a literary institution. Most, if not all, of these essays have appeared in the *British Weekly* under that title, and although the literary essay is too often no more than a highly polished piece of uselessness we have here something of substantial value and obviously the work of a man who has something definite to say and who knows how to say it attractively. The essays in the present volume are forty-eight in number, of an average length of eight or nine pages, and all of them nearly perfect in form and content. A particularly attractive example—although here the personal equation must always be large—is "The Secret of Emerson," a secret of a certain personal stoicism. Admirable, too, is "The Six Best Biographies," if only for its insistence on the fact that a great man must be great in character as well as in achievement, a stipulation that would somewhat abbreviate the lists of great men and women that we are so fond of compiling. The author's own selection of the six best biographies is Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," Froude's "Carlyle," and Morley's "Life of Gladstone." Other notable writings are "Algernon Charles Swinburne," "George Gissing," and "Memoirs of Mark Rutherford." But perhaps any effort to arrange these essays in order of merit must be so much a matter of personal preference as to be valueless. None among them can fail to give alike pleasure and advantage.

A BOOKMAN'S LETTERS. By W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75 net.

The Revolt of Democracy

The reader of this remarkable little volume by the late Alfred Russel Wallace will find himself informed over and over again that poverty, unemployment, and starvation must cease and that these phenomena of social disgrace will at once be amenable to the wave of the economic wand. Land nationalization will do much, the minimum wage will do more, while a system of pensions will put a sort of coping-stone upon an earthly paradise. A little volume of seventy-seven pages of large type thus solves a problem that has been the despair for ages of a philanthropic world. "There must therefore be no further compromise, no mere talking. To allow the present state of things to continue is a crime against humanity."

With all due respect for the erudition and still more for the benevolence of the author, he seems to forget that there is actually a law of economics and that an increase of wages by a sort of fiat would be a disastrous violation of that law. Wages are not paid from some inexhaustible treasury, and if they are artificially raised it simply means that prices also must be raised in precise proportion. The same may be said of pensions. Wealth paid in pensions must surely first be produced, and it must be produced by those same persons to whom it is to be paid. In

other words, they must pay their own pensions if an increase in prices. It is true that if the world were governed by a sort of divinely wise despotism it might be possible to prevent luxury and to coerce us all into social wisdom. But so long as human character demands freedom even for its follies it seems impossible to devise an economic mechanism that shall eliminate poverty. Dr. Wallace's hook is inspiring by its enthusiasm, but from the colder mental viewpoint it seems little more than one of those short cuts to happiness that are usually found to lead nowhere.

THE REVOLT OF DEMOCRACY. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net.

Harrison Gray Otis.

The author seems to admit that the main excuse for a life of Harrison Gray Otis is to be found in the importance of the times in which he lived and that his biography is useful from the political rather than from the personal point of view. Harrison Gray Otis lived during the Federalist period in Massachusetts. He entered Congress in 1797 and he sustained the attempt to make Aaron Burr President. He retired from politics in 1801 and created for himself a successful legal career, but he was a "typical Federalist, representing his party at its best and at its worst." His biography becomes therefore a history of Federalism, and the author is to be congratulated on the fact that he so regards it and consequently spares us the mass of unimportant detail that usually crowds the pages of such works as this.

The picture of political life of the period is indeed a most striking one, and one perhaps calculated to make us better content with our own. The author's chapter on "The Federalist Machine" gives us an insight to party government at a time when there was no such thing as popular control. Equally interesting is the page on tariff history. Otis was strongly opposed to the tariff on the ground that it would ruin navigation, but later on we find him interested in the cotton mill industry and paying a dividend of ten per cent with the natural result that he became a strong protectionist.

It would be interesting to dwell at greater length on the many important features of this work, but it must suffice to say that it is an admirable picture of the public life of the day and with just enough personality about it to make it intimate and vivid.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HARRISON GRAY OTIS, FEDERALIST. By Samuel Eliot Morison, Ph. D. (Harv.). In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6 net.

Buddhist China.

This book may come as something of a surprise to those who assume complacently that the so-called "heathen" religions of Asia must necessarily disappear before the influx of Occidental ideas. The error is probably due to the rash assumption that national reformers are actually representative of their peoples and that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, for example, is typical of the Chinese race, whereas he is typical of no one but himself. Buddhism, says Mr. Johnston, is by no means on its last legs in China. On the contrary we are likely to witness a considerable Buddhist revival and also the revival of a good many other things that the revolution is supposed to have swept out of existence. Action and reaction follow each other in China as elsewhere, and a spirit of conservatism may assert itself as soon as the novelty of change shall have worn itself out.

But it is chiefly in the history of Buddhism that the interest of Mr. Johnston's work will be found to lie. He describes its introduction and he traces its vicissitudes with much skill and with the accuracy of close and intelligent research. His book is a valuable and a substantial contribution to our knowledge both of Buddhism and of China. It may be said that the author is a district officer of Wei-hei-Wai and is therefore favorably situated for such an inquiry as this.

BUDDHIST CHINA. By Reginald Fleming Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

R. L. S.

Regarded either as a biography or as a criticism, this book must be considered as lacking in scope and thoroughness. Possibly the author meant it as neither one nor the other, but as a cursory glance at Stevenson's life and works sufficient for the needs of a casual curiosity. For such a purpose it may be regarded as adequate. Mr. Watts relates all the main biographical facts and tell us much that is interesting, but not new, about the characters and scenes of the Stevenson novels. Moreover, he writes lightly and gracefully.

R. L. S. By Francis Watt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Rose of Old Quebec.

That the author has obviously juggled somewhat with the facts of history may be left to her own conscience and to the recording angel. Perhaps it does not much

concern the reader who is more interested in sentiment than in historical accuracy. And we have plenty of sentiment here. Captain Nelson is supposed to fall in love with a young beauty of Quebec, but the lovers are parted through the father's refusal to sanction the match. They meet again in London, but by that time Nelson has acquired a wife elsewhere, and so the proper disposition of the Rose becomes a problem. But the author solves it to our entire satisfaction and apparently also to her's.

A ROSE OF OLD QUEBEC. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Brieter Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a "Handy Book of Proverbs," arranged alphabetically for ready reference by writers and speakers by Joseph Walker.

"The Greatest of These," by Robert O. Lawton (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is described as "a book of five to twenty-minute essays." They are mainly on religious topics and they are treated from the conventional point of view.

The Princeton University Press has published a curious little volume by Ernest Cushing Richardson on "The Beginnings of Libraries." The author gives much curious information on prehistoric records and the methods used by antiquity to preserve a memory of events. Price, \$1.

"The Twelve-Gemmed Crown," by Samuel Judson Porter (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net), is described as "a treatment of the personality of Christ as represented in the twelve titles ascribed to him in the book of Hebrews." The handling of the theme is so orthodox as to seem conventional and uninspiring.

In a volume of "Short Plays" published by the Stewart & Kidd Company and owing their authorship to Mary MacMillan we have a collection of ten dramas of such a nature as to be capable of production by ordinary people with ordinary appliances. All of them are practical and clever, while the author tells us in a preface that any one wishing to change the color of the hero's eyes or to alter an unprepossessing speech has the whole universe to choose from. "and my blessing."

A recent addition to the First Folio Shakespeare is "Venus and Adonis," edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter. This edition reproduces the First Folio text of 1623, the one that gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation. The publisher, the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, is to be congratulated on the sustained excellence of this series. The edition will be complete in forty volumes. Price, 75 cents per volume.

"Our Modern Debt to Israel," by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph. D. (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), "aims simply to present briefly the results of modern scholarship so far as this scholarship reveals the extent of our modern obligations to ancient Israel." As a collection of authorities the volume has much value, but as to the extent of the "debt" we may still be in doubt. In assigning all

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existing virtues to such a source the author seems to confuse the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc* and to forget that all these virtues, and sometimes to a much greater extent, are to be found among peoples who know nothing of such a source and therefore owe nothing to it.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published "A Primer of Political Economy," by Alfred Bishop Mason, A. B., M. A. The author explains that it is based upon the "Primer of Political Economy," written by himself and the late John J. Lalor, now revised, enlarged, and brought up to date. Nothing could be better for use in schools and in all other places where accuracy, clearness, and simplicity are desired. The author's sixteen definitions and forty-one propositions are models of lucidity. The price is 50 cents net.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a valuable addition to the already considerable literature of school hygiene. It is entitled "The Hygiene of the School Child" and its author is Lewis M. Terman, associate professor of education at Leland Stanford Junior University. Professor Terman enters adequately into all the hygienic features associated with school life with special reference to the child itself rather than to buildings and equipment. He seems to give exactly the information that the teacher ought to possess, and he may also be congratulated on confining his references to eugenics to about half a page. The price is \$1.65 net.

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Professor Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Osborne, who edits this volume, has done well to rely so largely upon her father's correspondence. In no other way could so competent a portrait be painted. These letters represent Professor Johnson not only as a scientist of the front rank in his own department, but as a man of singularly winning traits, gentle, amiable, and humorous.

FROM THE LETTER-FILES OF S. W. JOHNSON. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Osborne. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"A certain author—a lady author, of course," says Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Congresswoman," published by the Browne & Howell Company, "declares in an interview that she can write only when she is lying in a hammock, with an American Beauty rose and a five-pound box of chocolates beside her. Amelia Barr told me once that when she can not whip herself into a writing mood she reads the old prophets. I tried the old prophets, but in my case they did not work. I have no royal road to inspiration except sticking at my desk, and this—when I find a portrait anywhere which seems to suggest a character, I cut it out and envelope it. In my desk are envelopes and envelopes marked 'men' or 'women,' subdivided into strong faces, weak, good, or villainous."

Although Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By" has been but recently published, the Houghton Mifflin Company announces that it has made a third impression. "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," which attracted wide attention upon its appearance last fall, is in its sixth impression.

The number of volumes in the little General History of Art Series (Scribner's) is now brought to six by the appearance of "Art in Flanders." The author is Max Rooses, director of the Plantin-Moretus Museum in Antwerp.

Viscount Bryce's great book, "South America: Observations and Impressions," has been translated into Spanish by Guillermo Rivera, and a Spanish edition has been prepared. It follows closely the scheme of the English volume. The revised English edition, from the Macmillan press, is now out.

John Bull has a sense of humor after all if we are to judge by the popularity of the Gelett Burgess books in England. The English edition of "The Maxims of Noah" (Stokes) has just been reprinted and "The Maxims of Methuselah" has run into a number of English editions since it appeared.

The story of the first and only ascent to the summit and the climbing of Mt. McKinley, the highest mountain peak on the North American continent, is published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is called "The Ascent of Denali"—the Indian name of the mountain—and is written by the leader of the little expedition that achieved it, Hudson Stuck, D. D., Archdeacon of the Yukon.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces that the following books, originally scheduled for publication in February, will be published this month: "Our Friend, John Burroughs," by Dr. Clara Barrus; "The Japanese Empire," by T. Philip Terry; Poems of Walter Conrad Arensberg; "The Passing of Empire," by H. Fielding-Hall; "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White; "Paul Verlaine," by Wilfred Thorley; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N.: His Life and Letters," by Carroll Storrs Alden; "Lost Diaries," by Maurice Baring; and "In the High Hills," a volume of short poems by Maxwell Struthers Burt.

"Lucia's Peter and Polly in Winter," by Rose Lucia, principal of the primary school, Montpelier, Vermont, and issued by the American Book Company, tells of the winter good times of two little children who live in the country.

It may be a bit surprising to many to learn that Mr. Edwin Bjorkman, who is an authority on the subject, knows of no comparative work on Scandinavian literature in any language and of no reasonable adequate one of Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish litera-

ture in English. To fill this want he has engaged to write for Henry Holt & Co., and is now busily engaged on, "A History of Nineteenth Century Scandinavian Literature," from and including Ibsen, with a sketch of the earlier literature of the three countries. The Holts doubt that they could possibly have secured a better man for this work.

The Century Company has just sent "Mrs. Wiggs" of Cabbage Patch fame to press for the forty-seventh large printing. The little story, which has proved such a phenomenal favorite, was issued originally in October, 1901.

Anna Katharine Green, the author of a long list of mystery stories, has added another to her credit this spring in "Dark Hollow," a story of the unearthing of a long forgotten crime and its expiation. Anna Katharine Grene (or Mrs. Charles Rohlfis as she is known in private life) has written over thirty successful mystery stories. Her latest novel is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Angel Island," that novel romance by Inez Haynes Gillmore, is creating a good deal of interest in various quarters. Before it could appear as a book several theatrical managers asked for it, and it was scarcely off the press when rival newspaper syndicates were asking for "second serial" rights. The book, published by Henry Holt & Co., is doing so well, though, that there is no prospect at present of the latter request being granted.

A notable biography among the spring's publications is "The Empress Frederick," a biography of the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and the mother of the present German Kaiser. William II of Germany has been called "much more the son of his mother than of his father," and strangely enough, no biography has hitherto appeared and very little is known of this woman, who was a central figure at Berlin for fifty years, the enemy of Bismarck, and the mother of the present Emperor of Germany. Her biography is written by one who prefers, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous.

The Century Company reports large new printings of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Westways" and of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tembarom."

One of the most successful novelizations of a play ever written is J. Hartley Manners's "Peg o' My Heart," now in its fifth printing. It is issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Manners, born in London of Irish parents, entered the civil service shortly after leaving college. Playwriting, however, was in his blood, and he soon left his employment to devote his energies entirely to his work.

Speaking of the best short stories in the world, it is worth noting that Frank Harris, the well-known English writer, puts O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi" first on the list of stories which he is reprinting. He follows it with selections from Kipling, Anatole France, H. G. Wells, and Ambrose Bierce.

In Miss Marjorie Bowen's new romance, "The Governor of England," there is played the whole tragedy of Cromwell's dealings with England and his king. The great men of history who were with the king or against him—Strafford, Rupert, Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell—are here given life. The women of the time are pictured with a dignity and conviction which gives balance to the story. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Sacred Congregation of the Index of the Roman Church has decided that all the works of Maurice Maeterlinck shall be classed as forbidden literature for Catholics. There has been much discussion on the part of the clergy in this country to know which of Maeterlinck's books, or what parts thereof, have brought his entire writings under the ban of the Catholic Church. His latest book, published last fall by Dodd, Mead & Co., under the title of "Our Eternity," has probably created more discussion than any of his previous works.

Not the least of Mr. H. G. Wells's distinctions is the range and variety of his products, the number of vitalizing things which he was the first to do. A case in point is brought to mind by the announcement of a reissue of "The Wonderful Visit" by E. P. Dutton & Co., who are publishing his new novel, "The World Set Free."

New Books Received.

AUGURIES. By Laurence Binyon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE INTRIGUERS. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

CARMEN AND MR. DRYAFOUST. By Humphrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE REAL BILLY SUNDAY. By Elijah P. Brown, D. D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.15.

A biography.

A STUDY OF THE THLINGETS OF ALASKA. By

Livingston F. Jones. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.

A description of a little-known people of Alaska.

THE IRON YEAR. By Walter Bloem. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

A WISE SON. By Charles Sherman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

CAP'N DAN'S DAUGHTER. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

OVERLAND RED. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

An anonymous novel.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By F. J. Randall. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FORTY YEARS OF IT. By Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A history of the progress of democracy in the Middle West.

BEHIND THE VEIL AT THE RUSSIAN COURT. By Count Paul Vassili. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

Revelations of social, political, and imperial life in Russia.

THE PILLAR OF SAND. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

COMING BACK WITH THE SPITBALL. By James Hopper. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

A pitcher's romance.

THE PRIMAL LURE. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A romance of Fort LuCerne.

RELIGION AND LIFE. By Elwood Worcester. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Personal and social aspects of religion today by the rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston.

OUR MR. WRENN. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A novel.

MRS. BRAND. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK STATE FROM 1789 TO 1912. By Don C. Sowers. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE ASCENT OF DENALI (MOUNT MCKINLEY). By Hudson Stuck, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

A narrative of the first complete ascent of the highest peak in North America.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU. By A. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F. R. G. S., F. R.

P. S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net.

An intimate account of the life of the reindeer of North America.

ART IN FLANDERS. By Max Rooses. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the General History of Art Series.

A BISHOP AMONG HIS FLOCK. By Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Birmingham. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Some religious reflections.

THE DOG AND THE CHILD AND THE ANCIENT SAILOR MAN. By Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

SANCTUARY. By Percy Mackaye. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1 net.

A bird masque.

VIRGINIA UNDER THE STUARTS, 1607-1688. By Thomas J. Wertenbaker, Ph. D. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1.50 net.

A chapter of colonial history.

THE GOVERNOR OF ENGLAND. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

JOE TAYLOR, BARNSTORMER. By J. H. Taylor. New York: William R. Jenkins Company; \$1.25.

His travels, troubles, and triumphs during fifty years in footlight flashes.

Horace Kephart, author of "Our Southern Highlanders," a delightful book about the "household of Eastern America" which is terra incognita to most Americans, has been reading "A Son of the Hills," Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's novel about the Virginia mountains, published by Doubleday, Page & Co. He writes from North Carolina about the book: "Critical as I am from long residence in the mountains, I forgot all about local color as the story swept me along. Still, had there been any errors, I would have detected them as instinctively as a woodsman notices a strange track."

The esteemed Weather Bureau has sprung a new one (says the Kokomo Tribune). It is the word "smog," and it means smoke and fog. The bureau explains that very frequently there are times when this mixture is apparent in the atmosphere, and it considers the new word a great little idea. Very well, "smog" let it be. But why end there? Let's call a mixture of snow and mud "smud." A mixture of snow and soot "snoot." A mixture of snow and hail "snail." Thus we might have a weather forecast: "Snail today, turning to snoot tonight; tomorrow smoggy with smud."

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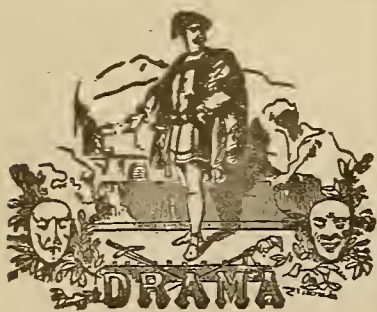
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THE ORPHEUM.

There are two pretty big names on the Orpheum bill this week. English people say that Marie Lloyd is the foremost music-hall artist of the tight little isle, and Harry Woodruff, although scarcely a star, has been seen many times by San Franciscans in first-class companies. Yet neither of these two well-heralded personages captured the warmest favor of the house. That lot fell to Ray Samuels, a very young and very fetching "musical-comedy star": or so she is billed.

Marie Lloyd, of course, is drawing crowds. The public is curious to see her, and having seen her, recognizes that she is an artist in her line. But it also feels the impalpable but unmistakable difference in appeal that lies between the comedy artist who hits off our types, and the one who hits off the unfamiliar types of another land. That is Marie Lloyd's disadvantage. We know intuitively that her imitation of a coster girl is true to nature—or art—even if we have never laid eyes on that well-known product of cockneyism; we recognize by instinct the cleverness of her take-off of the country girl breaking into London in her rustic, flowery hat and muslin frock; we smile at the devilry of her gay dame with the slit skirt, the roguish wink, and the provocative glance. But these various beings are not home products, and therefore we can not chuckle over them with the rich relish with which the audience responds to Ray Samuels's impersonation of a tobacco-chewing farmer from the old-style "rooral deestrick"; the sort of being that is becoming as extinct as the dodo, but whose very rarity is making his fading image more to be treasured and enjoyed. Ray Samuels's talent, however, is still in the making, although talent it is indubitably—perhaps just as great as Marie Lloyd's. But a London vogue gives a specialist world-wide fame, and we are always immensely curious out here over the famous stage products of other countries.

These two widely different specialists in the same line have one great common possession—that natural endowment of physical exuberance allied to talent which always captures an audience. Marie Lloyd's cold, which still showed some remnants on Monday, could not quench the mischief in her face, the sparkle of her eye, the provocation and good fellowship of her wink. But she is at the meridian, and we can't feel quite sure that those animal spirits are not commercially inspired. She is, like her sister, Alice, a little dumpling of a sawed-off woman; she bears a family resemblance to her sister, and her imitations are in the same line; but for some reason not discoverable—perhaps it was the cold—she did not succeed in establishing anything like as completely as Alice the *entente cordiale* between herself and her audience. It struck me that they were disappointed in her; whereas—well, do you remember how completely they rose to Alice Lloyd's "Come splash me"?

But here I am engaged in the odious and detestable occupation of comparing sisters; there is always a certain unfairness in it, whether applied to people in public or private life.

To judge Marie Lloyd, therefore, entirely on her own merits, she knows her business thoroughly: she possesses excellent powers of mimicry; she has a roguish and expressive face; she throws in some nimble dancing steps to light up her specialties; she is careful to interpolate that touch of vulgarity desired in the music-hall singer; she cultivates to each syllable the power of speech-expression; her voice, when it is in health, has the penetrating quality necessary to that of a music-hall artist, and her songs offer variety. It seemed to me that the tight-skirted struggle to pick up the glove and hat was rather flat and trivial, but everything else was clever. And yet it was our home product, Ray Samuels, that woke the thunder in the house and the ecstatic whistles in the gallery. She is full of rhythm, this fetching young Jewess, and she tickles the audience by the accuracy of the time-beat that her monologues maintain with the music furnished by the serious, absorbed young pianist, who, knowing that the audience is hanging on the accents of the act, is comfortably oblivious of them, but a very appreciable factor in the enjoyable success of Ray Samuels's monologues.

Harry Woodruff comes to us a changed man. The boyishness of look conferred by

his bloneness of tint and softened line of feature is all gone; he was, in fact, scarcely youthful enough in appearance for the rôle he played in "A Regular Business Man," a fairly ingenious but very lightweight trifle of a one-act play by John Stokes. I think the piece would have been improved by more serious treatment. But Harry Woodruff "played down" to a vaudeville audience in order to increase the crop of laughter. He laughed too much himself—stage laughs, I mean, not the genuine article—and undoubtedly succeeded in creating a very hustling, bustling atmosphere of hilarity. But in spite of the charm he can always exert, which, by the way, still suggests that agreeable boyishness of temperament, a spectator seeing him for the first time would classify him as a light comedian of unremarkable attainments and vaudeville standards, rather than as a superior stock actor.

There were several other turns that markedly won the favor of the house. "Billy Rogers, that's all," even disputed with Ray Samuels the favor of the ecstatic whistles, for Billy possesses in his facial bones a sort of museum of resonances, which, properly manipulated by a very deft pair of hands, enabled him to illustrate the yarns he spun with a series of spectacularly illustrative sounds of purely individual manufacture.

James F. Kelley and Emma Pollock gave a song and comedy act which took well with the house, more particularly toward the latter half, when Emma Pollock, who couldn't do the pretty act for sour apples, showed herself unexpectedly clever in a "tough girl" specialty.

It has become the thing for musicians to provide some kind of a setting for their specialties, either of scene or action. So in "Just a song at twilight" Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer have a fire-lit room, a curtained window looking out into the gloaming, and a girl melodiously intoning a sentimental lay to a young man who sits facing the fire with a dreamy smile of pleasure—albeit a little fixed and prolonged—upon his lips. The young man is really clever and musical; more so than the young lady, who sang a little off pitch more than once; but the majority of the audience was happily oblivious and the act went well. Mr. Romer specializes both with the piano and violin, and after he had it thoroughly established in our minds that he was a serious musician, the pair suddenly broke out in ragtime with a few comic trimmings. Well, it is easy to conceive the warm approval of the audience, that always likes its serious moments to be fleeting, and the act "went big."

The Hocking Company, a very able troupe of French real acrobats, and Collins and Hart, two highly comic performers in fake acrobatics, concluded a very popular bill, which, on the whole, woke up more than the usual demonstrations of applause.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

Once more, and probably for the last time for a number of years, Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" wings its flight our way. For, phenomenally large as was the multitude that went to witness the search of little Mytyl and Tytyl, there are always some left-overs. And to gather in this last harvest of loiterers has been the aim before the play is laid carefully away in tissue paper waiting for the next revival. For revivals there will always be.

"The Blue Bird," like Cinderella, has passed into literature. But it is in the realm of dramatic literature that it has found its niche, and Mytyl and Tytyl belong to theatre-goers for all time.

It has been a strange story, the spectacular flight of this little blue meteor across the theatrical sky. For what did the theatre-goer care, one would have thought, for poetry, and symbolism, and the prattlings of young children? The theatre-goer of the day has been facing questions bearing upon the materialistic side of human nature. Grafters, convicted criminals, and white slaves have so far been the most prominent protagonists of the twentieth-century drama, which is the age of exploded ideals, of prosaicism. And yet came this great wave of followers after the Belgian mystic. It is almost inconceivable. Yet perhaps Anatole France, that great, simple, complex soul in French literature may help us to understand. "The need men have to forget the real world, with its disappointments and mortifications," he says in that volume of exquisitely fresh and vivid impressions entitled, "Le livre de mon ami," "is a need that is universal. It is the gift of imagination rather than the gift of laughter that distinguishes man from the lower animals, and sets the seal upon his superiority. . . . For she it is that sows the seeds of Beauty and Virtue up and down the world. Never, O ye mothers, fear that she will injure your children. Rather will she hold them safe from vulgar faults and facile errors."

I insert this extract as a special injunction to mothers to allow their children to see "The Blue Bird," which, indeed, Anatole France especially mentions in the same chapter. We theatre-goers are so petted and pampered in

our tastes that we quickly recover from enthusiasms. But it behooves us to let the children experience the exhilaration of riding on the crest of the wave before it sinks down to the level of its fellows. And even those who remember "The Blue Bird" almost too distinctly renew many moments of keen pleasure. No doubt the long run has taken a little of their early freshness of feeling out of the performers, but in the more purple passages the exquisiteness of the poet's conception causes the appeal to retain all of its poignancy.

That last vision in the Land of Memory, of all the loved ones of Mytyl and Tytyl sinking again into the slumber of oblivion as the children turn their happily forgetful minds to fresh experiences renews that well-remembered thrill of recognition of a poet's inspired thought.

As for the act revealing all those veiled and unidentified souls as yet unborn in the Kingdom of the Future, why, it is a veritable play within a play; an exquisitely beautiful and original fantasy which can, and probably will in the future, be lifted bodily from "The Blue Bird" and given in its entirety as a play apart. It is poetic, and yet dramatic. And rarely does Maeterlinck forget to relieve the seriousness of his conception with slight, tender, laughing touches that are like life because tears and laughter perpetually jostle each other.

Probably no one was more surprised than Maeterlinck when the vogue of "The Blue Bird" began, and he will no doubt be proportionately philosophical when it is over. For one thing we can be thankful: With the subsidence of the fad has died away the deadly serious explorers of his symbolism, and those who are going to see it now need not dread to be chased into catechetical corners. They can enjoy it as it was meant to be enjoyed. A charming fairy story, designed to please both children and grown-ups, because the latter will feel the symbolism without reasoning too much about it; and both will delight in the fancy that made of the homely details of life a daily miracle.

THE TETRAZZINI CONCERT.

Mme. Tetrizzini discovered a new charm to her many admirers on the occasion of her opening concert last week, when the concern of the plump little prima donna over the disappointment caused by her cold impelled her to send over the footlights many unspoken messages of apology, of depreciation, and of childlike disappointment at her inability to express herself in her natural medium.

A programme had been carefully prepared which would enable the singer to display all of those vocal pearls which are the choicest jewels of the prima donna.

Tetrizzini came gallantly to the fray, but all encores had to be refused, and the concert was considerably shortened thereby. Nevertheless, with that really wonderful mastery of the disabilities of a cold shown by great singers, Mme. Tetrizzini was able to carry through all the numbers programmed with sufficiently fine results to give pleasure, except for the sympathy and solicitude which people of any consideration must always feel under such circumstances.

Tetrizzini's will and determination enabled her, in many beautiful phrases, to frequently display the real beauty and pliability of her voice, like glimpses of blue sky shining through clouds. In fact in the Mignon "Polonaise" there were more than glimpses shown, and her trills and cadenzas almost emerged in their original dazzling beauty.

The second concert, however, was prudently postponed until tonight, when the prima donna is expected to be herself again.

And yet, Tetrizzini sad, Tetrizzini pathetic, and almost wanting to have "a good

cry"! It was unfamiliar, and yet Tetrizzini to many had gained thereby the added charm that is sometimes gained by throwing a veil over beauty. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Making a Record.

Working under various climatic conditions, varying from warm sunshine in the valley to four feet of snow in the mountains, there was probably no portion of the great Drum power project of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company that presented for consideration the difficulties for properly caring for men and stock as did the building of the Drum-Cordelia line.

In every other branch of this splendid development the camps were stationary, wooden cook-houses and sleeping quarters, stables, and warehouses were erected and it was known that they would be in the same spot until the work was done. With the tower line conditions were entirely different. Stretching over a distance of 110 miles, with every climate that is found within California, this was by no means an easy task. Men had to be well fed and cared for, as well as the stock, if there was to be any work accomplished. This was the first consideration of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. It was aware from the beginning that the task of caring for the tower-line men would be an undertaking in itself, and set about to lay plans for the welfare of the men employed on this hazardous work. A camp located at a certain spot one day was liable, by the time the sun set the next, to be twenty miles farther ahead. It was necessary, therefore, to provide portable outfits, easy of transportation, yet strong enough to stand under all conditions of weather. For this purpose 10-ounce duck tents were selected, different sizes being used for various parts of the work.

For instance: Combination kitchen and dining tents, were 24x40 feet with 6-foot walls; sleeping tents were 16x18 feet with 4-foot walls; office and foremen's tents were 10x12 feet with 4-foot walls; stable tents were 30x40 feet with 7-foot walls. The big kitchen tents mentioned also took care of 75 to 80 men at a time, and on a few special occasions accommodated 100 men at the tables. Each sleeping tent contained seven folding iron cots, together with a Shibley camp stove, whenever the climate required one. One 10x12-foot tent was provided each timekeeper for an office tent, and each foreman was furnished with a similar outfit. Each cook and his helper were given one of these tents, it being advisable on account of their retiring and arising much earlier, to have them away from the other men. Each stable tent cared for 18 horses, an additional tent being necessary to store the hay and grain.

In cases of extremely wet weather it was found advisable to raise the tents several inches above the ground, fastening the bottom to a 1x12-inch board.

There was universal satisfaction among the men with the general quality of the food furnished, and this was principally due to the good cooks and judicious buying. In fact, that part of the department prided itself that during the year and a half in which the line was under construction it not only furnished satisfactory meals, but that the boarding-house was self-supporting.

The feeding of the stock was also an important problem. Hay and grain had to be hauled, in some instances, twenty miles, and it kept teams busy in the mountain regions carrying in this material.

A remarkable feature of the big job was the entire absence of accidents. Neither were there any tower failures, or towers dropped, during the entire construction of the line, and there were only a few minor injuries to the men, these in every case being self-inflicted ones. This record is unique in the history of large construction work, in view of the number of men employed and the character of the work which they were called upon to perform.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Tongues of Men" at the Columbia.

Henrietta Crossman comes to the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement beginning Monday night, March 16, in her latest and greatest comedy success, "The Tongues of Men," by Edward Childs Carpenter. Miss Crossman is a strong favorite in this city. She set a standard of excellence for herself, her company, and her playing long since that was hard to keep pace with, yet each succeeding year has seen an improvement in every way. Her audiences invariably leave the theatre in a good humor—that is her secret. In "The Tongues of Men" the metropolitan critics have agreed that Miss Crossman is given the very best opportunity for the display of her histrionic talents that she has had since "Miss Nell," which made her famous. The theme of "The Tongues of Men" centres around the efforts of a young minister to find his way in the new world of Bohemia after having denounced a new opera and its leading singer, who dares him to come into the sphere of her activity and see that his theories are all wrong.

The production is a fine one and the supporting cast one of rare excellence, including such well-known players as Frank Gilmore, Margaret Randolph, Sheridan Block, Homer Granville, Edward See, Laura McGilvray, Katherine Presbury, Paul Dacet, and Florence Fontayne. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Last Week of "The Blue Bird"

Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," the engagement of which has been extended to a fortnight on account of the extraordinary patronage, enters upon its second and last week Sunday night at the Cort Theatre. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday, and the engagement will positively close Saturday night, March 21. That night, by the way, will mark the farewell appearance of the fantasy in San Francisco, for the Messrs. Shubert have decided to withdraw the mammoth production from the road at the end of the current season. Never anywhere has the play made a greater hit than it has this week.

Cecil Yapp's fine Cat, W. H. Denny's hearty Dog, Harriet Sterling's splendid Night, Alice Butler's delightful Fairy, and Ethel Brandon's superb Mother Love, together with Dore Davidson's masterly portraits of Gaffer Tyl and Father Time, are among the big individual hits of a well-rounded performance. But the dramatic interest, of course, centres in the adventures of Tyltyl and Mytyl, those youthful seekers of the bird of happiness, the rôles in which Burford Hampden and Editha Kelly are prime favorites.

The staging in its smoothness and celerity excels even the representations of last year. What adds wonderfully to the general effectiveness is the special Debussy, Massener, and Bizet music. It is interpreted in apt harmony with the spirit of the piece by a symphony orchestra under the direction of Leo Siroky.

"The Candy Shop" Returns to Gaiety.

"The Candy Shop," with Rock and Fulton heading the cast, returns to the Gaiety Theatre next Monday night to resume the career of success with which it introduced the Gaiety Theatre to the fun-loving public of San Francisco.

"Everything new but the cast" is the way the pretty musical comedy is heralded. There are new songs, new dances, new specialties, and new "business," but the company remains unchanged.

"The Candy Shop" in its revised form is sweet, peppery, and spicy. Mr. Rock and his dancing-comedy partner, Maude Fulton, will present several new "stunts." Their famous "black and white dance," which electrified San Francisco audiences, has been discarded in favor of another specialty, the nature of which has not been disclosed, but which will prove as sensational a success, says Mr. Rock, as their other offering.

Will Philbrick, Al Shean, Oscar Ragland, Frederic Santley, Frances White, Kitty Doner and Mazie Kimball as the "Alimony Sisters," Bessie Franklin, Helen Goff, Bessie Stewart, and Maude Beatty are other members of the company who will assist in the success of "The Candy Shop" on its return next Monday night to the Gaiety Theatre.

Opera Tops Pantages Theatre Bill.

Forty minutes of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera, "The Mikado," will be the headline attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. The Pollard Opera Company of clever juveniles will present this vest-pocket edition with a liberal introduction of several topical numbers. The success which the Pollards scored several weeks ago in this city warranted the management playing them a return engagement. "The Mikado" has been one of the best offering that the company has had in its repertory. Ko-Ko, a comedy classic in light opera, will be the part that Teddy McNamara will have. Dainty Queenie Williams will enact the rôle

of Pitty Sing. The production will be staged with the usual elaborate care which the Pollards always use.

One of the real vaudeville novelties of the year is a demure little lady who calls herself "The Girl in the Parrot." Lora, or the girl, has an act hrimming with mystery and sensation. From the depths of a monster "prop" parrot the girl answers questions that are hurled to her from the audience. It is a sort of Anna Eva Fay scance method with new and startling climaxes.

Leon Roges, "the man of one hundred voices," imitates all kinds of animals and musical instruments.

Known to fame as the upside-down man, Frank Smith does odd bits on the slack wire while balancing on his head. Elliott and Mullen, a duo of comedy black-faced players, have a routine of merry songs and sparkling dialogue. The Arsenio trio of operatic vocalists and Mme. Remi and Mons. Flutele, cinterainers, with comedy pictures, will round out the bill.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces a most fascinating programme for next week with Fritz Scheff, the brilliant Viennese prima donna, as its headline attraction. Miss Scheff, who is known throughout this country as "The Queen of Comic Opera," from the fact that she is without a peer in it, is one of the greatest acquisitions vaudeville has had. She brings with her as her accompanist Louis Aschenfelder, a musician of international fame.

A novel comedy skit entitled "Hired and Fired" will be presented by Tudor Cameron and Johnny O'Connor, one of the cleverest and most diverting teams in vaudeville.

Edward Gillette in the original comedy scene, "Fun in a Bowling Alley," will introduce Adam and Eve, the only monkey bowlers in the world. They will have the support of a clever company of trained simians, who will perform a series of novel stunts.

Armstrong and Ford will bid for popularity in a clever and amusing skit called "The English Johnny and the Cop," the title being explanatory of the two characters depicted. Mr. Armstrong makes the policeman the aggressive rough type of bluecoat, while Mr. Ford affords a distinct contrast as the monocled, idiotic Englishman devoid of any appreciation of humor.

Sam Barton, king of "hike comedians," who excels both as pantomimist and cyclist, will in the guise of a tramp keep the audiences in roars of laughter.

The only holdovers will be Ray Samuels, Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer, and Henry Woodruff and company in their immense success, "A Regular Business Man."

Savoy Presents "Smashing the Vice Trust."

A powerful white slave feature film called "Smashing the Vice Trust," which is based upon District Attorney Whitman's disclosures during his sensational attack on the vice interests in New York, will have its first presentation in this city at the Savoy Theatre Sunday, March 15, when it begins an engagement during which there will be continuous performances daily, starting at one p. m. and running until eleven p. m. This same film is at present running in New York City at Weher's Theatre, where it has been turning away crowds in zero and even blizzard weather.

Never has a more terrific scene appeared upon the screen than that of the final raid, during which the heads of the vice trust try desperately to escape and are finally cornered and captured. The earlier part of the picture is a portrayal of ten or twelve traps which the vice trust sets, and the film conveys a tremendous moral. Throughout the action a beautiful love story is woven into the action. A young girl is lured to New York by a woman agent of the vice trust and the drama revolves around the effort to rescue her from her enslavers—a rescue finally effected by her fiancé.

"Judith of Bethulia" at the Tivoli.

The advent of grand opera at the Tivoli will mark a vacation for the photo-drama at the Eddy Street theatre, and today that remarkable biblical picture, founded on the poem and tragedy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Judith of Bethulia," will be shown for the last time. Tomorrow afternoon and evening a big special bill, including many novelties and surprises, with a liberal allowance of comedy, will be presented for the entertainment of photo-play patrons. Sunday, March 29, the Tivoli will again be devoted to the Turner and Dahnken photo-plays de luxe, and the first offering will be "Germinal," a film presentation of Zola's gripping story.

The Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespearean players have just closed a tremendously successful season at the Tulane Theatre, New Orleans, and have started this way to fill an engagement at the Columbia Theatre following Henrietta Crossman. The players have a repertory of sixteen productions, and it is not unlikely that all of the plays will be offered during the two weeks the company is seen here.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Tetrazzini's Last Concert Today.

Mme. Tetrazzini, thoroughly recovered from her slight indisposition, will give her second and last concert of this season in San Francisco at the Tivoli Opera House this afternoon, the programme being the one intended for last Saturday. Her selections will include the aria from "Rigoletto," "Caro Nome," which she has so often sung in this city; "Vissi d'arte," from Puccini's "La Tosca"; the waltz from Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet," and couplets, "Mysoli," from "Perle du Bresil," by David. The young tenor, Rafael Diaz, who made such a favorable impression at the first Tetrazzini concert, will be heard in songs by Ronald, Dvorak, Hahn, and Buzzi Peccia, and Yves Nat, the accomplished pianist, who also scored heavily last week, will play a number by Liszt, two Chopin selections, and an etude in the form of a waltz by Saint-Saëns. As this will be Tetrazzini's last appearance here this season the commodious Tivoli will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors.

The Farewell Gerardy Programme.

Tomorrow afternoon, March 15, at the Columbia Theatre, Jean Gerardy, the poet of the violoncello, will give his farewell concert, presenting an exceptionally attractive programme.

With the pianist Carl Bruchhausen, Mr. Gerardy will play Beethoven's "Sonata" for violoncello and piano in A major, in four movements. This is one of the most exquisite compositions of this master. His solo numbers will be the brilliant "Concerto" in A, by Saint-Saëns; "Hungarian Rhapsodie," Popper; "Kol Nidrei" (ancient Hebrew melody), arranged by Max Bruch; "Adagio Pastorale," Haendel; "Wiegenglied," Schubert; and "Papillon," Popper.

Gabriel Ysaye, the violinist, will play numbers by Handel, Kreisler, Faure, and Sarasate.

Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday may be obtained at the Columbia Theatre box-office. Manager Greenbaum will cease his activities in the concert work until after the grand opera season, when he announces Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin."

Programme First Week Grand Opera.

The musical and society public is ready for the second season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli Opera House for the two weeks beginning next Monday night, and from every indication the coming engagement will be even more successful than was the one of last year. The company, under the managerial and musical direction of Cleofonte Campanini, is larger and stronger in every particular than last year, and for the first time the San Francisco public will have the opportunity of listening to Titta Ruffo, conceded to be the greatest baritone on the operatic stage. He will appear the opening night in the title-rôle of "Rigoletto," with Florence Macheth, a young coloratura soprano, as Gilda, Giorgini as the Duke, Henri Scott as Sparafucile, Margaret Keyes as Maddalena, and other artists in the cast.

Tuesday night beautiful Carolina White will sing "Aida," and that occasion will mark the first appearance here of Julia Claussen, the eminent Swedish contralto, and Amadeo Bassi, the renowned Italian tenor, others in the cast being Gustave Huberdeau, White, Polese, Venturini, and Mabel Riegelman. "Aida" will be staged in magnificent style and will introduce Rosina Galli and the corps de ballet.

Wednesday afternoon Puccini's "La Bohème," with Zeppilli, Giorgini, Federici, Daddi, Venturini, Huberdeau, Polese, Treviani, and Mabel Riegelman, will be sung, followed by a grand ballet divertissement. Wednesday night Mary Garden will make her first appearance of the season in her great success of last year, "Louise," and Thursday night Massenet's "Herodiade," with Clausen in the title-rôle, Carolina White as Salomé, and Campagnola, Crabbe, Huberdeau, Defrere, Nicolay, Venturini, and Minnie Egner, will be the bill.

Friday night Mary Garden will sing "Thais," with Hector Dufranne in his great rôle of Athanael, and Saturday afternoon there will be a double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosa Raisa, Ruby Heyl, Louise Berat, Venturini, and Federici, followed by "Pagliacci," with Titta Ruffo in his wonderful rendition of Tonio, Jane Oshorn-Hannah, Bassi, Crabbe, and Venturini.

Saturday night Wolf-Ferrari's wonderfully melodious "The Jewels of the Madonna" will be sung, with Carolina White as Maliella, in which she made such a hit last season, and thirty-nine others in the cast.

Sunday Richard Wagner's consecrated play, "Parsifal," will be given in sumptuous style, the first act beginning at half-past four and concluding at six, and the second act starting at eight o'clock. The cast of "Parsifal" will include Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Otto Marak, Dufranne, Whitehill, Scott, De-

frere, Nicolay, Ruby Heyl, Beatrice Wheeler, Amy Evans, Helen Warrum, Mabel Riegelman, Rosa Raisa, Minnie Egner, and others.

The repertory for the second and last week will be entirely different, and seats for all performances may be obtained at the box-office of the Tivoli Opera House.

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REPERTOIRE FOR FIRST WEEK
Monday, March 16, at 8 "RIGOLETTO";
Tuesday, at 8, "AIDA"; Wednesday, at 2, "LA BOHEME"; Wednesday, at 8, "LOUISE";
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Popular return of the POLLARD OPERA COMPANY in a superb version of "THE MIKADO"; LORA, or "THE GIRL IN THE PARROTT"; LEON ROGEE, "the man of 100 voices"; FRANK SMITH, "America's marvelous equilibrist"; ELLIOTT and MULLEN, "two colors of burnt cork"; ARSENIO TRIO, operatic vocalists; MME. REMI and MONS. CAMPANI.

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VANITY FAIR.

Miss Deborah Dyer, editor of the "Woman's Day" edition of the *Daily Californian*, the official organ of the students of the University of California, takes advantage of her editorial position to lament the decay of manners. The college man on the campus greets the girl student "with an abrupt nod." He touches his cap with one finger and says, "G'morning" or "H'lo."

Of course he does. Miss Dyer seems to be unaware that we have just entered the most glorious epoch of the human race. Having destroyed the tyranny of kings, we are about to destroy the tyranny of manners. Proclaiming the new evangel of sex equality, it would certainly be an anomaly to continue those observances that were based upon a recognition of feminine superiority. Moreover, is it not a fact that co-education was recommended to us expressly upon the ground that it would so familiarize the sexes with one another as to lead to that easy and fluid comradeship in which the facts of sex would be forgotten? Here, then, we have proof of the success of the co-educationist. The college man "greeted the girl student with an abrupt nod." But why does he touch his cap with one finger? Is it not strange how the old superstitions still linger? The girl student should of course be greeted with a slap on the back.

Frankly, our sympathy is with the man. Doubtless he wishes to do the right thing. His ambition is to be modern and up to date. And quite right, too. He wishes to govern himself by the latest ideas, to keep step with the march of progress. He has been told—and exclusively by women—that sex is a mere matter of externals, that it has its clearly defined physical functions like the gastric juice, and that it is entitled to exactly the same reverence as the duodenum or the spleen. Sex, say the feminists—although not in such guarded terms as these—is a purely physical phenomenon, and an accidental phenomenon at that. It is unrelated to consciousness or mind. Why, then, should we show deference or adopt a special manner toward a human being merely because of a difference that is entirely bodily? There are no special proprieties that must be exercised toward people with red hair, or freckles, or warts, or Roman noses, or blue eyes. Why, then, should we adopt a special manner because of those other fortuitous physical phenomena that are called sex?

Now it is not we who say these things or believe them. They make us sick, actually and physically sick. It is the women who say them. Personally we are so old-fashioned, so hopelessly out of date, so vacant to our glorious gains that we still feel a reverence for women, for all women, even though they have nothing but their womanhood to recommend them. Only last week a woman came to see us in order to tell us about the emancipation of her sex, and we were glad to hear about it. We bowed to her and offered her a chair and remained standing until she had taken it and apologized for the density of the tobacco smoke. She did not seem to resent these deferences. And after she had explained about the entire equality of the sexes and communicated her exact views on the white slave trade and sex hygiene with surprising pathological knowledge, we opened the door for her and accompanied her to the elevator, and then began sadly to wonder what she would have done if we had accepted her theories and put them at once into practice. What a surprised woman she would have been, and as for ourselves we should probably have been in jail in about four minutes.

The foregoing remarks are discursive. They come from an anguished and riven soul, a soul that is tortured by the eternal problem of what it is that women actually want. Do they want equality, or inequality, or both? Personally speaking, we can not give them equality. Really we can not. We are of the old régime. We are not young enough to be so rude.

A dispatch from Washington announces that society in the national capital has determined to disregard Lent. The pressure of social engagements is so great that merely religious engagements must perforce be pushed on one side, and in confirmation of this is the statement that the President and Mrs. Wilson will give several musicales before Easter.

Now our own observances of Lent can hardly be described as of the rigorous variety, and yet it seems almost a pity to disturb a custom that does at least call a truce to some of the sillinesses of the day. The social circus at Washington, with its eternal squabbles over precedence, is probably one of the vilest performances to be found now on the face of the globe. It is the cause of more heartburnings among silly people, of more jealousies and cravings than could be written down in a large book. Putting on one side whatever religious significances Lent may be supposed to possess, it comes nevertheless as a welcome relief, as a small oasis in the desert of vacuity. It is the practice

nowadays to dismiss such matters as "mere conventions," but conventions are usually found to contain some solid utility, although unfortunately we do not discover the utility until we have destroyed the convention. And it is mainly convention that saves us from barbarism.

SHOPPING.

A lady ambles to a store
To buy a spool of thread.
At first she looks at hats galore
Then carving knives and bread.

From there she travels to the aisle
Where davenport are kept.
And then she lingers for a while
Around the ribbon dept.

She looks at frying-pans and lace,
Inspects the latest books.
She prices lotions for the face
And linen goods and hooks.

And when she's canvassed all the joints,
And clerks are nearly dead,
She brings the matter to a point
And buys her spool of thread.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some time ago we extended our respectful sympathies to the cloth-makers, who found their business was seriously curtailed by the sudden tendency of women to dispense with clothing. And certainly it did seem hard upon the aforementioned cloth-makers. They had invested large capital in their trade on the reasonable understanding that women had always worn clothing of some sort and that they would go on doing so. And now it suddenly seemed as though that particular custom had come to an untimely end. There were loud wails and lamentations from the manufacturers, who began to demand some sort of a law to compel women to wear clothing.

But these things right themselves eventually. They always do, and in this instance the remedy has come through the tango. Now in dancing the tango it is essential that there be some sort of leeway to the skirt. We ourselves have watched the performance in the interests of science, and it was quite evident that the movements of the new dance were quite incompatible with the sheath effects so much favored in other days. And so we have a note of congratulation from the trade papers, who see the salvation of their industry. A sparkling and effervescent journal called *Fibre and Fabric* says: "For several years fashion has dictated reduced yardage in women's wear, and it is a source of satisfaction to learn that the 'tango' changes conditions. A woman can not safely stand the strain of this new dance in the close-fitting affairs that have been and are so popular. She must have more room to save buttons and seams, and the tango gowns are considerably fuller and have more trimmings and flouncings, all of which calls for increased yardage in the outfit."

In the death of Dr. Alphonse Bertillon France has lost the scientist who perfected, though he did not originate, the finger-print system of identification. Dr. Bertillon was one of the founders of the School of Anthropology in Paris and was professor there. From his earliest boyhood M. Bertillon heard the science of man in general discussed in his home and became an adept pupil. He studied medicine in connection with scientific work with his father, and was admitted to practice. It was in 1880 that M. Bertillon announced that he had perfected an infallible identification system, but there were many skeptics and the young man's idea was widely ridiculed. He persisted, however, in advocacy of the theory that he had worked out and three years later his system was accepted by the Paris police. Its value was soon recognized and the police of other countries took it up. The father of the development of the finger-print identification was Francis Galton, the English anthropologist, who asserted that the chance of two finger-prints being identical was less than one in 64,000,000,000. The honor of first using finger-prints for identification purposes belongs, however, to Sir William Herschel, who advanced the idea in Bengal in 1858, while holding a high office there. Later Sir William used finger-prints as sign manuals chiefly among the natives.

Recently the hundredth anniversary of the death of Antoine Augustin Parmentier, who introduced potatoes into France, was celebrated by the farmers of his native land. He was the apothecary of the Invalides, when, following the famine of 1769, the Academic de Besancon announced a prize for discovering a vegetable which could be used in time of famine. Parmentier won the prize with the indication of the nutritive starch of certain plants. The potato was then unknown in France. It had been brought from Peru, but was the object of warnings by doctors, who attributed to its use various fevers and even leprosy affections. Parmentier persuaded the government in 1778 to give him a farm for his experiments. From the first flowering of the plants he sent a bouquet to Louis XVI, which gave the vegetable its first popularity.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a fishing trip to a lake in Colorado, which he had in contemplation. "Trout bite well out there?" asked a friend. "Do they? Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

A traveling revivalist placed the following notice on the bulletin-board at a country schoolhouse on his arrival: "There will be preaching here the following Wednesday eve, Providence permitting, on the subject: 'He that believeth shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned' at 3:30 in the afternoon."

A physician who attended Fontenelle once found him drinking coffee. "My good sir," said this sage descendant of Galen, "I am astonished to see you swallowing the infusion of that pernicious berry—coffee is a slow poison!" "I think," said Fontenelle, "it must be slow; for I have drunk it with great perseverance for more than forty years."

During a battle an Irishman started forward with a rush. He was halted by his captain, a vain man, but brave as well. "Stand back," said the captain; "I mean to get the Victoria Cross." Just then a cannonball took his head off. Pat then turned to his comrades and said: "Are there any more av yez-wantin' a Victoria Cross?"

With a roar like a gigantic rocket the 100-horsepower motor-car tore down the deserted road. Joe and Mike turned to see it disappear in a cloud of dust. They suddenly came across the trail and held their noses. "Them motors must cost a heap of money," said Joe; "the rich is fairly burning money." "Ay, indeed," sniffed Mike, "and be the smell av it it must be that tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."

An American, something of a writer, sought local color while in Glasgow by haunting the docks. There he fell into conversation with a bargeman who consumed great quantities of liquor. "You drink a good bit of whisky, don't you?" asked the author. "Naething tae speak o'," said the other. "About how much a day?" "Oh, nae mair nor a quart." "Why," protested the American, "I couldn't drink that much water in a day." "An' I wadna dare try it," said the bargeman.

During a suffragette convention one of the delegates, whose physical attractions were noticeably deficient, entered a crowded street-car. The sour-looking man started to rise to offer her his seat, noticed her badge, and asked, testily, "You are one of these here equal-righters, aint you?" "I am, sir, and proud of it." "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, don't you?" "Yes, sir, I do," with emphasis. "Then stand up and enjoy them like a man," said the sour-looking individual, sitting down again.

An inquisitive fellow, devoid of delicacy, and reckless of rebuff, once questioned Alexandre Dumas rather closely about his genealogy. "You are a quadroom, Mr. Dumas?" said he. "I am," replied Dumas, wise enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "A negro," said Dumas, his patience nearly gone. But the fellow held on. "And your great-grandfather?" "An ape, sir," thundered Dumas; "an ape, sir! My pedigree commences where your own terminates."

They had been married just one year. That was why he risked losing his train by allowing her to fasten a bunch of violets on to his coat. But his foot tapped the floor impatiently, nevertheless, and he frowned as he wondered if his wife's kindly thought would cost him his cozy corner seat. "George," said his wife tremulously, "you don't love me as you used to!" "My darling heart of hearts," he exclaimed, desperately eyeing the clock, "what ever makes you say that?" "Because, George," she answered, "when we were first married it used to take you a whole hour just to say good-night, and now—"tears interrupted her words, and ran down her cheeks—"you can k-kiss me and catch your train all in four minutes!"

During an inspection of the shipyards at one time Sir John Fisher became separated from his official friends. He wandered about, and eventually came upon a workman gently hammering a piece of iron outside one of the workshops. "Are the lords of the admiralty about here?" asked Sir John. "No fear, matey," said the man, who did not know his rather carelessly dressed inquisitor. "I'm here doin' crow for 'em." "Crow! What's that?" "What, don't yer know? Inside this 'ere shed my mates is a-takin' of it easy."

When I sees some one that don't matter I knocks soft, like now. But when I sees old 'Jacky' Fisher I knocks like blazes, and when old 'Jacky' pokes his nose inside they're working like blazes, too. See? "Jacky" Fisher did see, and crowd-shooting was begun in the dockyard that day.

Following a brief acquaintance and a hurried courtship, Sam Hawkins and Eliza Cook, colored, on the eve of the wedding were indulging in those solemn self-confessions which such an occasion invites. "One thing Ah most foghot to tell yuh, honey," cooed Eliza. "Ise a somnambulist." Somewhere she had run across the word, liked it, carefully remembered it, and at last had an opportunity to bring it into use. "Don't woly 'bout that," replied Sam, with easy, chivalrous air, "ma fattheh wuz Mefodis, ma muttheh wuz Baptis', an' Ah'm—well fur's Ah'm conceined Ah'd jes' soon go to youah ch'uch as any otheh."

Many years ago, when western Ohio was but sparsely settled, it was a work of no small difficulty to get a jury together, especially as the inhabitants were notoriously disinclined to the pleasures of litigation. The court had been forced to adjourn many times from day to day, because the sheriff as often came in and reported an incomplete panel. Finally things came to a crisis. The judge fixed a day beyond which no further forbearance could be exercised; and when that day arrived the enthusiastic sheriff rushed into the courtroom and exclaimed, "It's all right, your honor. We'll have the jury by twelve o'clock. I've got eleven of them locked up in a barn, and we are running the twelfth with dogs."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Cheerful Thinker.

I'd love to pay the income tax,
I'd pay it with delight;
I'd pile the stuff in precious stacks—
I'd sit up half the night.
I'd try to be the first to pay—
I'd be it if I could;
And then I'd go my cheerful way—
At least, I think I would.

Of course, I'd want an income big,
So I could pay the more;
The deeper down I had to dig
The richer stream I'd pour.
If I had dividends in stacks,
With millions to the good,
How joyously I'd pay the tax—
At least, I think I would.

—London Opinion.

A Lament for Yale.

In days of yore Yale's football
Was very rough and crude.
They used to treat old Harvard
Like so much breakfast food;
And rolling down to Mory's
The sweated seniors came,
Roaring with booze and vict'ry
After the Harvard game.

But now the sons of Eli
Are gentle and refined,
When Harvard makes a touchdown
They try hard not to mind.
When stepped upon by Colgate
Yale students never swear,
Some go and plunge in Oolong,
Some go and do their hair.

I love such sweet refinement;
All rudeness I abhor;
I hope Yale wins the tatting
From Vassar and Bryn Mawr.
But when it comes to football
I think I'll save my pets,
Lest some coarse Harvard person
Should slap New Haven's pets.

—Chicago Tribune.

An Electric Sign.

O Sweetheart, thou art dear to me—
Ten thousand amperes dear!
Tbine eyes are incandescent lights,
So luminous and clear.
Thine amber locks electrify
Whene'er they brush my cheek.
Fair maid, pray give me but a sign
That I my love may speak.

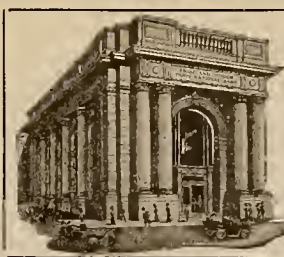
My arm about her waist I stole—
The circuit was complete.
And thus, by wireless means, I sought
My message to repeat.
She turned the current of her thoughts
On me without ado.
No wonder when she gave the sign
It proved electric, too!

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

What's the Use.

She is skilled at calisthenics,
She's an expert in eugenics,
She has studied music, medicine, and law;
She can dance the tango lightly,
And her conversation's sprightly,
But she fails to sparkle brightly
When she's needed in the kitchen to assist her
weary ma.

She's a fairly good soprano,
She can thump the grand piano,
She can run a seven-passenger machine;
She has learned a lot of Latin,
She has hands as soft as satin,
And she shuns the foods that fatten,
But her nose is red and snubby and her eyes are
small and green. —Chicago Record-Herald.



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Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Major Philip Wales, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wales announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Geraldine Forbis, to Captain James Howell, U. S. N. Captain Howell is the son of Colonel Daniel Lane Howell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Howell. The wedding will take place some time during the summer at the residence in Menlo of Miss Forbis's parents.

The wedding of Miss Helen Nicol and Ensign Joseph Leroy Neilson, U. S. N., took place Thursday afternoon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Berkeley. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Frank D. Nicol, formerly of Stockton, and a sister of Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith of this city.

From New York comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Charlotte Land and Mr. Henry Parmlee of New Haven, which took place Saturday, March 7. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Caroline Land. Mr. and Mrs. Parmlee will reside in New York.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Landers and Mr. John Speyer took place Monday afternoon in the garden of the Swedenborgian Church. Miss Lulette Mauvais was the bride's only attendant. Mr. William N. Gray, Jr., was Mr. Speyer's best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Philip Mills and Carleton Gray.

The wedding of Miss Enid Gregg and Mr. Stuart Haldorn took place Monday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church. It was a very quiet affair, only the members of the two families having been present. Upon the return from their wedding trip in Monterey Mr. and Mrs. Haldorn will reside on Jones Street, where they have taken an apartment.

Mrs. Harry Meek has issued invitations to a luncheon Wednesday, March 18, at her home in Haywards in honor of Mrs. August Schilling, who will leave soon for Europe.

Miss Alice Miller and Miss Elsie Smith entertained a number of friends at an informal dance Monday evening at the Welsley studio on Clay Street.

Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller gave a dinner Thursday evening to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Ada Clement was hostess at a matinee musicale Sunday afternoon at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Ethel Cooper entertained several friends at a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon at her home on Gough Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Arthur Alexander of Santa Barbara, who is visiting Mrs. James A. Robinson at her home in Woodside.

Miss Ruth Winslow was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Dora Winn, whose engagement to Dr. Lovell Langstroth has recently been announced.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler was the guest of honor Monday at a luncheon given by Mr. John Rothschild at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. J. W. Wright entertained a number of friends recently at an informal luncheon and bridge party at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Edith Young was hostess at a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Hemmick of Washington, D. C., were the complimented guests at a dinner Tuesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas entertained a number of guests at tea Tuesday afternoon at the

Hotel St. Francis following a visit to the art gallery where Mr. McComas's paintings have been on exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kohnneck of Hamburg.

Mrs. Charles Fee was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday, when she entertained a dozen guests informally.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon Thursday, when she entertained a dozen friends.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, March 17, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Lowe of Raymond, Washington, was the guest of honor at a luncheon Monday, given by Miss Johanna Volkman at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris gave a dinner recently in honor of Mrs. Everett Ames of Portland, who is spending a few weeks in this city.

Mrs. George Wheaton was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. M. P. Jones entertained a number of friends at a bridge luncheon Thursday at the Francisco Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson gave a luncheon at their home in Burlingame Sunday, when a dozen friends motored down from town to partake of their hospitality.

Mrs. Winston H. Ohear gave a children's party Saturday afternoon, when she entertained sixteen friends of her little daughter, Miss Nancy Ohear, at luncheon and the matinee.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Friedlander entertained a coterie of congenial friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of friends at dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame complimentary to Lord Athumley of London, who was the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

Miss Cora Jane Flood gave a luncheon Monday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Joseph Musto was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home on Scott Street.

Miss Fernanda Pratt was the complimented guest at a dinner Tuesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Charles Farnsworth entertained a large number of friends at a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Edward K. Massee. Mrs. Massee sailed Thursday on the *Mongolia* for Honolulu to join her husband, Colonel Massee, U. S. A., who is judge-advocate of the United States Army.

Captain Laurence Brown, U. S. A., was host at dinner Wednesday evening at his home at Fort Scott.

Major William Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett gave an elaborate dinner Thursday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening in honor of General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray, who left a few days later for Southern California on an annual tour of inspection of the various posts along the Coast.

Mrs. Henry Bonycastle was hostess at an informal bridge-tee Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Captain Louis Chapple, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chapple entertained a number of friends at dinner recently at their home at Fort Miley in honor of their house guests, Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoodie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoodie.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Frank S. Hicks has returned to his home in Los Angeles after a few days' visit. Mr. Hicks was called by the death of his niece, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their little daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, have gone to Santa Barbara to spend the summer.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her children have returned from a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl left Monday for Monterey, where they will remain several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins are at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara and will go to Coronado before returning to Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson and their little son will spend the summer in Santa Cruz with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford arrived last week from their ranch near Playte and left Monday for New York. They were accompanied by Mrs. Rutherford's mother, Mrs. Sidney M. Smythe, of New York.

Mrs. M. H. de Young is recovering from a severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holden and their children have arrived from Bennington, Vermont, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman at their home on California Street. Mrs. Holden was formerly Miss Frances Coleman.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clark and her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Porter, have been spending the past week in the Grand Cañon.

The Misses Corenna De Pue and Ruth Zeile have returned from a week's visit on the De Pue ranch in Yolo County.

Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., and Mrs. Reginald Vanderhilt are expected to arrive today from New York and will make a brief visit at the Fairmont Hotel. They have recently been in Florida.

Miss Florence Foley of Chicago has been spending the past week with Miss Margaret Carrigan. Miss Foley is a sister of Mrs. Joseph Carrigan.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick is recovering from an operation recently performed at the Florence Ward Hospital.

Miss Ruth Winslow has returned from an extended visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Arthur Alexander has recently been the guest of Mrs. James A. Robinson at her home in Woodside.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois are contemplating a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, Miss Elva Schilling, and Miss Beatrice Simpson will leave the end of this month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Dwyer and their daughter arrived last week from New York and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Dwyer was formerly Miss Maud Miller, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton and Mrs. Norton sailed Thursday on the *Mongolia* for a visit to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharp are established in their new home, which they recently bought of Mrs. Sheldon Kellogg, who, with her children, is residing in Berkeley.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, are visiting Mrs. Frank Denny and Miss Esther Denny in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Stewart Van Vliet has gone to Portland to establish himself in business. Mr. Van Vliet is the son of Colonel Robert Van Vliet, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Vliet.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper and their family will spend the summer in their cottage in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Miss Lillian Whitney is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and her son, Mr. Ryland Wallace, are enjoying a motor trip in Southern California.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Marion Crocker, Mrs. J. B. Wright, and Miss Laura Baldwin have returned to Cairo from a trip up the Nile and will spend the next two weeks in the desert.

Dr. Florence Ward and her daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Jean Ward, will sail in May for Europe. Dr. Ward will place her daughters in school in Switzerland before returning home in September.

Mrs. Wehll Ballard left last week for her future home in Somers, Montana, where she has joined her husband after a two months' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin will spend the summer in Menlo Park, where they have rented a cottage for the season.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels has returned to New York after having spent the winter with Mrs. Spreckels at their villa on the Mediterranean. Mr. Spreckels is expected to arrive next week from the East for a brief visit.

Mrs. Daniel Perkins of Berkeley is very ill at the St. Francis Hospital, where she is receiving many solicitous attentions from her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have returned from a week's visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King have returned to their home in Calaveras County after an extended visit with Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libbey King.

Mrs. John T. Piggott recently came down from Sacramento for a brief visit with her aunt, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green have returned from a month's visit in Honolulu.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie, Mrs. Brodie, and the latter's son, Mr. Austin Tubbs, arrived Thursday, March 5, in Honolulu, where they spent a week en route to the Orient, continuing their journey on the *Mongolia*, which arrived at the islands Wednesday.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., has gone south on his annual tour of inspection of the various posts along the Coast. He was accompanied by Mrs. Murray.

Mrs. Cecil Marrack has bought a home in Berkeley, where she will reside in the future. Her parents, Colonel Lea Fehiger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fehiger, will make their home with her upon the retirement of Colonel Fehiger.

Major-General T. H. Barry, U. S. A., the new commanding general of the Department of the Philippines, sailed on the *Thomas* and was accompanied by his wife. Major-General W. H. Carter, U. S. A., who has been appointed commander of the Department of Hawaii, was a passenger on the same transport.

Colonel George S. Young, U. S. A., of Vancouver Barracks, has arrived in this city for a month's visit.

Captain J. R. Ramsey, U. S. A., spent a few days in town en route from Texas City to the Presidio, Monterey.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray have given up their home at Fort Mason and are residing at the Hotel Stewart.

The home in Portland of Mr. and Mrs. James Towne has been brightened by the advent of a son, born Friday morning. Mrs. Towne, who was formerly Miss Marie Bullard, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bullard of this city.

The home in Portland of Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Hall, who was formerly Miss Mildred Baldwin, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin of this city.

In honor of Roger Bacon, scholar and scientist, the seven hundredth anniversary of whose birth will be celebrated in England next June, a statue will be unveiled at Oxford. Among other things, Bacon was the pioneer of experimental science, and in 1270 he had foreseen the possibility of many of the machines and appliances now in daily use. One of the most famous passages from Bacon's works, which won attention even in his day, was discovered in a pamphlet entitled "De Secretis Naturae." Here he predicted "instruments of navigation without men to rowe in them; chariots shall move with unspeakable force without any animals to draw them; there may also be instruments for flying so made that a man may sit in the middle, and turn a device by which artificial wings shall beat ayre after the manner of a flying bird. By art also an instrument may be made wherewith a man may walke in the bottome of the sea or rivers without bodily danger."

The Study of Languages.

Professor De Filippis has permanently located his languages studio in his commodious residence, 1712 Bush Street. The professor's well-known ability in the difficult art of imparting instruction and the rapid progress of his pupils insure that gentleman prosperity in his undertaking.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Bassett Moore, who has resigned as counselor of the State Department, will for the present continue his work for the Carnegie Institute. Later he will resume his connection with Columbia University. He is an authority on international law.

The Right Honorable Herbert John Gladstone, governor-general of the Union of South Africa since 1909, is to retire from his position in June. He was secretary of state for home affairs, 1905-9, and was also a member of Parliament for twenty-nine years, beginning in 1880. He is president of the National Physical Recreation Society, and has been given to most outdoor sports.

Mrs. Richard P. Bland, who has been appointed assistant internal revenue collector in Denver, is the widow of the late Congressman Bland, who would have been nominated for President on the Democratic ticket in 1896 but for the "Cross of Gold" speech of W. J. Bryan. Mrs. Bland was appointed by President Wilson and is the first woman in the United States to hold such an office.

Henry D. Clayton, the Alabama congressman who will be the legislative spokesman in the passage of the administration's anti-trust laws, was born in Barbour County, Alabama, in 1857. He began the practice of law at Clayton in 1878, was register in chancery, and a member of the state general assembly. Then followed a term as United States district attorney for the middle district of his state, and since 1897 he has been in Congress.

Professor Karl Florenz, after spending a quarter of a century in Japan, is returning to Germany. He has long been connected with the Imperial University, and is one of the recognized authorities on Japan, having written extensively on religious and dramatic subjects. He was created a doctor in Japanese literature fifteen years ago. It is probable on his return home that Dr. Florenz will be appointed professor of the Japanese language in one of the universities.

Dr. Douglas Mawson, explorer, has returned to New Zealand from the Antarctic on the *Aurora*, announcing that the expedition discovered by dredging that there were rich deposits of coal and copper in the region visited. His party obtained extraordinary fish and sea animals at a depth of two miles. The original expedition under Dr. Mawson left Hobart, Tasmania, December 2, 1911. Its principal object was to explore and survey the Antarctic coast line.

Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje, who has come to this country partly as a university lecturer, is professor of Arabic at the University of Leiden, Holland. As a scholar he determined to delve into the secrets of Arabic learning and mysticism, and disguised as an Arabic teacher he spent six months in the city of Mecca, sacred to Islam, and succeeded, at risk of life, in learning the secrets of the religion of the Moslem and acquiring knowledge kept hidden from the outside world.

Mrs. von Bauditz, Denmark's only woman sea captain, now commanding a vessel running between Russia and England, claims to be the only real feminine master mariner in the world. Mrs. von Bauditz, who is the wife of a physician, was for a long time interested in yachting as a sport and after passing an examination for a master's license she took up the sea as a profession. So adept did she prove herself that a shipping company soon gave her command of one of its largest steamships.

Launching of the "Britannic."

The largest steamer ever constructed in a British yard, the *Britannic*, the White Star Line's 50,000-ton triple-screw liner, has just been launched at Belfast. Not only does the heavily riveted double-bottom extend the entire length of the steamer, but the massive beams and close framing of the outer hull are supplemented by a heavy steel plating forming an inner hull, such as was placed first upon the *Olympic*. The watertight bulkheads with their electrically controlled doors are carried all the way up to the bridge deck, nearly sixty feet above the water line, and the utmost care has been exercised to make them especially strong, so that with these and sev-

eral other precautions against serious damage, the builders have confidence that the *Britannic* will be able to float even though any six of her compartments should be flooded. An innovation in marine safety appliances is the newly patented boat-lowering gear. On the *Britannic's* bridge deck six pairs of huge steel derricks are provided to lower the motor-lifeboats and other life-saving equipment. Driven by independent dynamos on the bridge deck, these cranes are capable of taking a lifeboat from any part of the vessel and putting it over the side into the water with the utmost safety and precision, no matter if the ship be badly listed. The ship is 900 feet long. It is destined for the Southampton-Cherbourg-New York service of the White Star Line.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Favorite.

Cried Man, grown bold:
"Though my days be as grass
As a tale that is told,
As sands in the glass—
Still—the bridges I build
And the fields I have tilled!
And my servants, the air,
The fire, and the flood!"
And an oath he swore,
"By the holy rood,
My work it is good!"

But the Father smiled,
"Be still, my child!"

Roared the Sea in his might,
"This hoaster to chide,
Lord, shall I smite
The fool in his pride?"
And the leashed Winds bayed,
"Give us leave," they prayed,
"To humble this clay!"
And the fawning Fire hissed
In his lurid play
At the feet he kissed,
"Bid me burn as I list!"

Bade the Master: "Nay!
Peace, slaves! Obey!"
—Anna Glen Stoddard, in the Century Magazine.

A City Man Afield.

It's not the pipes o' Pan I sing
Adown beside the river;
With sylvan music hovering,
Its heartfelt sorrow uttering,
Its dying notes a-fluttering,
The pipes o' Pan.

I'm just a city chap at play,
Adown beside the river;
A lazy, hazy, mazy day—
For music, just the lark or jay;
For company, what better, say,
Than pipe o' man?
—Frank Hurburt O'Hara, in Puck.

Orfeo.

"Teach me to kiss the Dorian flute,
The Dorian pipe to blow;
I with my own breath would salute
Great Pan before I go;
And may the genius of the place
Adopt me in the shepherd race!"

So, perched on Monte Venera,
I played a little goat-skin boy
To leave his herd and sit by me,
And teach me all the shepherd's joy.
"What is your name?" to him I said:
"Orfeo," blithe reply he made.

I took the flute, I took the pipe,
No reed would to my breath respond,
He laughed to see me blow, and wipe
My lips, the pretty vagabond;
Still Nature's child, the notes I snatch,
Was victor in that singing match.

But I was paid when, as behooved,
I threw into his shaggy lap
The gifts by ancient time approved,
My London scarf and Naples cap;
And as of old, the happy boy
Leapt high, and clapped his hands for joy.
—From "Collected Poems," by George Edward Woodberry.

More than 100,000 members of the Salvation Army from forty-six countries will assemble in San Francisco between August 15 and 22, 1915, for the convention of the International Salvation Army.

There will be no Sunday night performances during the Henrietta Crossman engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The funeral of the late William Walter Naughton took place on Thursday morning from St. Mary's Cathedral. Decedent, for many years one of the best-known newspaper men in this country and long sporting editor of the *Examiner*, passed away last Tuesday, following an attack of heart trouble. He was a native of New Zealand and came to this city in 1886. At the time of his death he was president of the Press Club and was also a director of the Family Club.

Mary Olmstead Stanton passed away on March 6 at Masonic Home, Decoto, where she had lived for several years. The remains were cremated at Mountain View. Decedent was the wife of A. P. Stanton, who was well known in the earlier life of the press of the state, and prior to retiring to private life was business manager of the *Argonaut* for many years. He is now living at Decoto.

A new and attractive addition to the Museum of Anthropology at the Affiliated Colleges is the "Asia room," which was opened to the public last Sunday. The new exhibit shows specimens collected all the way from the Holy Land to China and Japan.

Albert J. Le Breton, brother of the late Edward J. Le Breton, and well known at the bar and in society in San Francisco, died suddenly on March 3 on the island of Capri, near Naples, where with his wife and daughter, Marguerite, he was sojourning in the course of a tour around the world. Apoplexy was the cause of death. A. J. Le Breton was born in San Francisco a little more than sixty-three years ago. For some years he practiced law, finally retiring to devote himself to his children. He was long president of the California Camera Club. The remains are now on their way to this city, where the interment will take place.

The revised rates of the Wells Fargo Express Company as fixed by the railroad commission will go into effect tomorrow and will affect millions of dollars' worth of business in California. The new rates are materially lower than those now in effect, the cut in some instances being more than fifty per cent. The industry most affected is the dairy business, the value of the output of which in 1913 was \$32,000,000.

The funeral of the late pioneer Theodore B. Ross took place on Tuesday. He died at St. Luke's Hospital Sunday, aged ninety-six years. Theodore B. Ross came round Cape Horn to San Francisco on a sailing vessel in 1847. Later he built and managed McGuire's Opera House, in which were presented the leading players and stars of that era. With the formation of the Vigilantes in 1856 Ross came into the limelight as a leader, and for several decades following he officiated in various executive positions in the Democratic party. He retired in 1895.

J. C. Kortick, a member of the playground commission, has been appointed to the board of supervisors, filling the vacancy created when George E. Gallagher resigned to become president of the board of education.

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The New Cafe, containing the celebrated Herter mural paintings, is now open every evening as an after-the-theatre Supper Room.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I beg your pardon, sir—" "Granted; but it's no use begging for anything else!"—*Glasgow Record.*

Jack—I was just admiring Mabel's hair. How pretty it is! Mabel's Rival—Oh, she has some prettier than that.—*New York Globe.*

Mrs. Thompson—My husband is seriously ill. He's having a consultation now. Landress—Poor man. Do it hurt him bad?—*Life.*

"What is a gusher in an oil field?" "The man who writes the prospectus," replied he who had been stung.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"There's one thing I will say for my first two husbands." "What's that?" "They always paid their alimony promptly."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Teacher—Benny, can you tell me what a prophet is? Benny—Buying something for a dime and selling it for a quarter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How are modern young women on the skirt question?" asked the ancient shade. "Divided!" bawled the young potential spirit, informatively.—*Judge.*

"You are a relation of the Richleighs, aren't you?" "Yes, a distant relation." "How distant?" "Well, as distant as they can keep me."—*Toledo Blade.*

"Will you have anything on your face, sir, when I am through?" asked the barber. "That depends on whether your razor slips or not," said the victim in the chair.—*Dallas News.*

Consumer—Do you call these pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste, sir? Consumer—No! Waiter (querulously)—Then what does it matter what they're called?—*Punch.*

"You can't fool all the people all the time," announced the investigator. "I know it," replied the trust magnate. "There is plenty of profit in fooling half of them half the time."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"John, it was very sweet of you to hold my hand all through the moving-picture show. You haven't done that for several years." "But I didn't hold your hand." "Then who did?"—*New York Sun.*

"I'll bet you a dollar you don't remember me," exclaimed the seedy-looking stranger, as he extended his hand. "You win," replied the business man. "Here's your dollar. Beat it."—*Kansas City Journal.*

English Guide (showing places of interest)—It was in this very room, sir, that Wellington received his first commission. American Tourist—Indeed! And how much commission did he get?—*Boston Transcript.*

"What would you do when first employed to bring an action?" asked an examiner of a young candidate for the legal profession. "Ask for a retaining fee," was the prompt reply. He passed.—*Livingston Lance.*

"You go to hear music that you don't understand?" "Yes," admitted Mr. Cumrox. "And pay good money for it?" "Well, I pay good money for an income tax that I don't understand, either."—*Washington Star.*

"Very well," she said, "if you are afraid to ask father for me we will consider our engagement at an end." "Thank you," he replied. "I was afraid you might be disagreeable about it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"The jury," sobbed the author, "decided that my book is not immoral!" "Never mind," said his wife, "perhaps you can make it a little more startling in play form and turn it into a success that way."—*New York Press.*

Visitor—What is the matter with that wildly raging man in a strait-jacket over there? Keeper—He got that way trying to understand the income-tax law. Visitor—And what delusion can the man have who seems to be always smiling? Keeper—He imagines he does understand it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Doctor—What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed. Patient—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed. Doctor (with dignity)—Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"I'm going to give you back our engagement ring," she said. "I love another." "Will you give me his name and address?" he inquired as he took the ring. "His address!" she exclaimed in surprise. "What are you going to do? Kill him?" "No, indeed," was the reply. "I want to sell him this ring."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Not a Fair Deal.

The government is not dealing fairly or even decently with the star route mail contractors. When the existing contracts were entered into the government was engaged only in transporting the mails, which in most cases amounted to merely a few bags of letters and papers. But with the new parcels post the government has gone into general transportation and it is accepting business at rates far less than those commercially charged for freights. The star route contractors find themselves overwhelmed with a kind and a volume of business not contemplated when their contracts were made and which they can not afford to do upon the prescribed terms. All over the country the contractors are losing heavily, while to protect their bondsmen they must live up to their contracts as best they may. We say they must protect their bondsmen, since technically the latter are liable in case of default on the part of the contractors. The government is in effect perpetrating a swindle in that it is enforcing upon a class of contractors who have no means of evading technical obligations a duty which was not in contemplation when the engagements were made. We venture the risk of misapprehension in adding that the government

is likewise doing a great wrong to the express companies. The express business is done on a commercial basis and must be done on this basis; whereas the parcels post service is for the present being carried on at rates to the government very much below any reasonable basis. It is discreditable, even shameful, that the government should thus burden one class of citizens with onerous duties under a misconception of conditions, and another class of citizens by imposing upon them an illegitimate and unfair competition.

A Bill of Class Exemption.

The precise terms of the congressional bill intended to exempt labor unions from the operations of Federal law are now before the country, if indeed anything can be said to be before the country that the daily newspapers (for reasons sufficient at least unto themselves) have apparently agreed to ignore. The bill has been introduced by Senator Bacon and by Representative Bartlett and it is entitled "A bill to make lawful certain agreements between employees and laborers engaged in agriculture or horticulture and to limit the issuing of injunctions in certain cases and for other purposes." This bill contains four clauses, and their vital importance is so great as to justify their citation in full. Here they are:

First. That it shall not be unlawful for persons employed or seeking employment to enter into any arrangements, agreements, or combinations with the view of lessening the hours of labor, or of increasing their wages, or of bettering their condition; nor shall any arrangements, agreements, or combinations be unlawful among persons engaged in horticulture or agriculture when made with the view of enhancing the price of agricultural or horticultural products.

Second. No Federal judge or court may issue any injunction in any labor dispute or with respect to any agreement or combination to fix the prices of agricultural products unless to prevent irreparable injury to property or a property right of the person making the application for which there is no adequate remedy at law.

Third. That this prohibition is modified by providing that for the purpose of the act certain fundamental rights of property shall not be considered such under certain circumstances, that is, the right to employ or be employed, or to change these relations and assume new relations of employer and employee, or to carry on business with any person in any place, or to earn one's living as an employee, shall be personal and not property rights; and,

Fourth. That persons at work or seeking work shall neither be indicted, prosecuted, or tried in any Federal court for entering into any kind of an agreement or combination to better their working conditions or for enhancing the price of agricultural products unless any act which they do in pursuance of their combinations or agreements would be in itself unlawful.

It will be observed that the sweep of this measure is far wider than was at first supposed. Not content with the practical abolition of the Sherman Act in favor of a new and exclusive aristocracy, this bill exempts the said aristocracy from the operations of Federal law of every sort and kind. That the proposal is a monstrous one is, unfortunately, no guarantee of its defeat. Nor is it a guarantee that the President will not sign it as promptly as he signed its predecessor, the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill which established the general principle of class exemption.

The predictions of the *Argonaut* upon that occasion may now be remembered. They were to the effect that the Appropriation bill would be followed by another bill definitely and finally removing labor unions from the liabilities that apply to every other class in the community. The prediction is now fulfilled. Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor have issued their further orders to the President and the Congress of the United States.

The Drift of Parties.

There has long been in the party life of the United States a departure from the principles affecting party life in other countries. In every European country the party of property and business has been the party of

conservatism. The established element—established in the sense of having a firm hold upon the conditions of material advantage, and of control of government—stands everywhere under many names and forms as a conservative force. But with us since the Civil War the party of progress has been likewise the party of property. The conditions of a relatively new and rapidly expanding country explain the anomaly.

But conditions are changing. The traditionally conservative party is now in control of the government and it sees its advantage in policies which must make the old line Democrats turn in their graves. Your Democrat, long a rock-ribbed conservative, is now reaching out along radical lines. Being in possession of the government, he seeks to use his power to his own advantage. One, perhaps the most characteristic, purpose of the new régime is pursuit of the fixed wealth of the country. For example, note the income tax, the movement against big business, the sustained assault upon the railroads, etc. Further note the eager desire of the long-thwarted Democrat for the favors of government as they may be exercised in the several states and congressional districts, in the getting of public buildings, in liberal appropriations for rivers and harbors, etc. Nobody is readier than a Democrat, especially a Southern Democrat, to throw over tradition and theory in return for material advantage. In truth, Democracy has turned a somersault; and the party organization which was formerly its vehicle of protest is now the instrument of its newly acquired aggressive spirit.

By the same token the Republican party, long distinguished by its tendency to progress, now abandoned by its more aggressive and advanced spirits, is being driven into a new attitude. It is in the way of becoming the party of conservative ideas and motives. Now as in recent times the Republican party is the party of property and of established position in business. Pretty much all the great bankers, the great railroad men, the great manufacturers, the men of big business and of large affairs, are Republicans. A protest which began in Roosevelt's time against certain activities of government now seeks to enforce itself through the Republican party. In other words, in the United States as everywhere else in the world the property class is turning conservative, and it naturally seeks to use the party of its affiliation as the champion of its ideas, motives, purposes.

By all odds the foremost Republican in the country is our late President, Mr. Taft. He is now nominally a teacher attached to a great college. But beyond and above this nominal occupation he stands forth as the defender of the constitution—as the champion of the doctrine of checks and balances, with division of authorities of government into the three coördinate branches. Mr. Taft is opposed to headlong and reckless encroachment, not only upon the constitution, but upon the powers of the individual states. It is inevitable that representative as it is broadly of the property and business of the country, led and inspired as it is by the energy and prestige of Mr. Taft, the Republican party must become the party of a defined and earnest conservatism.

Circumstances are promoting this drift. The income tax is already making multitudes for the first time count the cost of government. Indirect Federal taxation has long kept the public blind to this important consideration. But now for the first time the burden of taxation is felt, and by an element whose personal and business influence is large. Furthermore the income-tax law as it stands is only a beginning. Already it is seen that it will not produce the amount expected from it and that the machinery for its collection is costly out of all proportion to the returns. The falling off of revenue under the new tariff will be compensated by the income returns; and the

of government, despite campaign promises, goes forward by leaps and bounds. Very soon the treasury will be in straits. It will have to have more money; and those who are responsible for the public finances are already beginning to figure upon ways and means of replenishing the public coffers. It is inside information that it is the intention to reduce the exemption of incomes from \$3000 to a much lower figure, probably \$1000, as soon as the law gets into working order. This will prodigiously widen the public consciousness which direct taxation invariably and inevitably develops.

In the ultimate adjustment of parties it appears certain that the Republican party must become, not as hitherto the party of a hot-footed progressivism, but rather the party of conservatism—the party to stand in defense of the constitution, of the reserved rights of the states as against the movement for national aggrandizement, a defender of the rights of property and of the equities of business regarded as property.

It is scarcely necessary to add that these changes will call for sharp readjustments. If the Republican party is to be the party of conservatism—and most certainly all the signs point that way—then its leadership must reflect the conservative spirit. And the conservative spirit is by no means the stand-pat spirit. Your stand-patter is doggedly selfish, immovably stubborn, fixed in the rut of party tradition and habit. Your conservative may be a man of the most liberal spirit, he may be devoted to the most generous standards of social justice, while at the same time a staunch defender of our constitutional system and of rights under it. To illustrate, there is perhaps today no man who better exemplifies the spirit of political progress than Senator Borah of Idaho, who is nevertheless a staunch upholder of our fundamental system. Here—and Mr. Borah is only one among many, in whom we may include Governor Hadley, Senator Cummins, Judge Hughes, and others—is a type of man who comprehends by the breadth of his understanding and the sympathy of his social ideas, the value of a stable conservatism with that of a guarded as distinguished from a reckless progress.

It is urged that the Republican party has not yet found new leaders. The reason is that the Republican party is in flux. It has not yet found itself. In losing the element of which Mr. Roosevelt is a natural leader, it has undergone a distinct change. We say undergone, but the word overstates the case since the change is still in progress. When the party comes as it must soon to an understanding of itself and to a definite readjustment of its purposes there will be no lack of leaders. It contains the foremost men in the foremost activities of the country. If we look into the spheres of politics, finance, business, or what-not, we find that in each the leading men are Republicans. It is ridiculous to assume that a party thus strong in those high capabilities which administer the general affairs of the country will lack the talent and the force required for leadership.

Apprentices and Unions.

At the present time there is an agitation throughout America, and a very proper agitation, for vocational schools. We are told that boys ought to be taught some trade by which they may presently earn their living, and incidentally we hear a good deal about the nobility of manual labor and the ethical advantages of craftsmanship. It is all very good and very true, but at the same time it is an example of the fatal tendency of the day to wax enthusiastic over the theories and to ignore the facts. For of what advantage is it to teach boys to work with their hands while the labor unions of the country are cemented into an unholy combination to prevent those boys from following the trades that they have learned.

That is actually the situation, and a shameful situation it is. The fact is newly brought to the attention of the public by an editorial in the *New York World*, a newspaper that is democratic in every sense of the word and with a strong predilection in favor of labor in all its forms. The restriction in the number of apprentices is bad enough in all conscience, since it excludes from skilled occupations all but a small number of favored boys and leaves the vast majority in a position as nearly hopeless as it can be and with nothing but unskilled labor and hoboism ahead of them. But it is not the worst part of a thoroughly bad business. The boys who are admitted are charged fees on the basis of "all that the traffic will bear," a peculiarly mean form of their intended to discourage applicants and to fill the coffers of the unions. And the boys who

have been trained in these vocational schools about which we hear so much are allowed to reap no advantage whatever from such training. No matter how well the boy has been taught he is debarred from working unless he belongs to the union, and if he is lucky enough to be admitted by the union—at best a slim chance—he must pass through all the apprenticeship stages as though he had learned nothing at all. And even as an accepted apprentice he will be allowed to learn nothing that can be kept from him.

Now these things are facts. They exist to a greater or lesser extent in every city of America. They are known to exist, but they belong to a class of evils that a reptile press and reptile legislatures do not dare to mention. It is so much cheaper and easier to rave about white slavery, and mothers' pensions and a dozen other quackeries and impostures of the kind. It is safer to wave the flag of a bastard dollar patriotism. But in the presence of such a devil fish as this sailing the economic seas with an impudent impunity there is nothing but obsequious silence and slavish acquiescence.

Of what value, then, is it to prate about industrial efficiency and the adequate training of youth to uphold the superiority of American manufactures? Of what avail is it to discuss the problems of unemployment and the deterioration of the rising generation? With the fact staring us in the face that the large majority of American boys are at best forced into professions where they must necessarily fail and at worst into the ranks of hoboism all such discussions and enthusiasms are perilously close to an ugly hypocrisy. We might as well gravely discuss whether a man with a broken head received his injury from a comet or from an iceberg while his assailant with a bludgeon in his hand is actually standing over him. But one thing is certain. So long as we continue to exhibit our present degrading apathy toward such an industrial crime as this we may as well surrender our claim even to the rudiments of civilization.

The Personality of President Wilson.

One year under the high light which beats upon the presidency has revealed certain curious facts respecting the personality of Woodrow Wilson. There is in the man an element of intense force. It is not the noisy masterfulness of Roosevelt. It does not declare itself in loud talk or in domineering acts. Roosevelt's vices of thought and act were many, but there was in them all a definite and attractive humanness. Mr. Wilson is gentle in manner, even soft-spoken, but those who have observed him closely get the impression of a certain ruthlessness of mind. Mr. Wilson is cocksure of himself. One who has observed him closely says: "The man is uncanny; he isn't quite human. He is the sort who would smilingly shove God Almighty off the throne and take over the job of running the universe himself, not that he has anything against God, only that he knows he could handle the job better." There is no element of self-distrust in the man; and if the truth be told, not much respect for the judgments or counsels of anybody else. And so, though he is uniformly courteous and with a formal graciousness of manner, he holds himself aloof. He confides in nobody and he has no close friends. It may be doubted that we have ever had in the higher public life of the country a man so detached, so essentially solitary.

Individually Mr. Wilson represents high notes of character. Instinctively we expect from him civilized and worthy attitudes of mind. Yet we discovered during the period of his candidacy that he had a capability not uncommon among men of purely abstract culture to compromise with himself. We now see that the man who abandoned conservative principles and became a radical to get the presidency is capable of sacrificing anything and anybody where his own interests are at stake. Mexico, fruitful of so many lessons, may illustrate the point. The President was advised wisely by an experienced ambassador long resident in the country that "If you do not recognize Huerta and give him moral support in establishing peace and order, intervention is inevitable." But Mr. Wilson thought he knew better. He would not listen to the truth. He trusted his own judgment against the counsels not merely of our own ambassador but of the ambassadors of other countries—against history, against precedent. Then the situation began to loom big and he undertook to save himself by destroying the ambassador who had advised him wisely. Suddenly he woke to the fact that he was committed to the policy of non-recognition of Huerta. To justify his course

towards the ambassador he has had to hold to that policy; and hold to it he does in spite of the fact that it is an obvious and lamentable failure. He thinks he is big enough and strong enough to get away with it.

To get back to the President's personality, it is in the gossip of Washington that not even the President's fine, sweet family is really close to him. It is a typical college professor's family, intellectually inspired if not really intellectual, high-minded, sentimentally intent upon the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is in other respects a typical college professor's family in that the first and most intent of its purposes is a certain guardianship of "papa." It is the kind of family which cheerfully abandons the best room in the house as a "study," maintains a guarded silence at the hours when the head of the house is at work or asleep, and in all respects subordinates itself to the genius who is doing or going to do great things. And as is inevitable under such conditions Mr. Wilson is a spoiled husband and a spoiled father. But he doesn't know it. He is not a grossly selfish man in his own family circle, but he does accept and exact a deal of coddling. In return he is appreciative and gracious and kindly, but it is the common opinion of the wiser ones at Washington that the President's family doesn't know what goes on inside his mind more than anybody else.

Official coddling has been added to domestic coddling. Mr. Wilson is not robust. He takes cold easily, and when the fever is on him he goes to bed. His physician is always with him. It is fair to say that he does not use the physician as did a distinguished predecessor whenever he wanted to take a drink. Mr. Wilson is not so cringeful toward public opinion as to get a physician's prescription every time he takes a stimulant. But he does require to be looked after. In truth there is need, for at the point of physical stamina he is not up to the strain of his job. To take care of himself he has to cut out a good many things. This was the secret of his abandonment of the traditional New Year's reception. At his first reception of the season he was worn out before the evening was over. Accordingly he secluded himself in one of the small rooms, had the windows in all the others thrown open, and quickly froze out the crowd. Again it was not wholly his lack of a sense of humor which kept him from the two Gridiron Club dinners this winter, functions which all other Presidents have found it discreet—and informing—to attend. Probably sheer physical disability to meet the strain of an occasion had as much to do with it as anything else.

Mr. Wilson is not a master of the arts of play. Like most men of the reserved type, he doesn't know how to relax. Social life is rather a tax upon than an aid to his vitality. About the only thing he does in the way of exercise is to play golf, and this he usually does in company with his physician. He goes to one of the less fashionable links several times a week weather permitting, always avoids the clubhouse, is polite but reserved to other players through whom he plays, and when once over the course gets into his motor-car and runs quickly home. His golf play has rather the appearance of penance than of pleasure or amusement.

The schoolmaster in Mr. Wilson is nowhere more apparent than in his dealings with the newspaper correspondents. Early in his official career he adopted the custom set by Roosevelt of receiving the correspondents *en masse* once a week with the idea of discussing things with them. Roosevelt did it to perfection. He remembered the men individually and at some time during his term found opportunity to do every leading man who was in the way of accepting it some personal favor. There was hardly a leading correspondent at Washington five years ago who hadn't a friend in a good clerkship or a son at West Point or a brother in the appointed list of junior officers in the army or navy. At these meetings with correspondents Mr. Roosevelt was stimulated by back talk. He was not always graciously receptive. He could be both vehement and resentful—and occasionally vulgar. Now with Wilson the correspondents are just a class to whom he is delivering a lecture. To ask him a question, to suggest another view, or in any way to disturb the flow of his discourse is to irritate him. Well-mannered man that he is, he can't comprehend himself in any other attitude than that of law-giver and master. The conferences are still maintained, but as with respect to the Mexican and some other mixed situations there has developed a questioning attitude on the part of his callers. Mr. Wilson has obviously found them a

bit irksome. He is too good a diplomat to be openly displeased, none the less it is the common opinion among the correspondents that he does not enjoy these weekly events.

In view of Mr. Wilson's state of health it is natural that there should be at Washington more or less quiet gossip as to his chances of life. Members of the cabinet it is well known have among themselves talked about it seriously. But the President at fifty-seven is past one critical stage of life and has not yet come into another, and everybody knows that your long, skinny semi-invalid has a fixed habit of disappointing the undertaker. At any rate, though he is compelled to save himself in a thousand ways, Mr. Wilson is in as good physical condition as when he took office.

Barring a certain unconscious and not unamiable selfishness, as illustrated in the incident of the President's reception above referred to when he literally froze out his guests, Mr. Wilson's social attitude is admirable. That of his family is more than admirable. The women of the Wilson household have the double grace of consideration and refinement. Mother and daughters alike are cordial and without a trace of patronage. But despite all this the administration is extremely unpopular in Washington. It isn't the resentment of Democratic simplicity on the part of the new officials, which many expected; for in truth there is nothing of it. Every blessed cabinet household, from the Bryans, up or down as you choose to reckon, has been bitten by the social bug; and not all of them by any means are established upon a grape-juice basis. Despite traditional Democratic limits upon social elaboration, cabinet hospitality has taken on a showy and, in instances, a rather misfit butterfly coloring. Perhaps the most tangible motive for the unpopularity of the new régime in Washington is the attitude of Congress towards District legislation. One Ben Johnson, who hails from Kansas, aided by young Henry George, the single-taxer, is making furious warfare on expenditures in the District. Johnson is chairman of the District committee and he is full of the notion that there has been a lot of graft in District administration. It suits Mr. Johnson's temperament to make the most of it all and to deliver frequent blasts upon District extravagance; and it helps Johnson's popularity in Kansas to pose as an economist. The District committee wants to change the taxing plan, making it include moneys and credits now exempt, and it wants to put the whole burden of maintaining the District on the local population, discarding the old rule by which property-owners pay half and the government half. These agitations, coupled with the installation of a bunch of dreamers and reformers as District commissioners, have played havoc with many things in Washington. The streets, once perfectly maintained, are neglected; the lighting, at one time a notable example in efficiency, is now poorly done—and these things have raised perdition with property values and with business. Business men complain that trade is at a lower ebb in Washington than at any time in twenty years. Property values have declined and real estate is a drug on the market. Investors are not putting their money in local property. Local Washington doesn't like a régime which means careless administration, dirty and sloppy streets, bad lights, and dull business.

Chamber of Commerce versus "Pete."

Mayor Rolph is doubtless congratulating himself on the complete vindication of the superintendent of streets and of the administration in general from the criticism of the Chamber of Commerce. Certainly it was a most notable triumph. Nothing more ideal could be imagined. The Chamber of Commerce had pointed out certain definite facts in connection with the work of the street cleaners, and it may be said that the facts were patent to any one under the necessity of using the streets during certain hours and who possessed the gift of eyesight or the sense of smell. Now any one unversed in the ways of Mayor Rolph would suppose that the question was quite a narrow one and to be disposed of by the ordinary rules of evidence and human intelligence. But the mayor knows a better way than that. Heaven forbid that he should be guilty of a descent into the realm of fact. In the first place the immaculate Pete was appointed to the superintendency of streets "on my recommendation," and therefore any suggestion of laxity or incompetence fell at once to the ground. That must have been apparent even to a supervisor. In the second place the Chamber of Commerce had based its report upon an actual and deliberate

observation of facts, and if there could be anything more reprehensible than a procedure thus at variance with all the accepted usages of municipal life we have yet to hear of it. It is hard to believe in such moral obliquity, but the Chamber of Commerce, dead to shame, had actually confessed that its agents "had been watching the street-sweepers from six o'clock in the evening until early morning." Probably the Chamber of Commerce had never imagined that they would be exposed in this way, but they had now to reckon with Mayor Rolph. What would become of official life in general if it were thus laid under public observation and if those in receipt of city pay were actually required to work. Nothing more subversive of our institutions could be conceived of. And so the note of indignation became apparent in the mayoral voice and the tear of indignation in the mayoral eye as he thus denounced a method fraught with such painful results to city officials and city workmen, to whom the idea of work had not before occurred. It was opposed to the whole principle of city government. It was subversive of precedent. It was a dangerous innovation that he himself would never countenance. "I hope," said the mayor, momentarily suppressing his emotions, "that the time will never come when I shall have to employ gumshoe men to watch poor street-sweepers at their toil." The mayor may make his mind easy. It never will. Precedent has already provided for those painful occasions that will sometimes arise when some sort of inquiry is demanded by public opinion. The correct procedure is to notify the incriminated persons that they will be under observation during certain specified hours. Much embarrassment is thereby avoided. But the mayor had kept his trump card until the end, and it took the trick and the rubber, too. Various interested citizens, presumably friends of Pete and the street-sweepers—possibly the street-sweepers themselves—having crowded into the room of the board of supervisors, the mayor asked for a scratch vote on the question of Pete's possession of all the municipal virtues. The aforesaid free and independent citizens said that Pete did actually possess all these virtues, not to speak of others unspecified. The City of San Francisco had spoken and the Chamber of Commerce, now thoroughly abashed, was relegated to that obscure sphere reserved for unsalaried persons and all other undesirable citizens who defy precedent by ascertaining facts.

Editorial Notes.

Certain good and great statesmen, of whom our friend Senator George Chamberlain of Oregon is a fair type, are mightily perturbed because in an impromptu speech the other day at London Ambassador Page let himself go with humorous intent. Mr. Page's remark to the effect that one of our dearest hopes in connection with the Big Ditch was that England would be chief profitter by it was not in fact very funny, possibly not very tactful, but it was obviously innocent. Plainly Mr. Page had no other purpose than to let loose a few prankful and conciliatory phrases. Now to take seriously this persiflage, a bit awkward though it may have been, is to give to an insignificant triviality a strained and absurd importance. Surely there ought to be something better for our grave men of state at Washington to do than to invent treasonable meanings and attach them to obviously playful remarks.

Vice-President Marshall celebrated his sixtieth birthday last Saturday with the publicity characteristic of those cheap dignitaries who confuse private with public interests. Which reminds us of Sam Blythe's remark in description of our respected Vice-President that "there's a Tom Marshall in every county seat in the United States."

With characteristic disregard of his individual and personal equation, Mr. Bryan is arranging to celebrate his fifty-fourth birthday by signing at one sitting new treaties with the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and Chile. The incident fits in precisely with the carefully arranged spectacle of Mr. Bryan receiving the diplomatic representatives of the world with a moving-picture apparatus carefully clicking off the films for illustration of the Secretary's Chautauqua lectures. Likewise it fits in perfectly with the Honorable Secretary's discourse to his guests at a diplomatic banquet upon the advantages and beauties of grape juice as a substitute for the more conventional beverages. Truly, these be times when a delicate taste presides over the comings, goings, and doings of our great men at the national capital.

THE SYMPHONY SEASON—1913-14.

Three years ago a union was arranged by a small group of enthusiasts between those who love music and those who love to help anything good, and therefrom resulted the Symphony Orchestra—a well-born, sturdy infant. And because by this time it is not rapidly approaching independent childhood, walking by itself, and getting away from persistent supervision is no cause for discouragement. Under the most unusual and favorable conditions growth is slow. It took a long time for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made possible by the backing of mind and millions of a Henry L. Higginson, to reach years of discretion. So it is not surprising that in so short a period our orchestra has not shed its swaddling clothes.

We have grown during the past season perceptibly. That process is often attended with pain, and it was not without a certain agony that we learned last year that what were intended to be popular concerts did not prove so, and were wisely eliminated.

Nothing pertaining to symphony concerts is more discussed pro and con than programme-making, and to do it successfully is a great art. The absence of established rule in the matter makes discussion fruitful and never-ending. It is a question of taste and nice feeling combined with delicate sensitiveness to proper contrast and poise. The general character of programme during the past season has been changed for the better. For example, Beethoven was represented four times instead of twice, Wagner ten times instead of five, and Hadley but once. The programmes were better balanced and in better proportion, though most of them were too long. The capacity to absorb music is limited, and symptoms of fatigue or restlessness are indicative of musical indigestion just as significant as are the more familiar ones accompanying ordinary dyspepsia. When last April Dr. Muck led the great Mahler Fifth Symphony, which takes one hour and ten minutes to play, he followed it (and completed the programme) by a brief, soothing number, realizing as a good psychologist that more music that day would have been an overdose.

One *faux pas* of programme-making, almost unpardonable in its affront to the soloist, occurred on January 9th, the sixth concert, when Miss Parlow was scheduled to end the afternoon with two numbers, which, incidentally, had no place save at a recital. She faced what was left of a steadily diminishing audience (a remnant tired and fretful) from a stage deserted by the conductor and which the men had been permitted to leave. Waiving the lack of consideration shown the soloist, since when has it become proper to finish a symphony concert with violin soli?

The lesson to be drawn from the choice of soloists this year is this, that a San Francisco audience wants the best, the greatest only: indifferent as to whether in song or upon an instrument. It crowded the theatre to the doors and beyond the orchestra rails for Hofmann, Schumann-Heink, Kreisler, and did almost as well for Gerardy, Parlow, and Whitehill. Evidently it does not care to discover new greatnesses nor be experimented upon. Soloists do seem to be desired, however, even in the effete East, and here, just as there, the top-liners are the seat fillers. If what Mannes, head of the New York Music Settlement, says is true that "there are not more than twenty musical artists in the world whom people will go to hear unsolicited"—need we blush because we in the woolly West want only the elect who have scaled Parnassus's heights?

And now for the most important consideration of all—Henry Hadley. He has been here three years, after which length of time it is fair to judge his work. He has had "one to make ready, two for the show, three for the money, and four to go"—on for another year. He is not a great conductor; conductors are horn, not made. A good musician he is, with abundant power to express himself in composition with much melodic charm, but he does not possess those qualities which sway audience and instruments, which convey instant ardor to the players and cause hearers, whether they agree with his interpretations or not, to show their enthusiasm. This deficiency in Mr. Hadley's temperament may be due to his Anglo-Saxon inheritance, for even residence abroad for years is unlikely to infuse into pure English or New English blood the red musical corpuscles of the foreigner. To show what is required to make a great conductor let me quote from a recent biographical sketch of Arthur Nikisch: "In him are found vitality, potency, profundity, vastness, fire, distinction, magnetism, energy, breadth, emotional uplift, and expansiveness."

As I said before, not every director is born with such endowments as these, but what one has not by nature can in a measure be compensated for on the intellectual side. To accomplish this, however, incessant study is a fundamental need. It will not do to arrive at rehearsals without a fixed idea of what is to be expressed of a composer's meaning or what the composition means to its exponent. Mr. Hadley does not read his scores as if he had mastered them, and therefore he does not bring to his hearers a definite message or point of view. Unless one's own entire being is pervaded with the spirit of what one is trying to convey, and this is true of any interpretative art, to satisfy one's audience is out of the question. To achieve this means the burning of much midnight oil, as the weeks which intervene between our concerts are few and "Art is long and time is fleeting." In order better to illustrate what I mean, I venture a personal reminiscence. Seventeen years ago in Berlin Nikisch conducted the first performance of Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." After a long and fatiguing rehearsal we spent the evening together, and because of my utter failure to understand the symphonic poem he led me into a complete analysis of the complex composition. It was not nearly as remarkable as the explanation of "Ni-

abstruse philosophy which followed. The study and work which this meant is only entirely appreciated when one has attempted to understand either Nietzsche or Strauss separately, without tackling the combination.

Another essential quality in which Mr. Hadley is obviously deficient is sense of rhythm. His beat is not accurate, and the uncertainty of time is disturbing and militates against restful enjoyment. Also a little more poetry would help to sustain the mood created on the emotional side.

Mr. Hadley has decidedly more sympathy with modern compositions than with older works. He brings greater understanding and warmth to the former, be they by foreigners like Strauss, Sibelius, Debussy, or by Americans like McDowell or Chadwick, than to Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, or Schubert. Rather a pity for San Francisco! Since what we needed here in the beginning more than anything else was emphasis on the classical by way of acquiring a musical foundation, education, and taste development. It is fashionable to be able to discuss glibly "The Latest," I know (and we want new things of course), but one must creep before one walks. As in the well-balanced training and for proper background there must be Chaucer before Shakespeare and Shakespeare before Browning, so there must be Haydn before Beethoven and Beethoven must precede Reger. Another example proving the importance of fundamental equipment is afforded by the futurist, post-impressionist, and cubist movement in modern French painting. The great leaders like Matisse and Picasso are skilled draughtsmen trained in the older school. All critics seem to feel that much talent will be sacrificed these days simply because these primitive looking creations of the masters will be copied by students totally without the basic knowledge of anatomy and drawing. It recalls the beginner who, attempting to study Italian, always wants to read Dante at once, and usually ends by abandoning all hope at the entrance to the Inferno and trying to struggle through "I Promessi Sposi." A great musician once said in my presence: "The Beethoven symphonies are the Evangel of music and can never be heard too often, or for that matter often enough."

Mr. Hadley has improved the orchestra steadily from year to year; there is a much better ensemble, and far greater evenness, in the strings especially. These steps in advance are prophecies of the things possible could more rehearsing be arranged for. This failure to secure more rehearsals is not the fault of any individual, but is due to lack of funds. The fact remains that until the necessity of doing other outside playing can be removed and the men become primarily symphony players (and consequently on call for any number of rehearsals necessary for the perfection of any given composition) greater proficiency is difficult to attain. This is a question purely of finance; musicians must augment their incomes by playing in theatres, cafés, hotels, etc., until salaries paid by the orchestra can be sufficiently large to compensate for sacrificing these engagements. Joseph Stransky, director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, says: "I never put on a work without at least three rehearsals, no matter how well the men know it. On novelties we have from six to ten, depending on the difficulty of the music. Such a simple thing as a Johann Strauss waltz was rehearsed for a whole morning." And these men have played together for many years.

As I try to analyze the emotions aroused within me at the close of the season I find the dominant sentiment one of appreciation verging on gratitude. Realizing our shortcomings, but realizing even more optimistically our possibilities, I am grateful that the Musical Association of San Francisco exists, that the guarantors have been generous so that we have symphony concerts after so many years without. That the exposition may give an impetus along this line, as it must along so many others, and that 1915 may prove an epoch-making year in the musical history of San Francisco is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

H. H. S.

Although a grape-growing country of no mean importance, Alsace-Lorraine does not seem to produce wines of very special renown. They are good, wholesome wines, fairly strong in alcohol and feeble in bouquet, and, being suitable for blending, probably enter into the better-known Rhine and Moselle wines. They have good keeping qualities and stand transportation. The wines are divided into white and red, but the red wine is generally a pale rather than a claret red. The white wines are classified as fine or "Edelwein" and ordinary or "Zwickelwein." Most of the red wine is produced in the Lorraine district, the best brands coming from Noveant, Corny, and Vaux, in the Moselle region.

The vacuum cleaning system is used on the streets of Pomona, California. The cleaner is a heavy wagon on which are mounted a gas-engine, storage box, and the necessary machinery. The suction end is in principle similar to that of the vacuum cleaner, covering about ten feet of street and provided with weighted strips of canvas to effect contact with the paving. Immediately ahead of this suction-opening is a frame carrying light steel brooms about six inches high, which break up the dust and bring it within the influence of the intruding blast of air.

Coal mining at Pittston, Pennsylvania, has so undermined the town in places that recently a locomotive broke through a street and dropped fifteen feet into the workings of a mining property.

During the last ten years 46,689 men deserted from the army. Recruits are chosen with care, for, out of 150,000 who applied for enlistment in 1912, only 26,000 were accepted.

DECADENT FRANCE.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in one of his recent writings takes occasion to laugh at what he calls a futurism in political affairs that is always ready to rhapsodize over the glorious future awaiting the race. He says first that we do not know what is going to happen to the race and second that we have no means to find out, and no basis from which to argue. If Julius Cæsar had been asked about the future of the Romans and had been so unwise as to reply he would probably have drawn the usual ecstatic picture suggested by patriotism. Certainly he would not have foreseen the fall of the empire, the disruption of its states, or the dark ages that followed, and if he had foreseen these things he would not have thought them to be an improvement.

I am reminded of these words by some recent events in France. Now the French are probably the most patriotic people in the world. The average half-educated Frenchman is firmly persuaded that his country is an oasis of civilization surrounded with illimitable stretches of barbarism. This is what he believes, but his courtesy prevents him from being offensive about it. In his estimation the rest of the world simply does not count. He knows that there are other parts of the world, but they are not worth his while to visit or to inquire about. That is why the Frenchman rarely travels and never emigrates. He will ask you with surprise why he should travel, seeing that he is already in France and that he has no taste for savages or wild beasts. And as for its government, it is notoriously the best in the world, with a future so glorious as to defy the imagination. He will say all this with a disarming charm. He pities you for being a foreigner, but he does not hate you on that account, for of course you can not help it. It was the work of *le bon Dieu*.

Having lived in France during the worst period of the Dreyfus affair, I was naturally interested in the recent visit to America of Maitre Labori, that splendid champion of justice who was presently to discover that association with Dreyfus himself was an impossibility to any man of self-respect. And being thus reminded of Maitre Labori I was reminded also of his refusal to seek reelection as a deputy at the recent elections and of his reasons for that refusal. They threw a light upon the actual conditions prevailing then and prevailing to a much greater extent now. For Maitre Labori in a letter to the *Matin* said in so many words that France was going headlong on the road to ruin, and that he for one had no wish to participate in a government that had become a tyranny or in institutions that were an outrage on the name of civilization. He had been four years in parliament, and it was no place for honest men. Laws were passed by chance. Justice had become a favor. Ministries fell at the precise moment decided on by lobby intrigues. He said that "under the pretext of tolerance or liberty of conscience, under the cover of these magnificent words, of which a greater abuse has rarely been made, it is sought to persecute whomsoever holds to a faith or to a philosophical idea which the party in power does not share." Therefore there was to be no more parliament for Maitre Labori nor of a political life that was nothing but "a perpetual compromise between the two powers of demagoguery and finance."

Now what did this eminent Frenchman mean by this amazing denunciation? It is a question that can be answered only by a glance at some of the facts, and fortunately these facts have recently been arrayed for us by Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill, professor of sociology at the University of Geneva. Dr. Chatterton-Hill elaborates the same points that are touched upon by Maitre Labori. He says that the French government has entered on a crusade not only for the abolition of religion, but for its cruel and vindictive persecution. To disestablish a church is one thing, and perhaps a laudable thing. I think myself that it is laudable, and I am filled with gratification every time the axe deepens the groove between church and state everywhere. But to persecute churchmen merely because they are churchmen is quite another thing, and a quite horrible thing, and this is precisely what France has been doing with an impudent arrogance almost past belief. The Religious Associations law in France was a good law, but then we all have such a fatal tendency to applaud an avowed intention and then to dismiss the whole matter as a *fait accompli* and never for a moment to ask how that intention is actually being carried out. That is what we have done here. We have closed our eyes to a veritable reign of terror, a carnival of cruelty and of broken promises, and to a fatuous insolence that is almost inconceivable. And it is these things that have brought France to the edge of her doom, that have invoked a war to the death between the republic and religion. And religion will not die this year. Nor next.

Into the administration of the Associations law there is no need to enter. It is a story of theft and malignancy. Tens of thousands of honorable men and women were thrown helpless upon the world, naked and starving, and this in spite of solemn promises that they should be protected. Innumerable chapels have been turned into moving-picture shows where the most recent execution and the latest murderer are displayed instead of the Host. But let this pass. At the moment it does not concern us, but what does concern us is the avowed determination of the French government to extirpate religion, not some particular religion, but all religion, to make it almost a criminal offense to be anything but an atheist. That is actually the fact, and it is not a theoretical fact, but an existing condition. Nor is it even open to argument, for there are the spoken and printed words of the administration chiefs. Thus we find the prime minister saying last year: "I will not advise the primary school teachers to instruct their pupils in their duty to God." Perhaps that

is a little vague, but here is something that is not vague. In the handbook of philosophy for the pupils of the lycées we read that the theory of immortality is "irreconcilable with what we now know of the Ego and with a true conception of duty. . . . Our Ego, to which we are so attached, has in it no elements of immortality." It is now forbidden to use the word God in any public school, and this prohibition extends even to classical literature. If the word God occurs therein it must be removed. Thus in one of the fables of Fontaine we read:

Petit poisson deviendra grand,
Pourvu que Dieu lui prête vie.

This has been changed in the school books to read:

Petit poisson deviendra grand,
Pourvu que l'on lui prête vie.

Speaking in the Chamber of Deputies we find M. Viviani, the minister of labor, suddenly deviating from the course of his speech on the pension laws to deliver a tirade against the clericals, always the easiest way to win the laughter of idiots. He said: "We have told the man who ceases his work at the decline of day crushed with toil and weeping in his misery, we have told him that behind the clouds that he follows with his sad sight there is nothing but a shining shadow, and with one magnificent gesture we have extinguished the light of heaven and it shall never again be lit." Fancy a modern statesman proudly announcing that with one magnificent gesture he had abolished God. We may wonder if God knows it.

It is now illegal for the French President in his official capacity to enter a church. It is illegal to teach any sort of religion in the schools, and it may be said that the teachers are under an obligation to denounce and insult religion at every opportunity. All religious symbols, even the most obscure, have been removed from public buildings. It is forbidden to hang the flags at half mast on Good Friday. The authorities decline to participate in the commemoration of Jeanne d'Arc, presumably because Jeanne was a Christian. The clergy are not allowed to participate in any government function. Any official suspected of a toleration for religion is removed or punished. Decorations are withheld from any one supposed to be religious. It is difficult to secure a license of any kind without a proof of atheistic sentiments. To be charged with religious opinions is almost tantamount to deprivation of civil rights. And these measures are directed, not against a political church believed, and rightly believed, to stand in the way of reform. They are directed against a belief in God. Once more we see that the persecuting fervor of the socialist and the atheist puts the best efforts of theology into the shade. For a sheer and unadulterated cruelty, for a naked and unashamed tyranny, we must always go to the champions of justice and of human rights. And this is one of the things that human nature seems unable to learn. It is always ready to put the whip into the hands of the slave, and the slave is the one man on earth who ought never to be trusted with a whip.

And the results? Well, the results are clear enough. It is one of the peculiarities of human nature that as soon as it feels itself freed from the restraints of a convention it proceeds at once to free itself also from a virtue. It is a curious fact and one that is nearly inexplicable except on the theory that the average man can be described as intelligent only by an exaggerated courtesy. Tell the average man that he may henceforth regard the story of Jonah and the whale, for example, as a myth and he will immediately say: "Is that so? Then henceforth I am at liberty to have four wives." Tell him that the world was not actually created in seven days and he will at once feel himself free to commit a burglary. And so the French schools that were henceforth to be "si haute, si belle et si glorieuse" have at once become seminaries of socialism, of anarchy, of sabotage, and of revolution. Why not? If my neighbor does not believe in God, some kind of God, some sort of moral law, if in short he is a materialist, then I shall certainly count my spoons before he leaves my house. I can conceive of no reason why he should not steal them. I think he probably will. If I am a materialist then I shall certainly take anything I covet, and if my victim resists then I shall knock him on the head. It seems the part of good sense to do these things—if I am a materialist. Mr. Francis Grierson said recently that the governments of the world will soon be forced to fight materialism just as they now fight tuberculosis, and for a much better cause, because civilization can not exist side by side with materialism. Mr. Grierson was right, and because the French republic has adopted materialism as her national policy she, too, must soon cease to exist. And she seems now to be on the brink of perdition.

At a recent congress of primary school teachers it was resolved that all members must henceforth contribute to the *Sou du Soldat*, and the *Sou du Soldat* is a fund to aid soldiers to desert. Another sinister sign of the times is the enormous increase of crime amongst children. There is no denying this. It is proved by the statistics. M. Raymond Hesse, author of *L'Enfance Coupable*, says that juvenile criminality has become "angoissante." He says that it is due partly to the abolition of every religious idea. The army is now perpetually disorganized and mutinous. The French navy has dropped to the fifth place, or nearly so. The national finances are chaotic. Government has become a mere coalition of small parties without principle or conviction. There is no longer any restraint anywhere except the restraints of petty tyrannies. And so Dr. Chatterton-Hill has some reason for his conviction that "the republic which has no policy beyond that contained in the three words, confiscation, persecution, concussion, will not be able to survive in the struggle against parties which have a policy and an ideal."

SIMNEY CORN.

THE BOTKINE BATH.

The Professor's Wife Carries Out His Instructions.

In the morning of a sultry July day Professor Botkine of the University of California was sitting on his front steps at Berkeley. He was delightedly watching the efforts of his pet toad to capture a very large angle-worm, and his enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that his beautiful German wife, who usually declined to interest herself in anything which she even suspected of a connection with science, was seated beside him, giving eager little pressures to his hand and uttering a pleased exclamation in her pretty foreign accent whenever the toad made an extra effort.

The fact was that she, while cutting roses, had been the one to see the beginning of the contest, and felt the proper pride of a discoverer. The toad had been sitting still, looking as if carved by a Japanese artist, and giving no sign that it saw anything. The worm gave a little wriggle as it began to come out of the ground, when, quick as a flash, the toad made a leap and seized the end of the worm in its mouth.

Then began a tug-of-war. Every time that the toad gave a pull, the worm drew back. But the toad was not to be discouraged. It jerked and jerked, until it fairly stood on its hind legs. Still it could not dislodge the worm.

At this interesting point a train whistled.

"Why, Selma!" said the professor, "there is the train already. I had quite forgotten that I must go to the city today. Where is my hat?"

"Do wait an instant, dear; just see what that toad is doing," she answered, holding him back.

He glanced down and saw the toad twisting its leg about until the worm was wrapped twice around it, then the toad gave a hop, and out came the worm.

This had been too fascinating a spectacle to the unwariness professor. He dashed into the house and back again, kissed his wife, and, with a regretful glance at her rippling hair and soft blue eyes, started off.

Suddenly he rushed back.

"Why, dear," he cried, "I forgot to tell you that that Mr. Smith, the Canadian who wrote the paper on bacteria, will be here this afternoon to stay a day or two. He may come before I am back."

She clasped her hands in mock despair. "But what shall I do with him?" she wailed; "you know I can not talk science and pollywogs!"

"Oh, don't be alarmed. He isn't so very dried up. Just let him have a good soaking in a bath-tub. Then he will come out perfectly human and happy. He's an Englishman, you know," and the professor, with a laughing glance at his little wife's rueful expression, threw dignity and his coat-tails to the winds as he madly ran down the street, "looking like a great black bird of prey," as Mrs. Botkine laughingly remarked to herself.

But she grew sober as she thought how ruthlessly science and scientists seemed to dog her unwilling footsteps. Her husband certainly loved her, but he had a way of becoming utterly absorbed in his studies, and then bursting into her reflections with remarks which sounded positively ghoulish. He had appeared only yesterday in her own private sanctum carrying a "horrid snake" by the tail, and although he had not yet reached the pitch of the late Professor Agassiz—who was said to have consigned infant serpents, for safe-keeping over night, to his wife's boots—she did not know where his enthusiasm might lead.

"I'm half afraid to go to sleep," she roughly said to him one night. "I'm afraid that your deepest interest even in me is only scientific, and I believe you are capable of cutting me open to see what queer thing there is in my heart that I love such a bookish old bear with."

"Now here was this Canadian coming! And how was she to be properly interested in his old bacteria and not disgrace her husband by betraying her ignorance on the subject?" she asked herself.

Manifestly he must take a bath, and everything possible must be done to make that bathroom attractive, so that he should stay there as long as possible. She went upstairs, and with her own dimpled hands got down a new cake of perfumed soap. She eyed it critically. Perhaps his severe scientific mind would be disgusted with such effeminate luxury. Perhaps—who knew?—he might discover even in it the presence of bacteria! She had heard it said that a man with a theory finds examples of its truth in everything about him. Never mind! She would place beside it a cake of white castile and one of tar soap. Then, whatever his tastes, he must be pleased. She put the alcohol and a cologne bottle within easy reach; got out smooth and rough towels and a bath-blanket; saw that the shower-bath worked; and with a sigh of relief went downstairs to impress the cook that during the entire afternoon there must be plenty of hot water in the boiler.

Suddenly a happy thought struck her; she went into her husband's study and brought out every book on bacteriology that she could find. These she ranged on a shelf at the foot of the bathtub. Standing out a little beyond the others, as if just shoved in, was Mr. Smith's own pamphlet on "Bacteria." She was sure of the vanity of authors. He would at least take this down to see if any passages were marked, and might be lured into the perusal of some other books.

Mrs. Botkine pinned on the wall some colored illus-

trations of various forms of bacteria, and then surveyed the effect with the calm satisfaction of a general who foresees the success of his manoeuvres. She sighed regretfully that she could not bring herself to introduce into the room a few samples of the "germ culture" that her husband was carrying on, but she felt that she must draw the line at living germs.

She smiled again. To be sure, Mr. Smith might think her husband rather eccentric in pursuing his studies in this room, but he would certainly feel that he had found a congenial spirit in a man who could not tear himself away from his beloved bacteria even in his bath.

She had done all she could. With this virtuous feeling she was able to go about her occupations for the day, and in the afternoon even banished the thought of her expected guest enough to take a quiet nap.

She was awakened by a knock at her door, and the maid handed her a card bearing the seemingly innocent inscription, "Mr. Worthington Smith."

She was filled with a nervous fear, and her heart beat fast as she walked down the stairs. She lingered outside the drawing-room as long as she dared, and then, putting her trust in the bathroom, walked in and greeted her visitor with a smile of timid welcome.

He did not look at all alarming. She was surprised to see that he was young, darkly handsome, and dressed with more regard to fashion than the scientific mind generally deigns to bestow. He saw her timid air and blonde beauty with evident admiration.

After the first polite commonplaces Mr. Smith smilingly observed: "Professor Botkine's recent researches have been of such interest to scientific men that they must lay him open to a great deal of persecution from inquiring admirers, but—"

"Oh, not at all!" she answered, rather incoherently; "or rather I should say he *likes* to be persecuted—that is" (with some confusion) "he will be delighted to find you here when he returns. He was so sorry that he had to go to town for something. In the meantime I hope that you will let me look after you."

Mr. Smith thought that he should like nothing better, but contented himself with remarking:

"Thank you, very much. Perhaps you would be so kind as to explain to me a few things I should like to know about Professor Botkine's theories on bacteria."

He was surprised to see a deep flush and a look of distress come over her face, and before she could answer he hastened to add: "But I fear that I am trespassing on your time. Pray, do not let me incommode you. I have some uncut pamphlets in my satchel here, and will look them over as I wait," and he looked down embarrassed.

A furtive feeling of relief crept for a moment into her eyes. Then the thought that she could not be guilty of such inhospitality as leaving her guest to shift for himself forced itself upon her. But here he was, plunging into science the very first thing and turning shy besides. Oh, she must send him off to that bath! It seemed rather awkward, but she nerved herself to the effort.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said gayly, "I am sure that I could not tell you anything on the subject, and I can not think of leaving you here alone. You must let me make you comfortable. I know that after your journey you would like a bath."

He looked amazed and then embarrassed.

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Botkine," he stammered, "but I do not care at all for a bath. I shall do very well here, and—"

"No, no!" she said, nervously; "I know that you are only afraid that there is no hot water on such a warm day, and you do not wish to give trouble."

He put out his hand and tried to interrupt her, but she shook her head and went on rapidly:

"It is all ready. Everything is in the bathroom, and I will ring for James to show you up."

He looked thunderstruck at her insistence.

"But I assure you, Mrs. Botkine," he exclaimed, "it is not at all worth while. I—"

"Not another word, if you please, Mr. Smith. You will really annoy me if you refuse."

She thought to herself that he little knew how more than annoyed she was at the thought of his possible questions. As the man-servant appeared, she said:

"James, take this gentleman's satchel to the guest chamber and show him to the bathroom."

Mr. Smith endeavored to hang back and say something, but Mrs. Botkine smilingly waved her hand toward the stairs and walked into another room. She had looked alternately vexed and triumphant.

As he followed James, Mr. Smith remarked to himself that before this experience he would have vowed that she was too pretty to be eccentric. He had no wish to bathe, but, fearing to vex her, meekly proceeded to perform his ablutions.

She, meantime, was vastly relieved. She smiled to herself at the thought of how unwilling he had seemed to give the slightest trouble.

"I suppose he thought we Americans never had any decent facilities for a bath," she reflected. Then: "He really is remarkably good-looking, for a scientist. If I had not known what he was I should have thought he was just a nice young fellow and rashly tried to get on with him. Oh, if George had not told me in time! She shuddered as she thought of her escape.

"I suppose he will be dried-up-looking before long.

He is a whited-sepulchre kind of man now. I could not see the slightest sign of baldness in him, but his seething intellect is bound to cook his hair off in a few years. Even George is a wee bit bald. But how delightful that Mr. Smith did not fathom my ignorance!"

She was so elated that she went to the piano and sang for a half-hour.

She was startled by hearing some one come rushing into the room behind her. She wheeled on the stool and encountered the gaze of Mr. Smith, who stood before her, looking decidedly uneasy.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Botkine," he said; "but I wished to thank you for your kindness and to make my adieux."

"Why, Mr. Smith—" she began, but he waved his hand apologetically and continued:

"I am very sorry not to have found Professor Botkine, but perhaps I can come again. There is just time for me to catch the five-o'clock train."

It was her turn to be astonished. She opened her lips to speak, but he went on, nervously:

"Pray forgive my leaving you so abruptly. Thank you very much. Good-afternoon," and, bowing profoundly, he was gone.

For a moment she felt stunned. Then a flood of questions poured through her mind. Was the man insane? Or what had she done to offend him? What would her husband say? What was there in science to turn an apparently "nice" young man into such a distraught savage?

"Ah! recommend me to a plain, commonplace man who has not bacilli on the brain!" she sighed.

The rest of the day seemed endless, but at last she desisted Professor Botkine, and with him a rather desiccated and "dug-up"-looking man.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned; "there is another scientist. I know to look at him. What will he do, I wonder? Dissect my cat, or say that he can not dine with us because he never eats anything but bacteria?"

"Here we are at last," said the professor; "I found our friend on the train. He had mistaken the train and gone to Alameda. Mr. Smith, let me present you to Mrs. Botkine."

She welcomed her guest cordially, but the minute she was alone with her husband she seized him by the lapels of his coat.

"What joke have you been playing on me?" she demanded; "who is this Mr. Smith?"

The professor looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no joke. This is the Mr. Smith that I told you I was expecting this afternoon. What is the matter?"

"Matter!" she cried; "who is the Mr. Smith that came here this afternoon with a satchel and asked about your theories?"

"Why, we met him at the station. He had a few specimens to show me. He is the son of my friend, Commodore Smith, of San Francisco. He had just run over for a short call."

"A short call!" she echoed again; "what will he think of me? I sent him upstairs to take that bath!"

ADELINE STEARNS WING.

Kali, or potash salts, in natural deposits, was discovered in Alsace in 1904, when deep borings were being made in the hope of striking oil. In 1909 the first kali mining shaft was completed in this district, and the following year 37,000 tons of kali salts were extracted. Since then other mines have been developed and the work has grown rapidly. Twelve mines are now in operation in this district. The proportion of potash to be produced by these mines, as determined by the kali syndicate, is understood to be approximately four per cent of the total annual German production, which is some 10,000,000 tons. About half of that amount is for home consumption and the other half for exportation. The United States takes nearly fifty per cent of the total export. In Alsace, so far as at present known, the deposits of potash underlie an area of nearly seven square miles. They range in thickness from six to thirty feet and contain an estimated deposit of 300,000,000 tons of pure potash. The state is an interested party in the kali industry, and the exploitation of the mines and the sale of the products are regulated by special law. The main object of the legislation is to prevent injurious competition and a loss of national wealth through a lowering of the price. The exploiting of potash mines and the sale of potash is free, but so hedged about with restrictions and limitations that it is all practically under the control of the state through the syndicate. The amount of mineral to be extracted is fixed for each mine by the committee of allotment. For new mines a provisional amount is allotted for a period of two years and then a definite allowance is made.

With traditional solemn ceremony the Japanese court has decided upon two districts for raising the rice which will be used as offerings on the occasion of the Daijoe. The Daijoe is a state festival to take place in connection with the coronation ceremonies. The ceremony consists in the emperor personally offering to the imperial ancestors and gods newly cropped rice. The rice-field lying to the east of Kyoto is called "Kokoro" and that in the west "Sukiden." The rice fields will be cultivated and harvested with the possible care.

THE MORGAN COLLECTION.

"Flaneur" Writes of the Opening of the Art Treasures to the Public, with Some Reminders of Their Source.

The number of visitors to the Morgan collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has so far been smaller than was expected, but this is to be explained by the inclement weather and by the heavy snowfall that has measurably increased the sorrows of life for the automobile and for vehicular traffic in general. It may be, too, that New York has experienced something of that embarrassment of art wealth that is said to lead to satiation, and that some more recent bequests have momentarily obscured the importance of the Morgan collection. But we shall presently get our breath again, and then will come the period of realization and of enjoyment.

It is hardly necessary to attempt any further classification of the contents of the Morgan collection. Almost every item in that wonderful storehouse has already been catalogued in the public press, and there is now no intelligent visitor who does not know in advance just what he will see and the history of practically every article that is displayed. And it may be said that the collection has small gratifications for the modernist or the futurist or for any of the tribe of ecstasies who are trying so hard to persuade us that the whole art world has been in travail until the present moment for the birth of their own particular or pet frenzy. It was probably true that Mr. Morgan himself was not an art expert, but he was something far better. He had an instinct for art values and he had a sane conservatism that steered him away from freaks and fancies. Probably Mr. Morgan felt toward the futurist or the impressionist painter very much as he felt toward the I. W. W. or the Clan na Gael. Probably he bracketed them all together as disruptive forces that must be steadily discouraged, and it is worthy of note that the new esoteric cults have received no aid or applause from those who have money enough to make such aid and applause effective. The wealthy art patron seems to turn instinctively toward antiquity. His sympathies are anchored somewhere in the time vicinity of the Medicis. He believes consistently that the old is better, and that the modern crazes are no more than the froth upon the surface that will be dispelled by the first breeze and by its own effervescence.

Mr. Morgan had none of the lust for spending that is associated with the vulgarity of wealth. He was very seldom swindled and there are probably very few instances where he gave more than an object was worth. He became an art collector not so much from premeditation as by a slow extension of his earlier interest in manuscripts. He was always a reading man, and thus he was attracted to the collection of original manuscripts for the enrichment of his library. But valuable manuscripts are necessarily limited in number, and so he found scope for his collecting energies in amassing works of art, and actually it was not until he died that the full value of these collections became apparent. As has been said, his instinct seemed almost unerring, but he did not rely upon it, and he rarely completed a purchase without expert guidance. An example of this remarkable instinct was related at the time of his death, but perhaps it is worth reproduction. Asked as to the origin of a fine Gothic statuette in his library, he explained that while walking in the Paris streets he met a man who was carrying something under his cloak, and the head of the statue was just visible. He stopped the man and asked him what he was doing with it, and on finding that he wanted to sell it he took him to his hotel and became the owner of the prize in less than five minutes. When he showed it to the experts they told him that he had secured a treasure. Mr. Morgan never claimed to be a connoisseur and never supposed that he was one, but he must have been aware of a sort of intuition that rarely led him astray.

Perhaps, too, it is worth remembering that the Museum collection would have been a larger one but for a certain generosity and what may be described as a sense of art honor that upon more than one occasion interfered with a purchase. It will be remembered that he returned to Italy the famous Ascoli Cope, although no one questioned his legal right to its possession. He was never willing to take from any country what might be regarded as a national possession. He carried this principle so far that he refused to compete with the authorities of the Louvre Museum in Paris for the possession of some tapestries that they were anxious to secure. He recognized their right to claim a treasure that was distinctively French, and it was only after they had expressly withdrawn that he consented to return his offers. It is not now generally remembered that Mr. Morgan was practically the creator of the Museum that he has now so enriched. It was he who was mainly instrumental in raising the comparatively small amount upon which it was started, and from that time until the end he seems to have felt a sort of personal responsibility for its maintenance and enrichment. He became a trustee in 1889 and its president in 1904, and thenceforth it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that it took precedence over all his other interests. Probably Mr. Morgan cared little for fame and was contemptuous of that sort of spurious immortality that leads other men to carve their names in stone throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But a curiously perverse nature usually gives us just those things for which we are not searching, and it is easy to believe that Mr. Morgan all unwittingly hitched his wagon to a star when he allowed his name to be associated with the greatest art collection of the world. For here at least is something that will never grow old and whose immeasurable values will never cease to increase.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1914.

In replacing a railroad trestle recently burned along the north shore of the Great Salt Lake, engineers have just found that the piles are still perfectly sound after forty-three years of service. Looking for the cause, since these were only of local pine and fir, they found the timbers impregnated throughout with salt from the lake. At another point on the lake eighteen-inch piles, set twenty-nine years, are similarly preserved with salt, which has penetrated to their very centre. Timbers in the Southern Pacific trestles across Salt Lake, placed in 1902, appear to be as good as on the day when the piles were driven. They have been preserved well above water-line by the salt dashed onto them by the waves, a fact apparently anticipated by the engineers who built the trestles. The first transcontinental telegraph line, built before the railroad, extended west from Salt Lake City through the prosperous mining camps of Eureka, Austin, and Virginia City. When the railroad was built the telegraph line was transferred to follow its right-of-way and the old poles sawed off at the ground. An engineer who recently examined the butts left in the ground in the salt desert near Fish Springs found that although fifty years had passed since the poles were cut off the old butts were perfectly sound. Telephone and electric companies in the Salt Lake Valley used the local salt for preserving poles. When set up, about seventy-five pounds of salt is placed around the pole in the ground. This method can not be used, however, when the pole is on or near the lawn or in any place where vegetation is desired. It is pointed out that the reason why the waters of Salt Lake act as a strong preservative, as distinguished from ocean waters, is because the lake water is so much saltier—being practically a saturate solution. Preservation with salt is of no use in ocean piling against the attacks of teredoes and other marine borers.

Not so very long ago, in a geologic sense, the Hudson River flowed through a deep cañon or gorge at New York City. Soundings show that this gorge extends through the harbor and far out to sea. It is evident that the land surface has been lowered in this region, allowing the ocean to creep in on the land, fill the old river channel, and in places wholly submerge it. The submergence of the land was greater at one time than it is now. In excavations for some of the New York skyscrapers remains of oysters and other salt-water animals have been found. As a rule the only available knowledge in regard to the former submergence of an area is derived from the marine shells and other animals found in deposits laid down by the sea.

In the Cochetopa and Dike national forests in Colorado and the Tusayan and Coconino forests in Arizona 400,000 prairie dogs have been killed by the Department of Agriculture since its campaign of destruction was declared on the rodents. In a statement issued the department says that this work was done at a cost of about \$12,000, and it is estimated that the forage which the rodents devoured would have been sufficient for about 15,500 sheep or about 1800 head of cattle, valued at \$150,000. The hides of the prairie dogs are practically worthless in this country. American and English furriers secure better skins from Siberia for five cents apiece, and glove-makers say that the skins are too small to be worked up economically.

Five thousand dollars will be expended on the Sierra National Forest in Madera County this spring in the extermination of beetles, which are killing valuable timber. Nearly 3000 big pines, worth \$12,000, are reported killed by insects on the areas involved in this project. It is explained that the beetles do their work by tunneling horizontally beneath the bark in the outer layer of living wood, which carries the food supply to the living portions of the tree. If the tree is completely girdled it dies; if only partly girdled its vitality is so weakened that it may fall a prey to other diseases. Control work consists in cutting the infested trees before the beetle emerges, peeling the bark, and burning it.

Imperial Valley, California, this year expects to produce for shipment not less than 5000 carloads of cantaloupes. Shipments in former years have sometimes reached 3500 carloads, and as the area planted is this year larger than ever before the estimate of 5000 carloads is not unreasonable. This entire region a few years ago was a desert with an annual rainfall of three or four inches. Irrigation has transformed it into one of the most productive sections in the world.

Milk sterilized by electricity, the microbes being killed by electric shocks, is being supplied from the Liverpool Corporation milk depots to about a thousand babies daily. The advantage said to be gained over sterilization by steam is that the milk tastes the same as when it leaves the cow. It is said that all contamination is removed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Meadows in Spring.

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh,
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
Oh, dearly sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth!
How 'twas glad some, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But glad some, glad some!

Or to get merry
We sing some old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we to smoking,
Silent and snug:
Naught passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I,
Till 'mid all the gloom,
By heaven! the hold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green!

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

Written in March.

The Cock is crowing
The stream is flowing.
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill:
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon—
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing:
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

March.

Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer night!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain.
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
Striving to swell the hurder-of the tune
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming days;
Who sing, "O joy! a new year is begun!
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

O, what begetteth all this storm of bliss,
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live,
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give."

—*William Morris.*

Three of the most important tanneries of South Germany, recognizing the superior success that Americans have had in the manufacture of patent leather, have engaged in the last three years American managers and instructors for their patent-leather departments, and the results obtained have proved the wisdom of this plan.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Arnold Haultain Gives Us His Record of Conversations with the Philosopher and Historian.

Mr. Arnold Haultain has already given us one admirable book about Goldwin Smith, and now he gives us another. It will be remembered that his first volume was devoted to Goldwin Smith's correspondence, and perhaps it must be regarded as the more important but not the more interesting of the two. In the preface to the present book he tells us that he was accustomed to keep a sort of literary warehouse in which to store quotations, jottings, comments, thoughts, and odds and ends generally. Soon after he joined Goldwin Smith as his secretary he found himself filling pages upon pages of this "warehouse" with verbatim records of their conversations, sometimes just as they occurred, sometimes with comments of his own, and it is these conversations and comments that make up the matter of the present volume. The interest of the work lies in the freedom and irresponsibility possessed by the spoken over the written word, its freedom from revision and from the deadly second thought. Then, too, we have the impressions made upon Mr. Haultain himself, and they were impressions by no means uniformly favorable. Thus we find the following entry in the author's diary under the date of September 20, 1900:

The professor continues to pour out in the [Toronto] *Weekly Sun* two or three columns weekly diatribes on the Boer War and all connected with it—except the Boers themselves. But nobody replies to it or takes note of it. Age is telling upon him. He has not for many years said anything which he has not already said a dozen times; and his ingrained propensity to hold and persistently to advocate the unpopular side of any and every public question has become more ingrained still. I would he would stick to matters literary or historical. His "History" sold well; the first edition is all but exhausted. At the present moment he is publishing a pamphlet on the presidential election in the United States, taking the Bryanite, i. e., the anti-imperialist, side! (Four years ago, after hearing Bryan lecture, he called him, in speaking of him to me, a "clever mountebank.") He is also preparing an article for the *Contemporary Review* on the history and present aspect of religion. The day before yesterday he penned a letter on the British elections for the *Manchester Guardian*. He has also been upholding the Boers and vilifying the British government in the *New York Nation* over the signature of "Equity."

Goldwin Smith seems to have had small respect for the character of Queen Victoria, perhaps forgetting that the services of an unintellectual virtue were precisely the most valuable that could have been rendered from such a position:

Ever since the death of Queen Victoria the professor has very evidently been doing his best to conceal a large degree of irritation at what he calls the "unreasonable panegyric" with which the papers have been full about the deceased sovereign. "She was a most ordinary woman; she had no intellect. She disliked the society of intellectual men. That was why she liked Osborne and Balmoral. She was amongst her own people there. She was a good woman and an excellent mother. But, dear me, I hope these are not such rarities among English ladies! She was very wayward. No doubt she inherited this."

Numberless newspapers telegraphed to him asking for something from him about the late queen—about the effect of her demise on the constitution—about her influence on the nation—about what-not. To all he sent a polite refusal.

From these diaries comes the first hint that the English court was opposed to the Boer war, and also an interesting sidelight on the way in which royal opinions are formed:

Those Boer generals have acted with great common sense—acted just as they should have done. They refused to attend the naval review, they were right. They went to see the king at the king's invitation. In this, too, they were right. Whatever people may say to the contrary, I believe the court was against the war. I have been in fairly close touch for many years with the Duchess of Albany—we have not corresponded directly, but through her master of the household, Collins.

At the outbreak of the war Collins wrote me, not precisely asking my opinion, but evidently drawing me. It was not Collins that wanted my opinion; that I knew. I gave my opinion and put it pretty strongly, too. I have little doubt but that it found its way to the duchess and through the duchess to the centre of the court. I am sure the king had his own opinions of the war, despite Messrs. Chamberlain and Co.; and I am sure that at the end he broke through and sent Wolsley out as his envoy for peace. It was said of course that the Old Lady's (Queen Victoria's) heart was in the war. No doubt she did all that she was told to do, and quite properly. But I am convinced that the court was against it.

There are various evidences in these diaries that Goldwin Smith could appreciate a good story and that humor was by no means absent from his composition:

The professor told me two capital stories about Justice M—— today. He was a fairly fast young man apparently, and perhaps his speed did not slacken with age—about that I am ignorant. One day, it appears, when living in chambers, he went to bed and put his candle under his bed. The bed caught fire. M—— staggered out into the hall. The porter rushed up at his incoherent shoutings, saying, "Now, Mr. M——, do go to bed, do go to bed like a sensible gentleman, Mr. M——."

On another occasion M——'s sister called upon him at his chambers. On interviewing the porter and explaining her errand that functionary's reply was, "No, no, miss; you can't go up just yet, miss; there's two of yer there already."

Every topic of the day finds its place in these conversations. Goldwin Smith expresses scorn for the modern tendency to whitewash scoundrels. He comments on the machine method of electing Popes, and he thinks it a sign of weakness in Carlyle that he allowed his relations with his wife to become public. And for the woman in politics he had nothing but dislike:

"I see a woman is offering herself for election to the Senate in Australia," he remarked this morning. "They had much better keep out of politics. They vote according to

their fancies. I remember when we were trying to elect a good mayor once for Toronto. Manning was our candidate, and a better, shrewder, more practical man could not be. W. H. Howland was the rival candidate—a visionary. The women raised the cry of 'Christ or Barabbas' and elected Christ and the first thing he did was to improve the Don at immense cost. Not a barge has ever gone up the Don. Then he instituted a crusade against the bars and brothels, with the result that we had the most drunken Christmas ever known in Toronto; and whereas vice was once circumscribed and kept under surveillance, it became disseminated in innumerable boarding-houses."

Goldwin Smith thought that the retention of Canada by Great Britain must be fruitful of discord with America. The continued presence of Great Britain on the American continent as a political and military power must inevitably create antagonism to the United States:

And, curiously enough, although he strenuously advocates the annexation of Canada to the United States, he thinks the government of the United States despicable. He calls their Senate "vile." He thinks their Senate is under the thumb of their monopolies. He thinks there is only one single man in the whole of that nation that is sane and capable, and that man is Mr. Grover Cleveland. Bryan he calls a mountebank; Hanna he can not find in the English language words sufficiently vituperative by which to characterize. Roosevelt's phrase, "the strenuous life," he is never tired of throwing in the teeth of its framer. He thinks Congress is powerless. He thinks the American constitution is outworn and threadbare. He thinks the pension list is a monstrous swindle. And yet he advocates Canadian annexation to the United States!

It was a habit of mind with Goldwin Smith always to "let the mud settle." He wanted to see clear to the heart of a question after all the irrelevancies had blown away, and his was "an intellect which could pierce through clouds of rhetoric and seize upon the one little central bit of fact or theory over which rival writers or talkers were beating the air":

Numberless instances spring to my mind of this faculty of seeing through layers upon layers of misty argument and laying hold of the one small solid fact beneath. Thus, when the whole economic world was looking on and wondering whether New Zealand had really solved the problem of strikes by the institution of arbitration courts which should fix the rate of wages, he quietly asked, "Can any court force an employer to pay what he can't afford to pay, or force an employee to accept a wage lower than he can obtain elsewhere?" So with the whole question of paper money and the right and ability of the state to manufacture dollar bills *ad libitum* which once so agitated the western continent of America. "People do not see," he said, "that a dollar bill is not money. It is a mere promise to pay. When it changes hands credit passes at the bank of issue from the giver to the receiver." So with the whole question of Socialism. "Socialists," over and over again he has said to me, "tell us that 'the state' should be the sole owner, manufacturer, landlord, and what-not. What is 'the state'? Is it not the people themselves? 'The state' is not a person who can put his hand into his pocket and make everybody rich."

Writing in his diary in 1904 Mr. Haultain tells us that the chief's sense of humor—even at eighty years of age—is unfailing and delightful. He gives us some delightful examples of hoaxes practiced on literary men, and this led to another story about the queen and her life-long mourning for Prince Albert:

You know the queen used to persist in going yearly, if not many times a year, to Frogmore, the mausoleum of Prince Albert and other deceased royalties, and taking all the court with her. Well, one day, so the story goes, on the occasion of one of these pilgrimages the whole court found pinned on the mausoleum a piece of paper with the following doggerel:

'Tis the voice of Prince Albert, I hear him complain,
'Here they come to this damned mausoleum again!'

According to Goldwin Smith Australia was "doomed" by the coming Japanese dominance of the Pacific and by the extravagance of Australian legislation. He expressed these views in a conversation recorded on July 12, 1904:

Yes, that and the way things are going there. Their birth-rate is on the decrease; immigration is at a low ebb; and their legislation is running outrageous lengths: their exclusion laws against so-called foreign labor for example. They exclude the Lascars; Lascars are naturalized British subjects; Lascars have been employed on British ships ever since I can remember at all events; their enforced arbitration, too; and their woman's vote: at the last election more than a million women voted. They are rushing into the wildest schemes. They will come to grief. Japan will put an end to their exclusion laws. That will be the beginning of the end. I think Australia is doomed.

Mr. Haultain describes Goldwin Smith as an iceberg, but with an immense amount of latent heat. Actually he was very warm-hearted and benevolent, and his voice would break with emotion as he recounted some horrible incident of poverty, or accident, or warfare:

His sympathy with suffering is intense. To hear him speak of "the 16,000 wounded Dervishes agonizing 'without water' on the field of Omdurman" would move you. He is an active member of the Humane Society; will not allow his horses' tails to be cut, nor permit a bearing-rein; keeps a tap running in his front lawn for thirsty birds; goes to his stables daily and regales his horses on sugar and carrots and turnips, and prides himself on the familiarity with which the cats of the household establishment treat him.

These cats really ought to have a proper describer. How many generations of them I have seen I really do not know. They are all mouse-colored. They sneak into the library, and smell about the books, cupboards, and steam-pipes, and generally end by jumping up on either the professor's lap or mine, purring abominably and disturbing audibly, rubbing their noses against our moving pens, walking over the newly inked paper, sticking up their tails into our nostrils, and generally making nuisances of themselves. They sit on the professor's arm-chair; they try to sit on his arms, they try to sit in his lap, they push themselves between his face and his book; and they keep up a most noisy purr. They are a nuisance—though I welcome (and I fear encourage) them; they are so

I was going to say human; well, they like warmth, and stroking, and scratching, and petting, and companionship, and corporeal nearness to vital folk. Often have I written with a cat surreptitiously sitting on my paper watching the point of my pen, with which, too, often enough, I have had to warn it to keep its distance. I have seen the dear old

professor take a hard-bottomed chair rather than disturb a cat which had usurped his soft, comfortable, armed one.

Goldwin Smith had small liking for the modern poets. Longfellow's poetry was "barley water," and Shelley would be put in the madhouse if he were alive now:

He rarely alluded to Dickens, rarely to Thackeray; although the Christmas stories of the former always evoked his warmest praise. Of Carlyle he used to say that much of his prose consisted of weird, hysterical, almost irrational oburgations against all that was; and that his conversation was, if possible, even worse than his prose. He never forgave Tennyson his allusion to the Crimean War in "Maud"—as may be seen from his review of this poem in the first number of the *Saturday Review*. He had read Tennyson, I fancy; though I do not think he has read much of Browning. At a little dinner of the Round Table Club, I remember once, a Browning enthusiast (the professor's guest, so that they sat together) waited long for an opportunity to sound his host on the subject of his pet poet. At last it came. After many hums! and haws! I believe the great man had to admit that he did not read Browning. (By this time the whole club was listening intently and quietly.) After another pass or two, deftly parried, the guest diffidently hazarded the query as to what poets his eminent host did peruse.

"Oh, just the ordinary poets."

"The . . . the . . . ordinary poets? And they are . . . ?"

"Oh, just Homer and Virgil and . . ."

At that moment he must have looked up. At all events the very visible (though not quite audible) merriment of the club brought that little dialogue to a close.

Goldwin Smith's ideas on religion were somewhat nebulous and more inclined to destructiveness than constructiveness. On February 8, 1905, we find him talking about Lyman Abbott's theistic hypothesis and, as always, with a virile common sense:

Lyman Abbott's theistic hypothesis still continues to interest the professor—evidently he has been reading some newspaper comments on it—one in the *New York Public Opinion*, I think—for he began yesterday:—

"These people are still going on discussing the 'personality' of God. How futile to go on making unverifiable hypotheses. A 'personal God' . . . 'personal' . . . whether or not God is 'personal'—they might as well discuss whether or not he is pink."

I. "Surely they themselves do not quite know what they mean by 'personal.' Probably their idea of personality, if analyzed, would amount to corporeality."

He. "No doubt. There must always be something purely anthropomorphic about any human idea of personality. Futile, perfectly futile. And here is somebody trying to reduce God to a 'force.' A force, I take it, is something with opposition and limitation; a force is something which is opposed to something, which overcomes some obstacle. You can't have a force in *vacuo*."

Elsewhere we find a savage criticism of the new theology, a theology that consists exclusively of telling us what we need no longer believe in:

I got the professor that curious book called "Do We Believe?" the other day, thinking it would interest him. It did. It is a selection made from about nine thousand letters written to the *Daily Telegraph* (London) from all sorts of people, and he has been carrying it about with him—up to his bedroom and down again to his library—for several days.

"The believers don't make out any case at all," was his remark yesterday morning. "They say little or nothing about the evidences. Here, for example, is the Archbishop of Canterbury; listen to him!"

"Randall Davidson, do you mean?"

"No, no; Temple"; and he read me Dr. Temple's letter from beginning to end, adding, as he closed the book with a snap. "Tom Paine could have signed that! What does it amount to? Simply this, that if God can work miracles, why then, possibly he may. The veriest skeptic could not deny the power of Omnipotence to perform miracles. Not a word about evidence, you notice. . . . It is impossible . . . impossible," he went on half to himself;

"if the salvation of humanity depended on humanity's belief in the Resurrection . . . an event supposed to have occurred in a small corner of the world. . . ."

What may be called Carnegieism, or the abolition of war by arbitration, found scant consideration at the hands of Goldwin Smith. During May, 1906, he had a visit from Mr. Carnegie, and we find the following record of impressions:

Andrew Carnegie has come and gone. He was the guest of the professor—"Sage," as Carnegie always addresses him. When the guest had departed G. S. let fall one or two *bon mots* on the conversation at the breakfast-table, but very guardedly. "An irresponsible optimist," he said, "who talks in a slap-dash style. What an idea that war can be averted and a reign of universal peace inaugurated by 'arbitration,' by reference to the resolutions of The Hague Tribunal! Why, when two nations are raging with the war-fever, and ready at a moment's notice to fly at one another's throats, it would be about as much use to quote a resolution of The Hague Tribunal as it would be to quote a sentence from the Talmud."

The reading of Parkman's history was the cause of more speculations on the inscrutableness of religious dogmas. He thought it was probably the practice of the church to send upon missionary enterprises all those priests whose sincere devotion had unfitted them for political intrigue:

"Isn't it astonishing, isn't it extraordinary, that there were men, intelligent men, who actually believed that Almighty God, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, had not only decreed but took the trouble to see to it that every Ojibway or Iroquois infant that had not had a drop of water sprinkled on his forehead by a Jesuit priest should be tortured for all eternity, and the infants that had been exempted from this?"

I asked if this almost incredible belief were really still a dogma of the Catholic church.

"Of course; the church is infallible; what it believed then it believes now. But isn't it astonishing. I know of nothing in the whole range of pagan mythology that is a patch to it."

To reproduce all the good things in Mr. Haultain's record would be to reproduce the whole volume, since all the things in it are good. The author has shown an admirable discrimination in editing and arranging his material. If he has erred at all it is upon the . . . liberality.

GOLDWIN SMITH, HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.
Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Old Mole.

The man who suddenly realizes that he is in the backwater of life instead of in the stream is likely to do something desperate, and perhaps we have here an explanation of a good many domestic tragedies. Such a realization comes to Herbert Jocelyn Beenbam, M. A., otherwise known by his irreverent pupils as Old Mole, but he is helped to a discovery of his position by an unpleasant misunderstanding with a young woman in a railroad car. Trying to comfort her in her evident distress, he finds that his well-meant action is misunderstood and that he is in the unpleasant predicament of a would-be destroyer of youthful innocence. An open scandal is averted mainly owing to the discovery by the police that Matilda has just left her situation under painful and familiar circumstances, but Old Mole sees that his educational career is at an end, and so he cuts away his anchor lines and floats carelessly down the stream. Fate brings him once more into touch with the young woman who was the cause of his downfall, and in her company he joins a band of itinerant actors and we presently find him not only married to Matilda, but desperately in love with her.

Of course all such stories end in the same way, and we know instinctively that when Matilda has been duly educated and polished she will not be contented to toast her toes by the fireside and listen to her husband's professorial ruminations. Matilda is not of that sort, and although we fall in love with her ourselves we know precisely what she will do as soon as she shall reach the highest elevation to which Old Mole can raise her. But the story is not a tragedy. It is too natural and inevitable for that, and moreover it is saved by the fine and manly philosophy of Old Mole himself, who is just such a character as the author delights to draw and knows so well how to draw. Mr. Cannan told a remarkable story when he wrote "Round the Corner" but he has now done something better. He is a master in his own field.

OLD MOLE. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

What Men Live By.

It is to be noticed that when a doctor writes a book on the conduct of life it is usually a good book and worth all the more or less self-interested efforts of those to whom religion is necessarily a sort of business. In other words, doctors usually preach much better than ministers.

The keynote of Dr. Cabot's philosophy seems to be that man must energize on all the planes of his being unless he is to invite somewhere an atrophy that may eventually destroy him. In other words he must work, play, love, and worship instead of exercising only one, or two, or three of these potential activities. He says, "We know where we are traveling, but we need a time-table to remind us of details." Certainly nothing wiser was ever said. For this reason he deprecates our present habit of specializing in favor of some particular kind of activity and he would abolish all such terms as "physical culture" and "mental training." There can be no real culture or training that is not a culture or a training of the whole, and so we should try to reach that plane where mind and body are forgotten "in the higher union of both." Among the many topics on which the author touches—and always with so light a hand—is sex education, and here he speaks so appositely and wisely that a passage may well be reproduced. He says:

I have seen a hospital patient drooling night and day as the result of a "fixed idea" about the inside of his mouth. He began to think about it and could not stop. You can try the experiment and verify the result (on a small scale) whenever you like, but I advise you not to. I should not have brought up the unpleasant subject at all but for a desire to reduce to absurdity the statement so often made that there is nothing about sex which can not harmlessly and profitably be talked about. This belief is false. It is contradicted by the physiology of reflex action. Saliva can be made to flow copiously, not only by pepper or any other irritant, but by thinking about the saliva in one's mouth. To be constantly or imperatively conscious of sex is to be in a miserable or a dangerous state. Talk about sex may produce or augment this danger.

Those who want an unusually wise and sagacious discourse on the conduct of life from the kindly viewpoint of one accustomed to face conditions rather than theories will find it here. There are few books of its kind that so often or so unerringly hit the nail on the head.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY. By Richard C. Cabot, M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

What Happened in the Night.

There are nine stories of children who are free from the precocity and "cuteness" that we so dread. They are stories told from the adult point of view, which is as it should be, since no adult can return even in imagination to the realm of childhood nor speak with the forgotten voice of childhood. Therefore these

are stories about children as they seem from outside, all of them told with a fine sympathy and understanding and expressive of the eternal beauties and innocences. Most of them have already appeared in magazine form, and those who are familiar with them will be grateful for an opportunity to possess them in their present attractive shape.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT. By James Hopper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Devil's Garden.

The discriminating reader will probably hold his judgment in abeyance until he has nearly reached the end of this remarkable story. He will be in no doubt about its interest, but he may hesitate as to its artistic value. But his final verdict will be a favorable one, in spite of some of those defects that are common enough among writers of the school that is called realistic.

But the conventional mind that loves to label a human character as good or bad and so have done with it will rebel against some of the author's portrayals. Mr. Maxwell's bad people are singularly good, and his good people surprise us by their badness. Mavis Dale seems at first to be one of those wholly unmoral women who are always ready to part with their virtue if the price offered is only high enough, but she becomes the devoted wife of William Dale, the village postmaster. Dale is a good man with a keen sense of his own values, somewhat coarse-fibred and heavy-handed, a type often enough found in English country towns. He worships his pretty wife and has no idea of her derelictions before marriage, and so when he gets into trouble with the postal authorities and has to go to London to defend himself he is willing enough that Mavis shall invoke the aid of her powerful friend Mr. Barradine, who is the man who debauched her when she was a girl. Barradine's intervention is successful and Dale is restored to his post, only to discover by chance the price that his wife has again paid for the timely aid. He brutally ill-treats her, and then we witness the slow and painful process of reconciliation, hastened first by the apparently accidental death of Mr. Barradine and then by the sweet submissiveness of Mavis, who slowly wins her husband back to her side by devotion and wifely wisdom. Then comes Dale's own fall, a much less excusable one than that of poor Mavis, and we see his repentance and his tremendous expiation. The author seems to harp on the idea of Nemesis that inexorably exacts the uttermost farthing from the guilty, and by processes that are self-enacting, as though cause and effect were actually integral parts of the whole, as indeed they must be. It is an idea that can hardly fail to be artistically fruitful in such competent hands as these, and Mr. Maxwell uses it with extraordinary effect. It may therefore be said with confidence that "The Devil's Garden" is a notable piece of work and worthy to rank with the best fiction of recent years.

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN. By W. B. Maxwell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

The Eternal Masculine.

In most men worth considering, says the author, there appears to be an ineradicable boyhood. Give the lad of six or sixty a horse or a boat or a holiday, and he forgets the world and begins to play. With this text in mind, and doubtless drawing from her own observations and experiences, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews gives us nine short stories illustrative of this disposition to play on the part of the less desirable sex. Such stories as these are a welcome relief from the dreary introspection and analysis that is now so much in vogue. The author's men and boys are the best of their kind and we should like to have a holiday in the company of any one of them.

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.30 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Macmillan Company has published a new and revised edition of "The Heresy of Cain," by the Reverend George Hodges (\$1.25 net). The little book well deserves its evident popularity. Its twenty-one essays on practical religion belong to a fine type of religious thought. They are benevolent and tolerant and wise.

The latest addition to the literature of nastiness is "Peach Bloom," a play in four acts, by Northrop Morse (Medical Review of Reviews; \$1). We are willing to credit the authors of such stuff with good intentions, hard though it is, but we must still face the psychological problem of a public that is influenced by it, if indeed such a public actually extends beyond a group of soft-headed adults and a somewhat larger group of snickering boys and girls.

Under the title of "Wild Animals at Home" we have another book of delightful reminiscences by Ernest Thompson Seton (Double-day, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net). The author tells us that there are not many "thrillers" in his stories of animals, and by this he presumably means that violence does not play a very large

part in them. None the less they are all thrillingly interesting, while most of them display traits and characteristics of the furry world that are novel to the majority of readers. The author's defense of the skunk is almost convincing.

Lovers of golf will find something worth their while in "Success at Golf," just published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1 net). A chapter on the art of driving is by Harry Vardon. Alexander Herd writes on spoon and iron shots. George Duncan explains the famous push shot. Wilfrid Reid talks about the mashie, Francis Quimet about putting, and Lawrence Ayton about bunker play. It is a volume that the golf enthusiast can hardly afford to overlook.

Harper & Brothers have published a new volume by the Reverend Elwood Worcester, entitled "Religion and Life." The author is appalled by the differences between the religion that we profess and the lives that we lead, and his book is an effort to show how Christianity is a process of becoming something rather than of believing something. On the whole his remarks are eminently sane, while specially deserving of commendation is his honest acceptance of some of the results of biblical criticism.

Arthur E. Bostwick, author of "Earmarks of Literature" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 90 cents net), says very properly that good literature has certain earmarks by which it may be distinguished from the literature that is not good. For example, it must be grammatical, it must be appropriate, and it must have character, as well as many other qualities about which every one is in agreement. To point out these earmarks is the object of his little book, and it may be said that he has done his work with discrimination and wisdom. Mr. Bostwick is a safe guide for those who need a guide, as most of us do.

"Sand-Dunes and Salt Marshes," by Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend (Dana Estes & Co.; \$2 net), is a popularly written description of the animal life to be found on the great sand-dunes, as well as of certain charms of scenery and science which are too often neglected. The author tells us how sand-dunes are formed, some of the mischief that they do by their encroachments, the animals that make of them their homes, and the distinctive vegetation to be found upon them. Dr. Townsend has something definite to say, and it is something that is worth saying. He has captured an area of nature and he displays his acquisition with a delightful skill. There are nearly a hundred illustrations.

Dr. George Lincoln Walton, author of "The Flower Finder" (J. B. Lippincott Company), explains that his work is intended for the would-be student of botany, whose first ambition is to identify the specimens that he meets. He has arranged his flowers according to color, however heretical this may seem to the initiated, and he gives us charts by which any specimen may be traced to the group in which it may be found. The plan seems to work well in conjunction with the very numerous line illustrations to be found on nearly every page. The book as a whole is an attractive one, while it has the additional virtues of good glossaries, an index by families, and a general index.

Mr. William J. Claxton, already well known for his delightful books about nature, has written another as delightful as any. It is entitled "Lessons from Nature's Workshop" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net), and it is intended to direct the attention of children to the miracles of wild life and to some of its more distinctive features, such as mimicry, the making of the home, weapons of offense and defense, and the instinctual and reasoning characteristics of animal consciousness. It is not a text-book, since children do not like text-books. It is merely a chatty ramble through the lanes, and it may be said that the reviewer, prepared to dismiss it with a cursory glance, found himself beguiled into reading the whole of it.

Bishop Thomas Bowman Dead.

At the age of ninety-seven, Bishop Thomas Bowman, patriarch of Methodism in America, died recently at his home in Orange, New Jersey. Sixty-one years of Dr. Bowman's life were spent in active church service. It is the

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New Books

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Cabot—What Men Live By.....\$1.50 net
Dalrymple—Diane of the Green Van.....\$1.35 net
DeMorgan—When Ghost Meets Ghost.....\$1.60 net
Hungerford—Personality of American Cities.....\$2.00 net
Maxwell—The Devil's Garden.....\$1.35 net
Norton—Story of California.....\$1.50 net

Review of some of these books in this issue of the Argonaut.

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longest record known for continuous church work. He never took a vacation. Thirty-seven of his years were passed in preaching and in educating students in the creed of the Methodist church and twenty-four as a bishop. His career in the Methodist ministry was begun at the Baltimore Conference in 1839. In 1848 he founded and became president of the Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Later he became president of the De Pauw University. It was during this period that he served for a year as chaplain of the United States Senate (1864-65) and became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln. He early became suspicious of attempts to assassinate Lincoln and was one of the first to warn him. It was as bishop that Dr. Bowman gained world-wide celebrity. He traveled 120,000 miles visiting Methodist churches throughout the world. He dedicated 1100 churches and attended every important conference during his active years in Mexico, India, China, and Japan.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Forester's Daughter.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has written better stories than this, for while it is fairly strong in incident it is weak in character. Its hero is a young Easterner who goes to Colorado in search of health and there meets Berea McFarland, a stalwart and attractive young woman who is already engaged to an unprepossessing young man of the locality, but who promptly transfers her affections to the newcomer under the superior beguilements of education and knowledge of the world. Berea is so very nice a girl that we can not understand her first preferences for a surly brute, but doubtless these were due to inexperience. Having once made up her mind she becomes cyclonic in her love-making, and we have no doubt that East and West live happily ever afterwards. It is all very readable and even exciting at times, but it seems to have been written hastily and without any clearly seen plan.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

The Escape of Mr. Trimm.

Mr. Irvin S. Cobb has the reputation of a humorist and, it may be said, a well deserved reputation. But here at least his humor is in abeyance. These nine short stories, while by no means lacking in lighter touches, are concerned rather with the grimly twisted and knotted skeins of human life. The best of the nine gives its title to the book. Mr. Trimm is a millionaire who is sentenced to a term of imprisonment and who finds himself at liberty, although still handcuffed, as the result of an accident to the train that is taking him to prison. His efforts to complete his liberation by getting rid of the handcuffs are described with a realism and an intensity that leave a mark on the memory. All the stories are good, some of them so good as to deserve a place among the short story immortals.

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Lovers of poetry and folk-lore will be interested in the efforts of the bureau of education to reclaim the unwritten folk-songs brought to this country by the English, Irish, and Scotch-Irish colonists. In a special bulletin Mr. P. P. Claxton, commissioner of education, points out the popular and historical value of these ballads and asks the help of the people in recovering them. The best collection of ballads of this sort is "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. This collection contains 300 ballads and many variants of them.

Mrs. Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," has written another book of the Pennsylvania Dutch, "Barnabetta," which the Century Company issued on March 20. Mrs. Martin has lived in Pennsylvania all her life, but sees the Pennsylvania Dutch life and character from the viewpoint of one not of the blood. "I have never written a line of the Pennsylvania Dutch," she said recently, "that I have not virtually taken from life."

Harper & Brothers recently put to press for reprintings the following books: "Life, Letters, Lectures, and Addresses of Frederick W. Robertson," edited by Stopford A. Brooke; "The Courtship of a Careful Man," by Edward Sandford Martin; "The Franco-German War of 1870-71," by Graf von Moltke; "Principles of Political Economy," by Simon Newcomb; "The Lane That Had No Turning," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Road to Nowhere," by Livingston B. Morse, and the recently published novel of Zane Grey, "The Light of Western Stars."

Moffat, Yard & Co. are about to issue a popular-priced edition of Miss Katherine Hughes's biography of "Father Lacombe." The appearance of this popular-priced edition is particularly apropos in view of the recent lamented death of Lord Strathcona. Father Lacombe was for many years an intimate friend of Lord Strathcona. The book contains many interesting anecdotes of their friendship.

The Century Company's issue on March 20 of E. C. Benson's "Dodo's Daughter" revives interest in the same author's "Dodo," which was one of the most talked about books of the day twenty years ago. Dodo was always believed to be the portrait, to some extent at least, of a girl conspicuous in the London social life of the day, and now the wife of a noted public man.

Zane Grey, author of the recently published novel, "The Light of Western Stars," the scene of which is laid on the Mexican border, has just given in a newspaper interview his views in regard to the present situation. "It is unfortunate," says Mr. Grey, "that so many Americans think of the Mexicans as a civilized people who have suffered long under tyrants and who need only enough help to throw off the yoke of Huerta in order to establish a real republic that shall last. Nothing could be more fantastic than that belief. The Mexi-

cans are not fit for self-government without constant help. I am no pessimist, but I am sure that it would require generations of enlightenment and training to enable them to maintain a republic. There is today no concrete national idea. The Indians are of various tribes who have no conception of a commonwealth and who are united only in their hatred of the white man. There is not in that country at present any foundation upon which a self-perpetuating republican government can be built."

Lee Foster Hartman in his just-published mystery story, "The White Sapphire," has introduced the Japanese war game "Go" to American readers. A correspondent of the London Times claims the credit of introducing "Go" to English readers as far back as 1877. He points out that this game, under the name of "Wei-Chi," was invented and played by the Chinese centuries before it was carried across to Japan.

The Macmillan Company published on the 18th of March a new novel by Mrs. George Wemyss. This is entitled "Grannie," and is said to be a charming story of an old lady and her happy family of grandchildren. Mrs. Wemyss will be remembered as the author of "The Professional Aunt."

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the third printing since October of Reginald Wright Kauffman's "The Spider's Web."

Already it looks as though Mr. DeMorgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost" was to renew the success of his "Joseph Vance" and "Alice for Sport." Between their large first edition and second one, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., for a few days were unable to fill orders, so great was the demand for the book.

The following books are announced by A. C. McClurg & Co. for this month: "Shea, of the Irish Brigade," a story of the Irish brigade in France, by Randall Parrish; "The Coming Hawaii," a new volume in the World Today Series, by Joseph King Goodrich; "The Art of Story Telling," a book for teachers, mothers, and all who tell stories to young audiences; "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," a study of art development, by Arthur Jerome Eddy; "The Green Seal," a mystery story, by C. E. Walk; "Right Living: Messages to Youth from Men Who Have Achieved," edited by Homer H. Cooper, and a volume in the National Social Science Series on "Banking," by Professor W. A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, whose "Bransford in Arcadia" (Holt) went into its second printing before publication, is being "accused" of being the anonymous author of "Overland Red" (Houghton Mifflin), which also seems to be making a highly successful debut.

William E. Carson, whose "Mexico: The Wonderland of the South," has just appeared in an enlarged and revised edition, has had an unusually varied career. His early years were spent in St. Louis, Missouri, where he gained his first experience as a reporter and editorial writer. Subsequently he settled in New York. Then he went to London, where he joined the staff of Lord Northcliffe, owner of the Times, the Daily Mail, and numerous other papers. As a correspondent Mr. Carson has traveled extensively; he has interviewed many celebrities, and has had various exciting adventures. Not only have his travels taken him to Mexico, but as far south as Patagonia. No other writer has a more thorough knowledge of conditions in South America. His book is published by the Macmillan Company.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, says of Webster's New International Dictionary: "Marks new advances even upon its excellent predecessor." It contains all the new words as well as the old. The new creation is far more than a dictionary, being equivalent in type matter to that of a fifteen-volume encyclopaedia. It answers with final authority all kinds of questions in language, history, geography, biography, trades, arts, and sciences, sports, foreign phrases, abbreviations, etc. The government printing office at Washington uses it as the authority. Webster's New International Dictionary is published by the G. & C. Merriam Company, which for seventy years has published the genuine Webster dictionaries.

"Through Other Eyes," by Amy McLaren, which the Putnams are publishing this month, is an attractive story of the fragrant English countryside. The scene alternates between the spacious interior of the well-appointed manor-house and the cozy neatness of the trim little thatched-roofed cottage, mellowed with age, which shelters Sunshine and Mrs. Fancy and which welcomes the impulsive Maisie and her youthful admirer.

The "old-fashioned" winter of the East seems mild when compared with winter in certain regions of Japan—Japan, which we think of as the land of flowers and sunshine. One of its provinces, Shinano, is called the Province of Snow. There and in the neighboring provinces of Echigo, Uzen, and Mutsu, on the Siberian side of the mountain range

which forms the backbone of the main island of the empire, the snowfall is sometimes so heavy that entire villages are buried completely from sight under drifts ten or twenty feet high. Mr. T. Philip Terry, in his new guidebook, "The Japanese Empire," published this month by the Houghton Mifflin Company, gives an interesting picture of life in these buried communities.

"The Winning of the Far West," by Robert McNutt McElroy, Ph. D., head of the department of history and politics in Princeton University, is the title of a volume which the Putnams have in train for publication in the fall. This volume is designed as a continuation of Colonel Roosevelt's series "The Winning of the West." Professor McElroy includes in the volume a history of the Texas revolution, the Mexican war, the Oregon question, and the extension of American dominion to the Pacific Coast.

New Books Received.

THE YOUNGEST WORLD. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.40 net. A novel.

JEAN AND LOUISE. By Antonin Dussenne. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net. A novel translated from the French.

KAZAN. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. A novel of the far north.

VICTORY LAW. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

LITTLE WAX CANDLE. By Louise Norton. New York: Claire Marie, 3 E. Fourteenth Street; \$1.25 net. A farce in one act.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN. By G. E. Street. Edited by Georgiana Goldard King. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. A new edition brought up to date.

THE FULL OF THE MOON. By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

ANYBODY BUT ANNE. By Caroline Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A detective story.

ATHLETIC HANDBOOK FOR THE PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS (revised). Manila: Bureau of Printing. Bulletin No. 40, 1913. Bureau of Education.

THE HOUR OF CONFLICT. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

PAUL VERLAINE. By Wilfrid Thorley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net. Issued in Modern Biographies.

EAST OF THE SHADOWS. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

TERRY'S JAPANESE EMPIRE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 55 cents. With chapters on Manchuria, the Transsiberian Railway, and the chief ocean routes to Japan.

LATIN AMERICA. By William R. Shepherd. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents. Issued in the Home University Library.

THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A drama.

A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE RECONNAISSANCE. By Gordon Gardiner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

OVER THE HILLS. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. By Jane Helen Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

ATHLETIC TRAINING. By Michael C. Murphy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net. The result of thirty years spent in the development of track and field athletics as a science.

MAJE. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A love story.

Henry Moore Teller, former cabinet officer and for more than thirty years United States senator from Colorado, recently passed away. Mr. Teller, who was eighty-three years old, had been ill for two years. He was one of the "original silver Republicans." Many of his supporters contend that he was the first. After a term in the Colorado senate as an independent silver Republican, the silver Republicans in his state merged with the Democrats and Mr. Teller returned to the Senate—that time as a Democrat. He served one term as such and retired in 1903 to make a place for the late Senator Hughes, also of the same party. In 1883 Teller left the Senate to enter President Arthur's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, but he left that office again in 1885 to reënter the Senate. He was born in Granger, Alleghany County, New York, in 1830, had a common school education, followed by a short career at Alfred University; he then studied law, practiced in Binghamton, New York; went west to Illinois in 1858, and from there to Colorado.

Exhibition of American Art Potteries.

An exhibition of American art potteries will open in the Paul Elder Gallery Monday, March 23. During the course of the exhibition there are to be three lectures by Dr. Carl Balcomb. All of these lectures will be illustrated with interesting lantern slides. These illustrated lectures, to which the interested public is invited, will be given: Monday afternoon, March 23, at 2:30 o'clock; Friday evening, March 27, at 8:15 o'clock; Monday afternoon, March 30, at 2:30 o'clock. Examples of the leading American potteries will be shown with their distinguishing characteristics, and the different processes in the making of a vase will be illustrated.

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A Prize-Winning Letter.

To arouse additional interest in electrical appliances, the Cleveland Plain Dealer recently offered a prize of an electrical washer for the best letter about the practical features of the apparatus. Mrs. M. B. Kavanaugh, adjudged the winner of the contest, did so with the following letter, which contains a direct appeal to every householder who takes pride in the up-keep of a modern place and who has the welfare of employees at heart:

"I bought an electrical washer because I hoped I could destroy that terrible bugbear—'Wash Day.'"

"It exceeded my expectations and has in the five years I have used it paid for itself in the saving on clothes and labor."

"Washes the finest linens and heaviest blankets equally well."

"Sweaters and boys' clothing, no matter how soiled, come out of an electric washer perfectly clean—no rubbing."

"Where there are children, this item alone means a great saving."

"To any woman who does her own work an electric washer is a necessity, because it is the best, most careful, and cheapest laundress she could procure."

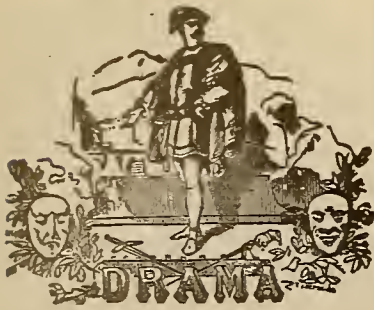
"Working cheerfully, never grumbling about the size of the washing, or the condition of the clothes, and asking only for a few drops of oil—before and after using."

"It eliminates woman's most laborious work, and is the most appreciated electrical device on the market."

This is only one of the many uses to which electricity can be put in the home, and eventually every modern residence will be conducted on the electric plan, from heating to cooking. Already the electric table stove has made its appearance, and it is not only possible to prepare breakfast on the dining table, but the process is real pleasure. Coffee, boiled, scrambled, or fried eggs, bacon or chops—all may be cooked on this little electric wonder. It is attractive in appearance, becomes hot in a jiffy, and is serviceable in every respect. It is controlled by a snap of the switch, connected to the electric light socket. These table stoves are being brought into use in the East, and in time will make their appearance in California, where the long, warm summer days particularly invite something of this nature as a part of the household fixtures.

To the owner of a country home the uses to which electricity may be put are especially attractive. Gas not being obtainable, it is a simple matter to have a few poles erected and a wire strung from one of the many lines of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, for its wires are everywhere in north-central California, covering as it does 30 of the 58 counties in the state and already serving two-thirds of California's population. The power thus introduced solves the problem of pumping water, sawing wood, and operating the dairy, taking care of the laundry, the kitchen, sweeping floors, furnishing abundance of lights, heating water, and in many other ways adding to the pleasure and comfort of the home.

In addition, should one face a power or lighting problem, the services of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's engineers are freely given towards its solution. The expert may quickly find a way out of the trouble which seems hopeless to the layman, and it is this attention to detail which makes "Pacific Service" a perfect service.



HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER.

The tale of Helen Keller's long and brave battle and her wonderful victory over what might have been a crushing life-defeat have made a peculiarly poignant appeal to the interest and sympathy of the general public. There is something, perhaps, particularly characteristic of the national spirit in her determination to be a part of life and to put that fine, bright, and sensitive instrument, her mind, into close contact with the thoughts of general humanity.

At all events it was not mere curiosity that animated the soul of the hundreds upon hundreds of people that have been assembling to see and hear her this week, and who have been hanging breathlessly upon her spoken words. The spoken words of Helen Keller! How strange and incredible it sounds! But it took twenty years of daily work and practice by the eager pupil and her patient and devoted teacher before the miracle was wrought. Something of this was told us by Mrs. Macy, better known to the reading public by her maiden name of Anne M. Sullivan, who for twenty-six years has been Helen Keller's friend, teacher, and guide along the darkened pathway of her life. These two tried and trusted comrades have been telling the story together in a sort of double lecture, the first part of which is told by Mrs. Macy, whose simple, sincere womanliness is made apparent almost in the opening words of a narrative charged with the spirit of self-forgetful devotion. This teacher of the blind found her life-work fitted to her hand by the triple withdrawal from the baby of nineteen months of those three avenues of communication with one's fellow-beings without which life, so the majority of people believe, would seem scarcely worth the living. And yet Helen Keller lives among us today, a cheerful, contented, successful woman. Her happiness is written in her face, the habitual expression of which, save during the stress and strain of exercising her patiently acquired gift of speech, is that of confirmed and temperamental optimism. That old, worn, and weary bit of journalistic-poetic cynicism recurs to one's mind in reviewing the story of her life:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.

Helen Keller smiles, and the smile is braver and more beautiful than laughter. And the world smiles with her.

She enjoys the friendship of many of the notable men of the day, who correspond with her, and discuss with her their affairs. Some of them have learned the manual of the alphabet employed so that they may have direct communication with her active and well-stored mind.

She has a large library of English, French, and German literature, and she has written several books and many magazine articles herself. She now devotes herself to work for the blind and deaf, and has repeatedly delivered helpful and enlightening discourses before congresses of educators and physicians.

A full, rich, useful, honored life is thus lived by this triply afflicted woman, whose mental vigor and intense love of humanity have enabled her to rise superior to what might have been a devouring blight.

Not the least part of the benefit derived by the world at large from the story of Helen Keller's life lies in the perpetual need for stimulating our faith in the better part of human nature; and it has been so stimulated by the close attention which has been paid to the inspiring record of those two strangely united lives.

In giving her narrative of the means employed to teach Helen Keller to use her un-employed vocal organs in comprehensible speech Mrs. Macy very wisely prepared the audience for any possible disappointment in advance. But when the slender, girlish woman came before them in person and they saw the bright intelligence of her face it was impossible for any normal person to conceive of the physical darkness in which Helen Keller lives. She spoke, and the pathos of it was piercing. Until that moment the victory had seemed almost complete, but in the first pang of realization the audience had so faint a conception of the vastness of that mountain of difficulties which had been lowered grain by grain. But the mountain remains. Only Helen Keller stands on the heights, and on her worn and gentle fea-

tures we read the peace and happiness that she has won after her long conflict; and all around her, from the levels of workaday life, are rising unvoiced messages of encouragement, of comradeship, of consolation, and of gratitude. That moment of pained realization did not last. Sadness does not flourish in Helen Keller's atmosphere. She spoke for some ten or fifteen minutes, uttering a message of cheer and encouragement to the deaf and blind which the careful but imperfect modulation of her voice rendered difficult of comprehension, except, perhaps, to those in her immediate neighborhood. And touching indeed it was to remark that the articulation and modulation employed by us with such happy unconcern is to her a matter of tense and sustained effort, which had cost a quarter of a century's toil.

There followed an interval during which the audience saw thoroughly demonstrated the means of communication employed by pupil and teacher. Helen Keller places three of her fingers upon Mrs. Macy's throat, lips, and cheek in such a position as to learn by her sense of touch whether her companion is uttering the guttural, the labial, or the nasal consonants. The vowels have to be largely guessed at. And from those three fingers we learn that she has to construct the English language. As Mrs. Macy speaks Helen Keller rapidly repeats her words to establish their correctness. In this manner was conveyed to her the questions asked by the audience, which concerned her opinion of the canal toll, of California, of tenancy farming in the South, of motherhood pensions, and the like. Never do the features of normal people light up so beautifully with the glow of thought as those of the deaf and blind. In the pleasure felt by Helen Keller in that mental interchange we saw the illumination of the enlightened mind and soul shining like a living light, and in those quick, responsive moments her pleasure was so keen that it put some temporary soul into the otherwise mechanical modulation of her voice. The fact that her voice is audible to a large audience is, it was learned, due to a couple of years' instruction from Mr. Charles White, a teacher of singing at the New England Conservatory of Music. No one who has read or heard the narration of Helen Keller's life and seen and felt the actual struggles of this once imprisoned soul toward normal communication with humanity can ever again relapse into the dreariness and darkness of pessimism.

Charles Dickens in his account in "American Notes" of the almost similarly afflicted condition of little Laura Bridgman expresses this point of view with so much feeling that I can but quote him: "Ye who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenances, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast; learn healthy cheerfulness and mild contentment from the deaf, and dumb, and blind! Self-elected saints with gloomy brows, this sightless, careless, voiceless child may teach you lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts, for there may be something in its healing touch akin to that of the Great Master. . . ."

"RIGOLETTO."

A rising tide of disappointment invaded the foyer of the Tivoli on Monday evening when opera-goers discovered an announcement that Titta Ruffo, who is now spoken of as the leading baritone of the world, was pronounced by his doctors to be suffering from laryngitis. However, with the rising the curtain the general sense of disappointment in the house was considerably allayed. In the first place the production is handsome. The chorus is very numerous, well-voiced, and thoroughly reliable. The orchestra, under Campanini, whose ability we know from the past, is of such a quality as to make even the old-style score of "Rigoletto" emphasize with dramatic poignancy the emotions represented of the leading scenes. The cast, too, was reassuring as to the vocal standing of the singers, as one by one they came forward and proved their quality.

Aristodemo Giorgini, the tenor, we have heard before. As the dissolute Duke of Mantua this singer had a rôle agreeably within the compass of his pure and beautiful tenor. Signor Giorgini's voice has the true silver ring; it flows forth freely and clearly, and maintains that perfect poise and pitch through all the vocal embroideries of the duke's dashing music that fills hearers with a pleasant sense of absolute reliance. The only thing that can be said against Giorgini is that he lacks fervor. A certain characteristic insouciance is, however, adapted to the rôle of the duke, and it seemed to me that Giorgini did not have quite the recognition he deserved.

Florence Macbeth, however, can make no such complaint, the blonde young soprano winning from the audience so many salvos of applause that she was obliged to respond by repeated encores. Miss Macbeth really made, in some respects, an unusual Gilda. She is young, she is blonde, she is girlish; she is

not stout, she does not look as if she were in the habit of smacking her lips over garlic-flavored messes of macaroni *et al.* In fact, she is the appropriate age for Gilda. As to temperament, that is an entirely different thing. Gilda was a very inflammable young thing, and in spite of heartless treatment from her ducal voluptuary she showed a purely Latin tenacity in keeping alive the flame he had kindled in her veins. But flames and Miss Macbeth do not live in the same block. Miss Macbeth has a nice, clear, candid, pleasant, prepossessing American expression. She has probably tried conscientiously, but never succeeded, to realize the volcanic nature of the darting flames that created such havoc in Gilda's violently awakened susceptibilities. It is the music, the mechanics of it, the mathematics of it, the structure, the graceful foliage, that concerns this young lady, who is all conscience in the execution of her rather brilliant vocalism. She has a high, clear, flexible, dependable soprano, which flows without effort and lends itself freely to the coloratura which is her special forte. Her highest notes occasionally show an unexpected and disconcerting brilliancy, which is puzzling on account of the noticeably free emission of her voice. Miss Macbeth's acting is her weak point, as it is too automatic. Her evident youth, however, will allow her opportunity to correct some of the faults due to her deficiency of temperament. And in the meanwhile the public takes to her so kindly that the road she travels will be cheered by public appreciation.

Giovanni Polese, the baritone who took up the rôle dropped by Titta Ruffo, is an artist of ability both in acting and singing; he brought out the dramatic side of Rigoletto's character with thoroughness, and his vocalism won him many plaudits.

The three other principals did work in line with the general standard. In fact the performance was of such a nature as considerably to atone for the initial disappointment due to Ruffo's failure to appear.

"THE TONGUES OF MEN."

The admirers of Henrietta Crosman are heaving sighs of deep satisfaction over her new play, "The Tongues of Men," which gives this accomplished comedienne an opportunity to pour her humorously pronounced individuality into a mould that fits it to a T.

Miss Crosman assumes in this play the rôle of a prima donna who has many of the superficial faults of her kind. Jane Bartlett shows the irritability and explosiveness of a woman who lives at high pressure and expresses it with the unconventional violence and easy, unconcerned profanity of a woman unsexed by the exciting standards of the conventional.

Edward Childs Carpenter, the clever author of the play, has arranged a series of situations by which the prima donna and her staff of associates are thrown in violent contrast with a particularly narrow, intolerant group of churchly bigots. The author has incalculated, as gayly and amusingly as possible, the lesson of liberality toward the stage artist by showing how unlovely is the hackbiting and grudging spirit of the parishioners of St. Martin's in the Lane as compared with the broad, practical, matter-of-course generosity of stage professionals. Mr. Carpenter, in carrying out his plan, has written a clever little comedy with plenty of bright dialogue, amusing yet not too farcically exaggerated characterization, and a pleasant appeal to one's sense of tolerance for the faults in both classes of contrasting types.

A very good company has been selected to represent these broadly diverse types, and their skill in amusing portraiture, allied to the familiar, enjoyable ebullience of Miss Crosman's comedy methods, makes up an entertainment that appeals to the lovers of

mirth build on some sort of mental foundation.

The author does not make the mistake of throwing all the likable qualities toward his more Bohemian characters, but in the soul of the innocent, literal young reverend who spiritually flagellates the singer from the pulpit he reveals the pathetic goodness of a conscientious man who has been walking through life blindfolded. Frank Gilmore impersonated the young clergyman with particular aptness, endowing him with all those peculiarly clerical characteristics that are the hallmark of the profoundly conventional cleric, and yet causing his innate integrity of soul to shine forth sufficiently to win the liking and esteem of the more worldly spectator.

The audience amused itself by drawing parallels between the professionals surrounding Jane Bartlett and the lights of the American operatic stage, but the resemblance most agreed on was the brief but admirable impersonation by Katherine Presbery of the good-hearted contralto which suggested Schumann-Heink.

Paul Doucet's clever sketch of the irrepressible and impecunious Sepulveda was alive and vivid with the characteristics of the Continental Bohemian, and each of the four or five church people, and of one or two other types, was represented with an agreeable absence of over-travesty. In fact the author struck a very good note of genuine comedy until the last act, when he slightly relaxed into an approach toward the more unrestrained methods of farce-comedy. This gave Henrietta Crosman fresh opportunity, more particularly as Jane Bartlett flew into a few first-class rages and castigated her vilifiers in fine style with a particularly fluent and picturesque vocabulary. Henrietta Crosman always enjoys letting loose that ebullient temperament of hers, and generally succeeds in making her audience enjoy it, too. She carried them with her through moods of impatience and exasperation wrought to the boiling point, through scenes of towering rage in which the scene was cleared of her intolerant but terrified aggressors by the sheer power of a woman's tongue, and then, by contrast, she gave the neatest little exhibition of a roguish woman getting the best of a bewildered, witless masculine adversary by first putting him thoroughly in the wrong, and then throwing an unexpected life-line his way.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henceforth the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle will be secure from molestation. Every visitor to the little Dumfriesshire village of Ecclefechan knows "the Arched House," as it is called; indeed this humble building is the only reason that can draw the visitor to a border hamlet which has few attractions. Carlyle himself says harsh things concerning it in letters to his brother John and was probably writing more under the influence of the subjective impressions and memories of his struggling boyhood than from any real contempt for the place itself. There is extant a photograph of the house which Thomas Carlyle has marked with a star to denote the chamber where he came to light, and he adds: "Room where I was born; to the middle of that arch was my father's house, village of Ecclefechan, 4 Dec., 1795.—T. Carlyle (Chelsea, 5 July, 1871)." The house or pair of houses thus joined by an arch big enough to drive a wagon through is just a two-story structure of lowland freestone, covered with lime wash; squared as to the windows and doors and firmly slated as to the roof. It stands on the west side of the broad village street not far from the trickle—half stream, half ditch—that distinguish Ecclefechan from its rivals, and not far from the smart church (United Presbyterian) which guards the little yard where Carlyle lies among his kindred. His wife lies at Haddington.

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Chicago Grand Opera Company.

The Chicago Grand Opera Company is again at the Tivoli Opera House. The principals, chorus, orchestra, ballet, and every imaginable detail are particularly good, and San Francisco music lovers may count themselves fortunate that the really superb organization has again come to the Coast.

This afternoon Titta Ruffo, thoroughly recovered from his annoying laryngitis, will make his first appearance here as Tomio in "Pagliacci," with Jane Osborn-Hannah, Otto Marak, and Armand Crabbe also in the cast, the first opera of the afternoon being "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosa Raisa, Ruby Heyl, Louise Berat, Giorgini, and Federici in the cast. Tonight Carolina White will reappear in her great success of last season, Malibella, in Wolf-Ferrari's wonderful work, "The Jewels of the Madonna," with a brilliant cast and the magnificent orchestra under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini.

Tomorrow will be memorable in the operatic annals of San Francisco, as at half-past four Richard Wagner's consecration play, "Parsifal," will be produced on a scale of magnificence hitherto unheard of here. The production was built in Vienna and the cast will be exceptionally strong, including Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, who makes her first appearance of the season, as Kundry, Otto Marak in the title-role, Whitehill, Scott, Hinkley, and many others.

Monday evening Mary Garden will sing for the first time here the titular rôle of Puccini's "Tosca," with Campagnola and Polesi in the other principal rôles, and on Tuesday night Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be sung for the first time in many years, the cast including Osborn-Hannah, Claussen, Marak, Whitehill, and Hinkley. In response to many requests the bill for Wednesday night has been changed to "Hamlet," by Ambroise Thomas, with Ruffo in the title-role, and Zeppilli, Huberdeau, Scott, and Rosina Galli and the ballet. Friday night Ruffo will again appear in his famous rôle of Don Giovanni, the cast including Carolina White, Rosa Raisa, Giorgini, Huberdeau, Trevisan, and Scott. Saturday afternoon Mary Garden will repeat "Thais," and Saturday night a gala farewell will be given.

Henrietta Crosman Continues at Columbia.

Henrietta Crosman's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is to continue for a second and final week, commencing with Monday night, March 23. The comedienne has in "The Tongues of Men" what is considered the best work since she brought out "Mistress Nell" some seasons back. It has made a very strong impression here, and as a result the business at the Columbia during the present engagement is unusually good. "The Tongues of Men" is a brightly written comedy with enough of the drama back of it to make one think. It affords an excellent entertainment, and while starting off as a serious play it soon begins to create mirth and ends with a reception of hilarity. The leading rôle, that of Jane Bartlett, played by Miss Crosman, certainly resembles many grand opera artists, and as the play really concerns the church and the stage, though in nowise preachy, it has a theme of strong interest. Miss Crosman offers a particularly artistic portrayal of Jane Bartlett and has about her one of the best acting companies brought here from New York in a long time. The production is wholly adequate and the attraction throughout has the stamp of Broadway. No Sunday performances are given. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Gaiety Presents "The Candy Shop."

The Gaiety's return to merriment was complete last Monday night when "The Candy Shop" opened its hospitable doors and disclosed the finest confection in the way of a musical show.

It was "The Candy Shop" that supplied the Gaiety with its opening attraction last October. It played to continually crowded houses for over eight weeks. Now it returns with practically an unchanged cast and with Rock and Fulton at the head of the merry-makers.

Will Philbrick's impersonation of the detective; Oscar Ragland's presentation of the rôle of the proprietor of the candy shop where all the plot thickens; Mary Ambrose's delightful satire on the "crank" theosophist; Frances White's dainty little shopgirl, and Kitty Doner and Mazie Kimball in their fine and fidgity "alimony sisters"; Helen Goff's graceful widow; Bessie Franklyn's suffragette, and Al Shean's eccentric tailor are some of the individual hits of the performance. Added to the company is Thomas C. Leary, whose unctuous comedy was never better displayed than in the rôle of the Coney Island amusement promoter.

The comedy gem of the entertainment is Rock and Fulton's travesty on Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen.

The production is beautiful, the chorus is large and comely, and the merry book of "The Candy Shop" is set to gayest music.

Matinees are given Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. The Thursday matinee is at bargain prices.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Fritzi Scheff, the brilliant Viennese prima donna, who is repeating in vaudeville the splendid triumph she scored in grand and comic opera, will enter on the last week of her engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee, when in conjunction with her a great new show will be presented.

Paul Armstrong, author of "Jimmy Valentine" and other successful plays, will present his latest effort, a one-act drama called "To Save One Girl." It has to do with the use or rather misuse of political power for personal benefit. "To Save One Girl" will be presented by a strong cast which includes Donald Fuller, Ruth Boyce, Seth Smith, John Ritter, Gus P. Thomas, Ben Piazza, Ralph Thayer, and Eddie Watson.

Mindell Kingston has joined forces with George Ebner, a comedian of recognized ability. They will present a singing, talking, and dancing skit called "A Vaudeville Flirtation."

Shirli Rives, who first won popularity in vaudeville as prima donna in the production of Leo Fall's "The Eternal Waltz," will appear in "The Song of the Heart," a story of grand opera life written by Edgar Allan Woolf with music by Anatol Friedland. She will be supported by an excellent company.

The Hartleys are English novelty jumpers—that is the male member of the team is, his fair assistant providing a liberal amount of comedy between the various difficult jumps which Mr. Hartley accomplishes.

The Kaufman Brothers, Jack and Phil, black-face comedians, will entertain with recent comedy coon songs and bright new chatter.

Matilda and Elvira, novelty singers and dancers of French extraction, will introduce "The Fortune Tellers' Dance," used by the Spanish gypsies, and the Hat Dance, which is popular at Spanish social functions.

It will be the last week of Edward Gillette's monkey bowlers, Adam and Eve.

"Hanged," Headliner at Pantages Theatre.

"Hanged," a gripping episode of San Quentin, written by John D. Barry, a local newspaper writer, will be the headline attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. The playlet is a story of intense interest with the problem of anti-capital punishment as its theme. Those who have read the piece declare that Barry has opened a new field for vaudeville and that "Hanged" will create wide discussion. The climax of the playlet is one of the most sensational staged on any local stage. A big cast will be used in "Hanged," thirty persons being needed for its presentation. The scaffold was especially constructed by Roy Stephenson, master mechanic at the Pantages, who visited San Quentin several times to procure exact duplicates of the paraphernalia in the hanging room.

Of the regular bill Edwin Keough and Helen Nelson appear in their surprise act, called "Ambition," a genuine novelty in three scenes. The first two are teeming fun and jollity, while the last bit is a splendid portrayal of the proposal scene from "Ingomar."

Weston and Leon, a duo of winsome young misses, have a rollicking pianologue.

E. J. Moore is known as the "talkative trickster," with an act which is a cross between clever comedy and good sleight-of-hand stunts.

An acrobatic act different from the usual routine are the Spanish Goldinos. A great dancing novelty will be presented by ten girls in a spectacular legend with special scenery.

A Harry Lauder Show at the Savoy.

For the first time on any stage the Harry Lauder singing and talking pictures will be shown at the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening. Those that have been privileged to see these pictures declare that they represent perfection in their type. Perfect synchronization has been obtained, and the art of the great Scottish comedian is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

William Morris, Lauder's manager, under whose direction the pictures will be shown, and E. F. Bostwick, manager of the Savoy, promise a unique two hours' entertainment. In addition to the singing and talking pictures, which will show the great entertainer singing "I Love a Lassie," "Safest o' th' Family," "She's Ma' Daisy," "She's th' Lass for Me," and "A Wee Deoch an' Doris," the Lauder traveltogue is to be given, showing the comedian on his world tour. Also there will be vocal selections and Scotch singing and dancing, and the pipers that were with Lauder during his recent record-breaking engagement at the Cort will also contribute to the programme. A complete orchestra will furnish music. Matinees are to be given daily after the Monday opening.

"Smashing the Vice Trust," the sensational photo-drama, will be shown for the last times at the Savoy Theatre this afternoon and evening.

Miss Illington Returns in "Within the Law."

Margaret Illington, with the same splendid supporting cast intact, returns to the Cort Theatre tomorrow evening in Bayard Veiller's enormously successful drama of modern metropolitan life, "Within the Law," which when first presented here two months ago registered a popular triumph. Miss Illington, who has just concluded a tour of the southern part of the state that was a continuous duplication of her San Francisco success, altered her plan of proceeding Eastward in order to return to the Cort tomorrow evening, incidentally establishing the precedent of being the first star to play two engagements in this city in the same season.

Because of the remarkable vogue it is enjoying in America, ten companies appearing at present in different sections of the country, the story of "Within the Law" is already too well known to theatre-goers to require recounting here. Its initial presentation in this city fully lived up to the claims made for it in advance, and Miss Illington's performance of the rôle of the persecuted shopgirl proved a real acting delight. Howard Gould, Hilda Keenan, Frank E. Camp, Robert Elliott, Sonia Jasper, Joseph Slaytor, Neil Moran, and Agnes Barrington will again be seen in the rôles in which they demonstrated their abilities before, and the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees are announced.

The farewell performance of "The Blue Bird" will be given tonight.

Stratford-Upon-Avon Players Coming to Columbia.

The Stratford-Upon-Avon Players are at present making their first American tour—a most comprehensive one—which will bring them to this city on Monday, March 30, for an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia Theatre. The repertory of the company is an extensive one and for the Western tour they have selected sixteen plays, and it is from this list that the San Francisco engagement will have its selection. The company includes Mr. F. R. Benson, who with the other players have made special arrangements with the governors of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-Upon-Avon, England, for the American tour. The repertory for this city will include Shakespearean plays very rarely seen here. And what promises to be a great attraction is the production of "Hamlet" with its entire text. This presentation of Shakespeare's tragedy is being given on but three occasions during the present tour. Among the plays to be offered are "King John," "King Henry the Fourth" (part two), "King Henry the Fifth," "King Richard the Second," "King Richard the Third," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Othello," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet" (entire text). The appearance here of this great organization will surely prove one of the theatrical events of the year. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday morning, March 26.

Closing Symphony Concert.

The symphony season closed Friday, March 13, with the tenth symphony concert. It was felt by the subscribers that the occasion was a particularly successful one.

Jean Gerardy was the star of the occasion, and in two numbers, the Lalo "Concerto" and Boellmann's "Variations," the great cellist showed himself at his best. Those who heard him at this concert had the opportunity of seeing a great artist in the white heat of execution, for in these two selections were displayed a technical mastery blended with a dramatic fervor of interpretation that even in the cello is unusual. In some of the passages of the "Variations" the instrument gave out almost unrecognizable tones, so delicate was the play of the notes that fell as lightly as the dancing of a flock of fairies.

The Tchaikowsky symphony in E minor was the principal orchestral number. The fine ensemble work of this admirably captained organization was displayed in the favorite Russian symphony, which down to those last moving passages that seem to breathe the spirit of consolation was listened to with almost religious attention.

Frederick Warde, the Shakespearean star, has made his debut as a Shakespearean author. The book is "The Fools of Shakespeare," and has caused wide comment. Mr. Warde is writing his second book on Shakespeare now and expects to have it on the market in a very short time. This second work will be called "An Apostle of Christianity."

Billie Burke will not go to London this year, but will make a tour of the West with her newest play, "The Land of Promise." Miss Burke has not been in San Francisco in four seasons.

Robert Hilliard in his notable success, "The Argyle Case," is one of the Columbia Theatre attractions for the near future.

It is announced that last year 41,589 people paid an admission fee to enter Shakespeare's house.

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This afternoon at 2, "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA," Raisa, Heyl, Giorgini, Federici, cond.; Sturani, followed by "PAGLIACCI," Ruffo, Osborn-Hannah, Bassi, Crabbe; cond., Campanini. Tonight at 8, "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA," White, Bassi, Polesi, Berat; cond., Campanini. Sun. at 4:30, "PARSIFAL," Saltzman-Stevens, Marak, Whitehill, Hinkley, Dufranne; cond., Campanini. Mon. at 8, "TOSCA," Garden, Campagnola, Polesi, Nicolay, Egner; cond., Campanini. Tues. at 8, "LOHENGGRIN," Osborn-Hannah, Claussen, Marak, Whitehill, Hinkley; cond., Campanini. Wed. at 8, "HAMLET," Ruffo, Huberdeau, Scott, Claussen, Zeppilli; cond., Campanini. Fri. at 8, "DON GIOVANNI," with Ruffo, White, Raisa, Giorgini, Huberdeau, Scott, Trevisan; cond., Campanini. Sat. at 2, "THAIS," Garden, Dufranne, Warnery; cond., Campanini. Sat. at 8, GALA FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.

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VANITY FAIR.

It may have been noticed that this column occasionally devotes some few lines to a grudging comment upon women's dress. Being only a weekly newspaper, it is obviously impossible to keep pace with the changing modes or to do more than note the distinctive features of the fashions as they pass before the wondering and bewildered eye. Anything like a complete record would require some three or four daily editions. But we do the best we can.

First of all let us notice the latest announcement of the mercurial M. Poirer, who is now once more in Paris after an American visit that will be long remembered. M. Poirer tells us that the new styles will be distinguished by their simplicity, but what a deceptive word is simplicity. For the moment we conjure up visions of milkmaids chastely and charmingly clad as they go on their way to extract the lactal fluid from the meek and ruminative cow. Our own knowledge of milkmaids is derived mainly from the variety stage, but doubtless it is a correct one. They do these things surprisingly well nowadays. But we observe with regret that M. Poirer does not mean that sort of simplicity. It is to be feared that his is a sophisticated mind, and that he has forgotten those lessons in a diffident and shrinking bashfulness that he learned from the ladies of New York. And so M. Poirer tells us that he has designed a new skirt that should prove particularly popular, "since, without being slit, it shows off the leg and figure in a discreet and charming manner by an arrangement fixed inside the skirt by which the pleats are attached to each leg. In this way the leg is outlined in walking and a woman can wear a particularly smart and fetching costume without outraging any susceptibilities."

Now we can answer for our own susceptibilities in this matter. We shall experience no sense of shock. A certain primitive sense of virtue—exclusively a male possession—that withstood the harem skirt, the split skirt, and the transparent skirt will remain unconquered by the new mode which "shows off the leg and figure in a discreet and charming manner." The fortress of our native purity remains impregnable. The stern chastity of the male, already tried by fire, will emerge from this new ordeal undimmed and unsullied. Moreover, the recording angel is deducting sixty per cent from the sum total of male transgressions as compensation for the extra risks and hazards involved in the latest mode.

But it is to be feared that some of the new Paris fashions are not quite so "discreet and charming" as those invented by M. Poirer. There were costumes at the Auteuil race-course a month ago that must have made the spectators wonder if they had accidentally strayed into a swimming-bath on a day reserved for ladies only. A newspaper correspondent says, "Cut off the collar from last year's afternoon gown, rip open the front of the bodice, fill in the gap with a white pique waistcoat with a V-shaped opening as low as the waist, hack the skirt up the back as high as the knees, and you have the perfect 1914 gown for the races and other smart outdoor functions." Elsewhere the report speaks of "a startling attempt to launch frilled pantallettes of fine linen or lace which was worn with a short crinoline skirt." Now we have no idea what this may mean, since surely it can not mean what it seems to mean. Of course we have seen these frilled things in the shop-windows and wondered in our dull and stupid way what advantage they have over the substantial bifurcated garments that we ourselves affect, and have even wondered if it would be possible to experiment with them. We abandoned that idea, as there was no way in which we could get possession of such an outfit short of going into the shop and trying to buy one, which was out of the question for one of our temperament. But are we to understand that ladies wearing these pretty laced and befrilled things, and obviously wearing them, are to be seen on the Auteuil race-course? And Auteuil so far away, too.

The wearing of colored hair, that is to say unnaturally colored hair, has now nearly disappeared from Paris, but its place has been taken by another attractive and piquant novelty. Ladies of fashion are now painting upon their faces the pictures of birds, beetles, and lizards. The result is said to be most satisfactory, since these painted beauties are now more conspicuous than ever. And while on the subject of the women of France it is gratifying to notice that the efforts of the French suffragettes are likely to be crowned with success and that at no distant date the votes of women will be called upon to aid in the solution of the great social problems of the age.

We do not know much about the functions of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. We do not happen to move in those particular circles, but the Convocation

seems to consist of a number of clerical gentlemen, bishops and the like, who find time hanging somewhat heavily upon their hands and who therefore wile away the tedious hours by discussing the things that do not matter. Day after day we have opened the English newspapers, and there, prominently displayed, is the invariable column of news about the Convocation. The discussions of that august body seem not only to be interminable, but during the particular period of our observation they have been confined exclusively to the momentous question whether the word "obey" shall continue to form a part of the marriage service. That is actually the fact. That is what these absurd people have been talking about for day after day. Archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, vicars, and rectors have been arguing, discussing, and pleading from morning till night. They have been citing their precedents, producing their dingy records and archives, viewing with alarm, observing with satisfaction, and noting with consternation. One would suppose they had to decide something of importance, something that would have some effect upon some one.

What a tragedy of the human mind. How little reason we have to smile at those worthy churchmen of the middle ages who solemnly debated the number of angels that could dance upon the point of a needle. That, at least, was a debatable point, for any one who believed in angels. Certainly it gave occasion for much interesting argument and mathematical analysis. But imagine the state of mind that permits a whole roomful of modern church dignitaries to spend their time in such a way as this. We are told, for example, that the Rev. F. S. Webster stated the whole matter "very clearly," and then we read that: "The use of the word upholds the ideal that the husband is the head of the family, as set forth in quotations from St. Paul and St. Peter read in the exhortation, such as 'The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.' The church holds that marriage signifies 'the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His church,' and if we omit this idea of the husband being the head of the home, we must also omit the beautiful idea of Christ's marriage with the church, which most people would be very sorry to lose." Now what do you think of that? Actually the Rev. Webster said this very thing, and presumably he said it with a straight face. Apparently he really thought that he was saying something noteworthy. He really believed that the whole edifice of the Christian religion would come with a crash to the ground if the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury should decide to expunge the word "obey" from the marriage service. And this is the way these indescribable gentlemen spent their time with the whole atmosphere of Europe positively palpitating with the portents of war and of social disaster and with the underworld seething like a volcano.

Here is a little extract from the biography of Florence Nightingale:

You say "Women are more sympathetic than men." If I were to write a book out of my experience I should begin "Women have no sympathy." I have never found one woman who has altered her life by one iota for me or my opinions. . . . My experience of women is almost as large as Europe—and so intimate, too. I have lived and slept in the same bed with English countesses and Prussian peasant women. No woman has excited "passions" among women more than I have. Yet I leave no school behind me; my doctrines have taken no hold among women. No woman that I know has ever learned how to learn; and I attribute this to want of sympathy. You say somewhere that women have no attention; yes—and I attribute this to want of sympathy. Nothing makes me so impatient as people complaining of their want of memory. How can you remember what you have never heard? In one sense I believe I am "like a man," as Sister Parthe says. But how? In having sympathy. I am sure I have nothing else; I am sure I have no genius. . . . Women scream out at you for sympathy all day long; they are incapable of giving any in return, for they can not remember your affairs long enough to do so. They can not state a fact accurately to another; nor can that other attend to it accurately enough for it to become information. Now, is not all this the result of want of sympathy? People often say to me, "You don't know what a wife and mother feels." No, I don't, I say, and I am very glad I don't. And they don't know what I feel. I am indignant at what wives and mothers will do, of the most egregious selfishness. And people call it all maternal or conjugal affection, and think it pretty to say so.

The opinion is at least a candid one, and worthy of note at a time when women are claiming to be the sole representatives of virtue.

"I need a half-column filler," said the dainty blonde editress of the woman's page. "Oh, run some fashion notes under the heading 'What Our Girls Are Wearing,'" suggested the managing editor, crossly. "Er—yes," blushed the editress. "But that would fill only a couple of lines."—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scotch lady from the Highlands, being taken to Edinburgh and hearing modern singing in a church for the first time, was asked by the lady who took her there what she thought of the music. "It's verra bonny, verra honny; but oh, my leddy, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath."

A pompous physician who was inclined to criticize others was watching a stone-mason build a fence for a neighbor. He thought the mason used too much mortar. "Jim," he said, "the trowel covers up a good many mistakes, doesn't it?" "Yes, doctor," calmly replied the mason, "and so does the spade."

A priest was called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one inclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed the sterile acres in despair. "Ah!" said he, "hitherto—no use to pray here—this needs fertilizing."

Some time ago a traveling man, waiting in a retail store in Richmond, Virginia, to speak to the huyer, said to an elderly colored woman: "Auntie, what is the population of Richmond?" "What's dat, boss?" "I said, about how many people live in Richmond?" "Oh, dat's what you-all want to know. Well, boss, I don't 'zac'ly know, but I 'spects about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, countin' de whites."

A tourist in Scotland came to a wide ferry. It was stormy and the wind was constantly increasing. The Scotch ferryman agreed to take the tourist across, but told him to wait until he had first taken a cow across. When he had returned and started across with the traveler the latter became curious. "Will you tell me why you took the cow over and made me wait?" he asked. "Weel, now," explained the ferryman, "ye see, the cow wur valuable, and I feared th' wind wud increase so th' boat might upset on th' second trip."

He was a lover of music who had just been to hear one of the great operas, and he was expatiating upon its beauties to an unresponsive friend, whom he observed to yawn. The music lover was hurt. "Look here, John," he protested, "don't you think music is of some practical benefit in life?" "Oh, yes," said the unresponsive one. "Why, judging from the portraits I have seen of eminent musicians, especially pianists, I should say that music is great to keep the hair from falling out."

A Chicago business man with many relatives, some of whom were well-to-do but grasping, recently sought the services of his lawyer to draw up his will. When, after much labor, the document was completed, the client asked: "Have you fixed this thing as I wished it, tight and strong?" "I have done my best," said the lawyer. "Well," continued the client, "I want to ask you another thing—not professionally, however. As a friend, and man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I am gone?"

Dr. Ruhetinker was a qualified M. D., but, settling in a cattle country and finding the demand strong, he had added veterinary work to his other practice. "Nothing serious," announced the doctor, after examining a valuable hull which he had been summoned post-haste to treat. "Give him one of these powders in a quart of bran mash three times a day." The rancher heaved a sigh of relief. "Wait," he said, as the M. D., V. S., was about to leave. "I reckon, as long as you're here, you might as well have a look at the old woman. She's been ailin' for a month or two."

There is a traditional anecdote of Richard Baxter which was very popularly current many years ago in the west of England. Richard Baxter was born at Rostown, in Shropshire, in 1615. When he lost his wife he published, for the edification of other pious Nonconformists, a "broad sheet," headed "Last Words of Mrs. Baxter." This "broad sheet" had an immense sale, and the printer very shortly afterwards brought out a second and spurious "broad sheet," headed "More Last Words of Mrs. Baxter." Richard Baxter, unable to endure this, then issued a small handbill, with the concise assertion, "Mrs. Baxter did not say anything else."

The Mexican Indian may be the laziest man in the world, but he is probably the only man who really works while he sleeps. A traveler relates that one afternoon he came upon an Indian hut romantically situated beside a stream. A hammock of native grass was swung across a narrow branch of the stream, and an Indian slept in the hammock, and a string, tied to his foot, dangled in the water. As he

approached the string tightened with a jerk. The Indian awoke. Another healthy tug. "Mercedes, a fesh!" he called, without moving. His wife came, hauled in the line, and removed a three-pounder from the hook, after which she rebaited and cast the line back into the stream. The Indian resumed his slumber.

There was a certain Irishman who went to his boss, the foreman of a railway construction gang, to ask for a job for his brother, Dennis. "He's jist as good a man as meself," said Mike. "Can't ye fix him here? Whoile I'm about it," continued the Celt, "I'd loike to put in a wur'd for me other brother, Malachi." "Is he a good man, too?" "Me fri'nd," said the Irishman impressively, "Malachi's a hetter man than meself an' Dennis put together." "In that case," said the foreman with a grin, "tell Malachi to come and you and Dennis can look for other jobs."

An old negro parson in a Southern church was denouncing theft to his congregation, when he said: "If there is any member of this congregation who is guilty of theft he had better repent at once and be saved." On his way home he was stopped by old Rastus, who had listened to the sermon intently. "Don' yo' think, pahson, that nex' Sunday will do jes as well as tonight to repent?" asked Rastus. "But, Rastus, why not repent tonight and he saved, man?" "Well, pahson, it's dis way," explained Rastus. "I want jes one mo' chicken fo' tomorrow's dinner, an' I know wha I kin git dat chicken widout bein' caught tonight." "Well," said the parson, hesitating, "I don't know what to say, so I think I will take dinner with you tomorrow and then talk the matter over with you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Wisconsin.

O! a truly sovereign state
Is Wisconsin!
All that's good and wise and great
Is Wisconsin.
Every day or two I read
How her laws and customs lead,
Heaven must be like, indeed,
To Wisconsin.

Education is the rage
In Wisconsin.
People all are smart and sage
In Wisconsin.
Every newsboy that you see
Has a 'varsity degree,
Every cook's a Ph. D.,
In Wisconsin.

Trusts and bosses never mix
In Wisconsin.
O! the lovely politics
In Wisconsin!
Though the railroads boost the rate
High in every other state,
They are famously sedate
In Wisconsin.

Matrimony can not fail
In Wisconsin.
Babies all are strong and hale
In Wisconsin.
That's the state of married bliss
You have read about ere this.
None but gods may coo and kiss
In Wisconsin.

People never lock their doors
In Wisconsin.
No one hardly ever snores
In Wisconsin.
Ivy drapes each prison wall
And the jails no more appall—
They are social centres all
In Wisconsin.

O! the state of states for me
Is Wisconsin!
There's the place where I would be,
In Wisconsin.
I would hasten to her shore
With a glad and grateful roar,
Only Jersey needs me more
Than Wisconsin.

—L. H. Robbins, in Life.

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The sum of human knowledge now no longer is contained
In volumes written by the learned few,
But in movies for a nickel is abundantly explained
For those as ignorant as I and you.

Eugenics and eueptics and eucantimaginewhat
Are the deeper things that they exemplify.
Enlightening our progeny precisely how they got
The ills that ultimately make them die.

They magnify the microbe to double Jumbo's size,
And show you how he shuffles off his shell;
They also hand out miracles before your very eyes

In a manner that is difficult to tell.

The process of digestion they display upon the screen,
And if you have a stop watch you can time
The period sufficing for the cabbage or the bean,
The orange or the lemon or the lime.

Then why should we our ignorance unceasingly bemoan
When for a nickel's cost in every block
Such gobs of erudition as few have ever known
Can be had in twenty minutes by the clock?

—New York Sun.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Constance Davis and Mr. Arthur Ford will take place Tuesday, May 6, at the home in Berkeley of Miss Davis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Davis. Miss Margaret Belden and Mr. Sidney Ford, whose engagement has recently been announced, will be the only attendants.

Mrs. Roy Somers was hostess at an informal luncheon and bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Kathleen Booth entertained a number of friends at a dance Tuesday evening at the home on Washington Street of her mother, Mrs. Sewell Dolliver.

Miss Mary Gayley was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Berkeley Tuesday, when she entertained a dozen friends in honor of Miss Edith Clapp, whose engagement to Mr. John Cedric Snook has recently been announced.

Miss Dorothy Dean was hostess at an informal bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained a number of friends at an informal dance Monday evening at their residence on Broadway.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., gave a dinner Tuesday evening in the grill-room at the Hotel Coronado. A dozen friends enjoyed his hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. John Judge of Salt Lake were the complimented guests at a luncheon given Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a bridge-tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. William Miller Graham gave a dinner recently at her home in Santa Barbara in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, who are visiting Mrs. Charles Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin gave a dinner Saturday evening at Hotel Coronado.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery was hostess at a bridge party Thursday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. George Volkman entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mrs. August Schilling, who, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Elsa Schilling, will leave shortly for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore gave a dinner-dance Wednesday evening in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wells, of New York.

Mrs. Herbert Bennett was hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Hyde Street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander gave a dinner Friday evening preceding the mi-carême dansant at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kohnck of Hamburg were

the guests of honor at a dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Frank King at their home in Presidio Terrace. Mrs. William Bowers Bourn entertained a number of friends at an informal tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Kohnck.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club, when she entertained a dozen friends of Miss Julia Van Fleet, who recently returned from Europe.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess at an informal dinner Friday evening at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin entertained a number of young people at luncheon Sunday at the Marin County Golf Club.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home in San Mateo.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler have issued invitations to a reception Monday evening, March 23, at Hearst Hall in Berkeley. The affair will be in honor of Secretary Redfield and Mrs. Redfield.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Monday evening. Accompanied by her guests, Mrs. Martin later attended the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst have issued invitations to a dance Wednesday evening, March 25, at their home in Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox gave an informal musicale Sunday evening at their residence on Green Street. Miss Helen Petre, Miss Williston, and Miss Wallendorn contributed to the musical programme.

The Misses Hildreth and Lloyd Meijere will entertain a number of friends this evening at a mi-carême fancy dress party at their studio on Post Street.

Captain Charles Freeman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Freeman entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Christian Burlingame, U. S. A., was host at a dinner-dance Monday evening in honor of Lieutenant Green, U. S. A., and Mrs. Green, who are visiting friends in this city en route to the Philippines.

Mrs. Edson A. Lewis gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Maxwell Elser, who is her house guest.

Mrs. Maxwell Murray was hostess at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon at her home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Henry Pratt, whose son, Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., married Miss Sadie Murray last month.

Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis gave a tea dance Wednesday afternoon in the assembly hall at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in celebration of Colonel Davis's promotion.

Captain William Hase, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hase will entertain a number of congenial friends at dinner this evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. W. H. C. Bowen and Miss Gladys Bowen were the complimented guests at a tea Monday afternoon given by Mrs. McGillycuddy at the Palace Hotel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Newton Booth Knox, who is making London her home, with Mr. Knox, was summoned to attend the court held at Buckingham Palace on the evening of March 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and their family will spend the summer in San Rafael, so will not follow their usual custom of occupying their cottage at Inverness.

Miss Marguerite Doe of Montecito has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Mary Grayson Hinckley and her daughters, the Misses Helen, Marian, and Georgia Hinckley, will leave soon for Beowawe, Nevada, to spend the summer on their ranch. During the winter they have resided at the Te Kiteroa on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. William H. Crocker will leave April 1 for Paris, where she will join her daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker, who is visiting her uncle and aunt, Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski.

Mrs. Lloyd Rawlings and her daughter, Miss Jane Rawlings, have returned to their home in Los Gatos after a visit with Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore entertained Miss Helen Bertheau and the Messrs. Hall Roe and Rudolph Bertheau over the week-end at their home in Ross.

Dr. Henry Rees of Los Angeles is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees, at their home in Yerba Buena.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and her children, the Misses Muriel and Consuelo Vanderbilt and Master William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., arrived Monday evening from New York and will divide their time between Monterey and this city during their visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn are spending their honeymoon in Monterey and upon their return to town will reside in an apartment on Jones Street.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois will sail Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf and their two little daughters will spend the summer in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William Hough has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Meade at their home at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale are expected home early in April from Washington, D. C. They will spend the summer in their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Pierre Olney and her daughter, Miss Anna Olney, have arrived in Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour will leave April 1 for their home in Rutherford, Napa County, after having spent the winter in this city.

Mrs. Gardiner Pond and her sister, Miss Dorothy Deming, of Santa Cruz, have been enjoying a visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Kelly of Evanston are in Monterey, where they expect to remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bruce are en route here from Manila, where they have been residing since their marriage. Mrs. Bruce was formerly Miss Peggy Stow.

Miss Katherine Mellen has arrived from New York and is visiting Miss Geraldine Forbis at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and their daughters, the Misses Jennie and Louise Easton, are contemplating spending the summer in Europe.

Mr. Hubert Mee returned on the *Matsonia* from Honolulu, where he spent a few days.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has recovered from her severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium and is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn will move down today to their country home in Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Mauricia Minter has recently been the guest of Miss Martha Foster at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Dibblee and her daughter, Miss Delphine Dibblee, have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a visit in Ross with Miss Anita Dibblee.

Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and her daughter are expected home April 1.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., has returned from Coronado, where he went with the Burlingame polo team, and Mr. Lloyd Tevis has again joined his family after a visit in Sacramento.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond and her son, Mr. Leonard Hammond, are en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to return to her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and their children will leave town shortly for Palo Alto, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge of Salt Lake City were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Harding arrived Saturday in their private car "San Jose" from New York and have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Chapman Hyams of New Orleans. They remained until Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Russell Lukens has gone to Washington, D. C., having been suddenly called by the illness of her aunt, Mrs. Henley Smith.

Mme. Lenora Ignacio Calderon and her daughter, Miss Elena Calderon, of Washington, D. C., have been spending the past week at the Hotel St. Francis. Mme. Calderon is the wife of the minister of Bolivia.

Captain William Matson, Mrs. Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson returned Tuesday on the *Matsonia* from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk are established in an apartment on Sacramento Street near Lafayette Park.

Mrs. H. M. Slater of Boston and her daughters, who have been spending several days in this city, left Monday for Vancouver, from where they sailed Thursday for the Orient.

Colonel John T. Van Orsdale, U. S. A., who is on the retired list for age, has the distinction of being one of the few officers in active service holding a brevet for distinguished service in Indian wars.

Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Wright, U. S. A., will relieve Lieutenant-Colonel George W. McIvor, U. S. A., who has been on duty in the Philippines during the past two years.

To Aid the French Theatre.

A movement has been started among those members of the smart set who are proficient in the French language toward raising a small subscription fund as a financial guarantee for the local French theatre. Those who are interested are pledging themselves each for the amount necessary to be individually expended in tickets for six or eight performances for the season.

North German Lloyd Dividend.

At a recent meeting of the board of managing directors of the North German Lloyd, held in Bremen, it was determined to pay a dividend of eight per cent on April 2, as compared with a seven per cent dividend declared in 1913. The financial position of the company has been considerably strengthened during the past year. At the close of the business year of 1913 there is a gross surplus of \$15,250,000, an increase of \$2,275,000 over 1912.

The April *Century* will be called a Modern Art Number and will contain several articles by well-known artists covering all phases of the new art, including the present situation in art. Messrs. Blashfield and Alexander will write on the situation from the point of view of the older artists, while Ernest L. Blumenschein in his article, "The Art of Tomorrow," will tell of the transition that is going on.

Rudyard Kipling's story, which is coming in the April *Century*, is to be called "The Dog Harvey," and it will have a supernatural touch in it.

A chauffeur of many years' experience who is a thorough mechanic and knows the country from San Diego to Vancouver, B. C., will be at liberty after May the first (or before), on which date his present employer, with whom he has been for eighteen months, leaves the city for a long period. Excellent references. Address, Chauffeur, care Argonaut Pub. Co.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Dawn of Peace.

Yes—"on our brows we feel the breath
Of dawn," tho' in the night we wait!
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
A god is at the doors of Fate!
The Spirit that moved on the Deep
Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep.
A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
Troubling their hearts, from East to West.
A doubtful light is in their skies,
A gleam that will not let them rest;
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side,
Unsignaled as the approach of Spring,
Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Have yet not heard, tho' darkness reigns,
A people's voice across the gloom,
A distant thunder of rending chains,
And nations rising from their tomb,
Then—if ye will—uplift your word
Of cynic wisdom, till night fail,
Tell us He came to bring a sword,
Spit poison in the Holy Grail.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that outface the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams—but their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth, and fear
Are strong, then name them "common sense!"
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
Then dub the lie "experience."
Year after year, age after age,
Has handed down, through fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams, are they? But ye can not stay them
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray,
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high;
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher—
Make straight that highway for our God.
—From "The Wine Press: A Tale of War," by
Alfred Noyes.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. J. L. Rafferty, who has been appointed collector of internal revenue in the Philippines, was in the customs service in Cuba, and later served in Cebu.

Mr. Leon de Warzee, who has just been promoted first secretary of the Belgian legation at Tokyo, was transferred to that post from Teheran as second secretary last April.

William Stanley West of Valdosta, Georgia, just appointed by Governor Slaton to succeed the late United States Senator A. O. Bacon, is a lawyer and a capitalist. He has risen through ability and a determination to succeed, and his congressional career will be closely watched by his Southern friends. He serves until next November.

William Gibson, the second Baron of Ashbourne, a member of the British House of Lords, has lost an inheritance of \$450,000, his father, the late Baron Ashbourne, the noted Unionist leader, having left this amount to the brother of the present lord because of his refusal to give up the Nationalist principles. He wears the ancient Irish dress, speaks the Irish language, and is a convert to Catholicism.

Dr. Shosuke Sato, who has been appointed exchange professor to this country, is one of Japan's great scholars. He is the son of a well-known Samurai of restoration days, and began his public work while still a youth, having been sent on some important business to Tokyo. Although Dr. Sato began his student life when Chinese classics and writing were all that were considered necessary for an educated Japanese, he went on through the ever-enlarging school curriculum of the present universities.

The Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady, who recently offered his resignation as rector of the Church of the Ascension at Mount Vernon, New York, claiming insufficient salary as the cause, is the well-known author and lecturer. In other parishes, Dr. Brady said in explaining his action, he has been able to supplement his salary by selling the product of his pen. Ascension Church has grown so that he has to spend most of his time in parochial duties and has no opportunity to write. Dr. Brady assumed the rectorship of Ascension Church last April.

John L. de Saullès, who will represent this country as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Uruguay, went to South America in 1901, and spent some time in Chile projecting a broad-gauge transcontinental railroad through Chile and Argentina. He married Señora Bianca Errazuriz of Santiago, niece of a former president of the Chilean republic. After returning from South America Mr. de Saullès spent most of his time in Washington. He is a native of Pennsylvania and a Yale graduate who in his college days was noted as an athlete.

The Right Honorable Richard Robert Cherry, who has been appointed to succeed Baron O'Brien as lord chief justice of Ireland, has been lord justice of appeal for the island for several years. He was born in 1859, and was educated at Trinity College, graduating in 1879 with the degree of A. B. He won the double gold medal for his work in mental science and history and political science. In 1881 he was called to the Irish bar. Between the years 1905 and 1909 he served as attorney-general of Ireland. He has published a number of legal works in addition to his lectures.

William Warwick Buckland, just appointed by the king to be regius professor of civil law in Cambridge University, is well known as a writer on legal subjects. Among his published works are "The Roman Law of Slavery," "Equity in Roman Law," and "The Elementary Principles of Roman Law." Professor Buckland entered Gonville and Caius College in 1881, and in 1884 headed the list of the law tripos, receiving at the same time the chancellor's medal for legal studies. He was elected a fellow of the college in 1887, law lecturer in 1895, and tutor in 1903.

The Reverend William Duncan, who built up the famous missionary village of Indians known as Metlakatla in Alaska—a community quite model for the industry, morality, piety, and intelligence of its inhabitants—is now eighty-two years old, and on account of the decrepitude of old age has been forced to give up the unique chieftainship which he held among his tribe of converts in both religious and civic capacities. There was some

fear that the Indians would drift away from the town when the strong hand of their sturdy Scotch "father" was removed from the control of affairs, but it is said that they are holding together well and evidencing good capacities of local self-government.

Dr. Stephen Smith, who holds three important positions in New York City, is ninety-one years of age, as mentally vigorous as ever, and so physically fit that he walks to and from his appointments, some days covering eight miles. He was appointed to office three times by the mayor of New York, seven times by the governor of the state, and twice by Presidents of the United States. He is connected with three of the city's hospitals in a consulting capacity and is a member of the state board of charities. He has been appointed to this board by several successive governors. He was one of the health commissioners of the city fifty years ago.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

All records for March were broken on Tuesday, when 85 degrees were registered at the Weather Bureau station on top of the Merchants' Exchange Building. In Union Square the highest marked reached by the recording apparatus was 95 degrees, three and a half degrees higher than the record of the day before.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has applied to the Railroad Commission for authority to issue \$7,000,000 5 per cent notes dated March 25, 1914, maturing in one year. Of these \$5,000,000 have been sold subject to the approval of the commission, and the proceeds will be used to retire a similar amount of 6 per cent notes, due June 25, 1914, but called three months prior to maturity. The remaining \$2,000,000 is needed for small improvements.

City Attorney Long has consented to try the Spring Valley rate case in the Federal court before starting the trial of the Spring Valley condemnation suit in the state superior court. The Spring Valley Water Company planned to go ahead with the rate case first, and it had the taking of evidence in this proceeding set for next May.

Major Edwin Allen Sherman died on Tuesday at his home in Oakland. He was a veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, secretary of the Society of California Pioneers of San Francisco and Alameda counties, prominent in Masonic circles, and was a noted writer on Masonic lore. He was aged eighty-five years. In the Mexican War he was wounded at the siege of Vera Cruz, but recovered sufficiently to join his regiment and march into the City of Mexico. Major Sherman came to San Francisco in 1849. In 1860 he owned and edited the San Bernardino Herald. In 1872 he married Adeline A. Dodd, who survives him.

Walter A. McCreery has been restored to competency by Superior Judge Frank H. Dunne. He recently returned from England and began the proceedings which have again placed him in charge of his own affairs.

In its budget for the coming fiscal year the board of education asks for \$2,626,256, and it estimates that the state apportionment to San Francisco will amount to \$687,079.42, leaving \$1,939,176.58 to be raised by local taxation. The total allowance for the school department this year is \$1,863,280.

District Attorney Fickert has written to Mayor Rolph asking that he be given four new assistants. He explains that the causes of the increase in business in his office are the increase of population and the large number of new laws enacted the past few years, such as the new labor laws, traffic laws, fish and game laws, and the Net Container act.

Charles M. Schwab announces that the Union Iron Works is only awaiting the approval of Congress of the plans for the 1100-foot dry dock to start construction. He states that this dock will be the largest in the world, and that it is planned in the belief that many of the largest commercial ships of the Atlantic will come to San Francisco after the opening of the canal. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

Property-owners on Bemis and Laidley Streets, between Roanoke and Mateo Streets,



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whose houses were undermined and moved by a landslide caused by heavy rains a few months ago have filed damage claims against the city. The city engineer has given the board of works an estimate of the damage to the property owned by seven of them, amounting to \$4995, this being much less than the sum they demand.

William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific Company, has been presented in New York City with a gold medal which is a duplicate of the Harriman memorial medal given to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for leading in safety appliances. Mr. Sproule was given his medal for having had more to do with the introduction of safety methods than any other railroad official.

Loren Coburn has been declared by a jury in the court of Judge Cabaniss to be fully competent to manage his affairs. This ends a long and stubbornly contested legal battle. Mr. Coburn is a wealthy rancher of Pescadero and is eighty-eight years of age.

The works board and city engineer have advised property owners and tenants on Stockton Street, from Sutter to Market, that in accordance with their preference as to time the construction of the municipal railway thereon will begin June 15 and be completed by July 15.

Not since Victor Hugo was buried and Gambetta laid to rest has Paris witnessed such an impressive funeral as that of the late Paul Deroulede, who recently passed away. Deroulede, at the same time poet, orator, patriot, politician, and soldier, spent a part of his life in exile. He was sent into exile in 1899 for having taken too prominent a part in the nationalist campaign. He returned to France five years later. It is conservatively estimated that 100,000 persons assembled at the Gare de Lyon to do honor to the dead patriot on the arrival of the funeral party from Nice. It was not a crowd of the merely curious, but men and women who wished to honor him as the man who fought hardest for the return of the provinces which went to Germany as the fruit of the war of *sixante-dix*. In the crowd were young students as well as veterans of the war and the route of procession from the station to the Saint Augustin Church was lined with people of all sorts and conditions to pay homage to their friend. The crowd, which filled the immense square and overflowed into the Tuileries Gardens, watched uncovered in breathless silence while Maurice Barres and Marcel Habert placed a huge bunch of red carnations at the foot of the statue. The crowd could contain itself no longer and shouts of "Vive la France!" and "Vive l'Alsace-Lorraine!" were heard on all sides.

Negotiations have been concluded with Mr. Auguste Rodin whereby the French sculptor presents to France the whole of his collections of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian art, and also all his own works still in his possession. The gift is conditional on the French government creating a Rodin museum in the residence now occupied by Mr. Rodin and appointing him custodian for life.

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The New Cafe, containing the celebrated Herter mural paintings, is now open every evening as an after-the-theatre Supper Room.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Millie—So you loved and lost, did you? Willie—Oh, no, indeed! She returned all my presents!—*Town Talk.*

Medium—Hush! Listen! I hear the gentle rapping of your wife. Victim—Gentle rapping? That's not my wife.—*Life.*

"We're late; they're playing Beethoven's ninth symphony." "There! what a pity we missed the other eight!"—*Le Rire.*

Smith—Does your wife think you're the best man who ever lived? Jones—Of course not! I'm her second husband.—*Life.*

Mrs. Wayback (reading)—Hiram, what air these Russian steps? Mr. Wayback—One o' them new-fangled dances, I s'pose.—*Dallas News.*

Drummer—Don't you have old-fashioned barn dances any more? Lew Lucas—Nope. Now we call 'em "garage socials."—*Washington Star.*

Howard—A fool and his money are soon parted. Mrs. Howard (clapping her hands)—Oh, John! How much are you going to give me?—*Life.*

Matarist—M-my wife and my car disappeared yesterday. Friend Speeder—Go on! Can't you get a trace of the machine?—*Kansas City Star.*

Lady from the Bargain Sales—What is the next train for Brixton? Booking Clerk—Two-ten. Lady—Make it two-three and I'll take it.—*Punch.*

"My dear, there's too much caloric in this soup." "There! I told the cook you would rather have it seasoned with parsley."—*Baltimore American.*

"The poet says the night has a thousand eyes." "But women continue to wear their evening gowns with as much unconcern as ever!"—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Rocks—So you want to marry my daughter. Well, young man, what are your prospects? Young Mau—Excellent—if you don't spoil them.—*Boston Globe.*

The lawyer was endeavoring to pump some free advice out of the doctor. "Which side is it best to lie on, doc?" "The side that pays you the retainer."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Briggs—I'm going to my brokers. I want to get rid of some bonds. Where are you off to? Griggs—To my divorce lawyer's. I want to get rid of some bonds, too.—*New York Sun.*

Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation? Prisoner—I was a 'cellist in an orchestra. Warden—Well, then, we'll set you to sawing wood.—*Boston Transcript.*

Crawford—What's the matter with that fellow who is heating onto the lamp-post and shuffling his feet? Crabshate—There was a time when I'd have said he was drunk, but now perhaps he's practicing a new dance.—*Judge.*

"I wonder what was this here 'period of renaissance' the paper speaks of?" said Mr. Farmer. "Reckon it must 'a' been one of them revolutions where they killed the king or sumpin'," reflected his neighbor.—*Livingston Lance.*

Mistress—Bridget, the pie is awful. And you told me you could bake as good pies as any cook in Boston. Bridget—So I can, mum. But all the ladies I ever worked for mixed the pies themselves before I baked 'em, mum.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison. "I dunno, ma'am, I dunno," gloomily answered the man. "You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?" "I'm in for life."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"P'taters is good this mornin', madam," said the old farmer making his usual weekly call. "Oh, are they?" retorted the customer. "That reminds me. How is it that them you sold me last week is so much smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?" "Waal," replied the old man, "p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first."—*Business.*

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Union Label.

An obscure paragraph in Sunday's *Examiner*—sadly incommensurate with the importance of the occasion—is likely to cause some momentary distrust of the stability of labor unionism. The paragraph in question is to the effect that Secretary O'Connell of the San Francisco Labor Council read a list of over two hundred delegates who had failed to sign cards declaring that they had five or more union labels on their garments, and among these unlabeled delinquents were Supervisor J. O. Walsh, State Labor Commissioner McLaughlin, and Michael Casey.

But there is solace even in so painful a situation as this. At a first glance one is disposed to fear that the fabric of labor unionism is falling about our ears and that the wearing of an unlabeled trousers, not to mention other garments unnamable to polite ears, is but the prelude to a laxity in the matter of dues or even to unorthodoxy in affairs of boycotts and bludgeons. But things are not quite so bad as this. Several of the offenders thus summoned to the bar of the council were quick to explain that the union labels were actually to be found on their clothing and would be apparent to

the eye of the discreet searcher, and that their failure was only in the matter of making the requisite declarations to that effect. Nor is it necessary to doubt their sincerity, inasmuch as they offered forthwith to submit themselves to examination by a committee that would be limited, let us hope, to their own sex. Under the circumstances we may consider the matter as satisfactorily closed with the full assurance that henceforth every member of the council will be assumed to carry at least five union labels upon his clothing, even though it be necessary to affix one to each leg of his trousers or other similar but unspecified garment.

Ireland.

It would take the son of a prophet or the traditional Philadelphia lawyer, or both together, to make out from current cabled (and garbled) reports just what is happening in and about Ireland. And even then there would have to be some guessing. The shyness of our San Francisco newspapers about anything having any kind of relationship to racial feeling over Potrero way makes it impossible to get a coherent account of the matters immediately under consideration.

The headliners with an eye to "street sales" would have us believe that there is something very like civil war in Ireland. They would likewise have us believe that a considerable number of officers of the British army have mutinied rather than fight in Ireland under the orders of the government. They would have us believe that Downing Street is agitated, King George in a panic, and Ulster in a state that would make a Donnybrook fair look like a peace conference. And not one item of it all do we believe. Somewhat valuing its character as a prophet, still the *Argonaut* ventures the opinion that there is no war in Ulster, that no British army officer of any rank or importance has quit his post, that Downing Street is as placid as a May morning, and that King George takes his exercise and his meals with regularity and relish. For if any of these things were true we should have some definite, authoritative, and understandable account of it. Even our cowardly newspapers would not be able to suppress vital facts. Capable as they are in this line, they would have under the pressure of actual events to give some information under some sort of assurance of authenticity and dependability.

Now as to Ulster: The Asquith government, in return for support of the Irish Home Rule members in the British Parliament, has promised Home Rule to Ireland. A bill to this effect introduced two years ago has passed the preliminary readings and is about to be enacted. The faith of the Asquith government is pledged to it and the only thing that can prevent it is the defeat of that government, a thing unlikely under existing conditions.

Ulster—in other words the northern part of Ireland—is largely Protestant. It is as compared with the rest of Ireland more Scotch than Irish. The kirk rather than the parish church is the spiritual—and political—headquarters of the Ulsterites—that is, of the greater part. Ulster, too, is the seat of a kind of thrift which is not universal in Ireland. Not all the industry of Ireland, not all the wealth, and most assuredly not all the charm of character of that most distressful country, is in Ulster. But it is undoubtedly true that while Ulster as compared with the rest of Ireland stands disproportionate at the point of numbers, it likewise stands disproportionate at the point of property. Ulster is by far the richest section of Ireland.

Between Ulster and the rest of Ireland there is a fierce and everlasting feud due to antagonisms of race and differences of religion with mutual memories of bygone contentions, battles, and oppressions. For four centuries they have been

Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating each other for the love of God.

The Presbyterian Ulsterites hate Catholic Ireland

with a reverently holy hatred; and the sentiment is returned with interest. A fine capacity for invective on both sides has helped to keep the ball of contention well up in the air.

Now the Home Rule scheme as it is proposed in Parliament and about to become a law would under the majority principle put the government of Ireland into the hands of the Catholics. Ulster, to be sure, would be duly represented, but with its party in the minority. Therefore Ulster professes to believe that her people and her interests would be oppressed by the outnumbering and furiously exultant Catholics. To be sure the bill seems under English or American interpretation to safeguard all sections and anybody against injustice. But the Ulsterites will not so understand it. They maintain that under Home Rule as provided by the proposed project their rights will be curtailed, their industries taxed outrageously—in short, that they will be oppressed beyond endurance. And Scotch though they assume to be, the Ulsterites are sufficiently Irish in a temperamental sense to make a terrific outcry, not because they are hurt or likely to be, but because in their perturbation they choose to be afraid. They will, according to their own declaration, fight—even to the point of resistance against all the powers of Britain. They are like our Southern states when Lincoln was elected. They are not hurt nor likely to be, but in their own minds they are going to be hurt—they are fixed and determined upon that point—and so with reason or without reason they are going to fight.

There are those who regard this threat seriously. But the *Argonaut* has never taken much stock of it. In truth, the Ulster menace has always reminded us of a story whose original bearings were related to the other side of the political house of Ireland.

"Whisht!" said a jaunting-car boy to an American traveler, "D'ye mind, sirr, that ye arre standin' sirr, on the idge av a roarin' volcano? D'ye mind that there is goin' to be warr in Ireland? Faith, I have to tell ye—av course quite privitly—that in Corrk there arre five hundred av our byes armed to th' teeth an' waitin' for the worrd. An' there arre in Galway a thousind av our byes armed to th' teeth an' waitin' for th' worrd. An' there arre in County Kerry two thousind av our byes armed to th' teeth an' waitin' for the worrd. An' there arre in Dublin tin thousind av our byes armed to th' teeth an' waitin' for the worrd!"

"Why," asked the traveler, "with so many of your 'byes' armed to th' teeth an' waitin' for th' worrd, don't somebody give the word? In God's name why don't you get a move on?"

"Whisht!" said the lad into the intimate ear of his listener, "the police won't let us!"

This true tale we suspect indicates the state of things in Ulster. Surely before it comes to blows some cool drops of prudence will inform the courage of the Ulsterites and enforce the values of reason and discretion. Of course a fight between the British government and Ulster would be ridiculous. It could have but one end, and Ulster surely must know what that end would be.

We have never been able to understand the necessity of hooking up Catholic and Protestant Ireland in an association distasteful to both. Why, taking a lesson from our own territorial practice, would it not be practicable to divide the sheep from the goats, giving to each section a provincial form of government suited alike to its needs and to the sentiments of its people? Surely there is sufficient population and sufficient territory in Catholic Ireland for a very respectable provincial government; and the same in Protestant Ireland. Why is it necessary to tie the tails of these wildcats together when each might be left in peace to pursue its own purposes?

In other days the late Mr. Pixley was wont to write columns to exploit a plan for the pacification of Ireland. Mr. Pixley's idea was to tear down all the fences in Ire-

land, giving anybody from anywhere free access everywhere. Then with the British fleet he would make a ring around the country so that nobody could get in or get out. He would land at every available point stores of murderous implements and munitions—powder, shot, guns, shillalabs, torches, and whatnot in the way of things offensive—then leave the Shamrock and the Orange to fight it out under the condition that either no Protestant or no Catholic should be left alive. We grant that the suggestion has a whimsical side, but there is at least to be said for it that it would tend to a condition which nobody has seen in Ireland since the days of Shan O'Neil—and before that.

Some of the President's Embarrassments.

One of the effective points in President Wilson's personal diplomacy has been his tactful handling of the newspaper correspondents at Washington. He has contrived to get not only the good-will of the news writers, but to command their personal liking, and thus it is that during the past year reports from Washington have put the best possible light upon administrative activities. Mr. Wilson's success in commanding sympathy at this important point is all the more striking because of its contrast with Mr. Taft's failure to get himself and his doings properly represented in the newspapers. Gracious man those he is in many ways, Mr. Taft was invariably at his worst when he came in contact with a reporter, with the natural effect of creating ill-will where it would have been well to establish friendship. It is only fair to say that in the case of Mr. Taft much was due to the influence of Mr. Roosevelt. From the standpoint of the correspondents Roosevelt was the best ever. He had an instinct for news and a free way of talking. Direct inquiry and even direct criticism often brought out his infirmities of temper, but he rarely permitted these to mar friendship. He would rage, swear, grind his teeth, and hammer on his desk in resentment—and at times he could be mean in small ways—but he usually contrived to maintain cordial relations. Then he was an adroit briber. Of course he did not vulgarly pay anybody in money, but he saw to it that in one way or another every important correspondent reachable through administrative favor should stand under some obligation to him personally. When trouble developed between Roosevelt and Taft the Washington correspondents were mostly sympathetic with the former, due in large measure to obligations which they were not in a position to disregard even if they had so desired. This explains why Mr. Taft was persistently given the worst of it in the news reports. Of course if Mr. Taft had been a master of the arts of ingratiation he might have changed the deal. But he was not disposed to confidence, was always nervous under questionings, and he not infrequently forgot or neglected to keep appointments with the correspondents. And in the whole period of his presidency he did not have a secretary who could be of any help to him. In each of the three who served him in this capacity there was some vice of manner, some lack of insight, which exhibited itself in tactless dealing with visitors—above all with the newspaper men.

Without having Roosevelt's gift of getting on with men and attaching them to him, Mr. Wilson has nevertheless been what is called a good press man. His manner is gracious, his courtesy unflinching. At the beginning of his administration he was particularly cordial to the news writers, and to their very great satisfaction he reestablished the custom of regular conferences with the correspondents as a group. Mr. Wilson is a ready and satisfying talker, very earnest and very convincing. And in the first months of his administration he made a very great success of the conferences. Just now, however, the atmosphere between the President and the correspondents is not what it was. Mr. Wilson is before all else a schoolmaster. His habit is to lay down the law. He doesn't like criticism and he resents questions. Let anybody ask him a vital point involving even a suggestion of criticism and there comes a flush into his pale face. He is too disciplined a man to exhibit anger, but on occasion he has not been able to suppress evidences of irritation. His notion of a conference is that he shall do all the conferring. He wants to state the case in the best possible light for himself and to have his dictum accepted without question.

Recently the President's conferences with the correspondents have been wholly given up to fervid denials on his part. He is a ready and effective denier. Practice—for there has been much to deny of late—has

made him adept in the denying art. None the less of late everybody goes away from the conferences very much in doubt. "I would have more faith in what he says," remarked one correspondent the other day as he walked with his friends out of the White House grounds, "if he didn't give it to us so trippingly, and if now and again he would concede something in the way of corroborative information. To tell you the truth, I haven't been able to figure out just how much of a liar he is, but I am beginning to believe that he has talents in that line."

The matter concerning which this comment was made was none other than the note of self trust in the President's message respecting the Canal tolls. That note was: "I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it [support in the tolls exemption repeal] to me in ungrudging measure." Somebody ventured, not exactly to ask the question, but rather to intimate a desire to know the application of this remark. Vehemently the President declared that he had no particular thing in mind. Specifically, he said in his sincerest tones, that he didn't mean Mexico, nor the California-Japanese situation, nor any other one thing, but just his whole foreign policy. Nor did he venture to say what his foreign policy was. The denial, we repeat, was sweeping and complete. Yet, let it be said sadly, not one of the correspondents who listened to it all left the high presence entirely convinced. With all his seriousness and his vehemence he didn't seem to be declaring the whole truth. Right then and there there was a let-down in the confidence which the fraternity of newspaper correspondents in Washington have had in Mr. Wilson.

The sustained strain of the President's stubborn attitude towards Mexico, the complexity of the entire foreign situation, his failure to take anybody largely into his confidence, are having their effect upon Mr. Wilson's individual standing in Washington. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that his friends are falling away from him. The resignation of John Bassett Moore is especially in point. Moore has been outraged by many things. The administration's course in Mexico has been in utter contempt of the principles and admonitions laid down in Moore's text-books, and in contempt of facts set forth in his digest of American diplomatic correspondence. Often Moore has gained his first information of important movements as to foreign policy from the newspapers. Out of loyalty he declines to tell why he is quitting at this time. But of course everybody knows that it has been due to a series of events displeasing to him and not calculated to allow him to remain with self-respect.

But Mr. Moore's resignation is only one, although the most important, of several incidents which illustrate the demoralization of the Department of State. Old Dr. Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary, a mine of information, guide, philosopher, and friend to a long line of secretaries, is to resign on June 1st after thirty years' service. His loss to the Department will be irreparable. Another resignation which rather pleases than annoys those who care anything about it, is that of the Secretary's private secretary, a bumptious youth with a swelled head brought in somewhere from the Western prairies and placed in a position which calls for tact or at least for civil manners. "Here, all you congressmen, come on in here," is the method of this fresh youth in escorting the statesmen from the other end of the avenue into the presence of the Peerless One.

Every leading post in the State Department under the secretaryship is now actually or to be vacant, and apparently the President, who has taken the matter into his own hands, is unable to find suitable men to fill them. Ordinarily these State Department posts are in high consideration, commanding the services of first-class men. But no man of established character and reputation is willing to assume the embarrassments involved of subordination to Mr. Bryan.

To come back to the President and his immediate embarrassments: His newspaper friends, apart from the correspondents at Washington, are more or less falling away from him. Especially is this so in the South, where administrative coöperation is not a necessity either to the newspapers or the congressional statesmen. Most significant of all is the fact that Speaker Clark and Representative Underwood have not swung into line on the Canal tolls matter. Neither is saying much about it, but nobody, either at Washington or in their home states has been left in doubt. Mr. Under-

wood especially deprecates talk against the President's course in this or in other matters. But trivial incidents sufficiently illustrate the state of Mr. Underwood's mind. One who at Washington is known to reflect Mr. Underwood's views has lately spoken openly and with the vehemence characteristic of the Alabaman style in criticism of the President. "There is," this gentleman openly remarked in a Washington hotel lobby last week, "only one way to interpret the closing sentence of the President's Canal toll message [the same above quoted] and it is this: 'I have got myself into a hell of a hole by my Mexican policy and you've got to give me this in order to pull me out.'"

Mexico.

Dispatches from Mexico, from Washington, and from London all tend to one purpose, namely, that a concerted effort is being made to pull President Wilson out of the hole into which his Mexican policy has gotten him. The latest suggestion is that an understanding has been reached all round under which Huerta will retire from the presidency to take command of the federal army in its operations against Carranza, Villa, the Zapatists, and other insurrectory forces. Then Huerta's present minister of finance, Señor José Portillo y Rogas, or some other personage not unfriendly to Huerta, will succeed to the presidency subject to an ultimate "full and fair election." These changes being achieved, the United States is to recognize the new régime, thus establishing its credit and enabling it to borrow money in the world's markets.

Literally interpreted, this means a general readjustment implying no actual change in the status *de facto*, but with a sufficient element of nominal change to enable Mr. Wilson to accept the *de facto* government without technically breaking his word. It goes without saying that the setting up of a new name in the Mexican presidency, leaving Huerta in command of the military forces, is simply the Huerta régime behind a very thin mask. And it hardly needs to be added that such an adjustment would be a cheap pretext for President Wilson, little better than none at all. Speaking freely its own mind, the *Argonaut* thinks it would be more honest, more manly, more convincing, if President Wilson were frankly to declare that he has made a mistake and do what he may to condone it openly and aboveboard.

It is now even more apparent than it was three months ago that the one individual force in Mexico even possibly competent to reorganize the government and to pacify the country is General Huerta. He has been weakened in many ways by the necessities enforced upon him by President Wilson's policy, and by his courses under them. He has lost much through the falling off of his more conservative supporters, through the rapacity of his hangers-on and through general paralysis of patriotic spirit in Mexico. As to his ability to bring order out of chaos there is still doubt. But that he is under all the conditions better calculated to succeed than any other figure in the situation is now manifest to pretty nearly everybody, it would seem even to President Wilson.

The simple truth was spoken in these columns many weeks back in the remark that when one country assumes the right to say to another country what its organization must be, who its officials must or must not be, that *that* is a declaration of suzerainty. It is nothing less than an assumption of autocratic authority with all that the phrase implies. Logically and practically, the United States intervened in Mexico when by its policy it discredited Huerta and undertook to drive him from the presidency. The fault of the project which now appears to have been cooked up as above outlined is that it supports and confirms President Wilson's original error. We fear that in the judgment of the nations it will make the United States responsible both morally and financially for what is happening and has recently happened in Mexico. If the United States can knock down one President and set up another, then the United States is the master of Mexico. And if the United States is the master of Mexico, then it is responsible for the goings-on of the past several months with all the losses involved.

But however this point may be determined the project as it is now proposed of eliminating Huerta from the presidency even while leaving him the substance of dictatorial authority does promise something in the shape of action in Mexico. Properly supported, it will bring about peace in Mexico under the same

general standards as those which ruled under the policy of Diaz. And this is the best that can be hoped for.

Should the scheme fail, then there will be but one alternative. The United States, having by the stupidity of our national policy gotten itself involved in the responsibilities of the situation, will have openly and aboveboard to take possession of the country and do for it something similar to what has been done for Cuba.

The President and the Canal Tolls.

It is the judgment of the best Washington prophets that President Wilson will ultimately "put over" his Canal tolls bill. All the same it is now plain that he has precipitated the most serious crisis in his presidential career. The fact that he is intrinsically right is pretty generally conceded in private talk, even by those who for one reason or another stand in opposition. But his diplomacy is bad. In asking Congress to reverse its action Mr. Wilson ought to have presented new considerations or at the very least he should have urged old considerations in new form. He ought to have given Congress a chance to save its face. His message urging repeal of the exemption law ought not to have been limited to mere appeal. His appeal indeed was not out of place, but it ought to have followed a carefully wrought-out argument, to the end that members of Congress might have, or at least appear to have, reasons for changing their views and their votes. Summed up and boiled down, the President's message was a bald assumption that he in the plenitude of his wisdom and moral insight sees clearly where Congress has been blind. He asks Congress to reverse itself in respect of his individual conscience. It is the way of the schoolmaster rather than the way of a man accustomed to dealing with affairs impersonally and on their merits.

We say the incident is the most serious in Mr. Wilson's presidential career because it is a case where failure to carry his point would be a grievous if not indeed a fatal blow to his prestige. Mr. Wilson has had a brilliantly successful year in the presidency, but his achievements have rested upon a single fact. That fact is the control of his party in Congress. This is the foundation and the means of all he has done. Now if in the present emergency he shall lose his hold upon the party—if he shall fail to sustain the record as it has thus far been made—the loss to him will be irreparable and probably fatal. For despite the fact that he has been successful Mr. Wilson is not wholly approved by his own party. Congressmen who have accepted his radicalisms and have voted for his measures have done it under pressure and with an inward sense of resentment. They have felt that as the master of his party Mr. Wilson must be obeyed. He has been obeyed, but he has not been loved—indeed he has not been liked. Once let the reins of party authority slip from his hands, let Democratic congressmen in any considerable number take their own head and go their own pace, and the game which Mr. Wilson has played with such high distinction will be lost to him. A party leader, or the commander of an army, once denied or defied, is thereafter practically shorn of half his powers.

There is no way to minimize the damage to Mr. Wilson in his character of party leader in the defection of such men as Speaker Clark and floor leader Underwood in this matter of the Canal tolls. Here are men, in whatever view we may regard them, of first-class party rank. Their coöperation is essential to Mr. Wilson's continued authority in the party. In truth it is Clark and Underwood who organized and drilled the party forces and got them into unified form ready to the hand of the new commander-in-chief. Should Clark and Underwood withdraw permanently from the administrative organization in Congress Mr. Wilson will find himself in a situation not very different from that which in each of the Cleveland administrations brought immediate disaster and ultimate ruin.

If Mr. Wilson should succeed as—let us say again—we believe he will in getting Congress to reverse itself in the matter of the Canal tolls, it will not be because of the personal esteem in which he is held by the members of his party in Congress, but in spite of the fact that he is not warmly regarded. The struggle to hold the Democrats to the President's support is a hot one. On the whole Mr. Wilson has the better of it, but not on his own personal account. Those who in the first instance supported the exemption bill and who are now for its repeal under executive direction justify themselves as supporters of the

party rather than as friends of Mr. Wilson. Those who accept the humiliation implied in a back somersault, inwardly are resentful against the President. They feel under an obligation to follow the leader, and at the same time they feel that the leader had no right to put this embarrassment upon them. If it were left wholly to Democratic votes the President would not be successful. But in the final recount there will be all those in both parties who favor repeal as a measure of justice, those who feel it necessary to accept dictation at the hands of the President, with a lot of Republicans who are not unwilling to contribute what they may to the gayety of a family row.

The immediate future of this incident, however it may turn out, is bound to be a loss of prestige on the part of Mr. Wilson. Ultimately he may gain by it. It will unquestionably increase his personal reputation in Europe, with a natural reaction in the stimulation of American pride. Then since his position is intrinsically right the more the matter is discussed, especially if he shall succeed in it, the more will the whole matter redound to his credit. There is a mighty power in being right, which in the long run is bound to have its due effect upon public sentiment.

Pressmen and Police.

A peculiarly sinister suggestion is conveyed by the action of Carpenters' Union 1082 in lodging with the Labor Council of San Francisco a protest against the police protection now being afforded to certain non-union pressmen living on Vallejo Street and presumably involved in the recent dispute in the printing trades. Not only is the attention of the Labor Council drawn to this irregular action on the part of the police in protecting law-abiding citizens, but the council is further requested to take up the matter with the municipal administration in order that such irregularities may be discontinued. And we may note with interest that "the executive council will investigate."

Now since the Carpenters' Union has seen fit to protest against the police protection now being given to these non-union pressmen we may assume that such protection is in some way an interference with the plans of the Carpenters' Union. What is it that the union wishes to do and that it is apparently unable to do because of the presence of the police? If the action of the police does not constitute an obstacle to some desired action on the part of the union then there seems to be no reason for the protest to the Labor Council nor for the promise of the Labor Council to investigate. But if the action of the police does constitute an obstacle to some contemplated action on the part of the union then it would be interesting to know what that action is. The sort of action that is prevented by the presence of a policeman is not usually of a reputable kind.

Now it might be desirable to follow up this matter and to note the attitude of the municipal administration when it receives the remonstrances of the Labor Council, if such remonstrances are actually presented. The mayor would doubtless be fully equal to the occasion. He would probably prostrate himself before the minatory deputation, thank them for their public-spirited attitude in drawing attention to such a misuse of the police force and remind them that his house in the Mission was built entirely by union labor. He might then favor them with an adaptation of the speech that he delivered on the street-sweeping scandal and express the hope that the day will never come when it will be necessary for him to employ gumshoe men or policemen to watch the innocent movements of poor labor unionists or to throw doubt on the nature of their activities. And the broken heads of a few non-union pressmen would hardly be considered worthy of a three-line paragraph in our newspapers.

Editorial Notes.

The Ellis Island authorities seem determined to do whatever lies in their power to make themselves the derision and the contempt of the world. A little while ago they imprisoned—for it amounts to imprisonment—an Austrian of repute because he once fought one of those bloodless duels that take the place of the football and baseball of more athletic countries. And now the same treatment has been accorded to Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, one of the most distinguished of living novelists and a woman whom every other country in the world would have been glad to honor. It seems that Mrs. Steele has white hair, is sixty-seven years of age, and was unaccompanied, a combination of offenses that

naturally brought her under the strong suspicion of possible dependence upon charity. The fact that Mrs. Steele had five hundred dollars in her pocket and that she was on her way to Jamaica were not considered to be mitigating circumstances, so she was arrested and dispatched to Ellis Island in order that proper inquiries might be made by the uniformed asses in charge of the immigration sieve. It is an outrage for which there can be no conceivable excuse, and it is the latest of a number of such outrages.

The *Argonaut* has more than once drawn attention to the absurdity—to use a mild term—of our patent laws and to their paralyzing effect upon the enterprise of the inventor. Mr. Orville Wright has recently expressed himself to the same effect, and doubtless he has good reasons for his resentment. Now comes the still more flagrant case of the Eastman Kodak Company against the Goodman Film and Camera Company as to the patent rights over the celluloid photo process. This case has been before the courts for twenty-seven years. The establishment of patent rights occupied eleven years and the actual suit against the infringing company has been before the courts for sixteen years. The inventor died long ago. His widow is an old woman, and the costs of the suit would have built either of those pillars of civilization, a church or a dreadnought. Now it is impossible to believe that half a dozen intelligent bank clerks could not have determined the rights of this matter in a month, and determined them accurately and justly. There is something radically wrong with a system that permits of such dilatoriness as this and that reproduces the immortal case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce before our eyes, and it is unfortunate that there is now no Dickens to do justice to it. Inventors will feel small encouragement by a procedure that offers no more than the barren satisfaction of a legal victory to their aged widows.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

France Finds a Champion.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have been reading the *Argonaut* for fourteen years more or less steadily, and have so ardently and sincerely admired the honesty of purpose, sagacity of opinion, and general character of the paper that I have not hesitated to speak in different countries of the *Argonaut* as being perhaps the first paper in the English language—certainly a publication singularly free from obsolete opinions, claptrap, and stultified humbug.

Now, I will confess to a slight feeling of irritation and disappointment that you should allow such fanatical nonsense to appear in your paper as the sum and substance of the article under the heading of "Decadent France" found in your last issue.

Judging by reports made by military critics published in German, Italian, and English during the last few months, the general efficiency and rugged strength of the French army, it may be stated with confidence, is now up to the highest pitch enjoyed by any nation.

The export trade and financial stability of France, never higher than at present, is noted with envy by the economical students of other less fortunate countries.

As regarding the accomplishment of Frenchmen in science and art during the last few years, it is perhaps not an exaggeration to affirm that in both quality and quantity their output is little if any short of the combined product of the rest of mankind in the same period of time.

I am aware that since the time of Oliver Cromwell it has been the custom among English-speaking people to drag morality, God, and the Bible into every sort of discussion; that is possibly the reason why we English-speaking people are such arrant humbugs and absolutely the vulgarst of mankind. We are now getting our share of this insufferable morality in San Francisco, this "white slave" rubbish, in pulpits, theatres, courts, newspapers, and moving-picture places. From this pernicious activity there is certainly a lucrative harvest for the show people, but the promised improvement in our morals and manners appears to be more distant than ever.

Since the fall of the Bastille there has been a steady stream of invective from our British cousins towards France for the latter's lack of religion and faith, seasoned with gloomy forebodings for the Gallic future. This commiseration from a people the richest in Europe, twelve millions of whom it is said are on the brink of starvation. A people whose art is mediocre, no music worthy of the name, no criticism—the paradise of the snob and the conventional pharisee, the home port of the money worshipper.

As for ourselves, with our precious municipal government, horrible newspapers, heddam advertisements, terrible law courts, roasting niggers alive an every-day matter, therefore a hagatelle, it is no wonder that we, taken collectively, are about as popular on the continent of Europe as a man with smallpox.

If the French—the natural inheritors of ancient Hellas—are really in spiritual need, I venture to suggest that those lofty patriots, the money-despising preceptors, Mr. Hearst, and our own Mr. Aked he sent to them as mentors. They will scourge those frivolous people back to the thorny path of rectitude.

H. C. A.

A Point Worth Investigation.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24th.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The approaches to the United States leased Canal Zone and hence into the Canal proper are not directly from the high seas, but on the Atlantic side through the waters of Colon Bay and on the Pacific side through the waters of Panama Bay for a distance of over sixty miles. These waters are the exclusive property of the Republic of Panama, just as San Francisco Bay is the exclusive property of the United States. The United States has acquired no lease or right to the waters of these two bays in connection with the Canal Zone lease. The point which I am endeavoring to make is that ship traffic through the Canal from

United States port on the Atlantic to a United States port on the Pacific, or the converse, can not be considered coastwise shipping, inasmuch as vessels must pass through foreign-owned waters before reaching the entrance to the Canal. Shipping to be considered coastwise must pass directly from a United States port to the high seas and from thence again into United States waters before reaching a United States port. Is this contention sound or not?

CHARLES J. PATTON.

PITTSBURGH, March 13, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I would be lost if I did not receive the *Argonaut* every week, as I have been a subscriber to your paper for fully thirty-five years, and it is just as welcome today as it ever was, although I do miss at times some of the "heavy broadsides" of Frank Pixley that I used to enjoy so much twenty-five years ago.

I have not only been a subscriber myself to the *Argonaut* for a great many years, but I have invariably made Christmas presents of subscriptions to your paper to some of my friends each year, which I find are most acceptable. Some years I have gone as high as four, but at present I am only giving two, as one of the beneficiaries changed his politics, and the other one died. Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours faithfully, HARVEY CHILDS, JR.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 19, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Enclosed find check for \$2 to extend my subscription to the *Argonaut*. I don't like the editorial policy and attitude of your paper one bit. You ought to stand up for the people of California instead of for the interests. And you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for the fight you are making on Governor Johnson.

However, in spite of your being on the wrong side of the fence, the fact remains that yours is the most ably edited paper on the Pacific Coast and I can not afford to do without it. Your summary of the first year of President Wilson's administration was one of the best articles I've read in many a day.

Very truly yours, EDWIN B. TILTON.

SIMPSON LUMBER COMPANY

112 Market Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 19, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Glad to be reminded of slip in memory. Tomorrow I pass another milestone, No. 89! So of course I need a reminder, though I am still on deck minding the compass; but the renewal of your paper was missed. Thanks to you for the last number. I want half a dozen copies of it to send to friends of the new generation. Too many of them think we are doing wonderful things, little realizing what has been done for them by their predecessors. It is meet that they should be reminded of it, and moreover it will be new to very many all over the country. The *Argonaut* has been with me since Frank Pixley first started it; its shadow does not grow less, therefore I continue it.

A. M. SIMPSON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: We have had the *Argonaut* as long as I can remember, due to the fact that my father, Mr. E. F. Hartshorn, is a member of the Stewart Hartshorn Company, which advertises therein. For the same reason we are swamped in a deluge, monthly, weekly, daily, of magazines, papers, periodicals of every kind, color, and condition of servitude. I am giving myself a vacation from them by refusing them all while we are in Maine, that is with the exception of the *Argonaut*, which is the only one of the whole fifty or more of them that is essential to my happiness (even though I am a suffragist).

Very cordially yours, WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH.

REDWOOD CITY, November 4, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: My subscription expires November 10 and I enclose herewith check for \$4 for renewal. It is the best paper published in this country. From me it goes to an old uncle in Groton, Massachusetts, and if I am remiss in sending it I am sure to get a reminder from him. He tells me that he gets more real information from the *Argonaut* than from all the other papers. We are also admirers of your fearless and outspoken opinions. Wishing you continued success.

Yours very truly, W. K. FLETCHER.

COLLEGE CITY, CAL., February 13, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Enclosed find money order to renew my subscription to the *Argonaut* for the thirty-third time.

Very truly, C. H. GIBBONS.

Each United States census report represents a compilation of statistics for the entire country, and much time is required to make an actual canvass and to publish the results. For example, in the census of manufactures uniform reports must be secured from more than 270,000 establishments, and in the census of agriculture from more than 6,000,000 farms. In collecting statistics from manufacturers, farmers, electric light and power plants, electric railways, and other interests it is necessary to allow a sufficient time to fill out the schedule so as not to interfere with the conduct of private business.

The hall in the Rijks Museum, in Amsterdam, which contains Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," painted in 1642, was specially built to hold the picture, that the lighting might be as perfect as possible. The picture is always lighted; the hall always dark. Originally the picture was arranged badly as to light and space. When, in 1715, it was transferred from the Doelen to the Town Hall, it was made to fit into its new position by having strips cut off the canvas on either side and off the top, which destroyed the balance.

Improvements now progressing on the Suez Canal, for which the company has power to raise \$30,000,000 through bonds, are expected to be completed in 1918-19. The latest scheme makes provision for a depth of forty feet throughout and for widening up to 196 feet 8 inches in the south section and cutting an appropriate number of sidings in the north and central sections. Enlarging the capacity of the canal presents no special engineering difficulty.

Close by Canton, China, is the hill called Queen of Heaven Mountain, on the lower slopes of which is the famous City of the Dead. There bodies wait in their coffins sometimes several years before the priests are able to determine an auspicious day for interment.

M. CAILLAUX AND THE TERRORISTS.

A few weeks ago there were very few people in America who had ever heard of M. Caillaux or to whom he was very much more than a name. Today every one has heard of him, for the simple reason that his wife has shot and killed M. Calmette, the editor of the *Paris Figaro*. Celebrity is obtained nowadays in just that sort of way, and very rarely by any other. Caillaux has been four times the minister of finance of France and he was once the premier of France, and yet his name was almost unknown outside of his own country. But when Mme. Caillaux shoots her enemy and then dares any one to touch her because "I am a woman" the whole of civilization stops its work in order to find out everything it can about her husband. If Caillaux should live in the pages of history he may thank his wife for that dubious honor.

But I do not propose to write about M. Caillaux and his charming and amiable wife. For one thing I had something to say about France last week and I ventured on the prediction that the French republic was very near its fall. Before the article appeared our newspapers were telling us of the murder of Calmette and that the Paris streets were filled with crowds shouting that the republic was dead. It was an overstatement of the case. The republic might have died then and there but for the fact that it began to rain and Royalists do not like to get wet. And in such ways is history made, or not made—a revolver in the hands of a revengeful woman and a timely shower of rain. But like all the rest of the world I am reminded of the existence of Caillaux, and then by an association of ideas I remembered a speech that he made some years ago when he was advocating some particular piece of particularly radical legislation. He said that Europe in general had two courses open to her. She could follow Bakounin the terrorist or she could adopt the peaceful socialism of which he himself was the champion. It appeared to be a choice between Bakounin and Marx. At the moment Marx had the upper hand, but if there should be any failure to satisfy the demands of the people there would certainly be another appeal to the terrorists. This suddenly presented alternative of the devil and the deep sea was disquieting to God-fearing persons who had never yet had a glimpse beyond the wall of party politics or into the arena where those things happen that really matter. As one's maiden aunt says after she has seen a Brieux play, "It makes one think."

Let us look for a moment at Bakounin, not because that particular devilfish is in himself worth looking at, but because he had a certain inexplicable and persuasive power that made men carry out the programme that he set for them. Also because socialism is not so much a rival of Bakouninism as its continuation. It was Bakounin who created the terrorist movement. He was the direct inspirer of a hundred dynamite outrages, of a score of murders, and of the world-wide movement that caused us a few years ago to hurry to the morning newspaper to see who had been assassinated or the whereabouts of the latest explosion. Bakounin was the inventor of sabotage and of revolutionary violence. He was the human firebrand at which a hundred lesser wretches lit their incendiary torches. His motto was to destroy everything and to kill every one. He must have had the veritable fires of hell within his own soul, for he had that supreme gift of Satan, the power to make men angry. He was the inspirer of the Revolutionary Catechism which said that the aim of the revolutionist remains ever the same. It is to find "the quickest and surest way of destroying this filthy order." Night and day he must have but one thought—"implacable destruction." This charming document went on to say that "all this unclean society must be divided into several categories, the first composed of those who are condemned to death without delay." Others might be allowed to live for a time in order to be used, but all must eventually die, since "our task is terrible, total, inexorable, and universal destruction." Bakounin died in 1876, but his works followed him.

Those works will be remembered. Among the more important of them was the insurrection at Lyons and the declaration of a Commune. Then came the Spanish revolution of 1873 and the insurrections at Barcelona, Cartagena, Murcia, Cadiz, Seville, Granada, and Valencia. It looked for a time as though the Spanish kingdom was at its last gasp, and behind all those scenes of turmoil and bloodshed was the sinister figure of Bakounin with that strangely gracious speech that made young men want to die for him. For Bakounin was like a beautiful serpent. His victims looked into his eyes and wished to perish. When the Spanish revolution failed Bakounin went to Italy and actually succeeded in making friends with Garibaldi. There were small outbreaks in various parts of the country, but they were easily suppressed. Evidently the time had not yet come for national revolution, and so it was decided that the seed must be sown by a series of individual acts. The attempt upon the life of King Humbert in 1878 was a part of the Bakounin movement. The Emperor William was shot at, and the attempt was repeated three weeks later. There were several assassinations in Austria. The strikes at Monceau-les-Mines in France were a part of the same movement. Then came the disturbances at Lyons, and in 1883 there was something like a state of anarchy in Paris. The Chicago murders need not be touched upon, but they, too, were inspired by Bakounin. Then came the day of Ravachol, Decamps, Vaillant, Henry, and Caserio, whose crimes attracted the attention of the world. Actually it was Bakounin who committed those crimes. The so-called motor-car assassinations in Paris are still remembered, as well as the spectacular siege of the assassins by the Paris police. Other Bakounin crimes were the assassination of the Empress of Austria and of King Humbert. Indeed these crimes were so numerous that it is impossible now to enumerate them. They

were all a part of a carefully deliberated movement which was not a movement of revenge, but of terrorism. To speak of Ravachol and Vaillant and others of the same brood as poor, demented creatures, as irresponsible and maddened maniacs, may be comfortable, but it is none the less untrue. Their crimes were intended to produce an universal panic. They were designed to make government impossible and to convey a sentence of death to every ruler and well nigh to every official. And however much we may loathe the perpetrators we may at least remember that they themselves were ready to die, that for the most part they were more than willing to meet the doom that they assigned to their victims.

But terrorism died as all movements must die that are purely destructive. Probably it never occurred to Bakounin that when society had been destroyed it must be rebuilt and that something must take the place of the ruined edifice. For a time the whole of civilization lay under the shadow of dynamite and assassination, and although that shadow has passed away it is as well to remember that its place has been taken by another shadow that is not so lurid, but that actually is far more menacing. Terrorism was born of discontent, and while terrorism has disappeared there is no sign that discontent has disappeared. Discontent is now more widespread than ever it was before. It would now be no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a single country in Europe that does not dread revolution. Russia is now undergoing a silent convulsion that may break into volcanic flames at any moment. Turkey has passed through one revolution and is unquestionably preparing for another. The Austrian empire is held together only by the prestige of one aged man. Italy is desolated by her war for Tripoli. Portugal is a mass of murder and outrage. Spain is trembling on the brink of an upheaval. Germany watches the spread of the socialist movement with dire forebodings of what each new election may disclose. The French army is saturated with disaffection and the French navy has been reduced in world rank by a series of catastrophes that are politely attributed to accident, but that are well known to be the work of design. And perhaps England is in greater danger than any other country if only because spoliation has there become a governmental policy. Terrorism has been discarded because the disruptive forces are now in the hands of masses of men instead of only a few. A relatively pacific socialism has taken the place of violence, not because violence is wrong, but because under new conditions it has become less effective. Nor need we be deceived by the peaceful and constitutional avowals of representative socialists. They deprecate violence because they think that the time is not yet ripe for it. But they are moving in the direction of violence. Given the needed solidarity among the workers and there would be no hesitation in declaring war by any and every means and without mercy. It is true that Marx and Engels diverted the minds of the revolutionists from terrorism by pointing out that the real evils did not consist of men, but of systems, and that systems could not be destroyed by dynamite. But the day of Marx and Engels has passed, and there is no lack of signs that the extremists are once more gaining the upper hand. Revolutions, once set in motions, always overwhelm their leaders. They always move more quickly than their leaders. Constitutional socialism will not give the discontented what they want. For example, France is now the only country in the world that has a socialist government, and there is no country in the world where the government is more execrated by the revolutionary forces or where those revolutionary forces are stronger, more dangerous, or more menacing. Socialism is not found out until it gets the opportunity to redeem its promises, as in the France of today. The peril of violent upheavals is in exact proportion to the strength of the socialist movement, since it is only where the socialist movement is most strong that it is most impotent—if such a paradox may be allowed.

Mr. Robert Hunter in his "Violence and the Labor Movement" shows us the exact Socialist situation at the present moment and its steady growth throughout the world. Here is the illuminating table that he gives us:

	1887.	1892.	1897.	1903.	1913.
Germany	763,000	1,786,000	2,107,000	3,010,000	4,250,329
France	47,000	440,000	790,000	805,000	1,125,877
Austria			750,000	780,000	1,081,441
United States	2,000	21,000	55,000	223,494	931,406
Italy		26,000	135,000	300,000	825,280
Australia					678,012
Belgium		320,000	457,000	464,000	600,000
Great Britain			55,000	100,000	373,645
Finland				10,000	320,289
Russia					200,000
Sweden		723		10,000	170,299
Norway			7,000	30,000	124,594
Denmark	8,000	20,000	32,000	53,000	107,015
Switzerland	2,000	39,000	40,000	70,000	105,000
Holland	1,500		13,000	38,000	82,494
Spain		5,000	14,000	23,000	40,723
Bulgaria					25,565
Argentina					54,000
Chile					18,000
Greece					26,000

Mr. Hunter contends that socialism is the enemy of violence and Bakouninism. Perhaps it would like to be, but in all movements such as this it is the rearguard that sets the pace and that presently becomes the vanguard. In the French revolution it was the Mountain that destroyed the Girondists, it was Robespierre who crushed Danton. It is the terrorists all over the world, and particularly in America, who are preparing to reap the harvest of organization and solidarity that has been sown by a "pacific" socialism. When M. Caillaux said that France and Europe must choose between radicalism and Bakouninism he did not realize that Bakouninism must always follow radicalism as well as precede it. This has always been the order upon every page of human history, but then we are all so saturated with the conviction that we live under a special dispensation and that humanity has been in travail for these many thousand years for the sole purpose of producing ourselves that we are apt to overlook the obvious.

SIDNEY CORYN.

A WOMAN SCORNE.

Count Zamofski's Duty to King and Country.

In the court-yard of Castle Ostrog, a gay company of guests were assembled. Count Zamofski, one of the magnates of Poland, had invited the nobles of the neighborhood to a bear-hunt. The guests were eagerly awaiting the signal to set off. In the court-yard of the castle the carcass of an ox revolved slowly upon a great spit before a huge fire of logs, and a colossal cask of Hungarian wine had been broached.

The most remarked among the whole company were Count Mikronowski and his fair daughter, Constance. The young lady was to make one of the party of hunters. Her courage was, it seemed, as great as her beauty. The son of the host, the young Count Stanislaus Zamofski, attached himself to her side, and when the signal for the setting out of the cortège was given, and the huntsmen, surrounded by their yelping, leaping pack of hounds, had departed in the direction of the forest, it was into the young count's sleigh that Constance was lifted by its owner, who, leaping in after her, took the reins of the fiery horses, harnessed three abreast before it, and drove swiftly off through the snow and mist.

Arrived at the spot where the huntsmen were drawn up in expectation of their game, they dismounted, and, standing there side by side, silently awaited the coming of the bear. Fate that day smiled upon Constance. A large bear was driven by the beaters directly across the path where she and Stanislaus had taken their stand. At sight of them the monster reared himself up threatening on his hind feet; but the girl, lifting her rifle, calmly shot him through the heart.

Completely fascinated by her beauty and courage, Stanislaus yielded himself a willing captive to her charms. From that moment his passion grew daily. The love which her courage had inspired was deepened and strengthened by the sight of her at home, seated modestly before her spinning-wheel. As the wheel revolved, and the white hands of the maiden drew the thread from it, Stanislaus, sitting by her side, murmured in her ear, to an accompaniment of the whirring music of the wheel, his vows of love, and plighted her his troth.

The betrothal was publicly celebrated soon after at the house of Constance's father. The parents of the bridegroom, however, saw, with deep though secret dislike, his infatuation for the daughter of their impoverished neighbor, Mikronowski, and they persuaded their son, shortly after the celebration of the betrothal, to take a journey to Dresden, where August the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, held his court. The Polish ambassador at Dresden was secretly instructed by Zamofski's parents to lead the young nobleman into the gay and profligate society of the capital.

To the beautiful young widow Antoinette, Countess of Oginska, the favorite alike of Augustus and his all-powerful minister, Bruhl, was given the congenial task of rendering Stanislaus faithless to his absent love. Mistress in the arts of coquetry and intrigue, the fair countess soon accomplished this.

A letter, written to Constance only a few months after his arrival in Dresden from her lover, apprised her of his desertion of her, and at the same time begged forgiveness for his faithlessness. Family interests and his duty to the state and his king, her recreant lover wrote, were the causes of his breaking his plighted word. On receipt of this epistle Constance shed a few angry tears; but she was not the woman to weep long over a lover's desertion. Plans of revenge for the slight put upon her caused her soon to forget her grief.

Before his marriage with the Countess of Oginska could be celebrated Stanislaus found himself compelled to return to Poland to attend to some business connected with his estates there. On his arrival at Ostrog he carefully avoided meeting Constance. She, on her part, gave no signs of desiring to see him again. This seeming indifference of the outraged beauty soon caused Zamofski to suppose she had quite forgotten him, and he, on his side, ceased to think of her.

One night, while returning late from a ball at Prince Sapieha's, as he was driving through the forest of Grodna, his sleigh was suddenly surrounded by a body of armed men. At the sight of this band the coachman and the footman leaped quickly from the box and fled away on foot. Zamofski defended himself bravely, but was overcome after a short struggle. He was bound, a sack was drawn down over his head and face, and he was lifted on a horse which was led off at a gallop.

The young man, supposing he had been attacked by robbers, with which the forest was infested, now gave himself up for lost. After a wild ride of an hour or so Stanislaus was made aware by the sound of his horse's hoofs that they were crossing a bridge. Directly after he was lifted from the saddle and hurried on foot for a short distance. The sack was then removed and he discovered himself to be in a small, cell-like apartment, with a single grated window high up in one of its walls. At one side of the room was a pallet of straw. The rays of a small lamp shed a dim light around. Before him stood two men in the uniform of Cossacks.

"Where am I?" he demanded. "Why have you brought me here?"

They vouchsafed no answer, but the door presently opened and admitted Constance, clad in a mantle of

dark-green velvet, bordered with sable. She motioned with her hand for the men to withdraw; then, left alone with her captive, she measured him with eyes full of angry scorn.

"You are in my power now," she said, exultingly. "Expect no mercy from me. I give you only one choice. Either you marry me, here and at once, or you die."

"I can not marry you, Constance," he returned, firmly; "my duty to my parents and my country forbids it."

"You are deceiving me."

Zamofski's face crimsoned with rage, and an angry answer seemed trembling on his lips. But he controlled himself, after a visible struggle, and remained silent.

"Yes, you are lying to me—you are the acknowledged lover of the Countess Oginska, and it is because you wish to marry her that you have broken your faith to me. But I ask you once more, and for the last time—are you willing to keep your promise and marry me?"

"I can not, Constance. Unfortunately I may not follow the dictates of my heart in this matter."

"Then prepare, and at once, for death," coldly returned the disdainful beauty. "I shall leave you now to send a priest in my stead. In a quarter of an hour you shall die on the gallows."

Zamofski started involuntarily, but controlled himself immediately and bowed low, without opening his lips.

A few moments after Constance had gone a priest entered the room.

"Is it really serious?" demanded Zamofski of the newcomer.

"The gallows has already been erected in the court-yard," replied the other.

A quarter of an hour later Zamofski, securely bound, was led into the court-yard. Not even the sight of the gibbet, however, could shake his determination. It was only when he was on the scaffold and felt the noose tightening about his neck that he gave way.

"I am ready," he muttered to the priest standing near him. "Let the marriage take place."

Constance gave orders that he be lifted from the scaffold and his bonds removed.

"If you make the slightest attempt to escape," she said, in a warning tone, "I will shoot you at once," and, as she spoke, she pointed to a pistol stuck in her girdle.

Zamofski was now bidden to enter the chapel, which had already been lighted up for the occasion. The marriage ceremony was quickly performed by the priest, the rings exchanged, the blessing pronounced.

The ceremony over, Zamofski was conducted into a richly furnished apartment by his bride, who, seating herself on a divan covered with bearskins, thus addressed him, her eyes flashing scorn as she spoke:

"You are at liberty now, my lord, to go whithersoever it may please you to go. I have no farther demand to make on you, either as regards your property or your person. I shall remain as before under the protection of my father and the shelter of his roof. We part now and forever. Farewell."

Zamofski gazed at her a moment in astonishment, then, recovering himself, bowed silently and left her.

Later, when his parents, with their friends and supporters among the Polish nobility and the Jesuits, were moving heaven and earth to induce the Pope to annul this marriage, Zamofski remained quietly at Ostrog. He appeared, however, to be a prey to melancholy and the bitterest humiliation, and soon after quitted the castle to bury himself in a small hunting lodge in the forest. There, among his books and manuscripts, he led the life of a hermit, his only diversion being the long, solitary rides he took daily.

One day, riding slowly through the forest and sunk deep in thought, he came face to face with Constance, who appeared suddenly from out a thicket opposite. Zamofski bent to his saddle-bow in greeting, and she acknowledged his salutation by a slight nod.

When she had passed he drew rein and gazed long and fixedly after her. Her blonde hair glittered golden in the sunlight from beneath her cap of dark velvet. He sighed and murmured half under his breath: "What an absurdity it is for the husband of a young and beautiful woman to pass his days alone like a hermit among dusty, musty folios."

He was not without hope of encountering her again in his daily rides. Failing to do so, however, he rode off secretly one night to Zabolow, tied his horse to a tree in a grove hard by, and then stole through the garden up to the house. The windows were securely closed by thick, wooden shutters; but a slender ray of light, creeping through one of them, betrayed the presence of a rift. Applying his eye to this, he found that he could see into a small room, furnished with a Turkish divan. Bear-skin rugs were thrown across it and laid on the floor beside it. A little to one side stood an embroidery-frame, and on a small stand a silver-branched candlestick with three lighted candles in it.

Constance came into the room presently. Seating herself on the divan, she drew the frame up before her and began to work. Zamofski could now undisturbed feast his eyes on her beauty—on her slender, supple figure, her fresh, bright countenance, her small taper fingers, as they drew the needle with its silken thread in and out of the tapestry. In the eyes of God and of man she belonged to him; but yet, as he told himself sadly she would never be his. After an interval of working she pushed the frame aside and threw herself lazily down on the dark skins of the divan. The loose sleeves

of her fur-lined jacket, falling backward, revealed arms round and whiter than ivory, and a tiny foot peeped out from under the hem of her silken robe.

Thereafter Zamofski came secretly to the house every night. He stood long hours outside in the frost and snow, often beaten and pelted by a raging storm of snow and sleet. He could see his wife seated before her spinning-wheel or with head bent over a book, and he listened to the soft, plaintive melodies her fingers, straying over the keys, drew forth from the spinnet.

These nightly visits to his wife's home had gone on for some weeks when one evening his jealousy was aroused by seeing a sleigh drive up into the court-yard from which a tall, handsome man, wrapped in furs, alighted. On this evening, and for several after, Constance's favorite apartment remained deserted by its mistress. A storm of rage and jealousy now raged in Zamofski's breast. As he could not visit Zabolow except under cover of darkness, he commissioned his valet to do so and to bring him back word who the newcomer might be.

The man brought back word that the strange guest was Count Starbel, and the further information that he was a suitor for Constance's hand when, on the annulment by the Pope of her marriage, she would be free to enter on a second union.

This news fairly set Zamofski beside himself. Madened by mortified pride and fruitless passion, he lay in ambush one night for Count Starbel as he was returning homeward through the forest of Ostrog. He barred the way of his rival and fiercely challenged him to single combat. Starbel dismounting from his horse and drawing his sabre, the duel had already lasted long enough for each combatant to have received serious wounds, when Constance, unexpectedly appearing, put an end to the combat. The servant in attendance on Count Starbel had ridden off, unperceived by his master, and had informed her of what was going on in the forest.

She came riding swiftly up and dashed her horse in between the combatants, heedless of the leaping, flashing swords.

"What is the reason of your wanton and unprovoked attack upon this nobleman?" she demanded, looking sternly at her husband.

"He has dared to come here, madam, as a suitor for your hand," Zamofski returned, hotly.

Constance broke out into a ringing laugh. "Put up your sword, sir," she said, merrily; "there is no further use for it. Count Starbel is not a suitor for my hand, but for that of my sister."

When Starbel had been graciously pleased to accept the apologies and explanations with which Zamofski overwhelmed him Constance invited both gentlemen to return with her to Zabolow.

Then she dressed their wounds with her own hands, and then invited her husband to a private interview in the very apartment through the shutter of which he had so often watched her.

Throwing herself on the divan and leaning back against its covering of bear-skin rugs, she glanced mischievously up at Zamofski as he stood irresolutely before her, and demanded: "What must I do to prevent similar escapades of yours in future?"

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees at her feet.

"But, count, have you forgotten the duty you owe to king and country?—which was such a bar to our union formerly."

"I have forgotten everything except that I love you!" he exclaimed as he caught her in his arms.

Three days later Constance, clothed in a magnificent mantle of ermine, leaning back on the cushions of bearskins in a sleigh richly gilded and drawn by three superb horses, made her entry, to the joyous pealing of bells and the booming of cannon, through the castle-gates of Ostrog.—*Translated for the Argonaut by Emma M. Phelps.*

With a population of but six to the square mile, with a vast and rich unoccupied territory, Brazil presents an inviting field for Japanese colonization. During the last few years over 5000 Japanese have settled in Brazil, and arrangements have been made for settling 3000 more (says *Leslie's Weekly*). The Brazilian government has entered into agreements with Japanese immigration companies to bring out settlers for the coffee plantations. The government pays steerage for all immigrants who settle with their families within a certain period, builds carriage roads for the settlers to the nearest railway station or harbor, maintains an experimental farm and a school for teaching the Portuguese language, and exempts settlers from all state taxes for five years. Perhaps the most attractive feature of all to the Japanese is that they meet neither racial nor color prejudice among the Brazilians.

Within the past ten years more than \$7,000,000 worth of machinery and construction material from the United States has been imported into the eastern end of the Sydney consular district, Nova Scotia, where Canada's largest plant for the manufacture of iron and steel is located, and also Canada's most productive coal fields.

Only one wood, Spanish cedar (*Cedrela odorata*), is commonly used for cigar boxes. Sometimes a clear wood may form the basis of the box, with panels of veneers of the tropical cedar over it.

VOLUNTEERS AND COVENANTS.

Facts About Ulster and Home Rule.

Some days before these lines can appear in print the cable will have informed readers of the *Argonaut* of last night's memorable scene in the House of Commons. But the cable is not an unmixed blessing. If it were less costly it would be more useful. That President Wilson's message on the Panama tolls has appeared in London newspapers word for word is due to the President's economy of speech; had he imitated the verbosity of the Rough Rider a summary would have had to represent the full text. Now as Mr. Asquith spoke last night for upwards of an hour it is obvious that the cable will report but the heads of his speech, and that the remarks of Bonar Law and others will be but briefly indicated. And events travel so speedily nowadays that by the time verbatim accounts are available in either country the interest of the reader is supposed to be extinct.

Let the foregoing be my apology for devoting this letter to the singular case of Ulster. Judging from such American newspapers as reach me, that case has not even yet been judicially presented to the American reader. What that case is was admitted by Mr. Asquith himself last night. At last he was obliged to confess that the Home Rule bill of his cabinet has created a dilemma in Ireland. If it were passed as it stands, he said, there was no denying that "acute dissension and even civil strife" would arise in Ulster; if it were shipwrecked there was a "formidable outlook" for the rest of the country. Such are the facts as admitted by the prime minister himself: whether the bill is passed or not passed Ireland will be plunged into civil war! Surely it is not necessary to characterize the statesmanship which has created such a deadlock.

What is essential to a right understanding of the present amazing position of British domestic politics is to recall that it was not until Mr. Asquith found himself dependent upon the Irish vote in the House of Commons that he took up the question of Home Rule. Such a necessity would be fatal to any party. When Gladstone appealed to the voters on that question he asked for such a majority as would make him independent of the Irish vote, for, he said, "Even Liberals can not be trusted to deal fairly with the Irish question if it is in the power of the Irish members to turn them out." The situation Gladstone foresaw has happened exactly in Mr. Asquith's experience; the Irish members had the power to turn him out, and then, and not till then, did he agree to introduce a Home Rule bill. But another factor has entered into the situation. Owing to the Parliament Act the revision power of the House of Lords is in suspense; hence the peers have no opportunity to refer the latest Home Rule bill to the verdict of the electors. To claim that they expressed their opinion upon that measure at the last election is to ignore the fact that Home Rule was not mentioned in the addresses of the prime minister and his principal colleagues and the further important consideration that the electors could hardly be aware of the terms of an act which had not been drafted.

Again and again during the last critical months the leaders of the Unionist party have appealed to the government to put the measure to the test of a vote of the whole kingdom, either by a general election or by the referendum. They have undertaken to abide loyally by the decision of the people, even if it should be adverse to their most cherished opinions. Hitherto, however, the party of democracy has stubbornly declined to submit their Irish policy to the vote of the people.

All this helps to explain the unusual course taken in Ulster. Hitherto that province had the satisfaction of knowing that the House of Lords would make an appeal to the voter necessary before any Home Rule bill could become law; today, with the power of the peers crippled, Ulster realizes that she must depend upon her own right arm. Hence the unusual spectacle of a nation in arms covenanted to resist to death any attempt to force them out of their citizenship in the United Kingdom. Nearly two years have passed since more than a quarter of a million of Ulster people solemnly signed a covenant pledging themselves to resist Home Rule to the death; and that covenant has now taken the formidable shape of an army of a hundred thousand men drilled and armed for the sole purpose of defying the authority of a Roman Catholic Parliament sitting in Dublin.

Such are the facts. It is not necessary to argue whether Ulster is right or wrong; it is not essential to the present critical position to decide whether the men of Ulster, on the one hand, are the most reprehensible bigots the world has ever known, or whether, on the other hand, the Catholics of the other three provinces are the most maligned of all men. The facts remain, and in so far as they concern the people of Ulster those facts are stubborn things. For the Orangeman of northern Ireland is as "dour" as the Scot of covenanting days; whether his religion is a thing of sincerity does not enter into the present question; what counts is that he clings to it with a limpet-like tenacity, and is ready to risk his life in its defense. This is at last admitted. But for months past it has been the fashion in Liberal circles and in the Liberal press to cap scorn and ridicule on Ulster's preparations to resist Home Rule. The language of derision and the pencil of caricature have been exhausted to deride

the Ulster covenant, Ulster drilling, Ulster arms. Their guns were "wooden," their soldiers were a "comic opera army." All their preparations were "bluff." Perhaps less will be heard of all this now Mr. Asquith has admitted the real danger of "civil strife."

And another factor has complicated the situation during the past week. A second covenant has appeared upon the scene. On opening their newspapers last Tuesday morning Londoners were startled to find that the greatest soldier of the day, Lord Roberts, and many another famous man, had signed their names to a declaration committing themselves to prevent the Home Rule bill being put into force or the army being used to coerce Ulster unless the measure had been submitted to the verdict of the nation. Today the signatures to that declaration amount to more than a million! The demand for copies has been phenomenal; the rush to sign has eclipsed all petition records.

History, in fact, has repeated itself. So long ago as 1778, when Ireland was threatened by a French invasion, the people of Ulster sprang to arms and constituted themselves into a volunteer army to undertake that defense of their native land which the government of the day was powerless to guarantee. Then, as now, companies were formed, officers chosen, parades appointed, and arms and ammunition purchased by individual self-sacrifice. Then, as now, that army was independent of government, unauthorized by law, and officered by leaders who held no commissions from the crown. Nor does the parallel end there. Just as the volunteers of 1778 were able to extort legislative concessions from the government of that day, so the volunteers of 1914 have extorted concessions from Mr. Asquith and his cabinet.

It was the announcement of those concessions last night which occasioned a gathering unique in the history of the House of Commons. The public galleries could have been filled a hundred times over; downstairs, on the floor reserved for members only, every inch of space was occupied. And never before has a leader of a government spoken to a more tense audience. The interest in what Mr. Asquith had to offer was so keen that about the hour announced for his statement telephones and telegraph wires all over the country were flooded with anxious inquiries. But it may be questioned whether his olive branch will be accepted. There can be no question that for himself the prime minister would have been glad to offer Ulster her minimum demand, namely permanent exclusion from a Nationalist Parliament; but he is shackled by his dependence upon the Irish vote, and could merely proffer what the Nationalists were willing to grant. It is unthinkable, however, that Ulster will accept the liberty to vote herself outside a Home Rule Parliament on the understanding that in six years' time she will pass automatically under such a government. A sentence of death with six years' suspension of execution—another variant of Mr. Asquith's favorite maxim, "Wait and see"—will hardly disarm the hostility of the grim Protestant of Ulster. It may be dangerous to prophesy, but I will risk the prediction that in the end Mr. Asquith will have to submit his measure to that voter of whom at present he seems to entertain a wholesome dread.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, March 10, 1914.

Under the primitive mining conditions of today the Choco district of Colombia stands second only to Russia as a producer of platinum. Most of the gold and platinum exported is obtained by native women, working two or three hours per day. They use the antiquated ground-sluicing process as a preliminary to get rid of the coarser gravels and then with their "bateas" separate the metals from the sand and gravel. The batea is a wooden pan, shaped like a very shallow inverted cone, eighteen inches in diameter and three inches deep at the centre, with two small handles or knobs on the rim. The women handle the bateas with great dexterity, throwing off the gravel and sand by a rotary motion and leaving the gold and platinum dust in the common centre. Another method of mining that is extensively employed by these women is diving into three or four feet of water for the sand and gravel containing the metals and bringing it up in the bateas. This method is usually more remunerative than the sluicing process. The gold workings have existed for centuries, but little has been done in the development of the district. The river gravels were being washed by the Indians long before the advent of the Spaniards, and this region furnished much of the gold that was carried back to Spain. In those days the value of platinum was unknown, and when the Indians brought the metal down to the Spanish headquarters in Quibdo the platinum was thrown away. Large finds of this discarded metal have been made recently in Quibdo, and frequently the earth excavated for foundations has yielded sufficient quantities of platinum to pay for putting up the building. The natives were beginning to pan even the streets, thus uncovering large amounts of mud, which was injurious to health. A decree was therefore promulgated in 1913 prohibiting any further washing of earth in the streets of Quibdo.

California eucalyptus charcoal is selling at \$24 a ton, as against \$20 a ton for oak charcoal. Since most of the California-grown eucalypts do not make good lumber, uses for other products of the tree are being sought.

OLD FAVORITES.

Waterloo.

Why have the Mighty lived—why have they died?
Is it ever thus with idle wreck to strew
Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo?
Hopeless the lesson! Vainly hath ever cried
Stern Fate to man—"So Perish human pride!"
Still must the Many combat for the Few:
Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew:
Tyrants, slaves, freemen, mouldering side by side!
On such a day the World was lost, and won,
By Pompey at Pharsalia: such a day
Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive:
So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun
Persia's pale star: so empire passed away
From Harold's brow,—but He disdained to live!
—Aubrey De Vere.

Ivry.

[MARCH 14, 1590.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, he joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! bow our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the hrood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has hound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our Lord
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din.
Of life, and steel, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hirling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God he praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter: the Flemish coat is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
today;

And many a lordly hanner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight:
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en.
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! hurgers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!
—Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Fifteen small sawmills are cutting timber from the
Powell national forest in southern Utah, more than one
hundred miles from the nearest railroad. They are
run by settlers during time that can be spared from the
crops, and supply local needs, since there is no oppor-
tunity to ship timber in or out.

Apple wood is the favorite material for ordinary saw
handles, and some goes into so-called brier pipes.

PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND.

Paul Gooding Gives His Impressions of Many Journeys Through Maoriland.

There is so little intimate knowledge about New Zealand that there should be a special welcome for such a book as this. The author wisely confines himself to a general view of the country and the people, rather than essaying either the rôle of a guide or entering the devious paths of politics or sociology. His intention is rather to paint a picture of a country that it is desirable to visit and that is extraordinarily rich in the natural attractions that perhaps nowhere else are to be found so closely grouped as in New Zealand. And his success is a considerable one. He shows us a land of mountains, glaciers, and geysers where fire and steam are close neighbors of snow and ice, and where boiling, sputtering mud adjoins depths of still and translucent waters. The pride of the New Zealander, he tells us, is justifiable and contagious, and those who have seen the wonders that he has to show are prone to join him in his enthusiasms. This "Italy of the South," this "Japan of the South Pacific," is one of the most fascinating quarters of the globe.

But the author allows himself a few brief references to the political situation. New Zealand, we are told, has set an example for legislation in favor of the people that might well be imitated by earth's greatest nations, and here perhaps the author has allowed his generosity to run away with him. But let us see what he has to say:

In this stronghold of liberalism there is, in a happy degree, government of, by, and for the people. There the "interests" do not exercise a dominating influence; for "special privilege" is in practically a barren field. There the evils of private commercial monopoly are not tolerated. "Trusts" have been sighted from afar and warned off, and the growing menace of those uncovered within New Zealand has been curbed by legislation.

In New Zealand, Labor and Capital meet as "man to man." Wisely conceived labor laws provide protection for both, and, combined with rational land-tax and land-settlement legislation, have for more than twenty years assured general industrial peace and widespread prosperity. For poor and suffering humanity of all ages substantial state provision has been made. There the people are the predominating owners of public utilities; with them state ownership has become so varied and general that it has been called state socialism.

When the author says that the "interests" do not exercise a dominating influence he is doubtless using these words in their narrower sense. There are interests other than those of capitalism and that may be far more tyrannical. A country that has deliberately set back the hands upon the dial of civilization by adopting conscription and enforced military service can hardly be said to be in the van of progress. Nor is the labor situation quite so roscate as the author seems to suppose.

The importance of New Zealand, says Mr. Gooding, has not yet been proof against popular ignorance. We are reminded that many Americans do not even know where Maoriland is. It is eleven hundred miles from Australia, yet some people suppose it to be within sight of the land of the ungainly kangaroo. Others imagine it to be near South America, or, worse still, off the coast of Greenland. A New Zealander tells the following story of a visit to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh:

"I had been but a short time in the United States," said this man, a resident of Wellington, "when one day I paid a visit to the Carnegie Museum. I am proud of my country, and I then believed it was about the only place on the map. Innocently thinking that the words would serve as a sort of open sesame to a hearty welcome, I said to the doorkeeper: 'I am from New Zealand.'

"Oh," responded he, nonchalantly, "we get them from all parts here. Last week we had visitors from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. But New Zealand! Let me see. What state is it in?"

The railroads in New Zealand are slow but safe. The speed mania has not yet reached her shores. There are no record-breaking specials, the government roads being satisfied with an average hourly speed of twenty-five miles, including stoppages. West Coast trains are even more conservative, and the author tells us of two young men who missed their train at the depot, and although it had twenty yards start they caught it victoriously after running about two hundred yards, but they were fined for a violation of the trespass law, presumably on the ground that there must be no competition with government property:

Speed in construction is another popular joke subject with New Zealanders. A hundred miles of railway takes many years to build.

"When will the North Auckland line be completed?" I asked an Auckland manufacturer.

"God knows," he answered, with a sigh.

"When do you expect railway connection with Gisborne?" I inquired of an Opatiki hotel-keeper.

"Not in our day," he grimly replied.

Once a government minister assured a deputation that the Opatiki-Gisborne line was "pushing ahead rapidly"; whereupon a member of the delegation inquired:

"Do you think the railway will reach our district during the life of our leases?"

"What is the term of your lease?" asked the minister.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine years," responded the delegate.

The author gives us a description of his first ride on a "tram" in Auckland, an experience that offered some contrasts to corresponding experiences on the American street-cars:

No, I did not want a cab; I wanted to ride in a "tram." The factory whistles were blowing five o'clock when, soon after landing, I saw a sign reading: "No standing in this

car." Recollecting street-cars of the United States with passengers crowding platforms, fenders, and roofs, I thought: "That's the car for me." Following the example of a score of workmen, I slid hastily into a seat. It was hard and hard, but that sign was so comforting that I read it again, and wished for a similar order on American car lines. Then I chanced to look at the aisle. It was little more than a foot wide! All the seats were narrow, too, and shoulders and legs necessarily encroached on the aisle, to the discomfort of the conductor.

Along this passage the conductor squirmed with a leather pouch or bag slung in front of him. In his hand he carried a box-like affair holding a row of tickets in blocks of various colors. To aid him in removing the tickets he carried on his breast a small sponge, with which he frequently moistened his thumb and forefinger. When I handed him a coin, his hand dropped into the bag. Immediately there was a great rattling. The conductor was drawing on his stock of coppers, each as big as a half-dollar, but worth only two cents. As most of his fares were pennies quarts of coin seemed not unknown to him.

Just past a corner our car was stopped. Something had happened.

"What is the trouble?" I asked a man.

"They put a bloke off," said he. "There were too many in the car."

Too many in the car! Oh, America!

Cooking by geyser is an experience rare enough to be interesting. How fortunate are the cooks, says the author, who have no kitchen fires to build, no stoves to polish, and where the small boy is never burdened with the command to fetch wood. Nature supplies the fire, and it is always there. It is enough to place the wooden oven or the kettle in the ground and to cover it with a gunny sack. At Ohinemutu the author saw pork, fowls, and potatoes being cooked in this way by geyser heat. Some of the larger geysers will not play unless they are soaped, a process only occasionally allowed, as too much soaping weakens the geyser. The geyser of Wairoa is one of these reluctant ones, but close at hand was another geyser sending forth clouds of steam as if to say, "Watch me. I work nearly all the time, and I don't have to be coaxed with soap either." Mr. Gooding tells us he was present at the soaping of Wairoa, the officiating priestess being Kathleen, who was clothed in a flax mat completely covered with kaka, kiwi, and pigeon feathers:

The caretaker approached her with a big white bag in hand. It was half full of yellow soap cut into small cubes.

"Are you ready, Kathleen?" he asked.

"Yes," she promptly answered.

Taking out two or three handfuls of soap, the caretaker threw them into Wairoa's deep throat, and then handed the bag to Kathleen. Grasping the string handle at the bottom of the bag, she opened the mouth, and out poured a sapaceous stream.

"How long must we wait to see Wairoa play?" I inquired of Georgiana.

"Ten minutes, usually," she replied.

The minutes passed, but there was only a slight increase in the volume of steam at Wairoa's mouth, and there were no subterranean signs of an imminent eruption. Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, with very little change.

When thirty minutes had gone there was a rumble, then a splash of water. The people near the geyser backed away. Two or three more splashes followed, and each was higher than its predecessor. Then came a hoarse roar, a rush of steam, and up past a low, sulphur-dyed sinter wall flashed a column of water carrying up clouds of steam. Soap, just common washing-soap, had conquered Wairoa and forced it from its lair. Up it continued to go—fifty, sixty, eighty, one hundred and twenty feet.

"Wairoa would have gone higher if it hadn't been for the wind," the caretaker told me. "It has been known to go one hundred and eighty feet."

While Wairoa played it played magnificently. In its shaft it rumbled, it flung its hot breath upon the venturesome, and for more than one hundred feet around it shook the ground until the earth trembled. For ten minutes it rose and fell. Then down it went, like a thermometer on a frosty night, until it was a mere splasher.

Earthquakes are naturally frequent in New Zealand, while there are volcanoes that have done mischief in the past and that possibly are still impenitent and unreformed. Thirty years ago the volcano of Tarawera rained stones and mud for four hours and the explosions were heard for five hundred miles away. No lava overflowed, but lava walls were formed, and miles away huge earth cracks were made and the waters of Lake Rotorua, fifteen miles beyond, rose several inches:

Will Tarawera burst out again with fiery stone? No one knows. Its energy may be exhausted, but it is impossible to overlook its recent birth as a volcano and the fact that it has given but one exhibition of its powers. In New Zealand nothing is more uncertain than speculation regarding volcanic outbursts and earthquakes. New Zealanders, more particularly North Islanders, never know when a town or village in the thermal zone may sink or be showered with burning ashes, or when they may lose a stretch of coast or find it elevated. In both islands earth tremors are frequent.

In Rotorua, where I have been startled by their rending reports, earthquakes are a diversion. They rattle dishes and alarm visitors strolling or playing in the sanatorium grounds; but they are not severe or uncommon enough to frighten the two thousand residents.

Some day Tarawera may be equalled or outdone by Ngauruhoe, or another volcano may appear; but these things do not trouble New Zealanders. There are so many safety-valves in their country that they believe themselves to be reasonably secure from volcanic disturbances. There are thousands of these steam valves from the tiny, noiseless fumarole to the gaping, roaring blowhole and the smoking craters of Ngauruhoe, Ruapehu, and White Island.

Another volcano is White Island, and it is still so active that on clear days its steam can be seen fifty miles away. White Mountain contains an icidified crater lake fifteen acres in extent. At times it rises and falls from two to three feet, but there is no connection between it and the tides. Its waters have a temperature of 110 degrees and they contain hydrochloric acid, pentathionic acid, and boron, and these have a peculiarly corroding effect upon whatever they touch:

White Island shows its hostility to its visitors in peculiar ways. It does more than awe them—it plays tricks on them. When the wise embark for the volcano, they wear old clothes

and shoes. The more like tramps they look, the better for their wardrobes. On White Island a man sits down in an innocent-looking spot to rest. The next day he may need another pair of trousers. Or perhaps he plants a foot in an equally harmless-appearing place. Before he leaves the island he may need the services of a cobbler.

"I have seen tourists returning from White Island with heels and soles clattering," said an Opatiki man to me.

"A friend of mine," another man informed me, "told me he was going to the island, and I advised him to wear old boots."

"Oh," said he, "the boots I have on will do."

"Be careful, or you'll lose them," I warned him.

"The very next day the soles of that man's boots fell off as he walked along the street, and where he touched his clothing in acid-soaked spots it crumbled. Another man accidentally stepped into a pool of water, and though he at once stepped out, all the clothing on one leg was eaten away to the flesh and the leg was blackened."

The author tells us that American literature has now become popular in New Zealand. There was a time when anything American was assumed to be fustian, but at last came a change, and now in the words of a Wellington newspaper, "a solid inquiry has set in for American literature and the army of the curious grows daily. The children of Wellington have 'discovered' the Americans, and like them." Wellington also has an art gallery, although the city herself seems hardly to be aware of that fact:

Wellington also has an art gallery, but apparently many of its residents had never heard of it when I inquired for it. "It is a little beyond the library," my first informant assured me.

I went a little beyond that distance, but I saw nothing resembling an art gallery.

"Can you tell me where the art gallery is?" I asked another man.

"No, I'll be blown if I can," he replied.

I repeated the question to a third man.

"Blest if I can," said he. "I didn't know we had an art gallery."

Then I went into the public library and appealed to a young woman assistant.

"It is hard to direct you," she laughingly answered. "It is so small; it is a little red brick building with some trees around it."

Finally I found this secluded building, after inquiring the way again of a group of four men, only one of whom was able to direct me. The gallery building was of modest proportions, as I had been told, and the collection was small. But the name was entirely satisfactory. Over the gallery's portals were these words: "New Zealand's Academy of Fine Arts."

The street-cars of Wellington are owned and operated by the people. It has thirty miles of lines built at a cost of three million dollars and carrying twenty million passengers annually:

A feature of the Wellington street-car system is the civility of its employees. The most obliging ticket inspector I met in the Dominion was a Wellington tramway employee, and not yet have I encountered a conductor so polite as the one who opened the door of the compartment in which I was sitting, and saying, "Thank you," shut it without having entered or collected a fare. What did that "Thank you" mean? No one had given its speaker anything or done him a service. On inquiry, I learned that he was merely looking for unpaid fares, and that his thanks meant he was satisfied everybody in the compartment had paid!

The problem of the undisciplined boy is as conspicuous in New Zealand as elsewhere. At Dunedin the author visited Flagstaff Hill, and upon his inquiry as to the whereabouts of the flagstaff he was told that there was a flagstaff there "but the larrikins took it":

Another man told me there never had been a staff on the hill; but if there had been, perhaps larrikins would have removed it. For larrikinism is one of the evils of New Zealand. Everywhere there one hears of the larrikin, or young hoodlum. Larrikins are an unorganized, mischievous fraternity. They are always despoiling or marring public or private property or making people the butt of coarse jokes and jeers. If something is stolen, "the larrikins took it"; if windows or park seats are broken, "the larrikins did it."

Every one has heard of that curious New Zealand bird called the kea, who has the unpleasant habit of attacking sheep and tearing a hole in their bodies in order to extract the kidneys. The author tells us that he made the acquaintance of the kea while on the ascent of the Tasman glacier:

That night only these two men and myself were at the hut, but nevertheless ours were not the sole voices there. Other voices there were, and they were loud and harsh. They were the calls of the kea, the mountain parrot, of the South Island, which has a cry that sounds very much like its name. The kea has a strange history. Once it lived on berries and grubs, but years ago it became fond of mutton; and now, according to widely credited accounts, it is very destructive to sheep. Alighting on the back of a sheep, the kea fixes its claws in the wool or flesh and quickly makes an opening with its two-inch beak. Its cries attract other keas, and beneath their combined attack the sheep soon collapses.

The kea is a very inquisitive bird, and it is equally bold. Along the Tasman Glacier keas peck at the nails in one's boots and with their beaks test one's clothing. A guide told me that one had even perched on the toe of his boot.

At Matte Brun Hut one day I drew four or five keas about me on a large flat-topped rock. At first they were three or four feet away from me, but very gradually and cautiously they approached until the beak of one was within an inch of the metal-headed pencil I held in one hand. Then the bird backed away. Soon a bolder one joined my audience, and, after much meditation and searching scrutiny, actually took the pencil from my hand. But he did not seem to care for it, for he almost immediately dropped it. In front of another kea I held a pocket mirror. Seeing himself reflected in it, he warily peered over the mirror, apparently expecting to find a bird on the other side. When he learned that he had been deceived, he walked away in evident disgust.

New Zealand is so readily accessible from America that its attractions should be known more widely than they are, and to this end Mr. Gooding has rendered a substantial aid. He writes both sympathetically and enthusiastically, and he has a literary facility that enables him to transfer his impressions to paper.

PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND. By Paul G. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Remington Sentence.

A volume with Mr. Pett Ridge's name on the title-page naturally demands preference, but in this case the author seems hardly at his best. He tells us of a family of four young people who are "sentenced" under their father's will to go to London from their country home and make their living in the metropolis as best they may. The story tells us how they did it. None of them seems to be particularly nice, although the elder sister compels a certain amount of grudging admiration by her strength of character, which enables her successfully to handle, and eventually to marry, the crusty and captious explorer with whom they are brought into contact in their new home. The characters are all clearly drawn, although we wish that they were more ingratiating, and perhaps American readers may fail to understand the arrogance of the English country family when brought into contact with the "lower orders," an arrogance that is rubbed off, or knocked off, by the democracy of London life.

THE REMINGTON SENTENCE. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Plays.

This volume contains three plays by Björnsterne Björnson translated by Edwin Björkman and also a chronological list of Björnson's dramatic works.

"The Gauntlet" has for its text the double standard of morality for men and women. A girl discovers that her future husband and her father, and a wife discovers that her husband, are tainted by profligacy. The mother continues to be the timid, submissive conservative, but the daughter becomes the hold, insurrectionary radical. The author, however, in spite of his hot championship of the cause of the women, is true to his principles of optimism and depicts the two male sinners as so much influenced by the grief of the women as to desire to reform, and the play concludes with a sign of hope: held out by the girl to the lover, who pledges himself that his future shall be a clean one.

"Beyond Our Power" is a play depicting the power of faith over disease. Pastor Sang, a man of exalted and impractical piety, of pure and worldly character, and of great ascendancy over the more simple of his flock, is credited with the possession of a miraculous power of healing. The one whom he can not cure is his bed-ridden wife. Calling upon his entire parish to assist him with their united prayers, he attempts the miracle. The exalted emotion of the wife enables her to walk a few steps, but the physiological part of the miracle is a failure, and as the wife falls dead her husband, in the ruin of his highest hopes, falls dead beside her. The title reveals Björnson's attitude in the matter of faith healing.

"The New System," the last of the three plays, portrays the working of a new spirit of fairness and integrity in business relations with the government. Riis, the director general of railroads, stands well with the community, but in reality his so-called "new system" is the old one of extortion and robbery. Hans Ravn, fresh from America, writes a book pointing out in carefully compiled figures how much may be saved the government by a different administration of its affairs. The young reformer encounters many rooted forms of convention, family influence, and allied capital, but in the end, although he almost loses heart in the struggle, his blows tell. Distrust of the dishonest administration prevails, and in the director-general's own family, so strong a perception is felt as to his complicity, if not actual leadership, in the prevailing graft that his son and daughter, still loving him, but hating his methods, leave their home to strike out and battle for themselves, determining that their lives shall be guided by principles of honor. A love story is also included in the general plot.

PLAYS. By Björnsterne Björnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The Quakers.

The author appropriately quotes Oliver Cromwell as saying of the Quakers, "Now I see there is a people risen up that I can not win either with gifts, honors, offices, or places, but all other sects and people I can." The statement may be said to express the whole spirit of Quakerism, then and now. It goes far to justify the somewhat caustic remark that the Quakers are the only Christian sect that has existed for five centuries, a statement that possibly contains a solid measure of truth.

Dr. Holder has done well to produce this substantial volume. It is true that a great deal has been written about the Quakers, but whoever would make himself acquainted with their history as a whole would have to do a vast amount of delving, and even then he might perforce miss some important links and sidelights. He would have to travel back and forth between two continents and to disentangle the relevancies from a large mass of irrelevancies. All this he will now be spared by a work that is certainly large, but that is none the less admirably condensed and arranged with due regard to the central thread of narrative and the minor threads of contemporary history. Dr. Holder begins at the

beginning and he succeeds finally in showing us that Quakerism is still a force in the land and that it has not yet been asphyxiated by civilization. Nothing in his story is more remarkable than his account of the extraordinary opposition encountered by Quakerism, an opposition that perhaps is unsurpassed in bitterness and hate. There could be no better testimonial to the value of a system that in the words of John Morley "has been the most devout of all endeavors to turn Christianity into the religion of Christ." Dr. Holder has rendered a substantial service alike to religion and to history.

THE QUAKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA. By Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D. Los Angeles: The Neuner Company.

Father Gregory.

The author tells "a tale of Hindustan" that is not only distinctive in its subject, but that is marked by a certain graceful power that commands it strongly to lovers of originality. Beginning with the story of an ill-used wife and a disastrous elopement we have a picture of Father Gregory, who is a sort of spiritual adviser to a club that has been started for the relief of the white men in India who have failed. "You can fall low in England, you can fall into a deep, deep pit and you can find the bottom of it tenanted by crawling thousands like you . . . but let a white man fall into the pit in India and he falls and lies—alone, and millions of creatures, who should be able to look up and revere, can look down into it and jeer and sneer delighted, at the degraded damned-alive occupant." One by one we are introduced to the occupants of this club, where everything possible is done to reawaken self-respect and where no hint of charity is allowed to enter. They are studies of extraordinary interest, evidently made from life, and the gentle presence of Father Gregory seems to throw a benediction upon them all. And then at last we know who Father Gregory is, and so the first and last chapters are knit together. The story is one of the few that leave a deep impression upon the mind.

FATHER GREGORY. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Another Man's Shoes

Those who want a well-written story of incident will find it here, and one that is so well written as to make us pardon its improbabilities. Jack Burton, within measurable distance of starvation, receives an extraordinary offer from a well-dressed stranger whom he meets on the street. The stranger offers him a large sum of money to change place with him for three weeks, to occupy his house, and to personate him in every way, a process somewhat simplified by the resemblance between the two men. He is given no reason for the proposal, but he is fully warned that he will probably be assassinated before the three weeks are gone. Of course Burton, being naturally adventurous, accepts the offer or there would be no story to tell, and so some three hundred pages are expended in the solution of the mystery. And it is a good mystery, involving South American plots, desperate attempts at murder, and of course a vivid thread of love-making that leads inevitably to the usual destination.

ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES. By Victor Bridges. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Forty Years of it.

There will be a disappointment in store for those who read Mr. Brand Whitlock's autobiography with the expectation of finding therein the usual rhodomontades of the successful reformer and democrat. Indeed the author's democracy, whatever it may once have been, seems now to have been ratcheted by experience into a form to which few will object. Democracy, according to Mr. Whitlock, is that political mechanism that shall succeed in making articulate the best thought of the community rather than in the mere registration of the votes of those who may be described politically as the lame, the halt, and the blind. Indeed it is easy to detect a strong note of disillusionment in everything that Mr. Whitlock writes. He has seen so many experiments, so many enthusiasms born amid the hysterical hopes of "reformers," and most of them have failed. He seems to be sick and tired of law-making and disgusted with those whose one panacea for the antipathies of the moment is legislation. Indeed on this point he is well worth quoting. He says:

When a trust is formed, or a strike interrupts business, or the sheets on the hotel bed are too short, or the hapin of a woman in a crowded street-car is too long, or a new dance is introduced, or a hoar preempts a seat in a train, or a cat howls on the hack-yard fence in the nighttime, or a waiter is impertinent, or the cook leaves, the indignant citizen lifts his eyes hopefully toward that annual calamity known as the session of the state legislature, and repeats the formula: "There ought to be a law." And when the legislature assembles, a whole body of foolish bills is introduced regulating everything in the earth, and some things that are outside of the earth. If a deed is disapproved of by a group of people, an agitation is begun to make it a criminal offense: by means of pains and penalties the whole of life is to be regulated, and government is to become a vast bu-

reaucracy of policemen, catch-polls, inspectors, headles, censors, monitors, and spies.

What is called the "moral issue," says the author, must be abolished from municipal government. It is an elaborate hypocrisy and a nuisance, and a fatal bar to administration:

No appreciable advance can be made, no appreciable advance can be made in any fundamental sense, so long as the so-called moral issue is the pivot on which municipal elections turn, or so long as it is allowed to remain to bedevil officials, to monopolize their time, and to exhaust their energies, so that they have little of either left for their proper work of administration.

Mr. Whitlock seems to think that white slavery is an elaborate imposture. He speaks of "the preposterous tales and sentimental twaddle that circulate among the neurotic," and he suggests that the real white slavery is the slavery that has been created by legislation, and here he is doubtless right. The first step in the direction of curing the social evil, he says, is the repeal of all criminal laws on the subject.

Space will not admit of even the briefest summary of this suggestive work. As a salutory dash of cold water in the face of hysterical enthusiasm it has much to recommend it. As a faithful account of "forty years of it" it is an invaluable chapter of municipal history.

FORTY YEARS OF IT. By Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Generation.

Mr. Fox's play depicts the irreconcilable elements in the lives of a socialist husband and a conservative wife who love each other. George Tremayne, the husband, forfeits his wealth, transports his family to a small shop in the slums, and tries to be consistent with his creed after a realization of the wrong done to the public by the business methods of his partners, a firm of cigarette makers. The sufferings and pained endurance of his family are ended by the intervention of George's wealthy father-in-law, who carries them off to middle-class opulence, leaving George deserted. When Lucie inherits her father's wealth the tables are turned, for the strong affection between husband and wife brings them together again. It is now George who suffers in the home of prosperity, just as Lucie suffered in the slums. He has plush-clad huttlers and does not believe in menial service; his son wants to be a soldier, while he himself advocates disarmament. The struggle is great, but, suffocated by the gentle tyranny of affection and the persistence of womanly influence, the poor idealist succumbs and gives up the fight. The play is a well-written work, and there are many striking utterances in the dialogue, some of them directed pungently against the social and labor life of America. It seems to be the author's contention that men want to remodel the world, but that women will not let them.

THE GENERATION. By S. M. Fox. New York: Duffield & Co.

Brief Reviews.

"Practical Cinematography and Its Applications," by Frederick A. Talbot (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net), is intended to assist the amateur who is attracted toward cinematography. It is written in such a manner as to be understandable by the novice, who is told all that he will wish to know—indeed all that there is to know—about the art, and in such a way that he can forthwith "go and do it."

No one would suppose that women needed any special advice on the disciplining of husbands. It is one of the many wisdoms that seem to be instinctual, but Mary Stewart Cutting endeavors to improve upon nature by means of her new book, "Refractory Husbands" (Doughleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net). She conveys her lessons by means of well-told stories, which must surely be wholly imaginary, seeing that there are now no refractory husbands.

Professor P. H. Pearson has written a useful little volume entitled "The Study of Literature," intended for the general reader who wishes to know something of the standards by which good books are judged and the characteristics that give to literature its value. In addition to a clear enunciation of general principles the author gives us some examples, with practical applications, of the criticism and appreciation of literature in general. The volume is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

The excellent General History of Art Series now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons has been enlarged by the addition of "Art in Flanders," by Max Rooses. The general plan of the series has been carefully observed. The author gives us a satisfactory historical sketch with an indication of periods and painters most worthy of attention, and he also deals adequately with miniature and illumination. A particularly admirable feature of all these volumes is to be found in the small illustrations to the number of two or three upon every page.

A pardonable prejudice against the many series of books for children that are now such a weariness to the flesh must be waived in

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favor of the Little Schoolmate Series, under the editorship of Florence Converse and in course of issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$1 net). The latest addition to the series is "A Boy in Eirinn," by Padraic Colum, a story based on Irish legends of gallant days and upon the fairy lore which is both ancient and modern and that we hope will never lose its vitality. In other words, the story is about the things that matter, and it is for young people who are really young people.

"A Little Essay on Essays," by Professor Richard Burton, professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota, member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and one of the foremost authorities in the United States today on the drama, is published by the Century Company.

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GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Harper & Brothers announce that they recently put to press for reprinting the following books: "Main-Traveled Roads," by Hamlin Garland; "Options," by O. Henry; "Jonathan and David," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Harper's Machinery for Boys," by Joseph H. Adams; "Pictures and Rhymes," by Peter Newell, and "Shakespeare's Comedies," illustrated by Edwin Abbey.

The *Scoop*, a magazine issued by the Press Club of Chicago, reprints in a recent number "The Gray Patrol," Stanley Waterloo's best-known poem, rediscovered after his death in a forgotten scrap-book. It is interesting, too, to note that Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for this month Waterloo's last book, "A Son of the Ages," finished just before his death.

New books published by the Houghton Mifflin Company on March 21 included a short novel, "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White; the 1914 edition of "The Satchel Guide," and two notable biographies: "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N.," by Carroll Storrs Alden, and "Thomas Wentworth Higginson," by Mary Thacher Higginson.

Charles Fleischer's "American Aspirations," which B. W. Huebsch announces for early publication, has its origin in the independent religious movement which its author started in Boston about two years ago. The irksome position in which Dr. Fleischer found himself as leader of the congregation with which he was associated caused him to secede in order to gain greater spiritual elbow room. Now he holds a non-sectarian service every Sunday afternoon at a theatre, and crowds attend to hear the eloquent exponent of the religion that glorifies democracy.

Dr. Henry S. Curtis, the author of "Play and Recreation for the Open Country," in the opinion of a distinguished educator who read the manuscript of his book for the publishers, Ginn & Co., "probably knows more about rural recreation and all other forms of recreation than any other man in the United States." His book takes into its consideration all ages, all family relations, and all forms of social organization. There are other books dealing with a few of these subjects, but none which handle the subject in so broad a way.

Four printings in advance of publication were required to meet the demand for the anonymous Western novel, "Overland Red," which appeared March 14 with the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company. The same publishers announce the second printing of Elia Peattie's feminist novel, "The Precipice," and the fourth of Dr. Richard Cabot's "What Men Live By."

The University of Chicago Press is about to publish "Masters of the Wilderness," by Charles B. Reed. The opening essay, which gives its title to the volume, is a highly interesting and carefully wrought account of the origin and upgrowth of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a portrayal of its powerful influence on the development of Canada. The book as a whole is a successful attempt to awaken interest in some of the remarkable episodes of our early history. It is not analytical, but narrative; not a sequence of annals, but a series of picturesque activities.

An important addition to the list of spring books announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company is a new volume, "South Africa," in the series "The English People Overseas," by A. Wyatt Tilby.

The Yale University Press has undertaken the publication, under the direction of the department of history, of a work of very great scope and importance. So great is it that not before 1930 can the last volume be published. It is entitled "Bracton: De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ," and will consist of six volumes edited by George E. Woodbine. Mr. Woodbine has been engaged for a number of years in the collation of every known "Bracton" manuscript.

During a trip which Mrs. John Clarence Lee, author of "Across Siberia Alone" (John Lane Company), is now taking through the South, she was invited to open the newly built courthouse at Salisbury, North Carolina.

In a press dispatch which recently went out from the Pan-American Union it was stated that Argentina's foreign trade for the calendar year 1913 "was approximately \$100 for each person in that country," being the largest per capita of any important nation in the world. There is ample reason, therefore, for such a book as is now announced under title of "The Amazing Argentine," to be issued next month from the house of the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

New printings of Harriet T. Comstock's campfire girl story entitled "Camp Brave Pine," and of "How to Play Baseball," a collection of chapters on the national game by leading stars, are announced by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. The same firm has just gone to press with the fourth thousand of Orison Swett Marden's "Joys of Living." Dr. Marden's works, of which the Crowells are the American publishers, are having an

unprecedented success abroad, especially in Spain. The Madrid publisher of his "Pushing to the Front" has forwarded to the author a complimentary letter from the king, and the minister of public instruction has given directions to include the book in the reading lists of all schools. Special editions of this standard inspirational work have recently been issued in three South American countries.

New chapters on Scandinavia and Russia make the forty-third edition of the "Satchel Guide," published March 21 by the Houghton Mifflin Company, especially valuable to the tourist who is planning a visit to either of these interesting countries. There is at the present time no guide-book to Russia available in English, but the intending traveler will find the information in the "Satchel Guide" thoroughly reliable and up to date.

In the monthly list of "best selling books" for January published in the London *Daily Graphic* is "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," by E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. The volume appears in this country over the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Leslie Moore, author of "The Peacock Feather," just published by the Putnams, passed the first part of her childhood at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, where her father, Colonel Moore (now retired), was in the Royal Marine Artillery. From there she went to Germany with her sister, where she attended the Malerinnen Schule at Karlsruhe, and also the Conservatorium. Though she now spends practically her whole time writing, she still paints some miniatures, and was recently made a member of the Society of Miniaturists.

Nine-tenths of the best which has been written upon Spanish architecture has its source, it has been said, in the famous work by George Edmund Street, entitled "Gothic Architecture in Spain," of which a new edition is announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. The editor, Mrs. Georgina Goddard King, of Bryn Mawr, has thoroughly sifted the immense mass of material published since Street wrote on Spanish architecture, and in the course of many months' residence in Spain she has visited every spot described and verified or supplemented the original account. Spain changes slowly, and Street worked thoroughly, so that the author declares that the critical work consisted largely in verifying the text and leaving it alone.

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson is himself a novelist and a brother of Edward F. Benson, who has been writing novels ever since his "Dodo" appeared twenty years ago. Monsignor Benson is not alone in the opinion that "The World Set Free" (Dutton) is the best work which Mr. Wells has yet written.

Gordon Gardiner, author of "The Reconnaissance," is a Scotchman, the son of the Reverend Thomas Gardiner of Aberdeen. Beginning at the age of twenty-one, when he sailed for South Africa to enter the Cape government service, business and wanderlust have taken him into many countries and among many races of peoples. He has been a tea planter in India, a traveler in Switzerland and Italy, has worked for a beet-sugar company in California, visited Alaska and Central America, edited a newspaper, and studied at Harvard. While at Harvard he delivered a series of lectures on English literature and the tropics. In Italy most of "The Reconnaissance" was written. The book is published by the Macmillans.

Professor George Henry Nettleton's "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century" has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. In this volume there is presented for the first time a continuous and comprehensive account, both historical and critical, of the whole period of English drama from the closing of the theatres in 1642 to the height of eighteenth-century comedy in Sheridan.

Katharine Howard's third book, which is to appear in April, is entitled "Candle Flame." It is a poetic play or closet drama. The scenes are set in a forest in Brittany, and in the garden of a ruined chateau on the edge of the forest. It is published by Sherman, French & Co.

New Books Received.

SUNRISE VALLEY. By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

FIVE YEARS TO FIND OUT. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE RED TAVERN. By C. R. Macaulay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Collected by C. H. Herford. Volume IV. New York: Oxford University Press; \$1.75.

A collection of seven essays on literary topics.

THE MARRIAGE OF CECILIA. By Maude Lessen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

RAILWAY MISRULE. By Edward Dudley Kenna. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.
To secure the new capital which is now re-

fused by investors and to expend it when obtained so as to produce not only adequate facilities, but the lowest rates possible, is the problem discussed by Mr. Kenna.

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An effort to solve the problem of interest.

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THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

BARNABETTA. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.
A novel.

LITTLE ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND LIFE. By Richard Burton. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

A collection of essays.

THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER. By Richard Wightman. New York: The Century Company; 60 cents net.

DODO'S DAUGHTER. By E. F. Benson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE PEACOCK FEATHER. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.
A novel.

GARDENS OF THE GREAT MUGHALS. By C. M. Villiers Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A description of Indian gardens.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By W. T. Young, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents net.

From the earliest times to the close of the Victorian age.

Saving the Chapel of St. Honore.

In a corner of Paris little known to the general public stands all that remains of the ancient chapel of St. Honore. It lies not far from the gardens of the Palais Royal.

Workmen for a long time have been engaged in demolishing a number of old tumble-down buildings in this district and the famous chapel was on the point of coming down with the rest when Charles Normand, president of the Friends of Parisian Monuments, saved the building to posterity.

It is described by an enthusiast as "a pearl among architectural treasures of Paris" and dates back to the early years of the thirteenth century.

Within the last few weeks several old buildings at the end of the Rue Dauphine, facing the Seine, have been pulled down, and more are to follow, notably the one with the sign "Vieux-Satyle," an inn which stood at the entrance to the old fair grounds of Saint-Germain, and another inn, the Lion d'Or, famous in the historical romances of the elder Dumas, at the corner of the Rue du Four.

The Lion d'Or used to be the starting point of the state coaches for Chartres and Doudan. On each side of the building are still standing the hotels of Hericart de Thury and Mole de Champlatreux, likewise doomed to destruction, with their quaint old bay windows and balconies.

Adjoining them is an old house, once a lodging-house, with a room, No. 9, on the third floor, which was once occupied by a young artillery lieutenant, who signed his name simply on the register as "Napoleon Bonaparte." Finally, at No. 21 of the Rue du Four, the old house, on which there is

an inscription to the following effect, is also to disappear:

"Here lived in 1744 the painter, Jean Louis Chardin, born in Paris, Rue du Seine, November 1, 1694."

The plate, with the inscription, will, of course, be preserved in one of the public museums.

Turning Refuse into Money

Electricity has added an industry to San Francisco which would otherwise have been practically impossible. At any rate it was considered out of the question until the experts of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company proved what electric power could do.

Out in the Potrero district is a large plant which works over all kitchen refuse from hotels and restaurants and any material of vegetable or animal composition, turning it into commercial products, the grease part being used in the manufacture of soap, the bones and vegetable parts made into fertilizer.

The waste material, prior to the construction of this plant, went largely to hog ranches, as the incinerator company did not care to handle it, because it was wet and deadened the fires.

Owing to the great quantity of material to be handled the machinery has to be operated with the least amount of labor. For this reason the machinery is all driven by individual motors, arranged in such a way that from the time the material is hauled up to the building until it is shipped away a finished product, it requires no hand labor. When the trucks arrive at the factory the tanks, or body of the truck, being detachable from the running gear, each containing five tons of material, are raised by means of a motor-driven crane to the top story of a building, where the material is dumped into steam-jacketed enclosed tanks and boiled for five hours, until it is thoroughly cooked; thence it is run through a powerful press where most of the water and oil are driven out and caught in skimming tanks, the oil being separated from the water. The solid matter is then run through a large boiler-shaped affair which rotates by means of a motor and contains a spiral that forces the material out of the end opposite to which it enters. While in this machine all of the moisture is driven out by means of a fire blast, the smoke, fumes, and odor being carried away by means of a 200-foot stack, thereby making the factory free from all insanitary odors. From this point a carrier takes the dried material to the upper floors of the building, where it is forced through tanks containing gasoline, which absorbs all of the oil and grease remaining. The oil, in turn, is separated from the gasoline by means of a small refinery, the oil going into barrels. The gas, in turn, is condensed and stored to be used again.

Finally the dried material is run past a powerful magnet, which extracts metals, such as nails, can-covers, etc., before it is put through a grinding machine driven by a 50-horsepower motor, which reduces it to a powdered form; after this it is mixed with certain chemicals to be used as fertilizer. The oil and grease, which form the most valuable part of the refuse, are used for soap and find a ready market.

This plant is well lighted inside and out, in addition to the 100 horsepower in motors, backed by "Pacific Service," making it possible to give San Francisco clean service in one of the many important problems to be handled.

Attention is called to this case because it serves to demonstrate a new use to which electric power is put, making a new enterprise pay because of the cheap nature of the power to begin with, and the instant response whenever it is needed. Perhaps other men, having a business plan in mind, hesitate over a problem which to them seems beyond solution with ordinary capital, but which, if passed up to the engineers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, might be easily solved, adding more business to the community. The man with a power problem may have their advice without charge.

50 YEARS

OF CONSTANTLY INCREASING
POPULARITY HAVE CROWNED
THE INFALLIBLE REPUTATION OF

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

Each fresh hearing of an opera by this organization makes one deplore the lack of a large attendance by the general public, the explanation lying, probably, in the magnitude of the prices charged, in spite of other theories advanced by the management. These prices had to be, or there would be loss. The productions are notably realistic when realism is the note aimed at, as in "Louise" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and handsome when magnificence and æsthetic beauty should be evident, as in "Rigoletto," "Thais," "Aida," and "Herodiade."

But a large company of noted singers has been brought out, and there are almost no repetitions of performances. These things cost money, and if the public wants them it must pay for them. Apparently it was provided with a bigger feast than its appetite or at least its powers of financial assimilation called for, and hence it is represented to us that in the future we shall have to put up a financial guaranty. As to that we should not complain. Business is business. But while the general public has only measurably patronized the opera, society has been attending in radiant ranks. People have come up from lordly pleasure houses in the country, pearl and diamond necklaces have been disinterred from safe deposit boxes, and the opera loges have been liberally subscribed for.

Mary Garden is a favorite of society, which turned out pretty generally for both of her first week performances, the "Thais" audience being particularly large and of gala aspect. "Louise," although it is a common enough and thoroughly sordid drama of poverty, in which Miss Garden is obliged to cover her magnificently moulded charms with the plain and simple dress of a Parisian *ouvrière*, appeals to the interest of the socially elect because of its thoroughly Parisian atmosphere. All through the opera the spectator is made to realize what an excited incense ascends from youthful hearts to the god of illicit pleasure in the great, devouring city. There is a recurring cry of "Paris, oh Paris!" throughout the work, which culminates at last in a bitter and tragic repetition from the lips of the abandoned father, as Louise flees forth to the illusive glitter of the only life that calls her. Mons. Charpentier, who wrote his own libretto, allows a loophole of sympathy for Louise by causing her parents to deny their consent to marriage with the young student-lover to whom she flies. But the real sympathy goes to the father, the man from whose affectionate heart a life of hard work and poverty has not drained the capacity to love his one child with a paternal passion. The mother is depicted as shrewish, bitter, and intolerant, Louise as shallow and pleasure-loving. Mons. Charpentier's score is well in character with the motives of the composition, which do not probe very deeply into the emotional sensibilities. An American audience, even though it includes many globe-trotters, can only enter superficially into the Paris-mad excitement of sensibilities which Mons. Charpentier has depicted, both musically and through the medium of his story. Still it enjoys the night pictures he paints of Montmartre, and no doubt many spectators, when they left the opera and plunged into the San Francisco streets, found themselves carrying the atmosphere with them and merging it into that of our own town, so completely had the musician evolved the hum and glitter, the mysterious murmuring of the streets at night, and the sense of careless pleasure that dwells in the habits of the midnight pavement.

Mary Garden is a very good actress. She omits none of the details which, united, build up the graphic similitude of a stage character. Her voice is not great, but it is dramatic in tone and sufficiently effective in the long, sustained notes which characterize much of the dialogue in "Louise" to enable her to hold her own during the enormous vocal volume. It is not her voice upon which her fame is built. Without her acting ability, her beautifully sculptured and magnificently poised body and an instinctive talent that she has for attracting the limelight her name would never have resounded to anything like the distance it has attained. Her *Thais*—but before we begin on that interesting subject something further must be said about "Louise," to the performance of which Hector Dufranne and Louise Berat contributed in the rôle of Louise's parents, both bistrionic and vocal accomplishments

of a high order. Mons. Dufranne's acting in the scenes between Louise and her father added to them a very interesting element of realism. Leon Campagnola lent lyric sweetness to the impassioned strains of the lover and is a convincing actor, while the individual exploits of the lesser principals in the street scenes, and the work of the orchestra and chorus, were of such an order as to stamp the general performance as one of the highest merit.

On Friday evening a still larger house testified to the general interest inspired by Mary Garden's reputation as an ideal "Thais." Many people stood throughout the performance, which, as with all of the others, was of notably fine finish throughout. Hector Dufranne made almost as striking a figure in his way as Mary Garden did in hers. As Athanael he looked like a nice, clean, picturesque, good-looking, washed and combed John the Baptist; refraining, fortunately, throughout the opera from any suggestion of being permeated with the penitential dirt, dust, and ascetic state of bathelessness in which that most uncomfortable of self-flagellants, Anatole France's Paphénice, passed his terrible days. Massenet, however, has seized only the salient stage features of France's wonderful romance, and his opera, with its dramatic story, its picturesque scenic background, and the melting sweetness of the music, has the quality of pleasing the populace in the most pronounced degree. Wicked and unprincipled women, provided they are young and beautiful, appeal strongly to the dramatic imagination, and when such a Circe, after trying her best to tempt a St. Anthony to his undoing, suddenly throws up the sponge and outdoes the tempted one in renunciation and holiness, then we have a heroine indeed.

It is worthy of remark, though, that people scarcely mention Mary Garden's "Thais" as seen in her repentant moments. It is scarcely to be wondered at, so thoroughly does the rôle of the magnificent, warm-blooded courtesan, viewed in the height of her luxury and conscienceless beauty, adjust itself to Mary Garden's special attributes. Everything contributes: her plastic, superb body, her free, reckless grace, the commanding air with which she assumes supremacy, the idea of physical allurements which she is so well able to convey, and even a something cruel and sensual which her make-up and her method of arranging her hair seems to put into her physiognomy, and which lent her something of the appearance of a voluptuous French woman. When she was on the stage nobody wasted much time in looking at anybody else, although Hector Dufranne's striking figure of austere beauty was well worth a prolonged survey.

Thais was still a thing of beauty when she doffed her all-revealing robes and her jewels and clothed herself in the garments of penitence. In spite of having passed through the "Meditation" and "got religion," she was still woman enough to wear a most beautiful and becoming sackcloth, to speak metaphorically, for the sackcloth garment, while it covered much more of the beautiful torso that had heretofore been visible, showed a white neck, a pair of beautifully modeled arms in all their dazzling length, and permitted haremlike glimpses through a semi-transparent drapery of a beautiful gray-green color, over which tumbled floods of golden hair à la Mary Magdalen. In fact it was difficult, in spite of the milder and more softened beauties made visible in this new guise, to quite believe in Thais's change of heart. It seemed like the caprice of a spoiled enchantress unaccustomed to ascetically handsome young gentlemen resisting her charms. Even Anatole France, who has told his story with all the charm and lucidity of his celebrated style, and who has embellished it with a wealth of picturesque lore, even this master of the art of graphic composition, who can put you into the cell, and even into the soul, of a tortured and tempted anchorite of the fourth or fifth century, could not entirely convince, until the very last page, that Thais had remained true to her conversion and was become as a holy one in the eyes of her white sisters. The "Meditation" does not assist in convincing because it is so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of earthly longing. It seems to me that its exquisitely sweet and purely human strains admirably express the confused emotions of a young girl who has unconsciously fallen in love with a good-looking young clergyman, and whose pure imaginings take on a semi-sanctified tinge. Poor Thais! She had never known love until she met Athanael, or Paphénice, as Anatole France calls him, and I suppose the interpretation is that the master-passion was so beautiful compared to the base masquerade that she had seen pass for it that she could not mingle it with any carnal conceptions, and died a holy woman to preserve an ideal.

This picturesque opera is sung and acted *con amore* by the singers selected to render it, chief among whom beside those already mentioned are Gustave Huherdeau as Palemon, Edmond Warnery as Nicias, and Helen Warram, Minnie Egner, and Margaret Keyes. The admirable orchestra, although very clamorous music is laid down for it in "Louise," still seemed in that opera to press too hardly

on the singers with its combined volume, but in "Thais," and more particularly in the "Meditation," the audience was fairly ravished with the beauty of the interpretation furnished in passages of tender or religious sentiment.

The ever-reliable chorus, beginning with the religious number in the first act, added the beauty of splendidly rendered choral harmonies to the general performance, beside making the stage gay with their spectacularly brilliant and beautiful entrance before the house of Nicias in the second act.

Mary Garden's vocal contribution is somewhat outshone by the more striking nature of the plastic beauties with which she decorates the rôle of Thais; but while one misses in her voice something of the roundness, resonance, and pure white quality of a soprano—it seems, indeed, a like a natural mezzo raised to a soprano—yet she always put into the expressive notes that dramaticism of suggestion which rules her being.

On last Saturday Titta Ruffo was killed to appear at the matinée as Tonio. The subsequent announcement of his inability to appear caused many to reclaim their money, and the audience was the smallest of the season. The bill consisted of those two inseparables, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," with the indispensable Polese as the clown in place of Ruffo. Of the two operas, however, the first-named had the finest representation, on account of the magnificent voice of the Polish soprano, Rose Raisa, a singer who unites a pronouncedly dramatic temperament with great musical feeling, and whose powerful but sweet and emotional voice is firm, and fresh, and ringing gloriously with youth. Indeed, if unknown to an audience, Rose Raisa were put forward as a substitute for some famous prima donna, she would be received with tumultuous acclamations. Giorgini's devil-may-care air prevents him from arousing the enthusiasm of his audiences; a certain rigidity of feature, too, plays a part in this; but he sang beautifully and acted well as Turiddu, and the scenes of recrimination between the severed pair were given with so much fierce antagonism that one recognized anew the fidelity of the picture which shows the curious hatred of the primitively sensual male for the things he once loved. The imagination was strongly affected, for the opera went with more than its usual effect of realistically portraying an episode in the life of the hot-blooded children of the sun-warmed soil of Italy. Ruby Heyl, who sang so beautifully in her two small rôles in "Louise," hardened her voice as Lola, and was not so happily placed, but Federici's Alfio and Louise Berat's Lucia followed up and completed the general excellence of effect.

"Pagliacci" contained a double disappointment, although it must be said of Polese that he is such a finished artist that he is a wonderful consoler. But Jane Oshorn-Hannah started out as a disappointment to us as Nedda, hung in the balance for awhile, and, in the second act, ended in almost satisfying. A becoming Columbine costume and an overhead light did wonders in removing the disabilities conferred by the grimy, ugly and characterless costume worn in the first act, and by a voice that is powerful instead of lyrical. Otto Marak's Canio was sung and acted with a fervor that won the house, and Armand Crabbe's love song in Silvio was rendered with so much passion and beauty of tone that a special curtain call was made for the singer of this usually insignificant rôle.

Polese's Tonio was admirably sung and acted, the character of the malicious clown being so presented as to suggest a greater deficiency of wit and less depth of malice than we are accustomed to. In fact it was more in line with the scornful amazement indicated by Nedda when Tonio makes his avowal, and such is the sense of authority felt in Polese that we found ourselves accepting this interpretation as the correct one.

"HANGED."

The oak and elm have pleasant leaves
That in the springtime shoot;
But grim to see is the gallows tree,
With its adder-bitten root.
And, green or dry, a man must die
Before it hears its fruit!

John Barry's play, "Hanged," which is being presented at the Pantages Theatre this week, is a challenge to those who believe in capital punishment; a telling blow struck at its supporters, one might pronounce it, for the brief play produces all of the profound effect aimed at by the author.

It is called an episode of San Quentin, and one finds one's self starting on the assumption that all that sense of pity and outraged humanity expressed by the little group of men assembled to witness the expiation of the condemned man is copied from life. And strange it was to find that the gentlest, simplest-hearted, and most pitiful of all was the hangman. Since the gallows has been so carefully copied from the hangman's model, then the hangman himself must surely have been copied from the hangman.

Mr. Barry has depicted each of the group—the warden, the sheriff, the prisoners detailed to assist, the doctor, even the reporter—as troubled, compassionate, deeply conscious of a

sense of guilt in assisting at a human sacrifice. The only one who feels revengeful is the brother of the victim of the murderer; another, who is called "the stranger," stands evidently for that portion of society that continues to exact a life for a life. But Mr. Barry, who has been careful to preserve, as author, an impersonal attitude, does not put "the stranger" in "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" light. He merely projects him on the scene as typical of society's conventional sense of the justice of the penal code.

It seems the custom now, in plays of purpose, to have a foreword uttered by a voice coming out of the dark and from an unseen presence. This was the only point about the play that jarred. Absolute, simple realism is the keynote of "Hanged," while the foreword, expressed in simple and unpretentious language, is made melodramatic by showing, against a background of black darkness, the spectral, hooded face of the speaker bathed in a livid green light. Following after the gentle, kindly comments of the hangman comes the talk of the subdued men assembled to witness the execution. Many accounts have been written by sympathetic, imaginative men of the effect produced upon them while witnessing an execution. Thackeray, I remember, wrote of a hanging in London, at which he was deeply outraged by the callousness of the public and by the fact that it was made a spectacle for the many. But the world is changing. Sometimes the safe and comfortable ones make new and horrifying discoveries of the unguessed possibilities in human beings, but there is a growing disinclination to sacrifice human life. This scene of the hanging shows not a jot of the callousness so execrated by Thackeray. Pity is the dominant note. The talk is entirely simple and colloquial—men's talk and men's expletives. Then we hear a solemn voice intoning the Office for the Dead and a little procession comes forth. Two priests, the warden, the hangman, and the prisoner, a still, pale, resigned man, bearing about him something of the sanctity of the victim of old dedicated as a sacrifice to the angry gods:

There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill.

Oscar Wilde's lines in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" rushed to the mind:

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every wandering cloud that trailed
Its raveled fleeces by.

The pale prisoner said a few words of repentance, of gratitude for kindnesses, and of farewell; these also were no doubt modeled upon actual addresses made under similar circumstances; I was reminded by the fervor of his "God bless you all" of the dying words of some of the drowned ones in the *Titanic* catastrophe, who relinquished life in a state of emotional exaltation which made their hearts strangely warm to the fortunate beings who survived them. The rope was then adjusted and the prisoner gown and hooded in black, so that he became a shapeless thing of mystery and terror.

And then the author sprung his surprise, which made the play, already absorbing in its tense realism, become keenly dramatic. And simultaneously he made his point, in the simplest and most effective manner; and in driving it home he will doubtless make many converts.

The group of players who fill the twelve rôles do so with quiet, simple naturalism. Something of the solemnity and pity of the emotions indicated in the play has entered into them, I feel sure, and I should not wonder if some of that group are among the first of Mr. Barry's converts.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Poor students will be aided toward a sound training for life by the gift of \$6000 just made to the University of California by Mrs. Edith P. Hambrook of Santa Cruz, to endow the Forestus Phelps Memorial Loan Fund. This endowment is to help poor students from Santa Cruz County who would otherwise be unable to acquire an education. From Levi Strauss & Co. the university has just received \$1750—their semi-annual gift to support the Strauss scholarships. Raphael Weill, dean of San Francisco merchants, has given \$150 for lectures by F. Baldersperger of Paris, professor of comparative literature at the Sorbonne. A friend has given \$353 for training the women students for the "Parthenia," the dramatic masque written each year in verse by a woman student, and to be presented April 14 under the oaks of Strawberry Cañon.

Offers to appear in ancient Chinese dances have been made to Miss Rita Jolivet and Mr. Joseph C. Smith, the Turandot and Harlequin respectively of Percy Mackaye's Chinese play, "A Thousand Years Ago," at the Shubert Theatre, New York. The promoters of amusements are now engaged in trying to find successors to the tango and the turkey trot, and the Chinese dance as done by Miss Jolivet and Mr. Smith has been suggested as suitable.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Stratford-Upon-Avon Players at the Columbia.

The first visit of the famous Stratford-upon-Avon Players to America is attracting the attention of students and lovers of Shakespeare everywhere. For this splendid company, including as it does many of the foremost artists of the British stage, has played more of the dramatic works of William Shakespeare than any other organization of which there is any record. Of the thirty-six plays of Shakespeare, the Stratford-upon-Avon Players have presented thirty-four. For the American tour they have brought over complete equipment for no fewer than twelve plays of the hard, all of which they will present at the Columbia Theatre during the two weeks' engagement which begins Monday night, March 30. The years of training of these actors in the plays of Shakespeare—a training made possible by the endowment of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, England—enables them to present twelve of the plays in twelve successive performances. When it is remembered that for the ordinary actor it is a labor of weeks before he can be sure of himself in a single play, this proficiency of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players is the more astounding.

Moreover, they are rated by English critics as the foremost Shakespearean repertory company of the present day, the cast including F. R. Benson, at its head; Dorothy Green, who has a wider Shakespearean repertory than any other woman at present on the stage, and who has also won success with modern rôles in London as leading woman to Sir George Alexander and Henry B. Irving; William Calvert, reputed the best Falstaff in England; Charles Warburton, Basil Rathbone, Henry Caine, Alfred Harris, John McLean, Frank Cochrane, Miss Ethel MacDowall, Rosa Burgess, the noted English character comedienne, and others some fifty in number.

The complete repertory for the San Francisco engagement at the Columbia Theatre is as follows: Monday and Friday nights, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Tuesday night, "King Richard the Second"; Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "The Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday, "King Henry the Fourth"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It"; Saturday night, "Hamlet." (Second week) Monday night, April 6, "Romeo and Juliet"; Tuesday, "King Henry the Fourth"; Wednesday matinee, "King Henry the Fifth"; Wednesday night, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Thursday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Saturday matinee, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday night, "King Richard the Third."

Last Week of "Within the Law."

The second and farewell week of Margaret Illington in "Within the Law" at the Cort Theatre will be started on its way Sunday night, March 29. It is unlikely that the play will return to San Francisco for at least two seasons, so it behooves those that have not yet seen this extraordinary American play to secure reservations early.

Certainly no star and drama have made such a complete conquest of local playgoers as have Miss Illington and Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law." Miss Illington established herself as an actress of rare abilities through her capital acquittal of the leading rôle in "The Thief" and in "Kindling." It has remained, however, for her sympathetic interpretation of the part of Mary Turner in "Within the Law" to place her in the front rank of American emotional actresses.

Miss Illington is the shopgirl to the life, with all her hopes and trials. When she is led away to prison at the close of the first act, for a crime she did not commit, her denunciation of the grinding methods of her em-

ployer, Edward Gilder, is stirring and convincing to the last syllable. She is compelling seemingly without effort. There is a sympathetic quality to her voice and to every varying mood that holds every member of the audience, from the occupant of the first row to the final galleryite.

Admirable work is done by Howard Gould, Hilda Keenan, Frank E. Camp, Robert Elliott, Sonia Jasper, Joseph Slaytor, Neil Moran, Agnes Barrington, and others.

The most-talked-of woman in the world, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, comes to the Cort on Sunday night, April 5.

Last Grand Opera Performance Today.

The engagement of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, will draw to an end with the performances of today, and it is safe to say that every patron of the opera during the past fortnight has been more than pleased with the wonderfully artistic productions which have been offered. Nothing has been left undone by the management to make every opera an artistic triumph from every standpoint, and the organization leaves the city with the proud satisfaction of knowing that the efforts to give works of the masters in an adequate way have been thoroughly appreciated. This afternoon Mary Garden will make her farewell appearance in her greatest triumph, the title-rôle of Massenet's "Thais," and with Hector Dufranne as Athanael and Leon Campagnola, Gustave Huberdeau, Helen Warrum, Minnie Egner, and Louise Berat in the other parts. Tonight Puccini's favorite work, "Madama Butterfly," will be produced at popular prices, seats ranging from one to three dollars, and with a cast including Alice Zeppilli, Margaret Keyes, Minnie Egner, Amadeo Bassi, Francesco Federici, and Francesco Daddi. The final performance should be greeted with a house packed to the doors.

"The House of Bondage" at the Gaiety.

Beginning Monday night, March 30, a great set of motion pictures will be seen at the Gaiety Theatre, when "The House of Bondage" is shown in all the reality of its tremendous truths.

"The Candy Shop," with Rock and Fulton, completes its gay engagement at the Gaiety after the performance Sunday night, and the company, under the direction of William Rock, will begin rehearsals on a new musical revue, "The Echo," which will be prepared while the motion pictures are being disclosed at the playhouse in O'Farrell Street.

Most readers of modern fiction are familiar with Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel, "The House of Bondage," which is not so much a piece of fiction as it is a slice of life. This is the hook of which Rowland Thomas, critic on *Collier's* wrote: "We are moved to recommend it to the reading of every man, woman, and boy, and especially of every girl, in the United States." Elizabeth Goodnow, author of "The Market for Souls," has given it her unqualified praise; Edwin W. Sims, United States district attorney in Chicago, says that it covers the social problem better than anything he has ever seen, and from J. D. Rockefeller to the critic on the Chicago *Evening Post* there has been nothing but the strongest commendation for the work, which has been arranged for film presentation by the Photo Drama Motion Picture Company in six reels. Presentations of the film will be given daily from ten a. m. to eleven p. m.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will have for its headline attraction next week Miss Olga Nethersole, the great emotional actress. No English player has ever gained a greater reputation or made more successful tours of the United States than Miss Nethersole. Her phenomenal success in "Sapho" is part of the theatrical history of this country and has caused

much discussion. Miss Nethersole will present for this her first vaudeville engagement in San Francisco the third act of Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's novel and Daudet and Belot's play, "Sapho."

Herman Timberg, the versatile comedian and late star of "School Days," despite his youth, is one of the best comedians of the day. He will contribute a new supply of character songs and stories.

The "Three Varsity Fellows," Burns, Kilmore and Grady, will appear in "A Campus Rehearsal." College men on the stage are not unusual. It is, however, an exceptional occurrence for three classmates to leave a university together, enter vaudeville as a lark, and make so good as to be given lengthy bookings. Their act is an enjoyable mixture of song, dance, and patter.

Mosher, Hayes, and Mosher, direct from the Alhambra Theatre, London, will execute the most difficult feats known to the trick bicyclists and also introduce a line of irresistible comedy.

Helen Ruggles, the Demi-Tasse Prima Donna, who has sung prominent rôles with the French Opera Comique and the Royal Opera Company in Milan, will make her vaudeville debut in this city.

Dale Winter and May Field, two charming girls who have been stellar members of big musical-comedy companies in the East, will offer a delightful bit of a comedy and music which has for its title, "Scattered Dreams."

It will be the last week of the Hartleys and also of Paul Armstrong's play, "To Save One Girl," which is proving an immense sensation.

Second Week of the Lauder Pictures.

The successful first week of the Harry Lauder singing and talking pictures under the direction of William Morris at the Savoy Theatre will be rounded out with the performance tonight (Saturday). The present bill includes "I Love a Lassie," "She's the Lass for Me," "She's Ma Daisy," "Parted on the Shore," "The Safest of the Family," and "A Wee Deoch-an-Doris."

A change of programme will go into effect Sunday afternoon, starting the second week of the engagement. Naturally "She's Ma Daisy" and "A Wee Deoch-an-Doris" will be retained. Lauder himself has to sing them on every programme before an audience will let him go, and seemingly the same is expected of the pictures. "The Weddin' o' Sandy McNah," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "Same as His Father Was Before Him," "The Lass o' Killiecrankie," "When I Get Back to Bonnie Scotland," and other selections from the extensive Lauder repertory will be added to the entertainment.

The motion picture which shows Lauder as the guest of Mayor Rolph at the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds has made a distinct bit. It is an eloquent commentary on the great progress made at what will be the greatest of the world's fairs. The inimitable Scot is also shown on his trip across the country and many scenes of particular local interest are depicted.

Fraser's Scottish Pipers, dancers, and vocalists contribute numbers to the programme that are away from the beaten track, and there are other novelties. A matinee is given every day and the prices are 25c and 50c.

"Ben-Hur," now in its fifteenth year, is still the most popular play on tour. Fifteen miles of rope are utilized in the rigging loft of each theatre where "Ben-Hur" is presented to swing the scores of drops, and it is necessary to construct a sub-stage to sustain the treadmills and horses employed in the scene depicting the chariot race.

"King Henry the Fourth," which the Stratford-upon-Avon Players will offer at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday night, has never been played in San Francisco and has not been seen in America until the present tour of the English players from Stratford.

Berlin lays claim to a new musical prodigy in Erich Korngold, a composer, who, at the age of sixteen, has had his "Sinfonietta" played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch. The composition is declared to be altogether novel in form, and requires an orchestra of 135 pieces to properly do it justice. The young composer, who has won from Richard Strauss unstinted praise, at seven years of age was already a skillful pianist, and at eight he began composing little pieces, which even then gave promise of greater achievements. Robert Fuchs and Alexander von Zemlinsky have been his only teachers. Korngold first became known to the public at the age of eleven through some piano pieces which he had written. His greatest achievement to date, however, is his "Sinfonietta" for full orchestra, Op. 5, which was composed nearly two years ago, at the age of fifteen, and which had its first public hearing in Vienna on November 28, 1913, under the direction of Felix Weingartner. The boy is simple, unaffected, keen-witted, and intelligent. Regarding himself he is not inclined to say much. He admits that he is hard at work just now on two operas, one serious and the other light, but gives no details. He has just finished a sonata for violin.

Illustrated Lecture on Pottery.

Mr. Carl Balcomb of Colorado Springs is delivering a series of illustrated lectures in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co. on the subject of Art Pottery. Mr. Balcomb dwells particularly on the famous Van Briggles pottery, which is produced in Colorado. The lectures are free to the public. The last lecture will be given Monday, March 30, at 2:30 o'clock. The exhibition is open to the public continuously for the next week.

What is said to be the third of the rare silk portraits of Washington woven by a French woman after Stuart's painting has come to light through the efforts of the Reverend T. N. Weaver of New York. One of the tapestry portraits hangs in the Philadelphia City Hall, the gift of John Wanamaker, another is in New York City, and the third—just recovered—is at the University of Pittsburgh. So fine is the needlework that the tapestry has the appearance of a black and white painting and it is only upon a careful examination of the outer edges that the stitches and thread are noticeable. Dr. Weaver purchased the tapestry portrait from E. R. Thomas, who stated that it had been in his possession for forty years, he having obtained it from George Chrystie, an actor, who had held it for twenty years after purchasing it at a high price somewhere in Brooklyn. Except that it once had been in the family of a one-time governor of New Jersey and had been received by his ancestor from General Lafayette, Mr. Weaver says, practically nothing was known of the history of the portrait.

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VANITY FAIR.

One is sometimes inclined to wonder if the great suffragette leaders are actually so silly as they seem. Personally we are inclined to think that it may be a pose, some dark feminine artifice that the male intelligence is too clumsy to penetrate. For example, when Mrs. Boissevain (Inez Milholland, you know) said that no woman need spend more than fifteen minutes a day over her housework we were staggered for the moment. Respectfully, almost with a sense of awe, we contemplated the intelligence that could say such a thing as that. We wondered why God had made it, and into what weird and devious paths of human psychology we were gazing. It produced a sort of pious feeling, and so we tried to remember a hymn that we used to sing before we fell from grace, something about the wondrous works of Providence. Did Mrs. Boissevain mean what she said? Did she mean anything? Had she the sort of mind that is capable of meaning anything?

And now comes Mrs. Gilman. She, too, has her little joke. She hounds into the circus ring with her cap and bells and in a moment we have forgotten Mexico and the unemployed and the Canal tolls, and every sad face in the crowd is enlivened with the grin of appreciation. What a merry little soul she is, a veritable sunbeam, a cricket on the hearth.

Mrs. Gilman is hurning with a desire to emancipate her sex. She says so. Personally we were of opinion that most of her sex were already emancipated—from duty, from modesty, and from clothing. But let that pass. Mrs. Gilman now looks forward to some golden, glittering day and to "a home in which not a stroke of housework shall be done except by professionals, hired to come in by the day or hour."

Now what do you think of that? Please restrain your exuberance, count ten very slowly, and then tell us what you think of it. Mrs. Gilman wishes to emancipate women from housework, and to that end she proposes to create a vast army of women professionals who shall do nothing else. Please get the United States census returns and estimate for yourself how many homes there are in America and how many million women professionals will be needed to attend to their housework. Shall we say that ten million women will be needed for such a purpose? The estimate is a low one. And who will have the babies in place of the wives now released from this degrading drudgery and playfully toying with their little jobs of stenography, and as shop assistants and factory hands? Will the professionals attend to this matter also "by the hour or day"?

Now where shall we get these ten or twelve million women professionals who will do our housework? It is to be feared that we shall have to cail upon the emancipated women themselves. Thus we shall set the emancipated Mrs. Jones doing the housework of the emancipated Mrs. Smith, while the emancipated Mrs. Smith does the housework of the emancipated Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Gilman says a good many other things, but life is short and she may say something else before we can get through with this, and then we shall be "left," out of date and obsolete. But Mrs. Gilman is certainly terribly down on husbands. She makes us writhe and wriggle in self-abasement. There seems to be nothing for it but the total abolition of husbands. We foresee that day when all husbands will lose their jobs. Of course Mrs. Gilman, being a feminist, says things with a certain directness that we could not bring ourselves to imitate, but it seems that there are certain low forms of life where the male is unnecessary for the propagation of the race, and the lady appears to be not without hopes that those halcyon days may return. And certainly we do seem to be getting back to a very low form of life where almost anything may be expected. Our own scientific education is lamentably lacking, but if we may venture timidly to touch upon some of our own observations we may suggest that this particular golden age is already within sight. More than one incident of the divorce courts seem to indicate that there are already instances where the husband has been unnecessary to "the propagation of the race," and we hasten to encourage Mrs. Gilman by pointing this out.

Just one word more. You housewives of the nation, the rank and file of you, do you imagine that Mrs. Boissevain and Mrs. Gilman and all the other fine ladies are referring to you when they talk about emancipating their sex? Not a bit of it. They mean their own caste, and no more. When they think of you at all they think of you as just people, created to serve them, as an army from which they may always draw the serfs and the slaves necessary to the existence of their own class and caste. Can you find any other explanation of Mrs. Boissevain's opinion that fifteen minutes a day is enough for housework? Do you think she meant your housework? Was she thinking of your caste, or was she thinking of her own, accustomed to say "come and see cometh, and go and she goeth"? What else does Mrs. Gilman mean when she says that every stroke of housework shall be done

by professionals? Unless we may suppose that Mrs. Gilman is an idiot—and she is by no means an idiot—she means that you shall be the professionals, "hired to come in by the hour or day," in order that her own class and caste may be exempt. These fine ladies look upon you in the mass, in the lump, as raw material intended to minister to idleness and luxury, and created for the service of a feminine aristocracy resolved to emancipate itself, at your expense, from those shreds and tatters of duties that still remain to them. Do you suppose you are the women whom they want to emancipate, or are you the women at whose cost they propose to emancipate themselves? And if this is an injustice to Mrs. Gilman and to Mrs. Boissevain, if this is not what they mean, then what in the name of heaven do they mean?

[What is the first step towards literary production? It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion.]—H. G. Wells.]

"What have you dined on, husband mine?"
"Chocolate creams and ginger wine."

"What did you take as an appetizer?"
"Haggis and Sauerkraut à la Kaiser."

"Didn't they give you any sweet?"
"Hard-boiled eggs and whisky neat."

"And your fruit, I trust, was over-ripe?"
"Doughnuts five with a pound of tripe."

"Have you had nothing at all since then?"
"Lobster and stout." "Then here's your pen,

"You must do a chapter or two tonight;
Have a banana and start to write."—Punch.

Please read this, slowly and reverentially. It was written by Harriet Stanton Blatch, and it appears in the *New York Times*:

Women have never had the advantage of being disciplined by those who could discipline them. Men have made laws unjust to women, and they have made laws sometimes that favor women, but they have never been able to discipline them. One of the leading railroad corporations declared recently that if a woman met with an accident on its railway, and wore a hobbie skirt, she could not recover damages; but mere man when he gets on the bench and in the jury box does not seem to fall in line with the corporations and discipline the women. The mayor and city council of a Southern town declared very brave things about disciplining women who wore slit skirts, but the fair dames of the South laughed the plan to scorn. Boards of health have declared against the foolish feathers that decorate women's hats to the annoyance of the faces of the general public. But, again, the women of fashion scorn the wisdom of the health authorities.

Women need discipline; they need to be forced, if not led, out of their barbarisms; but women never have and never will submit to the discipline of men. If they are to be civilized their rulers will have to be the wise and good of their own sex.

Now read this dispatch from Chicago, still preserving a manful effort to avoid laughter:

Policewomen were decided at Chicago yesterday to be a failure at handling disorderly persons of their own sex. This was due to lack of physical strength, coupled with the inordinate curiosity of on-lookers, according to Chief of Police Gleason, who removed the women police who have been attempting to handle the waitresses' boycott of a downtown restaurant. It was shown that women will resist strenuously being arrested by a sister in uniform.

Mme. Pavlowa, whose recent illness in California is now authoritatively denied, has a sense of humor. I am told (says a writer in the *London Chronicle*) that some time ago, at the end of her last London season, a certain Lady Midas, overhounded with wealth, asked Pavlowa to dance at one of her parties. Pavlowa was tired, and did not want to go, so she placed a prohibitive price on her services by asking six hundred guineas for ten minutes' dancing. Lady Midas replied that this was rather high, and could not Pavlowa do it for three hundred guineas? Pavlowa retorted with an adamant refusal, "Six hundred guineas or nothing."

Meanwhile Lady Midas had told all her friends that Pavlowa was going to dance at her party, and so she caved in by informing the dancer that she could have her six hundred guineas, but that she must not expect to be asked to sit down to supper with the guests. Pavlowa's reply was as follows: "That alters the situation. If I am not to be obliged to sit down to supper with you and your guests, I will do it for three hundred guineas."

Parson—Why don't you get your hoy to go to church instead of gadding about the street?
Parishioner—Yes, sir, I've told 'im church is the right place and 'e ought to go, and 'is father often tells 'im that 'e wouldn't get no more 'arm in goin' to church an' listenin' to you than 'e picks up with the low fellers 'e loafs ahaht with all day on Sunday.—*Winter's Pic.*

"Did your husband have luck on his hunting trip?" "Splendid! Didn't you hear?" "No. What was it?" "He got back alive."—*Houston Post.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old country woman stepped into a suburban drug store and laid on the counter a prescription for a mixture containing two decigrammes of morphia. The druggist exercised the utmost care in weighing the dangerous drug. "Wot a shame!" she cried. "Don't he so stingy; it's for a poor horthan girl."

She was very literary and he was not. He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors, of whom he knew nothing, and their books, of which he knew less. Presently the maiden asked, archly: "Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?" He floundered helplessly for a moment, and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily: "I've read 'Romeo'!"

Two old Scotch fishermen, having imbibed overmuch, were on their way home, and overcome with a great desire to sleep, accordingly they stretched themselves on the warm heath sands and were soon slumbering heavily. The tide crept in, awakening the one nearest the water as a wavelet dashed a quantity of the salty liquid into his mouth. Half asleep, he started to arise, saying, "It's time we wis awa' oot o' this hoose. They're changin' the drink on us."

A member of the Pacific Union Club, San Francisco, owns a handsome place up in Marin County in which he takes great pride. A few days ago he was boasting that he made \$6000 off it last year. "Did you include the earnings of the farm when you made your income-tax return?" asked an irreverent son of Benicia. "I did not. Why should I?" "Why you said you made \$6000 from it." "Oh, that wasn't actually cash; \$5000 of it was personal gratification."

The lawyer who was trying to break a will argued his case at length before the judge, and referred to the dead man all the time as "the deceased—only he pronounced it "the diseased." This got on the judge's nerves, particularly as the attorney took occasion to refer to "the diseased" an unnecessarily great number of times. "See here!" the judge said testily at last, "you keep saying this man was diseased. Was he?" "Your honor," said the lawyer pompously, "he was." "Diseased! Diseased of what?" asked the judge. "Your honor," replied the lawyer succinctly, "diseased of death, sir!"

The spectacle of Aunt Chloe, an aged colored woman smoking a pipe was too much for the new minister, who, fresh from school, was bursting with reform. "Aunty," he said, "do you think you are a Christian?" "Yes, brudder, I 'spects I is." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Yes, brudder." "Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?" "Yes, I'se heard it." "Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?" "Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."

It is difficult to be popular as a customs inspector. Everybody dislikes these poor men. Everybody feels toward them like the old skipper. This skipper, after undergoing several hours of suspicious cross-questioning from two inspectors regarding his cargo, was at last leaving the wharf when a young official, unaware of his previous grilling, accosted him. "Have you anything to declare, sir?" he demanded sharply. Furious, the old skipper glared at the young man and shouted: "Yes, young man, I've a good deal to declare, but I'd be ashamed to say it before a boy like you. You're too young to hear what I would like to declare."

A successful agricultural show is carried on each year in a certain village in the south of Ireland. Among the many competitions for the encouragement of thrift and cleanliness is one for the best turned out donkey and cart. The prize for this was usually won by the local doctor or the local solicitor. After one year's show the farmers and working classes protested that it was not quite fair to expect their hardly used animals to compete successfully with the well-cared-for and well-groomed animals of those who generally won the prize. In consequence of this protest the following proviso in connection with this competition appeared in the show placard for the following year: "All legal and medical donkeys excluded."

Two Scotchmen had been having a good time on the heather downs of an island, and were rowing back home across the firth, when the boat capsized. Angus had clung to the boat, and Jock, who had clung to the hottle, was floundering bravely in the deep. Although a poor swimmer, he struck out for the skiff, holding the bottle in one hand. After a few strokes he became exhausted. "Angus," he cried, "I dinna think I can mak' it."

"Weel, if ye canna mak' it, Jock, throw it," called back Angus.

A minister was once preaching at a little chapel on the subject of "giving." During the sermon his heart was rejoiced by the fact that a member of the congregation went to the side of the chapel and placed a coin in a box, and a little later another did the same. Surely, the minister thought, his sermons had never met with so practical a response before. On leaving he was accosted by one of the brethren, who said: "I hope we didn't disturb you, sir; but ours is a penny-in-the-slot metre, and we should have been in darkness if we hadn't attended to it."

A business concern, after running its own trade organ for some time, decided that it must have a printing department under its own supervision, because it found that "the ordinary printing office is not properly equipped to get out large quantities of special matter on short notice in an up-to-date manner and at an 'equanomical' cost." Soon after one partner turned to the other and inquired, "Do you spell 'e-q-u-a-l' or 'e-q-u-i' in 'equinomial'?" "I am not sure," said the other. "Look in the dictionary." After some search the first said with pained surprise, "'Taint here." The second came to help him, but had no better success. Then they stared at each other in astonishment, till one exclaimed: "Well, what do you think of a man that would get up a big dictionary like that and not put in such a common word as 'equinomial'?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Nothing Doing

I can not write the old stuff
I wrote some years ago;
No editors will buy it now,
They say it's dull and slow.
I used to reel off pleasant tales
Of innocent intent;
I can not sell that sort today,
They aren't worth a cent.

I can not write the old stuff,
The editors won't stand
For any half-way decent plot.
They say there's no demand.
If it's a tale of wedded life,
Instead of True Love's Course,
They want a handsome Tertium Quid,
And consequent divorce.

I can not write the old stuff,
The public frankly raves
O'er studies of decadent cuhs
Or glimpses of white slaves.
And editors don't hesitate
To say they want a tale
Presented with a treatment strong
Of characters quite frail.

I can not write the old stuff,
I can't get any checks
For anything that's decent work
And doesn't reek of sex.
As I won't write eugenic guff,
Or harp on hygiene,
I simply can not sell my stuff
To any magazine.

—Richard Crosby, in Life.

Change.

There was a time—some years ago—
When Little Brother's sister's beau
To Little Brother paid a dime
To stand and watch his steed;
Oh, for the good old, glad old time!
Then life was glorious, indeed!

For Little Brother there remains
No recompense for bolding reins;
There is no championing steed to hold
While sister entertains her beau;
Things are not as they were of old;
Oh, for the splendid long ago!

Yet, life is not all bitter pain;
For every loss there is some gain;
If changes come year after year
Still Love will find a way somehow;
It seldom falls to sister dear
To have a little brother now.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Father Time.

Old Father Time was a querulous fellow.
He carried a scythe in a threatening way
And made grave remarks, on the sere and the yellow,
As the sands of his hourglass flowed on, day by day.
His whiskers were long and as white as the snowing
That sprinkles the earth that is cheerless and cold.
And his only ambition consisted in showing
A picture that's weary and dreary and old.

But now he abandons his habit so gloomy.
The costume is natty in which he appears;
All space in his ballroom so gorgeous and roomy
As he tangoes to harmonies made by the spheres.
His whiskers are colored like sunsets so striking,
They wave with the cadence of music or rhyme,
And the funeral march is no more to his liking.
"Just play something lively," says Old Father Time.

—Washington Star.

History Professor—The Americans are the reformers of the world. Now, can you even mention, my dear sir, any Englishman who endeavored to raise legislation to a higher plane? Student—Yes, sir; Guy Fawkes.—Harvard Lampoon.



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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

Capital.....\$1,000,000
Total Assets..... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders..... 3,266,021

BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
The Insurance Exchange San Francisco

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

From New York comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Louise Easton and Mr. William Ward. Miss Easton is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton of Millbrae. She is a sister of Miss Jane Easton and a cousin of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. Mr. Ward, who is a young Englishman, is a relative of the Honorable John Ward, who married Miss Jean Reid several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner of Monterey announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Warner, to Dr. Herbert Law. Dr. Law is a brother of Mr. Harold Law of this city. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday in the laurel court at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Geraldine Forbis and her fiancé, Lieutenant James Howell, U. S. N., were the guests of honor at an informal dinner-dance Thursday evening given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Joseph Donohoe gave a tea at her residence on Pacific Avenue Tuesday afternoon, when she entertained the members of the woman's board of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home on Taylor Street.

Miss Helen Wright gave a luncheon Monday in honor of the Misses Emily and Hannah Du Bois, who sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu.

Dr. Wallace Terry and Mrs. Terry entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening in honor of Señor and Señora Calderon of Bolivia. Mr. and Mrs. William Sesson will give a similar affair next week in honor of the visitors.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Mr. Richard Tohin at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson entertained a number of friends Thursday at luncheon.

Mrs. Jack Johnston has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, March 31, in honor of her sister, Mrs. John Speyer, who has recently returned from her wedding trip.

Miss Ruth Zeile was the guest of honor at a bridge party Monday evening given by Miss Corrennath De Pue at her home on Sacramento Street. Miss Zeile is contemplating a trip East to visit some of her schoolgirl friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lentelli have issued invitations to a studio tea Tuesday afternoon, March 31, when their complimented guests will be the exposition architects and their wives.

Mrs. Horace Morgan was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Waldron entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening at their home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Charles M. Schwab was the guest of honor Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. A. McGregor at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Schwab was the complimented guest again on Friday, when Mrs. John Kirchen entertained a number of friends at luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Marie Louise Black was hostess at a dinner Monday evening at her home on Broadway. The affair, which was in the nature of a surprise party, was occasioned by the birthday of her father, Mr. Charles N. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle entertained a number of friends at a mi-carème dinner Saturday evening at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. Frederick Tillman, Jr., was host at a dinner Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club preceding the mi-carème dance.

Mr. Stewart Lowery entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Dearborn of New York was the guest of honor Thursday at a bridge-luncheon given by Mrs. George Boardman at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Stuart Haldorn.

Mrs. Ernest Bingham entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. E. B. Robertson was hostess at an informal bridge party Thursday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. Lillian Duncan Baxter gave a thé dantsant Wednesday afternoon in honor of her niece, Miss Grace Baxter, who is visiting Captain Charles Bundel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bundel.

Mrs. Richmond Pearson Davis entertained a number of friends at a thé dantsant Wednesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have issued invitations to a reception Wednesday evening, April 1. The affair will be in honor of General Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing.

Mrs. William F. Wheatley and Miss Grace Baxter shared the honors at a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon given by Miss Margaret Robertson at her home on Greenwich Street.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. (retired), was the guest of honor at a dinner Wednesday evening given by Brigadier-General Oscar F. Long, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Long at their home in Piedmont.

General John P. Wisner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisner were the complimented guests at a dinner Friday evening given by Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Lewis Tuttle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tuttle entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the hop.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has arrived from New York and is established in her country home in Millbrae, where she will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugene Gallois, at the Fairmont Hotel, where she will remain until the return of Mr. Hill, who has gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood left last week for New York. Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Flood, is en route to Europe to join her sister, Mrs. Laura Best.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have moved to Burlingame to remain during the summer. They are occupying their cottage at Crossways Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker moved to San Mateo Wednesday and will spend the summer at Uplands. Their new home will not be completed until next winter. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker have been spending the past few months in town and have been occupying the Mintzer house on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. John Bidwell spent a day or two in town this week and left Wednesday for Los Angeles. Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond has gone to New York to spend the next few weeks with her relatives.

Dr. Walter F. McEnery left Saturday for New York en route to London after having spent the past two months in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Welch, Jr., and their children will remain in town until after Easter, when they will open their country home in San Mateo.

The Messrs. Sidney and Arthur Ford have rented homes in Sausalito, where they will reside during the summer with their brides, the Misses Margaret Belden and Constance Davis. The wedding of Mr. Arthur Ford and Miss Davis will take place in Berkeley May 6, and a month later Mr. Sidney Ford and Miss Belden will be married in Ross.

Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Sloss, and their children will spend the summer in their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCandless have returned from Honolulu and are again occupying their apartment on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home in West Clay Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have returned from a brief visit in New York.

Mrs. Olga Atherton Mullen and her little son, Atherton Mullen, are established for the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters,

the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham, will spend the summer in their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Niebling and their daughter, Miss Rhoda Niebling, have recently moved into an apartment on Sacramento Street near Lafayette Park.

Miss Marion Newhall returned Tuesday from Coronado, where she has been spending the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sable.

Mrs. Louis McDermott has gone to Boston to spend two months with her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin and their young son have arrived from New York and are residing in the Casey house on Broadway.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney has given up her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin, at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Maud O'Connor has arrived in New York from Europe, where she went ten months ago with Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Miss O'Connor will soon join her sisters, the Misses Cecilia and Cornelia O'Connor, at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children have returned from a week's visit at their country home, Sohra Vista, in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Walter F. Dillingham arrived on the *Matsonia* and left immediately for Chicago to remain with her relatives a few weeks. Mrs. Dillingham will join her husband, who for several months has been in Washington, D. C., where business interests have delayed his return to their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander, will sail today from New York for Europe. They will spend Easter in Rome and will return home about the middle of May.

Mr. Horace Davis Pillsbury has returned from New York, where he has been spending the past few weeks.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, will sail April 7 for home. They are at present in London with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., have recently returned from their ranch near Chico, where they will spend the early part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, who will leave soon for their ranch in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Smith O'Brien and her daughter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, are planning to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Elkins of Washington, D. C., spent a few days in this city en route to the Orient. They sailed last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins have returned from Coronado, where they remained during the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their son, Master Charles Crocker, left yesterday for New York en route to Europe, where they will join their daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker. If they decide to remain abroad during the summer Miss Helen Crocker, who is attending St. Timothy's School, and Mr. William W. Crocker, who is at Yale, will sail for Europe in June.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has gone to Santa Barbara for an indefinite visit. Mrs. Robinson has decided not to occupy her home in Woodside during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey of San Rafael have gone to Seattle to spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parkinson have returned from their wedding trip and are established on a ranch near Sacramento. Mrs. Parkinson was formerly Miss Dorothy Richardson of San Rafael.

Mrs. Ramsay Potts, wife of General Potts, U. S. A., of Vancouver, has been the guest of Captain Alfred T. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith at their home in the Presidio. Mrs. Potts is en route to Washington, D. C.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman arrived Monday on the *Korea* after an absence of six months.

Lieutenant-Colonel William W. Forsyth, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Monterey, has been relieved from attachment to the First Cavalry and will sail for Hawaii in June for duty with the Fourth Cavalry.

Colonel John T. Knight, U. S. A., superintendent of the army transport service in this city, will sail April 6 on the *Logan* for the Philippines and will be senior officer aboard the transport.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. (retired), has been spending several days in town. Major-General William W. Wotherspoon, General Staff, U. S. A., will succeed Major-General Leonard Wood as chief of staff next month, when General Wood will be relieved of staff duty.

Colonel William A. Glassford, U. S. A., who has been chief signal officer in the Philippines, is en route here in the transport *Sherman*.

Major William C. Rivers, U. S. A., has been relieved of his duties as chief of the Philippine Constabulary and is also returning on the *Sherman*. He will be succeeded by Major Herman Hull, who went to the Philippines some time ago as military aid to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison.

General John McLellan, U. S. A. (retired) of San Diego, and his family have arrived from a visit to Honolulu and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Commander Joseph Reeves, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reeves have leased the home on Commonwealth Avenue of Dr. Langley Porter and Mrs. Porter, who are planning a European tour.

Rear-Admiral W. C. Wise, U. S. N. (retired), arrived Monday from the East and has since been staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Paymaster Frederick Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins are making their plans to depart for their new station on the Eastern coast. Paymaster Perkins's post at Yerba Buena will be filled by Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N.

Lieutenant-Commander Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden are visiting Mrs. Crittenden's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs.

Charles Fay, with whom Mrs. Crittenden will remain during her husband's duty on the U. S. S. *Cleveland*, which will be in Mexican waters for several months.

Ensign Joseph Leroy Nielson, U. S. N., has been ordered from the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* to the U. S. S. *Jupiter*.

The home in San Rafael of Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Zook, who was formerly Miss Ruth Slack, is the youngest daughter of Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack.

Chauncey Olcott and Robert Hilliard, two of America's most prominent male stars, are among the early bookings at the Columbia Theatre. The first-named will bring his entire company direct from New York, where they will rest during the balance of Lent. Olcott is already in California with his wife.

Handsomely furnished modern house, North Brae, Berkeley; 9 rooms, 2 baths, 2 sleeping porches; extra servants' quarters and hot-house in grounds; superb view; one block from Key Route and street-cars. Rent \$100. Phone Berkeley 4484.

Sunny, nine-room, well-furnished house to rent; \$150 a month; Pacific Heights. Phone Douglas 4337.

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In Mill Valley, Marin County; ten minutes walk from station; a substantial house in wooded grounds, of over two acres. The house was built for occupation by owner throughout the year with superior fittings and all modern conveniences; dining-room and living-room, large porch, three bedrooms and sleeping porch, kitchen, pantries and bathroom; no stairs, all the rooms being on one level; view of Mount Tamalpais; grounds have been planted with flowers and various paths and brick terrace laid out. Address

R. C. P., care Argonaut Office.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Wickliffe Rose, secretary of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, has started for Egypt, Ceylon, and the Malay States, on a campaign against the hookworm.

Dr. Amos P. Wilder, for eight years American consul at Shanghai, has just returned to this country, having retired from the diplomatic service. He will live in Berkeley, California.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Siebert, builder of the Gatun dam and Gatun locks of the Panama Canal, has finished that work, and has been ordered to Washington to await further assignment by the chief of army, Brigadier-General Kingman.

Professor E. C. Starks of the zoology department of Stanford University has been delegated to a place at the Carnegie tables at the zoological station at Naples. The honor is conferred upon him as a reward for his scientific study and research during the last year, which he spent traveling in Europe.

Dr. David G. Wylie, the sixth pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of New York, in 157 years, has resigned after nearly a quarter of a century with that house of worship. He has accepted the general secretaryship of the board of church erection of the Presbyterian church, and will take up his new work on the first of April.

General Sir Edmund Barrow, successor to Sir Beauchamp Duff as military secretary to the India Office, served in Afghanistan, the Egyptian campaigns, and the Tirah expedition. In 1900 he was chief of staff to the China expeditionary force, and afterwards received the K. C. B. From 1908 to 1912 he commanded the Southern Army in India.

The presidency of Johns Hopkins University has been accepted by Professor Frank Johnson Goodnow of Brooklyn, legal adviser to the Chinese government. President Yuan Shih Kai announces that he is willing to permit Professor Goodnow to retire. He is a graduate of Columbia University, and has practically devoted his life to the study of administrative law.

Fanny Crosby, the blind song-writer, has just celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday anniversary. Her first hymn was written for William B. Bradbury. In all she has written more than 6000 hymns. She has been blind since she was six weeks of age. Between the years 1847-58 she was a teacher of English grammar and American history in New York Institute for the Blind.

Vice-Admiral Tsurutaro Matsuo, Japanese inspector-general of the reserve, who was recently arrested charged with complicity in alleged graft in naval expenses, is fifty years of age and a graduate of the engineers' department of Tokyo University in 1885. He served the government abroad for a number of years and several times has been decorated. On his retirement he went into business.

Edward L. Frick, who in a recent competitive examination for admission to L'Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, came out first of 700 competitors and scored the highest average made in that examination for five years, is a native of San Francisco. He is twenty-two years old and already is well known as an architect. In 1912, while employed by the exposition, he won the \$1000 traveling prize given by the Architectural League of the Pacific Coast.

Arthur Isert, on whom President Huerta of Mexico has just conferred the Cross of Honor, is a San Francisco engineer, and the award was made for his services in the Mexican campaign against the Maya Indians. He is the only American who has won such recognition. Mr. Isert served in the Mexican navy as engineer, with the rank of captain, and was in charge of the canal, harbor, and naval construction works in that part of the peninsula of Yucatan now known as the Territory of Quintana Roo.

Professor Edward Mead, who was offered the highest salary provided for any instructor in the University of California to become professor of rural institutions, has accepted a position with the Australian government at triple the salary offered by the university, and will remain in Australia. Formerly he was chief of the bureau of irrigation investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture, and for five years past he has been in Australia as chairman and chief engineer of the rivers and water supply commission of the State of Victoria.

Captain Charles Polack, who has just completed one hundred round-trips on the Atlantic as a captain, has established a record which is gained by few men of his rank. He is in command of the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* of the North German Lloyd Line and has been in that company's service since 1886, when he began his sea life as a lad of fifteen. He was appointed a captain in 1897, and has traveled approximately 636,000 miles on the Atlantic. The Kaiser presented him with the Order of the Crown when he brought his disorderly ship safely into port through a storm

in 1907. He was also given a medal for heroism by the late Queen Victoria. China, Japan, and Spain have conferred honors on him. As he was the youngest man ever promoted to a captaincy by his line, he bids fair to follow the sea for many years to come.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The long dispute between the supervisors and the Southern Pacific relative to the rebuilding of the Third and Townsend Street station has been terminated by the passage of a resolution in which the board declared it was not its intention to order the repaving of Townsend Street within the next five years.

The statue to Verdi was unveiled last Sunday in Golden Gate Park by Queen Florence Gatto, elected and acclaimed by the Italian residents of this city as their representative. Andrea Sharhoro, president of the day, made the opening speech, followed by Chevalier F. Daneo, consul-general for Italy. The formal presentation of the monument to the city was made by Ettore Patrizi, and was accepted on behalf of the city by Mayor Rolph. The oration was made by Joseph D. Redding. The oration of the day, in Italian, was by Mario Giannini, president of the Italian free school. Luisa Tetrizzini sang.

John F. Stoer, eighty-three years old, died recently at his Emeryville home. He was a picturesque character in early Western life, having been a member of the vigilance committee, and was once an alderman at Virginia City.

The Northwestern Pacific Railroad has applied to the Railroad Commission for authority to issue \$5,543,000 bonds, of which \$1,800,000 is to be devoted to the rapid completion of the line between Willits and Shively. The bonds will bear four and a half per cent interest, the application states, and will be sold to the Southern Pacific Company at ninety-five per cent. Of the bond money \$1,236,700 is to be devoted to the purchase of new equipment, including locomotives, motor cars, and passenger and freight cars.

The board of supervisors has been informed by Superintendent Wollenberg that twenty-six more nurses will have to be employed at the City and County Hospital to comply with the nurses' eight-hour law, but that there are no sleeping and living quarters for them at this institution now, and that their employment will have to be postponed until lodgings are provided. More nurses are needed at the Isolation Hospital also on account of the eight-hour law, it is stated.

Julius Finck, member of the firm of Will & Finck and a resident of San Francisco since 1850, died in his home, 603 Haight Street, last Saturday afternoon from infirmities resulting from his advanced years. He was eighty-two years old. Funeral services were held on Monday. Mr. Finck was born in Baden, Germany, and came to New York when ten years old. He came to California around the Horn in 1850, and ten years later formed one of the firm of which he was an active member at the time of his death.

The new long-distance telephone rates for California, according to the schedule recently drafted by the Railroad Commission, went into effect last Saturday. The new rates are expected to save the public yearly \$536,000.

The will of the late William W. Naughton, sporting editor of the *Examiner*, leaves his entire estate to his widow, Mrs. Annie Naughton. The widow is nominated executrix without bonds. The property consists of realty in San Francisco and Guerneville and money in bank.

Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce was the guest of the Commonwealth Club of California at a special luncheon on Wednesday, held in the Palace Hotel.

Colonel Frank W. Marston has been appointed to the board of directors of the California School for the Deaf and Blind, vice George W. Reed, whose term has just expired.

John de P. Keller, prominent in musical circles about the bay, died on Wednesday at Colfax after an illness of six weeks. He was organist and musical director of Trinity Episcopal Church, chorus master of the Bohemian Club, and in charge of music for Masonic rites. He lived at Alameda. The funeral took place Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from Christ Church, Alameda.

At a meeting of railroad traffic managers held on Wednesday fares were fixed for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. A one-way first-class fare will be charged for the round trip from Missouri River points, Chicago, and other base points of Eastern departure. Tickets will be good to San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, or San Diego from any of the points mentioned, with a return limit of ninety days.

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The judgment and experience and business integrity of 62 years stand behind **Imperial Cocoa**. You owe it to yourself to use it.

Sold by all best grocers
See that yours carries it

CURRENT VERSE.

Somewhere, Some Day.

Somewhere, some day, nor time nor place
Our hearts may set,
Although the longing stifles us
And eyes grow wet—

Somewhere, some day, in lush of bloom
Or drift of snow,
In dusk of dark lit by dim stars,
In noon's white glow—

The things we hoped but dared not speak
The long years through,
The dearest dreams that haunt our hearts
Will all come true.

I can not tell why I believe;
By subtle sign
I know we'll walk the sunlit hills,
Your hand in mine.

I can not see where those hills lift
Their verdant way,
But, ah! I know we'll find the highs
Somewhere, some day.

And there we'll gather up our dreams
And count them o'er;
Your whispering lips close at my ear
Forever more.

—Sara Beaumont Kennedy, in *Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

Wisdom and Love.

Old Wisdom said to Love:
"Now come along with me today,
Come, let us glean from history's storied page
The greater deeds of warrior and sage;
Glean from these musty tomes the wealth of man
By barter, trade and caravan;
And when we've garnered all the knowledge that
we can,
If there be time, perhaps, a little play."

But Love, the wise,
Looking from wistful eyes,
Said thus: "O Wisdom, I would roam about
Today among the meadow-lands of Doubt,
Where hends the blue of Summer skies.
For on a day like this
One's looking for a kiss,
And I, perchance, may see
Some maid of mystery;
Some maiden with a sigh,
Lonesome of heart, as I.
So Wisdom, let me play
Just for this little day;
Perhaps, in school, tomorrow,
We two may study sorrow."
—H. E. Harman, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

No man ever did more towards railroad safety than George Westinghouse, inventor of the air-brake, who died recently in New York at the age of sixty-seven years. His first invention was brought out at the age of fifteen. He was twenty-one when he perfected the air-brake now in universal use. Naturally he found it difficult to interest capital, his invention being regarded as visionary. Stopping a train by means of "wind" was laughed at by many, but young Westinghouse persevered until he did find men of means who aided in bringing out the new brake. Other electrical and engineering inventions followed in time, and in the course of his life George Westinghouse aided in the founding of manufacturing plants which gave employment to fully 50,000 people.

On Sunday night, April 5, Evelyn Thaw will make her appearance at the Cort Theatre.

Hotel St. Francis

The New Cafe, containing the celebrated Herter mural paintings, is now open every evening as an after-theatre Supper Room.

Stark's Augmented Orchestra

Under the management of James Woods

BOOTH'S
CRESCENT BRAND



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Satisfying and Delicious
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE



American Plan

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Mrs. Ruralite (reading)—I see the Chinese has adopted Confucianism. Mr. Ruralite—Ding it! That's one more crazy fashion our gals 'll be wearin' next season.—Lawrence Leader.

Mr. Brown—Neighbor Jones tells me he's going to raise a pergola in his yard this spring. Mrs. Brown—If this weather keeps up it ought to grow rapidly.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Disgusted Galfer—Have you ever seen such rotten play? The Weary Caddie (who has carried three days for only his bare wage) No, sir, but I've read o' it in the comic papers.—Sketch.

"Don't you think that some of the modern women's dresses are planned with evil designs?" "On the contrary, most of them are 'open work' and subject to public inspection."—Town Topics.

"Uncle Gabriel, are you in favor of votes for women?" "Does you-all mean, suh, dat me an' Liza bof vote?" "Yes." "Ah shuah does favah it, den. Dat would be foh dollars."—Past-Dispatch.

"That man must be an insidious lobbyist," declared Congressman Grump. "What has he done?" inquired Congressman Wayback. "He invited me to share a bottle of grape juice with him."—Pittsburgh Post.

She—Lizzie's bloke calls 'er 'is peach and the happle of 'is heyce. Why can't you call me things like that? He—Yus, that's very well; but 'e's in the vegetable business. Hi'm in the fish trade, remember.—Punch.

"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for?" said the clergyman to one of his parishioners. "Why, look at your neighbor, Hayes; he has just lost his wife by influenza." "Well," said the parishioner, "that don't do me any good; I aint Hayes."—Dallas News.

Mistress (who has just drunk a glass of water in the hall)—That water had a queer taste, Jane. Careful Servant (who had heard much scientific conversation)—It's all right, mum. Tbere aint a live germ in it, mum. I ran it through the meatchopper before I brought it to you.—Tid-Bits.

"Professor, I know my son is rather slow, but in the two years that you have had charge of his education he must have developed a tendency in some direction or other. What occupation do you suggest as a possible outlet for his energies, such as they are?" "Well, sir, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a glacier."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Operatic Season.

Many reasons are offered in explanation of the financial failure of the operatic season which is petering out slowly as we write. Times are hard. The prices have been high. It is the Lenten season. Certain liberal patrons of opera are in mourning. Others are in Europe, etc. Others were offended at the grasping policy of the management last year. Summed up and boiled down these explanations come just to this, namely, that the little group of rich people who ordinarily buy the boxes, thus providing a substantial guaranty, have not this season been in evidence. Gossip has it that only one box was taken for the season. Most of them certainly have been empty during the greater number of performances.

But whatever explanation or theories may be urged in the immediate instance, the fact is now plain that grand opera can not be given in San Francisco without the special support only possible to be had from the wealthy element. If we are to have grand opera at all the conditions must be so arranged

that the bulk of the expense may be borne by those who can afford to do it under one condition or another. The season-box scheme is at once the easiest and the best. It provides automatically a guaranty assuring to the management, encouraging to the performers, and providing at relatively moderate prices accommodations for those who can not or will not pay extraordinary prices for seats. Perhaps in the immediate instance the municipal opera house fiasco has had something to do with it. At any rate the lesson is emphatic.

If we may believe the managers of the present season, San Francisco will not for a long time have opportunity to enjoy grand opera, and primarily we believe the fault is with Mayor Rolph, whose stupid fears that San Francisco would develop an "opera-box aristocracy," combined with his subserviency to labor unionism, prompted him to put a kibosh upon the one practicable project which would have sustained this great artistic luxury. San Francisco has lost at once a privilege and a distinction. Her name must be erased from the short list of four or five American cities wherein grand opera finds welcome and support.

The "Interests" and the "People"

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 19, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Enclosed find check for \$2 to extend my subscription to the Argonaut. I don't like the editorial policy and attitude of your paper one bit. You ought to stand up for the people of California instead of for the interests. And you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for the fight you are making on Governor Johnson.

However, in spite of your being on the wrong side of the fence, the fact remains that yours is the most ably edited paper on the Pacific Coast and I can not afford to do without it. Your summary of the first year of President Wilson's administration was one of the best articles I've read in many a day.

Very truly yours,
EDWIN B. TILTON.

We print Mr. Tilton's letter not because of the bouquet which it presents to the editor—albeit such flowers even in California are rare and are duly appreciated—but because of its frank and obviously sincere criticism. Mr. Tilton believes the Argonaut should "stand up for the people" of California instead of "for the interests." But upon what does he base the indictment herein implied?

Can Mr. Tilton point to a single paragraph or line in the Argonaut these many years past in which, outside of the advertising columns—and God knows they are lean enough—one word has been uttered in support or promotion of any interest? If there be one especial and particular mark distinguishing the Argonaut from every other publication in California—and we almost venture to say the continent of America—it is the absence from its columns of any species of puffery or promotion of any person, cause, or interest. This is why the Argonaut, whatever else may be said about it, is meagre in form, plain in its dress, and issued only once in the week as compared, for example, with its lurid and prosperous neighbor, the Daily Examiner. And we suspect that if Mr. Tilton had perception and logic to match his taste he would know that it is precisely this fact which inspires in him respect for the Argonaut, despite his resentment against it because it does not share his emotional attitude towards certain men and certain things.

Mr. Tilton suffers under a misconception, common to a type of mind in these days not rare among us, of confounding prosperity of the "interests" with oppression of the "people." His idea of promoting the welfare of the people it would seem is to assail and destroy the interests. And to this end he supports and would have the Argonaut support in society and politics, destructive personalities like Governor Johnson, whose whole scheme of philosophy and of action tends to the tearing down in government and in business of what has been laboriously builded by the devotion, the energy, and the judgment of preceding generations.

We venture to say to Mr. Tilton that no greater harm could possibly be done to the "people," either in their morals or in their prosperity, than to inspire them with this philosophy of life and of government. It is founded in narrowness of vision. It thrives among the

meanly selfish and the shallow of character. It yields a sure harvest of envy, jealousy, hatred. It tends to destroy equipoise of mind and integrity of judgment. It promotes an over-weening self-conceit, with distorted and ugly views of men and things. Listen to any leading champion of this philosophy and you will not fail to detect the note of malevolence in a hundred phases; and if your sensibilities be not seared you will be shocked by phrases reflecting a brutal vulgarity of mind. If you doubt this, Mr. Tilton, go listen to your friend Governor Johnson or the delectable Heney in one of their impassioned and characteristic speeches!

Mr. Tilton is obviously one of the many who imagine that virtue and prosperity can somehow be brought to rule the land through assaults upon the "interests." He does not reflect that any system under which anybody may thrive and prosper will yield greater thrift and more prosperity to some than to others, and for the simple reason that some as compared with others have greater capacity, more energy or more fortunate opportunities under the chances of life and of business. He does not understand that if the laws could be so fixed as to shut off the privilege of those of greatest capacity, most energy, and largest opportunity, these same laws would work even more grievously against those of less capacity, less energy, or less opportunity. He does not see that the privileges which are essential to the prosperity and independence of the average man must in the very nature of things yield to the superior as compared with the average man a larger return. And above all he fails in that breadth of view which sees in the man of large capacity, of high spirit, and of special adaptabilities, a potential leader, a helper, not only as related to his own interest, but to every other in the community.

We have had in California and in the country at large now for several years past a furious agitation against the "interests" and in behalf of the "people." The United States government assailed the packing interest—fought it to a finish in fierce and costly agitation. Have the people gained anything? Does Mr. Tilton find that meats are cheaper than before? Again: The government pursued the steel interest, and after another long and costly litigation won what was called a tremendous victory. Have the people gained anything through this victory? Can Mr. Tilton see any advantage to anybody in the results of this celebrated case? Still again: The government assailed certain organizations in the oil business, and again after long and costly litigation won this case. Has anybody discovered any advantage to the people in this result? Does Mr. Tilton find that kerosene for his evening lamp or gasoline for his motor-car are cheaper than before? We suspect not. But if Mr. Tilton will cast a careful eye upon the current life of the country he will observe that in the employments connected with these industries—we use the word employments in its relation to the rank and file who work and under any system must work for wages—less prosperity than before. And if he will give even a careless eye to the highways and byways he will discover a multitude of smokeless chimneys, idle mills, shops shut down, with armies of unemployed and multitudes of skulking tramps degenerate through idleness and poverty.

We have had four years of feverish agitation in California under the leadership—successful, too—of Mr. Tilton's friend Governor Johnson. Mr. Johnson promised us a new heaven and a new earth in return for an all-round smashing of the interests—particularly the railroad interests. Virtue was to rule in our politics. Universal thrift was to follow the break-up of "grinding monopolies." Economy and honesty and the elimination of interested motives were to establish a millennium in our political life. Mr. Johnson has been governor for over three years. He has, thanks to the emotional following of well-meaning men like our friend Mr. Tilton, had his way in all things. He has "blown out" the fearsome "S. P." He has recast the stare

stitution to such an extent that not even himself can interpret it. He has reorganized the administrative affairs of the state. But has Mr. Tilton or anybody else discovered the promised millennium? Is the general state of morals in California higher than before? Is there more thrift and prosperity, is there more virtue in public affairs? And, whist! is there less self-seeking ambition among the men connected with our official life? Has anybody discovered any sign in the state administration of the impersonal and disinterested ideals promised by Governor Johnson—on the San Francisco water-front, or in the state mineralogist's office? Has the promised scheme of economy reduced the expenses of state government? Have we as the consequence of Mr. Johnson's reforms less taxes to pay than formerly?

Now speaking quite directly in reply to Mr. Tilton's criticism: The *Argonaut*, in devotion to the rule of "equal rights for all—special privilege to none," supports neither the interests nor the people. Between the two it sees no distinction. It thinks it knows what is good or bad for one, is good or bad for the other. It thinks it knows that under any system of business privilege some will prosper more and others less; but it does not conceive that those who prosper less will be helped by curbing the legitimate activities of those who prosper more. The truth is that we all stand or fall together. The more we assail the interests in any other sense than that of prohibiting dishonest and lawless acts, the more we oppress the people. Somebody must furnish the leadership and the initiative of industry and commerce; somebody must assume the risks involved in these operations; somebody surely will profit more than everybody. Assail, harass, thwart, and "cinch" this leadership and the consequence will be common hardship for the haves and the have-nots. This is alike the philosophy of common sense and the lesson of experience.

Now a Divided Democracy.

We suspect that if President Wilson had foreseen the effect of his Canal tolls proposal he would not have raised the issue—right though he is as to the fundamental issue. Most certainly if he had been a man of political experience he would have gone about the matter more adroitly. Starting with the assumption of one difficult issue, he now finds himself confronted by another, even more serious than the first in its relations to its individual prestige. This new development is nothing less than a challenge of his authority with his own party in Congress under the painful assurance that however the matter may end, his position must be less commanding than it has been at any former time in his presidential experience.

To comprehend the situation fully it is necessary to review certain phases of recent political history. We must go back to the year 1889, when the late Thomas B. Reed, coming to the Speakership of the House of Representatives, found his (Republican) party, despite its large majority, so hampered by the traditions and privileges of free debate as to be all but impotent at the point of transacting business. Under Mr. Reed's leadership there was put into force a set of rules by which obstructive tactics were practically made impossible. The minority, reduced to silence in the House, made loud outcry before the country. The restrictive rules were protested as a scheme of gag-law, the Speaker was discredited as an arbitrary "Czar" and high heaven was called upon to avenge an outrage upon liberty and representative privilege. National and state conventions of Democrats took up the issue and opposition to gag-law was made a leading tenet of Democratic policy. Now for twenty-five years free speech in Congress, in other words liberty of unlimited debate, has been a party war-cry, and whenever the Democrats have had control of Congress they have with more or less sincerity adjusted the rule to the theory. The adjustment has not been complete. But Democracy has steadily sustained in theory at least the principle of free and open discussion in Congress. So much for one phase of the present situation.

The Democratic convention assembled at Baltimore in 1912 declared in unequivocal terms for a policy of free tolls for American ships engaged in coastwise trade; and later the House of Representatives dominated by the Democratic party, passed a law embodying the free tolls idea. So much for the second phase of the situation.

These points of party history explain first the unwillingness of many Democrats in Congress to support a resolution limiting debate and cutting off the privilege of

amendment in connection with the President's proposal to repeal the Canal tolls law; and, second, their unwillingness to nullify a law made in pursuance of a party pledge.

From the day of his inauguration up to the immediate incident Mr. Wilson has appeared to dominate his party absolutely. Every suggestion he has made, every measure he has urged, has been carried through. Viewed from the outside, he appears to have achieved the hitherto impossible task of unifying the forces of Democracy in Congress and of marshaling them as a unified force in support of anything he has wanted. But beneath the surface of things there has been a world of dissatisfaction. The few old-line Democrats remaining in Congress have not been pleased to see traditional notions and old standards pushed aside. An element which has been accustomed to more or less independence of action has chafed under the bit of authoritative and arbitrary control. The President's policy in the matter of appointments in contemptuous disregard of past party service has been to many a burning irritation.

Then there have been the restrained but none the less profoundly cherished resentments growing out of the Baltimore convention. Mr. Underwood, Floor Leader of the House of Representatives, wanted the nomination which afterwards went to Wilson, and he thinks he would have had it if there had been fair play. Mr. Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, believes himself to have been fairly the choice of that convention, only to be cheated out of the final nomination by the machinations of Mr. Bryan, now rewarded with the Secretaryship of State. These grievances and resentments though suppressed have not been forgotten. And it is not without a certain satisfaction that many Democrats in Congress have now discovered an opportunity to take issue with the President without seeming to renounce the party authority or to subvert its legitimate discipline.

At this writing it looks as if Mr. Wilson would succeed in putting over his Canal tolls exemption repeal. Against the open opposition of Clark and Underwood he has forced through the House a resolution limiting debate and shutting off amendment—an exercise of gag-law in extreme and offensive form—and the omens are favorable for a similar success in the Senate. But this result has not been achieved without some blood-letting. All the powers of the presidential office, including every form of lobby practice from personal suasion to promises of official patronage, have been exercised to the utmost. The President has gathered in the subservient, the complacent, and those who demand payment in the form of official favor. That he will put his measure through is the common judgment at Washington, but it will be at tremendous cost to himself.

The wounds already made and further to be made in the course of this fight—for it is not yet over—will not soon be healed. Indeed they can never be healed. After what has passed neither Clark nor Underwood can ever again even pretend to be cordially friendly with Mr. Wilson. Resentments and animosities which have been concealed during the past year will now be openly declared and bitterly sustained. No longer will the President be an unquestioned authority in party affairs, no longer one who has only to speak to be obeyed. Already we see the beginning of the kind of dissension which destroyed both of Cleveland's administrations.

The presidency is a post of tremendous vantage. It gives into the hand of him who holds it ten thousand rewards which he may use as he will. Likewise it puts into his hand ten thousand scourges. He may give or he may take away; he may exalt or he may humiliate. Nevertheless there are other forces in the government, and of these important elements are now possessed by men of Mr. Wilson's own party, men of high standing and skill in the arts of politics, likewise men fixed in enmity to him. Hereafter Mr. Wilson will have opposition in a sphere where hitherto he has found cooperation and support. The pleasant days of his administration—the days of cordial and unquestioning acquiescence within his party—are past.

Ridiculous and Stupid.

The charge made specifically at Washington by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, our own Joe Knowland, and others, and bruited widely by the Hearst and other yellow newspapers that President Wilson is urging his tolls repeal proposal as the result of a diplomatic bar-

gain with England is neither credible nor worthy. It is just a cheap attempt to play upon an old and outworn prejudice.

Yet the President is himself somewhat to blame, due to the mysterious note of his Canal tolls message, namely: "I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant me this repeal in ungrudging measure." In this remark—a remark without obvious application—there was both a menace and an appeal which the President ought not to have made. If the phrase really meant something, he ought to have said just what; if it meant nothing, he ought not to have uttered it. None the less, to attribute to it a specific and discreditable significance is a bit of demagoguery, quite as "yellow" in statecraft as in journalism.

The common application of this remark to the Mexican situation is not unreasonable. What else can be the reflection of the phrase "matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence"? In spite of the President's denials the common belief is that he had Mexico in mind. And most certainly it will tend to help him out of his Mexican embarrassment, if by this other stroke he shall contrive to conciliate the good opinion of Europe.

But the charge of a definite deal with the British government, involving an exchange of support in the tolls matter for support in Mexico—this is ridiculous to the point of stupidity; and it is not more stupid than vicious.

The Feather and the Man.

If we were only a little more discriminating in our allotment of statuary to the great men of the race we should certainly perpetuate in marble the figure of Ernest de St. Aubien of Chicago, the first man to brave the terrors of the law in his determination to protect himself by force from the horizontal horrors now so much in favor for the decoration of feminine headgear. But Mr. de St. Aubien will get no statue. The true hero must be a long time dead before his worth is recognized to this extent. But the less enduring but no less sincere tribute of the printed record is not to be denied him.

The story was told before Judge Turnbaugh of the municipal court of Chicago. Miss Eva Juhan as the complainant and also as a lady was allowed the first word, but not on this exceptional occasion, the last. The last word belonged to the just and upright judge upon whose decision it is a pride to lay the laurel wreath of appreciation and esteem. Miss Julian explained that her adversary was standing behind herself and her mother on a street-car. He "got mad," said Miss Julian, and pulled the feathers out of her hat, although all that she had done—being a perfect lady—was to call him an old fool, which it is not only the right but also the duty of a perfect lady whenever occasion arises for an expression of unvarnished opinion. Mr. de St. Aubien might consider himself fortunate that he does not live in New York, where a charge of white slavery would certainly have been brought against him, if only on the ground of his audacity in entering a street-car at all which was already in possession of two members of the favored and immune sex.

Mr. de St. Aubien being allowed to speak in his own defense—apparently a survival of a quaint old custom—admitted that he had pulled the feathers from the lady's hat, and, by way of exhibit No. 1, he actually produced the feathers from his pocket. He said that every time the lady moved her head, which she did frequently in the course of an animated and continuous conversation, the said feathers struck him in the face and endangered his eyesight. Moreover, he disliked the taste of feathers. In reply to his remonstrance the lady gave him a "look of disdain" and called him an old fool, and as she had herself admitted the use of the tender epithet there was no more to be said upon that point. Then she "whirled round once more and the feather hit me in the eye, so I gently removed it"—the feather of course, not the eye. Had Mr. St. de Aubien been a true gentleman he would doubtless have removed his eye, but we must not expect too much in these degenerate days. And perhaps it was the look of disdain that rankled even more than the feather. We all know that look of disdain. Nature has produced nothing more withering, nothing more blighting in its unanswerable and infuriating efficacy than the look of disdain from the woman who has just committed a crime.

With the facts and the feathers before him Judge

Turnbaugh then announced the decision that will immortalize his memory. He said that every man has an inalienable right to defend himself against the modern hat, whether the peril take the form of pin or plume. He said that the prisoner was honorably discharged and without a stain upon his character, but unfortunately he seems to have made no ruling as to the custody of the feather. Perhaps it was retained by the defendant as spoils of war. Possibly it will go to the police museum among the revolvers, knives, and other deadly weapons.

But let us hope that Mr. de St. Aubain did not meet Miss Eva Julian outside the court-room on the conclusion of this memorable case. If so he doubtless got another look of disdain to which the first was a mere detail. The lady may even have repeated her opinion that he was an old fool.

The "Human Side" of President Wilson.

Before the Washington Press Club last week President Wilson in the spirit of an unwonted frankness dwelt at length upon the personal side of his own character. It was a heart-to-heart talk, and regarded as such a very extraordinary performance. There was in this talk the suggestion of spontaneity. But nobody who heard it believed for a moment that it was other than a carefully calculated utterance planned to convey to writers on national affairs a new picture of the chief executive. There is an engaging quality in the President's speaking manner, especially before a chamber audience, and all the charm of a practiced and polished art was in what he said. President Wilson wanted to show the writers a human Wilson. He wanted to lead them away from the habit of regarding him and writing of him merely as an icy intellect dominating a human casing.

Again a few days later there was a carefully staged performance at the White House wherein according to the reports President Wilson "brought joy to the heart of nine-year-old Harry Winthrop," a child seriously ill from heart trouble. It was, according to the report—a distinctly slow-music report and quite as distinctly inspired—a supreme wish and ambition of this lad to shake hands with the President. His mother "appealed to the President's wife" and per consequence all the barriers were thrown down. The sick lad was brought into the White House on a stretcher and there found the President and Mrs. Wilson waiting for him. The former "chatted with him, shook hands, and expressed the hope that he would recover," whereupon "the child was overcome with delight." Upon leaving the White House the President's wife "took a big bunch of forget-me-nots from a vase and presented them to Harry."

Now nobody on the inside of things at Washington questions that these two incidents had a common purpose. Mr. Wilson finds himself in a sense alone and apart. He has impressed the country profoundly in one way, but this impression has lacked a certain soft and human element. And it is now the effort of White House diplomacy to supply this needed element. Wise ones trace these incidents to the fine Gaelic hand of the President's secretary, Joe Tumulty. It has aforetime been noted that your pale, blue-eyed Irishman is a conniving devil. Tumulty is just that. He has the Celt's understanding of the sentimental, and the Celtic politician's appreciation of its value in politics. He has been telling the President precisely what the modern managing editor is forever hammering into his young men—"you must get more human interest into things." Tumulty is an excellent stage manager, Mr. Wilson is a willing actor. Mrs. Wilson is a ready aid. This explains the Press Club incident and likewise the reception of little Harry Winthrop and—that bunch of forget-me-nots. Both stunts were pulled off in excellent form. Jimmy Rolph even at his best could hardly have done so well.

The McAdoo engagement has occupied a large zone of public interest at Washington during the past two weeks, giving rise to many stories, most of them no doubt apocryphal. The obviously disproportionate ages of the contracting parties has been a convenient handle upon which to hang a thousand surmises—one of them being that the illness of the President's wife was a consequence of her displeasure and chagrin. The President has taken it all very seriously, and not without reason; and he took advantage of last week's heart-to-heart conference with the newspaper correspondents to empty the vials of a wrathful mind. He realized, he said, that as President he was a public character and

that the newspapers might print almost anything about him they wanted to. Then with an outburst he declared that the women of his family were not public characters and he did not propose that they should be treated as such. He resented profoundly published stories reporting them engaged to this man or to that man, whom probably they did not even know. These girls, he said, have no brother who might "in characteristic American fashion" chastise offending reporters, and he regretted that his official position prevented him from adopting that method of dealing with the matter. "But," he added menacingly, "there are methods that I can use." The President told the reporters that there was no legitimate information regarding him or his family that could not be had by merely asking, even to the extent of showing their private correspondence, "which, by the way," he added, "some of you have sought to see." He made specific denial of the stories of the two girls (his second daughter and his niece), also of the story that Mrs. Wilson's illness was due to her distress over the McAdoo engagement.

Washington smiles more or less over the fact that McAdoo is fifty-one, whereas the lady in the case is only twenty-four, but the general attitude is one of approval and good-will. McAdoo is a pretty good sort. He has worked hard from boyhood, and has only recently turned his thoughts to play. It came awkwardly for a time, but he likes it now and is a distinctly gay old boy. He is, too, a clean and decent man of engaging manners—a man of the type who remains young a long time.

Just now Washington is wondering how the political rift between the President and Speaker Clark will affect the social relations of their women folk. Up to now Mr. Clark, despite a deep-down sense of resentment, has done the fair thing towards the President. He has so far suppressed his feelings as to take the hand of the offending Bryan, who he believes cheated him out of the presidency, and he graciously accepted a luncheon at the hands of the President. He has played the game straight, and everybody honors him for it.

But the Clark womenfolk are distinctly unreconstructed; and though Mrs. Clark has held a heroic clamp upon a capable tongue she has never been able to keep it absolutely quiescent. Now and again there "busts" out through tightly compressed lips a suggestion of what is inside her mind about the Princetonites so distinctly beautified with stolen feathers. Mrs. Wilson is altogether a tactful woman, besides she stands placed to do more than her full half of the smiling. The situation is not unlike that which existed between the Tafts and the Roosevelts in the preceding administration, plus the fact that the shoe of restrained insolence is on the other foot. The Wilson girls have officially been extremely nice to Mr. Clark's daughter Genevieve, an ambitious and spirited miss who—here we borrow a phrase hot from the grill—"is her own very able and adroit press agent." There is outward peace between the two households. Miss Genevieve has been made conspicuous at White House doings, and in return gave a luncheon to the White House bride before the wedding. But despite a smooth surface there is a hot smoulder below. The Wilsons and the Clarks distinctly do not like each other. Of course there is nothing in the nature of social rivalry. Indeed such a thing would hardly be possible since rivalry is out of the question. Royalty is royalty, you know.

But with Papa Clark fighting the President openly and with Papa Wilson as openly hitting back at the Speaker of the House, things may be different. Washington society is maintaining a pose of watchful waiting to see what will come of it all.

Sex Equality.

It is of no small matter that six district attorneys of California should unite in the opinion that it is now practically impossible to secure the conviction of a woman, no matter how great the crime nor how clear the evidence against her. The district attorney of Marin County may be said to epitomize the views of all of his colleagues when he writes that every woman is now practically licensed to act as judge and executioner of any man whom she supposes to have wronged her. The district attorney of Contra Costa County says that he has never yet been able to convict a woman. In misdemeanor cases it is "absolutely impossible," and even in the case of poisoning crimes the chance of justice is "only a slim one." Mr. Fickert of San Francisco points out that the whole history of the law shows women to be the most crafty and conniving of crimi-

nals, and he then goes on to cite a recent notorious case where the evidence against the woman prisoner showed the crime of murder to have been "cold-blooded and premeditated," and yet she was acquitted, and to the sound of general hand-clapping. The district attorney of Santa Clara County says that women can not even be cross-examined properly, and that the mere presence of a wife or mother in the court-room is enough to vitiate justice and to demoralize the jury. The district attorney of San Mateo County is the only one of the six to attempt a justification of this evil immunity. He says that the woman who commits a crime must be of abnormal mentality, and while this may conceivably be true of all criminals it is patently absurd to apply it only to women.

There is, of course, no remedy. The fate of a prisoner depends upon the jury, and the jury, drawn from the public, is usually representative of public opinion. Nothing short of an epidemic of feminine crimes is likely to end an evil that perhaps must grow much worse before it can be bettered. And we can hardly doubt that it will grow worse as the principle of feminine immunity—that is to say of feminine irresponsibility—becomes solidified.

If the leaders of the feminist movement were actually as intelligent as they pretend they would dread the reaction that must inevitably follow such gross partiality as this. Clamoring for sex equality, they may one day find to their consternation that they have it. If they were actually sincere in their demands for equal treatment they would be the first to resent a general assumption that women are irresponsible for their crimes merely because they happen to be women, and they would ask for the repeal of the almost innumerable laws, civil as well as criminal, which discriminate in favor of their sex. All of these discriminatory laws are based upon the ideals of chivalry that women now deride and resent, but nowhere do we find the slightest disinclination to profit by them. Chivalry, it seems, must be rejected where its results are restrictive, but nowhere else. A few months ago we witnessed the recall of a judge because he used his powers unjustly toward women prosecutors and complainants. We were vehemently, even hysterically, told that there must be sex equality before the law. But when that same law promulgates the principle that any woman may shoot or poison any man with whom she happens to have quarreled, and that she may do it with perfect impunity, we hear not a word of protest from the champions of a sex equality that has become either a joke or a tragedy according to circumstances and the point of view.

Editorial Notes.

The action of the House of Representatives in the matter of the Canal tolls exemption is a prophecy of like action on the part of the Senate. But it will call for time and discussion, probably so much time and so much discussion as to leave no time and no spirit for consideration of the anti-trust measures which have been recommended to Congress by the President. Two very important effects are already discoverable in connection with this episode. First, the Democratic party in Congress will not hereafter be a unified and manageable force. Second, the Republican party has acquired a definite issue. It was a Republican President who urged and approved the principle of exemption from charges of American coastwise ships; and now the Republicans in Congress are all but a unit in protest against the repeal of the exemption law. Obviously under these conditions the country has not heard the last of this matter. The Senate will in its own time confirm the action of the House. President Wilson will win the immediate fight. But the issue thereby raised will loom large in the politics of the immediate future, and it is by no means impossible or improbable that it will be the controlling factor in the next presidential election.

The most memorable gift to the University of California during the past twelve months was the founding of the George Williams Hooper Institute of Medical Research. For this Mrs. Sophronia T. Hooper of San Francisco gave some 5000 acres of redwood timber lands in Humboldt County, California, representing an endowment approximating two million dollars. The whole income, already amounting to \$50,000 per annum, is to be devoted to scientific investigations as to the cause, cure, and prevention of disease.

Fifty Americans resigned the public service in the Philippine Islands between February 7 and 14.

KING AND ARMY.

There was a time when a "crisis" in political affairs meant something definite and arresting, like a signal gun. For example, it was a crisis when Fort Sumter was fired upon. It was a crisis when Napoleon massed his army for a descent upon Great Britain. It was a crisis when the Great Armada set sail from Spain. But today we have a crisis every morning, and it is usually something about Captain Hobson or the raisin industry or an actress who ought to get married but won't. It comes with the regularity of the newspaper or the milk, and we have learned to look upon its advent with the lack-lustre eye of boredom and indifference. Some day there will be a real crisis and then we shall fail to identify it until it is all over.

Therefore we may be pardoned for believing that Irish events are not yet of such a nature as to compel King George to abdicate. Kings never abdicate, but some of our newspapers are telling us that this is what will happen in the course of a few months. Nor is England under the rule of a military dictatorship as some other newspapers are saying. Nor will there be civil war in Ulster, at least not to any observable extent. None of these things will happen just at present. National inertia is one of the most salutary and conservative forces that exist, and we may be sure that at the present moment both Englishmen and Irishmen are interested in the crisis only at breakfast time and supper time. They have important business to attend to during the day, not unconnected with the high cost of living.

At the same time we may admit that events of great importance have happened in connection with the Irish quarrel, events whose importance is equalled only by the stupidity that called them forth. And we may notice in passing that but for stupidity there would be very little history. Stupidity is the ever incalculable, the ever unassessable factor in human affairs. It is the one thing that we never foresee and that invariably happens. The gods, we are told, fight in vain against stupidity, and that is why there is so little of the godlike in the politics of the world. Now every one knows that Ulster has been threatening to fight in case the Home Rule bill should become law, as it will do in the course of a month or so. Ulster's long suit is to threaten. Ulster is too fond of money and has too much of it to fight. If the government had been unaffected with stupidity it would have seen to it that a sprinkling of police was within call with a machine gun or two, and perhaps that a few regiments were available for the purpose of making a showing. To send for warships was a piece of malignant idiocy, and to repent of sending for warships and to send them back again was worse. Obviously Ulster could not fight if there was no one there to fight against. The worst that she could do would be to refuse to pay the new Irish taxes, and that would have been a prosaic and uninspiring business. But all this is as nothing compared with the amazing proceedings that followed.

And at last it is possible to gain some insight into what actually did happen. It appears that Colonel Seely, secretary for war, communicated with General Paget in command of the army in Ireland in reference to the measures that must be undertaken in the event of a rising in Ulster. The situation was admittedly difficult in view of the primary stupidity, which consisted in undertaking to do anything at all. It was known that a large number of officers, being all aristocrats and therefore all Tories, would object to take part in the coercion of Ulster. Now a soldier is supposed, quite erroneously, to be merely a machine that will do exactly as ordered, but since that is the supposition it should surely have been acted upon. To ask a soldier whether under certain conditions he will condescend to obey lawful orders is surely a proceeding without precedent in the history of arms. But this is actually what was done. Not only were the officers asked if they would be willing to fight in Ulster, but they were told that in the event of their unwillingness it really would not matter at all. Incredible as it may seem, this is the very thing that happened. The Irish commander-in-chief told the officers under him that "they would be allowed to disappear and would afterwards be reinstated." Why he told them this is another matter and perhaps one that will never be entirely cleared up. But it seems to be generally assumed that it was due to the influence of the king, who exacted such an understanding from the secretary of war, who then carried it into effect without the knowledge of the cabinet. This is evidently the opinion of Mr. Lloyd George, for we find that fiery Welshman saying to a public audience at Huddersfield that "a grave crisis has arisen in the history of democratic government in this country and we are confronted with the greatest issue raised since the days of the Stuarts." There is a grim sound about that reference to the Stuarts. Two Stuart kings lost their thrones, and one of them lost his head irrevocably, as a result of interfering with Parliament. And then we have John Ward, labor member of the House of Commons, declaring to an ominously silent assembly that "the laws of this realm are made without interference by king or army," and it is said that he made a significant pause after the word king. And then we are told that Mr. Ward turned to the Tory benches and said that if they wanted war they could have it, and with bayonets, too. It is not usual to talk about the king in parliamentary debates, but half the members of the House sprang to their feet and cheered. Later on we find the prime minister repudiating the whole transaction with the army officers and asserting that the government would make no terms with men who refused to do their duty. An officer who refused to obey all lawful orders would be dealt with in the usual way. But did the prime minister now why Colonel Seely and General Paget had made this astounding bargain, and may we translate his repudiation of that bargain into a warning to the king to keep his hands off?

Perhaps time will show, but time has a reputation for secretiveness.

There are some reasons to believe that the king did actually use his influence in this way. It is known that he sent for Colonel Seely and had a long conference with him. Colonel Seely admits that he made two additions to a cabinet document, and that those additions had to do with the aforesaid bargain with the recalcitrant officers, and that the other members of the cabinet were unaware of the nature of those additions or of the fact that they had been made at all. The king also had a long conference with Lord Roberts. Mr. Lloyd George unquestionably referred to a royal interference in his speech at Huddersfield, and Mr. Lloyd George is a cabinet minister and therefore peculiarly in a position to know what had happened. His reference to the Stuart kings was significant and menacing. Mr. Ward presumably had some reasons for his references to the king in the parliamentary debate, and the whole radical side of the House, by its cheers, sustained him in his inference. Mr. Asquith's assertion that the king had no responsibility for what had occurred may be taken with a grain of salt. Under the fiction of the English constitution the king has no responsibility for anything. Only his ministers are responsible for the advice that they are assumed to give him. The king is supposed to do nothing without such advice and is therefore unaccountable for his actions. Mr. Asquith's first impulse, indeed his bounden official duty, is to shield the king from criticism and to assume all responsibility for what is done. That may be said to be his *métier* as prime minister. What he said was no more than a stereotype, a *cliché*. The facts are clear enough, and the facts point to a royal interference. Moreover, it may be said that a royal interference is precisely what might have been anticipated, seeing that every Tory in the land has been urging the king for months past to do some such thing as this and to assert himself to prevent civil war.

All this makes a bad situation. Perhaps we may reasonably imitate Lloyd George and call it a crisis, a real crisis. For look at the facts. The men of Ulster have been more or less openly drilling for months past with the avowed intention of resisting the law of the land. They have imported arms, they have signed solemn leagues and covenants, and Sir Edward Carson, their leader, noisily left the House of Commons a week or so ago with the declaration that he would now put himself at the head of his men. Ulster in other words has been in a state of smouldering rebellion against the law and therefore against the king. And nothing has been done. Sir Edward Carson and his coadjutors have made dozens of public speeches with the open intention of corrupting the army in Ireland and destroying its allegiance to its duty. When the agitator Larkin did this same thing and urged the soldiers to refuse to fire upon the Dublin strikers he was instantly arrested and lodged in jail, but no finger has been raised against Sir Edward Carson, whose offense was far worse and often repeated. He has raised large sums of money for the purposes of civil war and he has boasted of it. He has stated the precise number of men who will take the field, their arms and their equipment, and he has been allowed to go his way without let or hindrance. And when at last the government makes a move to resist rebellion and to preserve the peace—no matter how stupid a move—the king himself interferes, not to abash the rebels, but to comfort them; not to urge upon his own army the duties of obedience, but to notify the army that it may disobey without fear of consequences. Ulster rebels against the king's government and defies the king's army and the king takes sides against his own government and against his own authority. Was there ever such a comedy before? Was there ever such a tragedy before? But then, as the old lady remarked after she had heard of the Crucifixion for the first time, "let's hope it aint true."

The caste system has existed for a long time in England, and its workings have not been wholly evil. Caste systems are among the things that work well—so long as they work well, but when their time comes they are perceived to stink. Practically all the officers in the English army belong to the aristocracy or to that higher middle class that skirts the aristocracy. Therefore they are all Tory. The home rule bill has drawn a hard, sharp line between liberalism and Toryism, and it is to be remembered that liberalism now includes Lloyd Georgeism. It means an attack with horse, foot, and artillery upon the fortress of aristocratic privilege. It means everything that the Tory loathes and dreads. The officer who is asked to undertake duty in Ulster feels very much the same as the devoutly Catholic French officer who is ordered to sack a nunnery. He feels that he has been asked to fight against his own caste, to fight against everything that goes to make up his conception of England. Already a great many officers have resigned, and it is certain that a great many more will do so if they find that they must fight to suppress an Ulster rising. It is the inevitable result of the caste system. It was one of the things that were certain to happen at some time or other, just as soon in fact as party politics should become menacing of civil war. It was the caste system in the army that had such evil results in the Boer war in the way of incapacity. Now we see it as the enemy of discipline and as the direct creator of disloyalty. In fighting against Ulster the officer feels that he would be fighting for Lloyd George, and indeed there are many keen observers of English politics who say that the Tories care little enough about home rule one way or the other, but that they hope to create such trouble in Ireland that Lloyd Georgeism must disappear in the general wreck of the Asquith government. And perhaps there is some measure of truth in that.

SIDNEY CORYN.

According to an estimate by Sir John Murray, the total annual rainfall upon all the land of the globe amounts to 29,347.4 cubic miles, and of this quantity 6524 cubic miles drains off through rivers to the sea.

DON CARLOS.

Divine Justice Triumphs Only on the Boards.

I was playing in a large provincial town a round of star-parts. I played the Marquis Rosa in "Don Carlos," and found an exception to the rule, a sentimental prompter. Frederick Gans had prompted me as Hamlet and Uriel Acosta, and I had observed nothing peculiar about him. Quietly, intelligently, not too loud, not growling in his beard, he had carried on his business. In the first scenes of the Spanish play he remained cold and faithful to duty. Then comes the tale which Rosa tells the queen. I was not surprised that the prompter wholly ceased whispering, for what actor of Rosa does not know by heart the conversation of the two noble houses in Miranda? At rehearsal I had even skipped it. But I was amazed when, as I told how the unfortunate Fernando flies up the steps, and suddenly finds himself at the wedding feast of his uncle, and the bride once his own, there sounded genuine sobbing from the prompter's box. I glanced thither. There sat Frederick Gans, crying aloud in his blue cotton handkerchief.

Was that a triumph of my art, or did I here meet what that actor in Berlin experienced, over whose Franz Moor the prompter shed hot tears, not from transport, but from pity for the fine rôle? I had to collect my powers to end the speech. I was occupied the whole evening with the behavior of the prompter at that story, though in the rest of the play he prompted even faultlessly. I spoke of the unusual circumstance to the leader and manager.

"I had forgotten," said the manager, "to call your attention to this peculiarity of my prompter. He is otherwise excellent, only it is impossible for him to read or hear that speech without emotion."

"There must be a reason for it," I said.

"That is the case, although one can not get from him the particulars," answered the leader. "The report goes that the story hits him, and that has given him the nickname of Don Carlos, which he patiently, if not smilingly, bears."

The prompter was scarce of medium size, but neatly built, with completely white hair, and a nose of unreasonable length. Sober, scrupulous in his business, orderly, punctual, open and honorable towards every one, liberal with his purse, he had the respect of all. This was the man who roused my curiosity. The tragedy had ended, and the spectators and actors had left the theatre.

I privately inquired where the prompter was to be found, and learned that after the theatre closed Gans stayed an hour in a beer-house, the solitary luxury he permitted himself. I hurried to the locality given. There sat Gans alone in a corner, his mug before him. He did not seem in pleasant meditation. His brow was bent, his remarkable nose seemed to stretch farther forward, the under lip protruded.

"Is it allowable for me to sit by you?" I said, going up to him.

Gans looked at me quite stupefied. The company seldom look upon or deal with the prompter as their equal; he belongs to the building, but ranks generally among the auxiliaries. Without repeating my words or waiting for a response, I sat quietly beside him, but so that, to him, any sudden flight was cut off.

"Are you often here?" I asked, opening the conversation.

"Oh, yes; every evening."

"And you sit so retired?"

"Generally. I am too old for the merry world. The serious pass to the beer-room, as the golden weapon to the empty sheath."

"There seem to be many who are sad."

"True, very true," growled the prompter. "Yes, yes; many through misfortunes they do not deserve."

"And yet," I answered, "is it not a question if we do not really deserve suffering—have not called it upon us?"

"No, no!" the prompter energetically shook his head. "Did the begging child bring the poverty of its parents? Is not its life already a misfortune? Schiller was right: 'But the greatest evil is the cause.' I must ever protest that there is also evil without cause."

"I understand you. We do not desire to meet hereditary suffering, but in later years—"

"No, no!" the old man impatiently interrupted me.

"But then is there no divine justice?"

"Bah! We hear that only from the poets. You believe, then, that the mighty God troubles himself for us earth-worms? I do not—at least, in regard to my affairs I have not remarked his goodness."

"You speak as if joy never smiled on you."

An exceedingly bitter look came over his features. "And is my lot to be envied?" he suddenly asked.

"We need never live only in the present. Turn back the leaves in your book of life, if you please, and you will find there places—"

"No!" he interrupted, more sharply; "none! none! I am the son of a village confectioner, who disinherited me."

"That means, as I believe, you would be an actor; your father would not consent; you opposed his authority—"

"Need I complain then? Had I not my lot in common with many? No; I first went on the boards when I had in a measure ended life."

"Your talk is dark to me; it neither persuades nor

convince. In any case, through your own will you roused your father's wrath; what then is the reason—"

The prompter was angry; he forgot his circumspection. "You judge me by the usual rule," he cried. "Innocent, without guilt, I incurred the wrath of a father who cheated me out of my life's happiness. Despite that, he died quietly in bed. Oh, divine justice triumphs only on the boards!"

"That is yet in question. Hitherto you alone have judged your life, looked at yourself in your own glass."

"Listen," he replied, "and if you find the appearance of wrong in me I will be reconciled with life and its discord. But come out of the beer-room; here I might be laughed at if I told the sad story of my life."

In the street the prompter began: "I pass over my childhood and apprenticeship to my father's business—there is little to tell. With my eighteenth year I was a journeyman, and began my travels. But at first I did not go far. I found work in a neighboring village, and there for two years stirred sweet-cakes and poured bonbons. I had lost my heart to my master's daughter. Emilie was a pretty girl—I will not say the most beautiful on earth for every one, but for me she was—and in the village none disputed her rank. She was a blonde, of medium stature; such elegance in her movements, such harmony in all her features, I have not since found. Briefly, we loved each other. Therefore I remained two years in the village."

"My father could not understand why I did not do as is the fashion of us German tradesmen, and make the round of the cities. He came at last to talk with me. So he learned the true reason, and so he saw Emilie. Had I known what an impression the girl had made upon him I would have closed my ears to his words. He approved my choice, but said he supposed I would not marry before seeing the world. I obediently went to other places, after Emilie and I had sworn true love."

"More than a year had flown. I could endure it no longer in a strange place. Emilie's letters had ceased for two or three months. I turned back to the town where the lovely girl lived. It was the 10th of January. It was just past noon when I entered the house of Master Ehrhard, Emilie's father. My bride's old nurse came toward me. She screamed loudly when she saw me."

"Is it really you, Fritz?" she asked at last, "or is it your ghost?"

"I, myself, as I love and live," I answered. "Where is Emilie?"

"What! You are not dead?"

"No, no! But where is Emilie?"

"Ah, the poor girl has wept so much for you."

"I will dry her tears," I said.

"Then you must hurry," said the old woman in a peculiar tone. "The whole authority is with your father."

"With my father?" I asked.

"She assented with a groan, which I did not particularly heed at that moment, and then added: 'But hurry, hurry! It concerns Emilie's happiness—think of that! But wait, I will try to get you a horse. You can ride?'"

"Without waiting for an answer, she hastened across the street. In fifteen minutes I galloped to my native town with no presentiment of what awaited me there. In January it is dark early; and, much as I hurried, the darkness was earlier in the village than I. I stopped the over-driven horse before my father's house, whose windows had shone toward me from afar."

"What is going on here?" I cried to a spectator.

"Ah, you are Fritz! And you don't know that your father marries today?" came the answer of an old school-fellow.

"My father?"

"Certainly; the pastor has already finished the ceremony. But you are in time for the feast."

"My father marries, and I, his only son, first know it when—" In a moment I had dismounted, and hastened into the house. With oppressed breast I flew upstairs, and entered the wedding-hall. There stood my father, the smiling bridegroom; there sat the pale bride; there sat my—his Emilie in her bridal dress.

"As if I saw the head of Medusa, as if the fate of Lot's wife had been mine, I stood there without motion. At last I recovered myself. I went up to them. Emilie shrieked and fell in a deep swoon. But my father sprang before me, and, raging, showed me the street. I did not hear his words, but I saw his violent gestures. An indescribable fury seized me toward the robber of my happiness, toward him who had called me dead to reach his aim, to win my Emilie. If charitable hands had not brought me out of the house I should have murdered my father."

"My anger cooled after I no more beheld him. I quitted the place. The old life was distasteful to me, so I quit my trade and went among actors. Now I was not born for the boards, therefore I am in the prompter's box."

There was a pause. We walked silently side by side. The house in which the prompter lived stood before us. The old man stopped and looked in my face—he was no longer grotesque to me.

"You have not laughed at my story. You will pardon me for almost disconcerting you on the stage this evening, but at the tale in Don Carlos the past comes only too plainly before me."—Translated for the Argonaut from the German of Wilhelm Grothe.

A MANIAC'S FREAK.

The Doctor's Wife Relates Her Experience.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw, myself, any one so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant, and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but as she was a young woman and also a very pretty one I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following interesting episode:

It was nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone.

For hours I sat reading. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, donned a *robe de chambre*, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the saw-mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window-blind, I saw the slats move slowly and cautiously, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start in every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful heavens!" I cried in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, "the doctor in his haste must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open and in it stood a tall, thin man whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberline, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard," here he again bowed profoundly, "has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here tonight. I perceive," he added, glancing at my *negligé* robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed quietly, "one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued, reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering that it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said to me, as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

Involuntarily I raised my head, and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and before I could make the slightest resistance he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps which bore evidence of having recently been cut and with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it, so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast the great blood-vessel that supplies the force must be stopped, like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louisa of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death I would have saved her by taking out her heart and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged as in a vise, but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to stanch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, with horrible espieglerie:

"I'll scarcely mark that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

Quick as thought, a heavy woolen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released, and the thongs that bound me soon held the maniac. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away he turned to me and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!" I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he came to the table my hair was black as a raven. I left it it was as you see it now—white as full cotton.—Anon.

"THE TIMES" FOR A PENNY.

"Piccadilly" Writes of the New Departure in London Journalism and of a Probable Newspaper War.

The early publishers and editors of the *Times* have doubtless turned in their graves, or whatever it is that dead men do on receipt of bad news, at the intimation that the *Times* will henceforth be sold for one penny. Mr. Delane, for example, would have regarded any kind of bid for a popular circulation as a very heretical proceeding. Probably he would have said that any newspaper interesting to the man in the street was obviously unsuited to the rôle that he had mapped out for the *Times*, but then that was before the English social pyramid had decided to stand upon its head. In those days the *Times* was not concerned to reflect the popular thought. It created the popular thought. Its mission was to instruct the governing class in the meaning of events, and it took good care that no event in any part of the world should escape its observation.

It is significant of the status hitherto occupied by the *Times* and now abandoned that until a few days ago no one had any idea of its circulation. The advertiser who had asked for information on this point would have been told that it was none of his business. It was enough for him that his announcement would appear in the *Times* and the benefits were not to be estimated by counting sheets of paper. Today we are surprised to learn that the circulation has been about 54,000, that the first day's sales at the new price were 280,000, and that 600,000 copies were actually ordered. But these figures are not likely to be sustained. They are largely accounted for by curiosity, for it is to be remembered that the average Englishman rarely saw a copy of the *Times* nor particularly wanted to. His daily budget included a half-penny morning and evening for the day's news, or perhaps a penny in the morning and a half-penny in the evening. Threepence was out of the question, and even when the price was reduced to twopence the average newspaper reader was still unmoved. But he is willing to pay a penny if he finds that his tastes are consulted, and that the *Times* must now consider the tastes of the man in the street is ominous for its independence as well as for its quality. The next few weeks will show whether the Englishman wishes to read the *Times* at any price, and it is by no means a foregone conclusion. There are now eight penny morning newspapers in London and quite a number of half-penny ones. They all have their distinctive politics, and the Englishman would rather buy an inferior newspaper of his own politics than a superior one whose politics annoy him. For example, the radical Englishman would not accept as a gift a newspaper that denounces Mr. Lloyd George.

Since the *Times* has now come down into the arena and admitted its need for the bread that perisheth we may ask as to the causes that have led to its increasing weakness. It is true that the Northcliffe management has done much for its circulation, but it has been done at an enormous and incommensurate cost, and it has been a cost in status as well as in money. There was a time when the profits of the *Times* were \$500,000 a year, by no means an exorbitant emolument even as things were then, but it has now fallen far below this level and its circulation has failed to respond to the special editions, book numbers, and extra supplements. For one thing the *Times* has been essentially a man's newspaper. All London newspapers were essentially men's newspapers until a few years ago, but most of them observed the shifting weather vane and set their sails accordingly. The *Times* has never done so. It is true that it issued a special supplement for women some time ago, but there was something wrong about it and the women would have none of it. Perhaps they objected to having a sort of newspaper nursery assigned to them and preferred a change in general tone such as other newspapers offered. With this exception the *Times* continued to appeal almost exclusively to statesmen, officials, and men of large affairs. It made no appeal to women, and therefore it was rarely to be found in the home, and the newspaper that can not persuade the wife and mother to ask for it and to insist upon having it is usually in a parlous state. Then the advertiser has been giving trouble. He is not so willing to be mesmerized by a great name as he used to be. He wants to know precisely who will see his announcement and the actual number and quality of readers to whom he is making his appeal. Now the *Times* is taken very largely for purposes of reference. It is to be found in clubs and in the offices of other newspapers all over the world. It is read in embassies and consulates and by the large business houses everywhere, and now advertisers have been asking themselves if this sort of audience is likely to be profitable from their own particular point of view. In large numbers of cases the answer has necessarily been in the negative. For example, the people who drop into the British consulate at Odessa or Stamboul in order to see the world news in the *Times* are not at all likely to read the advertisements. The great army of officials consult the *Times* just as one consults a dictionary, for a definite purpose rather than to wile away idle minutes. The advertiser wants to be assured that his announcements will find their way into the home, that they will be read by women, who do most of the buying, and that they will be read by leisurely people who have money. With a broader popular base the *Times* hopes

that it will be able to offer to advertisers just that kind of publicity that is profitable to them.

There is no doubt that the *Times* will have to fight for its place. Its prestige will not help it much with its new readers. They will not buy it merely because it is the *Times*. Its politics are not popular, and politics count for a great deal in England. Its competitors are strong and they will do all they can to hold their own. The *Times*, in popular parlance, will have to "deliver the goods," and so already we hear rumors of illustrations that are to be produced by some new process and of other features intended to transfer the nimble penny from the pockets of its rivals to its own. The struggle will certainly be a severe one, and we may doubt if it will add to the dignity of the newspaper profession as a whole. An effort to give what they want to the largest possible number of readers can hardly be said to make for the refinements of journalistic life, nor are we much comforted by the assurance that Lord Northcliffe will take a more personal and intimate direction of editorial affairs than has been the case in the past. Nothing can change the fact that the goods must match the market. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, March 19, 1914.

Agitation has been renewed with regard to the question of the shipment of worn-out horses from England to Belgium and Holland, and this traffic in those servants of man which have passed the days of their usefulness has caused many warm protests. On April 3 the subject will be before the British Parliament, when there will be reintroduced a bill providing for the slaughter on this side of the channel (says the *Illustrated London News*) of every horse intended for shipment which is of a value of not more than £10. The allegation is that the trade as at present pursued leads to much cruelty. The chief ports concerned are Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Ghent. The horses are shipped from England that they may be killed abroad and their flesh eaten. When the horses land an official veterinary examination is made, and those animals which are too lame to move by themselves are placed in floats. The others are walked about four miles to a quarantine station—which, it may be noted, is also a market for dealers! There such of the animals as are judged fit for further work are made to go through their paces as best they can. Those who have some little working life in them are sold to harness, and so are relieved from death for a brief while that they may continue to slave until they can no longer do so; the others are taken to the abattoirs at once. The chief point of difference between the treatment of the horses in Holland and in Belgium is that in the case of the former the animals are taken to the abattoirs at once; whereas in the case of the latter, as we have already said, animals may be put to work for yet another space.

The French system of awarding medals of honor to employees for thirty years' continuous service in the same establishment, by decree of August, 1913, was made to include domestic servants. The period of thirty years is to be reduced to twenty years for those who furnish proof that they have belonged for at least ten years to a mutual benefit society regulated by the law of April 1, 1898; that they have made supplementary deposits for the increase of their retirement pensions in the Caisse Nationale des Retraites (Pensioners' National Bank) or any other insurance organization governed by the law of April 5, 1910; or that they have raised four children to the age of at least sixteen years. The medal is to be granted without condition of length of service to any one who performs in connection with his occupation a particularly meritorious act of devotion to the family by whom he is employer. The *Journal Officiel* of February 3, 1914, contained a list of more than 1200 domestic servants to whom the medal of honor has been awarded by the minister of labor.

Iowa is known as a state of small cities and few millionaires. Her products, those of the soil largely, supply food for the tables of the world. The riches of her citizens are not, however, squandered far away. Her wealth is not in the hands of a few individuals, but divided with a degree of equality among her citizens, who employ it in the comforts like those of home. A leader in the fruits of the soil, Iowa likewise leads the states of the Union in the production of livestock. Texas leads in beef cattle, but Iowa more than makes up a larger total by the raising of milch cows. In estimates of Iowa's wealth the horse is usually thought of as a minor factor. But the horses of Iowa, as shown by the Department of Agriculture, are worth \$38,000,000 more this year than the anthracite output of the entire country.

Only seven people now live at Dyea, which in the days of the Klondike had a population of 20,000. Of the seven, it is said only two are whites. The townsite has been filed on as farming land by three homesteaders, one of whom is an Indian woman and another a young man who is founding a fox ranch. Dyea, whose post-office was established in 1896, became the next year the most crowded, lawless settlement in the world. The residents took toll from the men going in to seek gold and those coming out with pouches of the precious stuff. After completion of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, with Skagway as its sea terminus, Dyea collapsed and was abandoned.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sweet Wild April.

O sweet wild April
Came over the hills,
He skipped with the winds
And he tripped with the rills;
His raiment was all
Of the daffodils.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

O sweet wild April
Came down the lea,
Dancing along
With his sisters three:
Carnation, and Rose,
And tall Lily.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

O sweet wild April,
On pastoral quill
Came piping in moonlight
By hollow and hill,
In starlight at midnight,
By dingle and rill.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

Where sweet wild April
His melody played,
Trooped cowslip, and primrose,
And iris, the maid,
And silver narcissus,
A star in the shade.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

When sweet wild April
Dipped down the dale,
Pale cuckoo-pint brightened,
And windflower frail,
And white-thorn, the wood-bride,
In virginal veil.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

When sweet wild April
Through deep woods pressed,
Sang cuckoo above him,
And lark on his crest,
And Philomel fluttered
Close under his breast.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

O sweet wild April,
Wherever you went
The bondage of winter
Was broken and rent,
Sank elfin ice-city
And frost-goblin's tent.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

Yet sweet wild April,
The blithe, the brave,
Fell asleep in the fields
By a windless wave
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preached over his grave.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!

O sweet wild April,
Farewell to thee!
And a deep sweet sleep
To thy sisters three,—
Carnation, and Rose,
And tall Lily.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho!—William Force Stead.

Home Thoughts, from Abroad.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree hole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!
—Robert Browning.

In Japan no notice is taken of the actual anniversary of a birth but every one adds a year to his or her age on the Setsubun, a movable festival which occurs either late in January or at the beginning of February. Thus a child is said to be a year old that is in its first year, directly it is born, and on the following Setsubun it will be two, although, in fact, it may be only a few days old. The feast is not kept in any marked manner, except that akameshi (rice boiled with small red beans which give it a red color) is eaten, and in the evening parched beans are scattered about the room from a square rice measure, to the cry "Fuku ga ouchi. Oni ga soto!"—"Good fortune within, Out with the demons!" Every one is supposed to eat the number of beans corresponding with his age and one over, for luck. Friends and acquaintances also congratulate each other with words of good omen and good fortune.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION.

Sidney Low Gives Us His Impressions of the Land of the Khedive and of Its Prospects.

A few years ago, almost within memory of the proverbial schoolboy, a reference to Khartum and to the Sudan conjured up pictures of Arab hosts, of beleaguered garrisons, and of the forces of a savage fanaticism in fierce conflict with the outposts of European civilization. Today, says Mr. Sidney Low in his new book upon Egypt, the neat and well-appointed express boats of the Sudan government service float you smoothly up to Halfa in the extreme of comfort. And at Halfa you transfer yourself and your baggage to the train, which is also run by the Sudan authorities, with no greater trouble than you would experience in New York. You will make your first acquaintance with the realms of Queen Candace through the windows of a fine dining-room car. You enter the barrier desert to the whistle of a locomotive that will roll you up to the capital of North Central Africa in a night and a day of luxurious travel. It is a very simple business to go to Khartum nowadays. You can book through from Charing Cross if you please, and the worst adventure that need befall you on the way will be a bad Channel crossing or an inadequate luncheon at a railway buffet. Eight days and a half from the Thames to the Blue Nile. "Good going," said an officer who went up with Kitchener in 1898. "It took us three years to do the same journey the first time we tried it. But we didn't happen to have a railway ready for us then. We had to build it as we went along—and fight a battle every few months while we were doing that."

Yet, despite the tourist agents and the steamship companies and the railways, there is still some vagueness, outside the ranks of the regular Egyptian holiday crowd, as to where and what the Sudan is. A lady, the wife of a high official in Khartum, tells me that her friends at home seem divided in opinion as to whether the town is a sort of suburb of Cairo or a section of wildest Africa. "How awful for you to have to live in a place like that, my dear!" says one sympathizer. "I suppose you hardly see a civilized human being from one year's end to another." And another will write in this strain: "Young Blank, you know, my husband's second cousin, has gone to Cairo. Such a nice boy—do, please, ask him to come out and have tea with you one afternoon."

Most descriptions of Egypt begin with the Nile mouths or the capital and work upward towards the tropical provinces. Mr. Low preferred to start with the Sudan and thence to follow the course of the great river downwards to the delta and the sea. Therefore we find him in Khartum in his opening chapter, and he tells us that both Khartum and Omdurman are full of memorials of that brief crusading fury of Moslem puritanism, of the long carnival of blood and rapine that followed, of the struggles to stem the tide, of the final, disciplined, deliberate effort to beat it back, and of the steady, successful labor to repair the breaches:

You may go out to the battlefield of Omdurman—which here they call Kerreri—with one of Mr. Cook's dragomans, or, as I did, with a native officer who had been through the fight, and hear over again the details of Kitchener's great victory. Not long ago the ground was all white with unburied skeletons, and dervish skulls, and even dervish *jibbahs* and spears were to be had at will. Now most of these relics have gone, and, though there are a few dry bones lying conspicuously in the sunshine, there is some doubt whether they are not the mortal remains of camels and oxen, thoughtfully placed *in situ* by the donkey-boys for the benefit of inquisitive and acquisitive visitors. Perhaps there is no more reliance to be placed on the testimony of the donkey-boy himself, who, on being questioned, will tell you that he was himself in the battle. He was a Sudanese slave of the Baggara, he says, who was given a gun and taken into the fight, and crawled away wounded (he shows you a conspicuous scar) to Omdurman when it was over. You supply him with piasters and receive his story with due skepticism. Yet it may be true. Khartum and Omdurman are full of the living remnants of Mahdist triumph and Mahdist oppression, now engaged in quite peaceful avocations.

Egypt has become a sort of paradise for the British official who wants quick promotion and hard work. There are very few officials over fifty, and many of them are under thirty. They are commanding regiments or governing provinces at an age when in England they would be helping to drill a company or sealing documents in Downing Street. The Englishman who wears the badge of the Khedive joins the service at five and twenty or so, and after a very short apprenticeship he is placed in some post of importance. The Sudan may not be able to hold him more than ten years, and it can not afford to let him spend too much time in learning his business. It is no country or climate for the old:

To the advantage of youth it seemed to me that Sudan society added a quite exceptional allowance of good looks. This may be an accident; I do not suppose that the qualifying examination for admission includes a hearty competition. But it is not altogether fortuitous. The government insists on a high standard of health and physical fitness in the soldiers and civilians it employs; and nearly all of them are tall and strong and cleanly built and have a wholesome and athletic appearance. As for the ladies, I do not know why they should have more than the common share of personal attractiveness, unless it is a case of natural (very natural) selection. I have, indeed a suspicion that when the young officer communicates his desire to commit matrimony to the Sirdar that shrewd and kindly autocrat expects to have the portrait of the lady submitted to him as well as her dossier. But I hasten to add that I have no official warrant for this suggestion. It is no more than a theory of my own, formed when I surveyed the very becoming feminine "gallery" at the Sirdar's review of the Egyptian and Sudanese troops of his garrison.

Mr. Low has a warm admiration for Sir Reginald Wingate, the present Sirdar, who succeeded Lord Kitchener and who did some hard fighting after the great stress of those days had passed by. After the

great battle of Omdurman, when the army and Lord Kitchener had gone home, it was forgotten that the Mahdi himself had escaped. But that inconvenient person had got away, and he soon assembled another army 7000 strong, and a year after the great victory Sir Reginald Wingate was in hot pursuit of him. There were no white troops available, only a few British officers and some 2000 native troops:

It was not very far from the scene of Hicks Pasha's defeat; and at one moment it looked as if there might be a repetition of that disaster. For Sir Reginald Wingate was greatly outnumbered, and his troops in their final dash had to march nearly two days without water, with the risk of finding the wells occupied in force by the enemy. Yet the hazard had to be run; for if the Khalifa had been allowed to get away then the tribes would assuredly have assembled round him again, and the conquest of the Sudan would have had to begin *de novo*. Fortunately the Khalifa had not seized the wells, but the peril was not over. The dervishes, wiser than at Omdurman, made a night attack on the British *sariba*, and it was awkward work to repel the rush of the spearman in the dark. But the Sudanese and Egyptian soldiers stood their ground, the attack gradually died away, and Wingate's men advancing drove the dervishes before them. In the centre of the field they found the body of the Khalifa. Before him lay a line of his chosen guard of riflemen, swept away by a blast of fire which converged by some lucky chance upon this spot in the darkness. Every man died where he stood, with his musket at his shoulder. Behind his escort Abdullah had seated himself on his carpet, with his Emirs about him; and here they met their death with the calm and silent dignity of the children of Islam when it is the will of Allah that the end shall come. Many evil deeds were done by Abdullah the Khalifa; but he died better than he lived. And his African troops were faithful to him to the last, as African troops have so often been faithful in defeat to the chief who has led them to victory. As the tale of Ghedi was told me, I thought of Hannibal's Old Guard of Numidians, dying grimly under the swords of the legionaries, in that battle at Zama which sealed the fate of Carthage two thousands years ago.

The author tells us that he met Zubeir Pasha at Khartum and he felt somewhat as if Godfrey de Bouillon had strolled in for a chat over the teacups. For Zubeir might almost be said to be the Sudan incarnated. He was a power in the land long before the days of the Turk. It was he with whom Gordon came in contact during the suppression of the slave trade, and Zubeir was seized, exiled to Cairo, and forbidden to set foot again in the Sudan. But his influence had not left him. When Gordon went on his last and fatal mission he urged that his old enemy should be brought back to aid him in the work of pacification, but this request was refused. Eventually Lord Cromer gave him leave to return to the Sudan, and Mr. Low says he found him a brisk, hale, vivacious old gentleman with a twinkling brown eye, a short gray beard, and a kindly manner:

He was very communicative, and did not in the least mind being questioned about his past career and his private affairs. "Gordouna Pasha," he said, was the best Englishman he ever knew; he never believed that Gessi had Gordon's authority for killing his son Suleiman. He denied that he was a slave trader; he found the trade going on when he took to organizing the provinces. Topics even more delicate he was willing to discuss. He was asked how many children he had had in the course of a much married life. He could not say; there were some twenty-six alive. And wives? One does not usually put that question to a Mussulman, but Zubeir was a man of the world. He had had sixteen wives altogether, he believed, but it had pleased Allah to take several of the ladies from him. He was still engaged in supplementing the deficiency; only last year he had taken to wife a girl of his own tribe, the good-looking and intelligent Jaalins. Wasn't he a little old for matrimony? some one mildly hinted. Not at all, responded the gay veteran; on the contrary, he thought that the marrying of wives tends to keep an elderly person young. Certainly he tested his own prescription faithfully, and it seems to have agreed with him. Thus did this fierce old fighter end his peaceful days, seeking the delights of domesticity, cultivating his gardens, making friends with the new rulers who were bringing peace and order into the wide sun-baked lands through which he had ploughed his stormful, man-hunting, filihustering way. Comfortably enough he reposed under the shadow of the *Par Britannica*, this lean, brown, lively veteran, who might, one reflected, if things had fallen but a little differently, have founded an empire, or have died in a dungeon, like many an Eastern adventurer before him.

The religious difficulty was one of the most formidable with which Kitchener had to grapple. The Sudanese are Mohammedans, and while the white man may be respected or liked he is none the less a Christian, and so he provokes a feeling that it is very hard to overcome. To outrage religious susceptibilities would be fatal, and therefore the work of civilization must be divorced from that of the missionary:

Such a sentiment demands tender handling. Lord Kitchener determined that his new Sudan should not be troubled by religious dissension. He impressed it upon his lieutenants and adjutors that they were dealing with a Mohammedan community, which, having a quite respectable religion of its own, was not to be regarded as a fair subject for proselytism. Nothing, he believed, would do more to set Moslem parents against education than the notion that it was to be employed as a means of turning the children from the faith of their fathers. Consequently the instruction imparted is strictly secular. Conscientious Mohammedans can send their boys to the Gordon College, the primary schools, and the technical classes, with a complete conviction that no attempt will be made to undermine the foundations of their faith. The obligation rests alike upon the Protestant and the Catholic clergy, who are both enjoined against giving religious teaching, except, of course, to the members of their own communions.

One of the most useful institutions in Khartum is the school for girls, which is much appreciated by an increasing number of Mohammedan mothers. But the pupils are taught nothing which would shake their belief in the doctrines and customs of Islam; and no Mohammedan husband who in due course marries one of these young ladies will find that he has unwittingly acquired a convert to Christianity:

On the same ground missionary effort is not encouraged; indeed, over a great part of the territory it is absolutely prohibited. After the reconquest some of the missionary so-

cieties, British and foreign, thought that a great door and effectual was opened in the Sudan, and were anxious to send in their agents. But Lord Kitchener put his foot down at once. An able and zealous young clergyman came out from home to establish an Anglican mission in Khartum. "No," said the Sirdar, "this is no field for missionary enterprise. But I should think there would be abundant scope for your energies among our own countrymen here. You can stay and convert *them*, if you like. But there must be no attempt at proselytism among the Mohammedans."

The transition from military to civil rule has brought to the Sudan a number of civil service men who are university trained, but who have to learn that the university does not give the whole of the equipment necessary to the government of African races. His attainments inspire less respect in the Sudan than they do at home, and these young men do not always impress the soldiers with whom they have to work and whose places they must eventually take. Mr. Low says that one of them, a veteran of thirty-seven who held high office under the Sudan government, had no esteem for the new civilian and imparted to him unfavorable opinions of this young gentleman:

"I am not a university man," said this unbeliever, "so perhaps you can tell me what they *do* learn at Oxford and Cambridge that can be of the smallest use to anybody? When we get them out here we have to begin teaching them the simplest things, which we stupid British officers learned before we left Sandhurst. We have to teach them manners; I didn't mind saying 'sir' to the colonel when I was a subaltern, but these youngsters don't know how to behave to men from whom they have to take orders. We have to teach them book-keeping, office accounts, map measuring, how to docket papers and draw up reports, the elements of land surveying; surely these are things that their schoolmasters might have taught them before they sent them out to us. Of course they know all there is to know about Latin and Greek—"

"Of course," I murmured.

"Yes, of course. But what on earth is the use of that *here*? The only foreign language we want, besides Arabic, is French; and apparently these accomplished students have not found time to learn French. They can play cricket, I believe; but that isn't much use in a country where there's no turf. They had much better teach them to ride decently, and to shoot, and give them some military drill, which, you know, we have to put them through when they have come out. It seems to me that their real education only begins when we take them in hand."

Mr. Low has a great admiration for the Sudanese people, and especially for the Jaalins. He says they are good-looking, good-natured, dignified, humorous, and thoroughly likable. The Jaalins were enemies of the Mahdi. Being themselves of pure Arab blood, they despised the semi-negro dervishes from the South and resisted them, with the result that they themselves were nearly exterminated:

The Jaalin children are as delightful as they are numerous. When I went into one of the villages with my camera a whole covey of them tumbled out of one of the huts, clamored about me, grouped themselves to be photographed, and chattered and pushed at one another like young sparrows. The boys were naked, brown, shiny, laughing little fellows, as impudent and knowing as London gutter-children; there were one or two small maidens, with head necklaces and rudimentary skirts, much more demure and composed than the lads, whom they ordered about rather haughtily, even as Gwendoline commands Billy in Hoxton. There was also a baby, who put his fingers into his eyes and wept aloud when he saw me directing a strange implement upon him; and was comforted by his elder sister and admonished into silence, and, I have no doubt, informed that if he failed to be good directly the ugly man would have him. The young Arahs and I made so much noise that the mother of some of them (she was surely too young to own the whole brood) came to the door of her hut. This daughter of the Jaalins sustained the tribal reputation for good looks. She was tall and straight, with large eyes that shone like black gems in the clear brown oval of her face. In drapery of dark-blue, with one shapely, silver-ringed arm thrown up above her head to shield her from the smiting sun, she stood framed in the doorway regarding our doings with grave and gracious indulgence. Before this noble type of antique, primitive, womanhood one felt somehow ultra-modern, crude, vulgar.

"You had better not photograph her," said one of my companions. "These Jaalin women are particular." I had no such intention. I should as soon have thought of taking a snapshot at the duchess when she stands at the head of the staircase to receive her guests in her own house. No "great lady" of our West could have been more calmly dignified than this Arab woman of the people. Will her children and her children's children be like her, when they have been sent to our schools, and acquired a taste for cheap finery, and learnt to "hustle," and grown fidgety and self-conscious? Shall we end by turning them into had imitations of the neurotic town-bred boys and girls who crowd our picture shows? We have saved them from the spears of the savages and the stripes of the pashas; but to what ultimate destiny are all these Eastern folks tending whom Europe has snatched into its swirl of "progress" and unseeing change? Who shall say? Well, at least it is something to have redeemed them from slavery and slaughter, to have given them a breathing-space before the New Era sweeps them along its tumultuous ways.

Mr. Low not only gives us an entertaining and instructive account of his journey, but we have also his reflections on the government of Egypt and its future. And it need not be said that they are the reflections of a man versed in the affairs of the world and with the cosmopolitan instinct that is free from the narrower patriotisms and prejudices that vitiate judgment.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION. By Sidney Low. With an introduction by the Earl of Cromer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

A notable engineering structure in the drainage basin of the Missouri River is the Belle Fourche dam, erected across the river of the same name in South Dakota by the government to impound water for irrigation. This dam is an earth embankment 155 feet high and one and one-fifth miles long, containing 1,600,000 cubic yards of earth fill. This is the largest earth dam in existence.

Colorado alone has dozens of mountains with peaks which are more than double the height of the highest Eastern mountain.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Anybody But Anne.

It is time for a new departure in detective stories, since the present methods are growing hackneyed. All that the reader need now do is to decide upon the one person who could not possibly have committed the crime and put the handcuffs on him, or her, at once. Any one around whose head the clouds of suspicion are hovering ominously may be discharged at once without a stain upon the character.

In this new story by Carolyn Wells we are introduced to David Van Wyck, who is an unpleasant, elderly person whose beautiful young wife seems to have married him for no better reason than that he is "a wealthy capitalist." Van Wyck is addicted to short-lived crazes, and when the story opens we find him obsessed with the idea that he ought to bestow the whole of his money on the building of a library, even though it leave his family near penniless. Remonstrances are unavailing, but after a final meeting with the trustees of the library Van Wyck is found in his library stabbed through the heart. The room is fastened from the inside, and therefore ingress seems to be impossible, and yet the dead man was obviously murdered. There could be no better case for the marvelous ingenuity of Mr. Fleming Stone, the famous detective, who happens quite accidentally to be in the house as a guest when the story opens.

It is an ingenious tale, but quite of the usual kind. The author exhausts her skill in the plot and therefore has little to spare for her characters. It is a story written to model and with all the usual accessories in all their usual places.

ANYBODY BUT ANNE. By Caroline Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The Philosophy of Art.

Mr. Edward Howard Griggs takes for his aim a demonstration of the nature of art and an explanation of how it comes out of the life of man. It is an ambitious programme, and perhaps he does well to begin by clearing away some of the heresies that stand in the way of a general art appreciation. Art, in the opinion of the general public, is a dispensable luxury, a polite adornment of life, pleasant enough where there is ample wealth and leisure, but of no value until the serious hush of life is fulfilled. Another error is in the general demand that art shall have some obvious didactic moral teaching, that it shall preach some sermon or carry a moral lesson. And thirdly we have the error prevailing among artists themselves that art exists for the sake of exhibiting technical skill in the mastery of difficulties.

It may be said that the author has done his work well, and perhaps it is done so well because he considers many varieties of art instead of one only. Sculpture, painting, music, poetry, architecture, as well as song, opera, and dramatic portrayal, all find a place and are all used to show that art belongs to life itself, is a necessary part of life, and not merely one of its adornments.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

Rural Schools.

It has recently been stated on high authority that the health of rural communities is much inferior to that of the urban districts, which seems to necessitate a reversal of our usual theories. Such a phenomenon helps to justify the slowly growing conviction that there is something wrong, and seriously wrong, with country life. Now country life to a large extent may be said to centre around the school-house, and therefore a reform of school life must have a far wider effect than the words imply. It is to this problem that Professor Cuhberley addresses himself in this latest addition to the Riverside Textbooks in Education. He deals first of all with the life problem, and secondly with the school problem, and he succeeds in showing some of the many ways in which country life may be better adapted to the needs of the people and brought more into tune with modern knowledge and thought. The book throughout is marked not only by a comprehension of its subject, but by a broad-minded sympathy that is the parent of practical wisdom.

RURAL LIFE AND EDUCATION. By Ellwood P. Cuhberley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

The Alaskan Thlingets.

Of the aborigines of Alaska we know very little, and we are now warned by the author of the present work, the Reverend Livingston F. Jones, that much that has been written about them is incorrect. He himself has lived and worked among them for twenty-one years as a missionary, and we should suppose him to be a good missionary, since he always writes sympathetically and appreciatively. He inclines to the theory that the Thlingets are not properly Indians at all, but that they have a Mongolian origin, and this view seems to be sustained by their religious beliefs that certainly suggest an Asiatic origin.

Mr. Jones covers the whole ground with a satisfactory inclusiveness, leaving us with the general impression of a people of consider-

able intelligence and with a strong sense of individual and communal virtue. There are now about thirty thousand of the original Alaskan stock in existence, and the author seems to think that they may survive the usual fatal contact with the white man and his alcohol, and eventually reach a higher plane of life. To this end the author's personal labors, as well as his interesting and important book, should be a measurable aid.

A STUDY OF THE THLINGETS OF ALASKA. By Livingston F. Jones. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.

Japan.

This guide-book to Japan, consisting of over a thousand pages, seems to contain everything that the traveler can need, while its value to the reference shelf is too obvious to need indication. Its sections devoted to geography, language, literature, history, architecture, arts, government, homes, crafts, customs, religions, and sports are so ample as to leave nothing to be desired for the practical purposes of travel and library use. In the monographs on How to Reach Japan, Traveling Expenses, Money, Guides, Hotels, Inns and Food, Tips, Laundry, and a dozen other topics the author places his large experience at the service of the visitor and in a way so clear and direct as to result in a large saving both of time and money. An examination of the index shows at once the completeness of the information and the care with which the needs of the traveler have been foreseen and provided for.

A special word of praise is deserved by the maps and plans that are numerous, clearly drawn and printed, and selected with a view to practical use. There are also special chapters on motoring and mountain-climbing, on Manchuria and the Transsiberian Railway, and a considerable section devoted to Korea and Formosa. In fact nothing has been left unsaid that could conduce to the comfort and safety of travelers or to make Japanese travel as easy as travel in any other part of the world. Mr. Terry is to be congratulated on the production of a work that is unique both in content and preparation, a model of lucidity and conciseness.

JAPANESE EMPIRE. By T. Philip Terry, F. R. G. S. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.

Lahoma.

Mr. John Brackenridge Ellis tells us a capital story of early pioneer days in Oklahoma based upon that favorite of all themes, the invincible goodness of bad men. Brick Willock, a member of a gang of highwaymen and murderers, objects to the wanton killing of a man and a little girl who have strayed by accident into their camp and so become possessed of fatal knowledge. A quarrel results and the man and the child escape. Willock himself takes to flight, knowing that his own life is forfeit. Aware that he must not return to civilization, he finds shelter in a cave, and is there visited by an Indian, who brings him the little girl whose life he saved and who has been found by the savages. Willock adopts the rôle of earthly Providence to the little waif, and in response to a sentiment that we like to think as existing in such men as him, and thenceforth we watch the life of this strange couple and Willock's painful efforts to do his duty by his charge and even explain to her the nature of Deity. This is really the best part of the story, and although we know that there must be a future for Lahoma and see it approaching in the shape of the young sheepherder who wanders into the solitary camp, we almost regret the change that rounds out and completes the story. Mr. Ellis has given us an admirable blending of incident and sentiment, and without any strain upon the possibilities. Nothing is harder than to picture the mental growth of such a child as this, and under such conditions, and if the picture is not a perfect one, it is probably as perfect as skill can make it.

LAHOMA. By John Brackenridge Ellis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

The Woollen Dress.

Thanks to the excellent translation of the novel by Henry Bordeaux furnished to us by Ruth Helen Davis we have one more example of French fiction at its best and with that purity of style, diction, and sentiment that can never be enough admired. It is a story of the wedded life of a French aristocrat with a daughter of the people and of the conflict between worldliness and innocence. In the main it is narrated by M. Cernay himself, who, in agony of self-reproach and remorse, relates his treatment of his wife and of the crushing effect upon her of an enforced relationship with a world of fashion to which she was instinctively opposed. It has all those fine qualities of tenderness—one might almost say of other-worldliness—hardly to be found anywhere except among the French novelists.

THE WOOLLEN DRESS. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Immigration.

The first edition of this substantial work on immigration was received with the applause that it deserved by the thoroughness of its knowledge and the completeness of its facts.

Now we have another edition so thoroughly revised and so greatly enlarged as to require new plates throughout. As it now appears the work may be accepted as authoritative and inclusive. Its information taken as a whole may be said to be unobtainable in any other practical form, while its summaries and conclusions have an expert value that it would be hard to exaggerate. The colored charts are the best things of the kind that we have seen.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D., and W. Jett Lauck. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75 net.

The Real Billy Sunday.

Perhaps a biography of this extraordinary person is justified by his influence upon the religiously hysterical, but it need hardly be said that it has scant value from the ethical point of view. The author, who writes of course from the standpoint of eulogy, tells us how Mr. Sunday became religious, if he ever did, and gives us an account of his successes, but whether these successes can rightly be described as the "saving of souls" is another matter. Whether emotionalism and sensationalism can have any real place in the religious world is a matter for individual determination, as also is the permanence of the effect that they produce. But it is hard to imagine how any one with delicacy of feeling or even a rudimentary reverence for sacred things can feel other than disgust at the outpourings of slang which Mr. Sunday himself describes as "banding out the goods," and "doping it out for the Lord." But those who are interested in this sort of thing will find it here as written down by the Rev. Elijah P. Brown, otherwise known for purposes of piety as "Ram's Horn Brown," a pseudonym that is doubtless very terrifying to the devil, who is a "smooth guy."

THE REAL BILLY SUNDAY. By Elijah P. Brown, D. D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.15.

A History of Germany.

H. E. Marshall, already well known for "A History of France" and other popular works, has now added "A History of Germany" to his record. Like his other volumes, this one is as handsome to look at as it is interesting to read. Of quarto size and printed in bold type, it is decorated by a number of full-page illustrations in color by A. C. Michael, the general effect being an impressive one. The history itself is a direct narrative of the more important events, beginning at the earliest days and extending to the death of Emperor William I and the accession of Frederick. The author pleads in his preface that knowledge usually removes antipathies, and as it is of little use to try and reform the grown-ups he has directed his efforts toward the children. Certainly his history of Germany is well calculated to arrest the attention of the young.

A HISTORY OF GERMANY. By H. E. Marshall. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"My Wife's Hidden Life" (Rand, McNally & Co.; \$1.25 net) appears to be autohagiographical, and this would amply account for its anonymity. While such a story is reprehensible by any of the ordinary standards that make life endurable it is told with restraint and with marked literary ability.

Dana Estes & Co. have published "Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement," consisting of a selection from her speeches and essays with an introduction and notes by her daughter, Florence Howe Hall (\$1 net). The selections are wisely made and the book as a whole is an attractive and a desirable one.

"Will o' the Wasps," by Margaret Warner Morley (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25), is a delightful book for children who are interested, or who ought to be interested, in nature life. It is in the form of a dialogue between an uncle and his nephew in which all the mysteries of wasp life are explained. Uncle Will is fully qualified for his task, while the reader is still further aided by a number of good line illustrations.

"The Commuter's Garden," by Walter B. Hayward (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net), is written "for men and women who have moved from the city to suburban or country homes and do not know just how to make the most of whatever land they find at their disposal." In spite of a personal conviction that cities are the only places that can fairly be described as habitable it is only reasonable that the perversities of the suburban dweller should be guided and directed by such a book as this descriptive of the garden and its curious potentialities in the way of growing things that are good to eat and to look at. And this particular book seems to be admirably adapted to its purpose.

It is to be hoped that the next generation will show the result of the enormous number of books now being written about the care of the infant, but we have our doubts. We are told that for several years after birth the baby will be a harass to its mother's peace of mind unless a doctor is constantly available. Either the baby or the mother must have deteriorated

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greatly within the last few years, and perhaps the deterioration is mainly in the good sense of the mother. But in this case we have a little book of sound common sense and well calculated to allay the maternal apprehensions instead of inflaming them. It is entitled "The Young Mother's Handbook," its author is Marianna Wheeler, and it is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1 net.

In an article in a Berlin weekly recently discussing the spirit in which the Nobel prizes have been awarded, the author, an intimate friend of Nobel and one of the witnesses of his will, maintained that the prizes were not intended as distinctions for men of genius who have already "arrived," but more in the nature of "scholarships" to young men of promise who need financial aid to continue their work unhampered. This viewpoint strikingly confirms what an American author has written about the Nobel bequest. Gerald Stanley Lee in "Crowds" speaks of "the failure of the prize trustees to side with the darers and experimenters in literature." Mr. Lee says: "The prize acts twenty years too late, falls into line with our usual worldly ornamental D. D., LL. D. habit, and has become, so far as literature is concerned, a mere colossal, kindly, doddering old age pension from a few gentlemen in Stockholm."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Border.

The full title of this book is given as "Highways and Byways in the Border" and the authors as Andrew Lang and John Lang. In his preface Mr. John Lang says that his brother had proceeded but a little way in the work at the time of his death, but there is no sign anywhere of a change of style, no internal indication of a double authorship or of a division of labor.

It would be hard to write uninterestingly of the Scottish border, the birthplace of more romance than is to be found in any other part of the English-speaking world. But here we have not only interest, but a peculiar skill in the arrangement of a mass of historical detail in such a way that a certain narrative style shall be preserved without any loss of drama and sentiment. It is done here to perfection, and with many a reminder that the authors were living men whose hold upon the present had not been submerged beneath the antiquarian lore in which they were so rich. The story of the border is always worth telling, but the perusal of this book suggests a regret that all stories can not be told equally well. There are over one hundred and forty illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, all of them well selected, and nearly all of them well done.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER. By Andrew Lang and John Lang. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Frederick Irving Anderson, whose "Adventures of the Infalible Godahl" appeared last month, like many other short-story writers began as a newspaper man. He was a writer for ten years on the staff of the New York *World* before his name became known in the magazines. His articles on industrial economics, particularly relating to agriculture, published in *Everybody's Magazine*, 1912 and 1913, proved of sufficient importance to find permanence in a book, "The Farmer of Tomorrow," published by the Macmillan Company in 1913. This book was chosen as one of the hundred best books of the year by a committee of Columbia University professors, because it was the only work on agricultural economics published during the twelvemonth which developed new ground in the agricultural science. His new book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"The Path of Life," being a compilation from the writings of Swedenborg, just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, will have a particular value and interest, not only to his followers, but to many thousands who have no doubt wished to understand more thoroughly his philosophy and religious teachings, and who have not had time or inclination to study his numerous works.

There seems to be a growing tendency to appreciate people while they are still alive, and Frederick Taber Cooper's "Some English Story Tellers" is reported by the Holts as going into a new printing, while Hale's "Dramatists of Today," Le Roy's Bergson book, and Mrs. Fisher's "A Montessori Mother," all about living people, are among that house's successes. As may be remembered, Dr. Cooper's book treats solely of those younger novelists: Conrad, DeMorgan, Hewlett, Philipotts, Kipling, Locke, Galsworthy, Bennett, Hope, Sinclair, Ollivant, Dudney, Trevens, Hichens, and "Frank Danby." Dr. Cooper's companion volume on "Some American Story Tellers," is already in its third edition.

Thomas W. Hanshew, author of "Cleek of Scotland Yard," just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., died at his home in London recently—less than a week after the publication of the book and before he could be apprised of the success it is having. Mr. Hanshew was originally a native of Brooklyn, although he lived in England in recent years. Born fifty-six years ago, he went on the stage at the age of sixteen and at one time played with Ellen Terry. In the late 'seventies he became identified with the publishing house of Street and Smith. Twenty-five years ago he went to London to join the publishing house of Ward Lock & Co. For them he wrote several novels, beside numerous short stories, one-act plays, and moving-picture scenarios.

Literary Americans going to London early this spring will find closed the beautiful old Jacobean house at Hemel Hempstead belonging to William J. Locke. It has just leaked out that the object of Mr. Locke's trip with Mrs. Locke up the Nile is the absorption of the local color of Egypt for a future literary background.

Rudolf Eucken, in whose personality interest has recently been stimulated by the publication of his remarkable book, "Can We Still Be Christians," comes of Frisian stock, a branch of the German people closely related to the English and long noted for their freedom-loving instincts. After working as a high school teacher for five years, Eucken was appointed, in 1871, professor of philosophy at the University of Basel. Three years later

he received a call to a similar position at Jena and from 1874 to the present day he has remained loyal to the beautiful and historical little town by the Saale, notwithstanding temptations to transfer his influence to other and larger universities. His book is published by the Macmillan Company.

How a University of California expedition floated down the Lower Colorado River, through the heart of as hot and arid a desert as there is in the world, to study the bird and animal life is told by the head of the expedition, Director Joseph Grinnell of the California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, in a volume of several hundred pages just published by the University of California, entitled "An Account of the Mammals and Birds of the Lower Colorado Valley; with Especial Reference to the Distributional Problems Presented."

New Books Received.

THE MESSAGE OF NEW THOUGHT. By Abel Leighton Allen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

A general presentation.

ADVENTURES OF THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL. By Frederick Irving Anderson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

A novel.

THE EDUCATION OF KARL WITTE. Edited by H. Addington Bruce. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

An account of the education of a boy who became Ph. D. at the age of fourteen, and at sixteen joined the teaching staff of the University of Berlin.

THE COMMUTER'S GARDEN. By Walter B. Hayward. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

Intended to give advice on gardens and all pertaining to them.

HEROES OF THE FARTHEST NORTH AND FARTHEST SOUTH. By J. Kennedy Maclean. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net.

A narrative going back to the expedition of Sir John Franklin and with a place for every noteworthy later undertaking.

HOW TO REST. By Grace Dawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net.

A fund of advice on the restful way of living.

THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW. By Myrtle Glenn Roberts. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.

A drama.

VIOLENCE AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A review of the passage from Terrorism to Socialism.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S HANDBOOK. By Marianna Wheeler. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Home treatment, diet, and physical training for children.

STORM. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

ROGET'S THESAURUS. Revised by C. O. S. Mawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

A new edition, revised and brought up to date, reset, and printed on thin paper.

TUBERCULOSIS. By Edward O. Otis, M. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

Its cause, cure, and prevention.

RICHARD WAGNER. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

The man and his work.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION. By Sidney Low. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Mr. Low starts with the Soudan and thence follows the course of the Nile downwards to the delta and the sea, commenting on the political and social conditions of the country and its people.

THE CHILHOOD OF THE WORLD. By Edward Clodd. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A simple account of man's origin and early history.

The museum of Milwaukee, as a strictly municipal institution, is said to be the largest city museum in this country. It really had its foundation in 1857, when the Wisconsin Natural History Society was founded. The Milwaukee museum recently doubled the size of its building, and is now transposing and recreating its collections; but even in their present stage they are notable for the number and character of zoological groups; and the anthropological groups, planned and completed, will soon be noteworthy. The inventory at the close of 1913 showed that the museum's holdings in land and building are \$923,758, its entire inventory value \$1,294,091.72. To meet the wants of the average visitor the labeling is made as informing as possible. Attempt is made to avoid perplexing the public. Milwaukee's museum labels things in English, and then, in smaller type, with their scientific names, and gives in simple language a statement of some of the more important facts known about each thing shown. The museum especially prepares and loans to schools for class-room illustration a large number of mounted birds, mammals, insects, minerals and rocks, archaeological specimens, and lantern slides. For the general public there are free lecture courses on botany and birds and Sunday afternoon lectures on selected subjects are offered. For the year 1913 there were 1150 lectures, guide talks, and excursions or laboratory hours with the classes totaling 64,644 individuals.

South Africa's Art Collection.

Few art collections have a more complete record of great painters than Sir Hugh Percy Lane has added to South Africa, and the peculiar point of it all is that the South African Union has probably acquired in this manner much that, under different circumstances, might have been bestowed on Ireland, the native land of Sir Hugh. He has long taken a leading part in the revival of Irish art, and is governor of the National Gallery. He began as a painter, but decided he would devote himself to collecting. A Rembrandt, his initial venture, found scant favor with his family. Sir Hugh Lane is a Ballybrack man, and Ballybrack is in the County of Cork. It has been said of him that as Andrew Carnegie utilizes his wealth to what he considers the good purpose of founding public libraries, Sir Hugh Lane utilizes the power his very special knowledge gives him in founding representative galleries and picture collections in some of the great cities of the British empire. Now Dublin, although the possessor of a national gallery of her own, was without a modern gallery, and Sir Hugh's first public act was to fill that void. He placed in the Dublin gallery an important assemblage of canvases, and had high hopes that the city would rise to the occasion. As it is, many of these paintings will soon be lost to her, for the establishment of the gallery in its present quite inadequate quarters was provisional only upon the city's ultimately accepting the responsibility of providing a proper home for the collection. But this responsibility, after more than one extension by Sir Hugh of the fixed time limit, the Dublin corporation recently definitely declined to accept. What is Dublin's loss will be others' gain, for Sir Hugh has announced his intention of eventually distributing in other cities those pictures which he has removed from Dublin. The South African venture met with happier results, and the County Down painter—for Sir Hugh can use the brush very well himself—may take pardonable pride in the outcome. He conceived the fine idea of the formation of a collection of pictures by the great masters of the Dutch and Flemish school, which should find a very suitable home in a country where descendants, and perhaps even in some cases contemporaries of the original artists, had made their home. This meant financial cooperation on no small scale, and in the end it was obtained from Mr. Max Michaelis, who was bound by early ties and associations to South Africa. The collection was exhibited in London before its embarkation for the Cape, and was pronounced a splendidly representative collection of the Dutch and Flemish school.

Marking the limit of Delhi's immense field or ruins, at the southern extremity of the plain, stands the stately triumphal column known as the Quth Minar, or Koutub, as it is pronounced and sometimes written. It was erected in the very centre of the last Hindu capital by the Mohammedan general, Quth ud Diu Aibak, who, after many attempts, ultimately broke the Rajput power by the defeat of the Hindu king, Rai Pithora, near the end of the twelfth century. In the midst of the dismantled fortress the conqueror reared this magnificent monument of victory, which is visible from all parts of the plain. The tower consists of five stories, with an aggregate height of 238 feet. The diameter at the base is forty-seven and a half feet; at the top nine feet.

James Francis Dwyer, author of "The White Waterfall" and "The Spotted Panther," has just returned to Australia after seven years abroad.

Making History

The successful business house is the one which takes the lead in new ideas—pioneers the way. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has, from the beginning, pioneered the way, and in its effort to assist in maintaining this prestige, the Gas Distribution Department is now making history. Here is the story as related by D. E. Keppelmann, superintendent of gas distribution for the company:

"Owing to change of grade and property lines, it was recently found necessary to change the position of our 16-inch high-pressure main in San Francisco, carrying a pressure of forty pounds to the square inch. Since this main is the source of supply for a greater portion of the city, conditions would not permit of shutting off the supply for any length of time, and since it would be an exceedingly dangerous procedure to change the position of the main under pressure we were compelled to install a new line entirely.

"Until recently, high-pressure mains were installed and the lengths of pipe coupled together with couplings and rubber gaskets. Due, however, to the disintegration of the rubber gasket by the gas, the couplings proved to make an expensive and unsatisfactory joint, so that our chief engineer had to find other methods of joining the tubes together.

"Following the initial work of Mr. L. B. Jones, and after exhaustive tests, the problem was solved; with the result that instead of using couplings the pipes are now welded together with the oxy-acetylene process, creating a permanent joint at a considerably less cost, and requiring no further maintenance.

"A portable apparatus does the work. The proper mixture of acetylene and oxygen, when lighted, creates a heat of 6300 degrees Fahrenheit at the torch, and by bringing both ends of the pipe to a cherry red heat, and melting a bar of Norway iron, allowing it to flow between, the tubes are knitted together, thus welding autogeneously.

"No attempt is made to lower the pipe carefully; on the contrary, as a matter of fact, it is just dropped into the trench. This is done to bring out any possible defects, it being infinitely better to ascertain any defects before the pipe is covered.

"This new main, now being installed, is the first 16-inch main in the world, bearing out the contention that 'Pacific Service' is making history.

"That the welding of high-pressure gas mains by the oxy-acetylene process is no longer to be regarded as merely an experiment is proved by the wonderful results already obtained, and further evidenced by the number of inquiries received daily from gas companies throughout the country. 'Pacific Service' through its progressive policy has created a new field, destined to know no bounds; for the welding process with its great flexibility has no limitations. It will beyond the question of a doubt revolutionize the methods of installing gas mains throughout the universe."

To further demonstrate the remarkable success attained by the new method introduced by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company attention is particularly called to the following achievement: Six lengths of 16-inch pipe, each 20 feet long, were welded together over the trench and then lowered into position. The last length, weighing 1000 pounds, was not supported in any manner, practically hanging on a welded joint, demonstrating in the most practical manner possible the extreme strength gained by the welding process, which is bound to come into general use.

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"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

It required only the opening scene on Monday night at the Columbia for the Stratford-upon-Avon Players to demonstrate their quality. As an organization they are absolutely unique. There is not a star in the company, but each and every one bestows upon his or her rôle, whether slight or important, the intelligent, solicitous, loving care that the artist gives to his creation. As a result we can pronounce "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as the best all-round performance of a Shakespeare comedy that has been presented on a San Francisco stage.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" is emphatically not a play for the closet. It is full of action, contains no characteristically Shakespearean passages, and the merry intrigue is so deftly contrived that it includes none of those dull moments that the most rabid Shakespearean devotee can but feel, even if he won't admit it, in some of the comedies which are so greatly its superior. In witnessing its mirthful incidents and the technical skill with which it is constructed, one can but be surprised that it remains so steadily off the stage. The only explanation is that it contains no star rôle, yet the part of Master Ford, the jealous husband, is full of possibilities which a liberal-minded star not too desperately bent upon occupying the stage centre need not disdain. Mr. Murray Carrington demonstrated that fact very thoroughly in the rôle of Ford, yet so cleverly detailed and amusing a travesty had Mr. F. R. Benson already presented of Dr. Cains, the French physician who aspires to the hand of "sweet Mistress Anne Page," that we began to wonder which played the lead. We subsequently discovered that it didn't make any particular difference who did, or if any one did at all, because everything was done not only with a full understanding of the exigencies of individual rôles, but of their relations one with the other, and with the play in general.

The effect made by the general performance was that of a complete understanding of Shakespeare's intention and perfect ability in carrying it out. They made us feel as if we were one of the original Elizabethan audiences. And yet they rendered the humor of the comedy so lightly, so naturally, so spontaneously, that our twentieth-century sense of humor was thoroughly tickled, and the play-house resounded with laughter. The scholastic side of it, which I confess I was a little afraid of, was only present in the sense that it had been so thoroughly exercised that all evidence of it was suppressed. Even the pronouncedly insular accent was not noticeable. These people express themselves in pure, undefiled, Shakespearean English. And speak it, mind you, not declaim it. They form a very interesting group, so interesting that between acts people read the casts of other plays eagerly, in order to make selections of other performances. For this is emphatically a Shakespearean festival, into which people are going to plunge whole-heartedly, recognizing that the occasion is extraordinary. I have heard a few moans from *matinée* habitués because the management only presents the unusual plays on the evening bills. *Matinée* habitués know "The Merchant of Venice" by heart, and some of them who come from a distance would like a crack at the historical Henrys, or any of the plays that the Shakespeare stars do not, as a rule, present.

To recur to the personality of the players—well, it is just that; they have personality, the well-developed personality of intelligent, informed, cultivated men and women, who live in a Shakespearean atmosphere to which they dedicate their lives. The result shows in the least of their sayings and doings on the stage. There is need for much laughter in the course of the comedy, always an exacting task for players, containing, as it does, so much of both physical and mental demand, and these players do it in exactly the right way. Their faces, notably those of the two actresses, Dorothy Green and Ethel McDonald, who assume the rôles of the two merry wives, are alive with mischief. Their laughter comes freely, but it is not overdone, and they do not, as is often done on the stage, make the transition to gravity too abruptly. These two charming players succeeded in making the merriment of the two roguish wives so real that they took us in and made us laugh with them.

F. R. Benson in the richly comic rôle of Dr. Cains presented a brilliant travesty in

broad lines of a Frenchman, the sort of thing that was popular in Shakespeare's day. Mr. Benson, in taking some slight liberties with the text, did it so well and with such happy results as to suggest a sense of authority in the act, so that he made us feel that it was Shakespeare's intention that each comedian undertaking the rôle should have a certain amount of license allowed him with which to complete the travesty.

The company seems to run to tall, slight, handsome, distinguished looking men. One of them, the Mr. Murray Carrington already referred to, as Ford, the jealous husband, made a notably picturesque figure, and showed a fine sense of comedy in the happy discretion with which he simultaneously expressed the jealousy of a volcanic temperament and appealed to the bubbling sense of humor in the audience. People are already looking forward eagerly to Mr. Carrington's Henry, Prince of Wales.

William Calvert's Falstaff necessarily shows the ruddy knight as the butt of the merry wives, a too unsuspicious rogue who is tricked and fooled to the top of his bent. The real Falstaff, who made himself solid with the Elizabethans by his merriment, his wit, his good humor, and his adroitness in evading well-deserved mischances, we shall see in "Henry IV." The rôle was done to a nicety by Mr. Calvert.

Miss Rosa Burgess, as Mistress Quickly, the go-between in all the merry intrigues that make up the plot of the comedy, gives one of those personations that is done so faithfully as to completely sink the identity of the player.

James Stanner's Slender, with his flat voice and foolish ways, was perfectly rendered in the traditional spirit, and is a true picture of the outer man as limned in unnumbered engravings.

And so one could go on with the long list of nineteen characters, not one of whom but made his or her portrait stick in the memory by the perfected art with which its salient characteristics were given; the grace of person and delivery of the Fenton of Basil Rathbone (a most killing beautiful youth who looks like a baby Romeo); the charm of absolute maidenly simplicity and naturalness of Marion Foreman's Ann Page; the tattered, swashbuckling airs of the three rascally followers of Falstaff; the boyish frolics of Miss Rossie St. John, who played the page to Falstaff; the mellow-voiced geniality of Rupert Corrick's Master Page and of George Manship's host of the Garter Inn; the octogenarianisms of Frank Cochrane's Shallow, and the Welsh characteristics of Henry Caine's timid Welsh parson; all these various qualities, added to the pleasure of a simple, colloquial, yet perfectly distinct delivery, made the occasion one to stand out in the memory by one's sense of its general perfection.

Perhaps it was to appeal to Queen Elizabeth's womanly love of beauty that Shakespeare conceived the fairy masque of the final act, since it was through his fair sovereign's express command to revive Falstaff that he wrote the comedy. At all events, with the long array of characters clothed in graceful, or fantastic, or beautiful costumes, and with a file of dancing figures flitting in a dim light around the central oak to which clings the quaking Falstaff, the comedy draws to a conclusion leaving upon the memory a frieze of dancing figures, the tinted draperies of which assume the most beautiful lines of grace in the unreal light shed in that temporary spot of fantasy and of fairyland.

"RICHARD THE SECOND."

The second bill of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players, which was "Richard the Second," constituted a very radical departure from the mirthful spirit prevailing in Monday night's comedy, and established the versatility of this interesting troupe.

Again as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" excellent reading of the lines and intelligent character representation was evident in each and all of the rôles. Although the flame of genius has so frequently illumined the darker and gloomier phases of Shakespeare's historical tragedies, yet talent united to knowledge can go a long way toward making up for the lack of great names in a cast.

On Tuesday night was repeated that sensation of seeing a Shakespearean play given with an effect of harmonious ensemble and an attention to traditional detail never before witnessed here. In the scene of the Lists at Coventry when Mowbray and Bolingbroke, standing before their throned sovereigns, offer each other gage of battle, and all the mailed knights and the trumpeting heralds go through certain forms and ceremonies prescribed by the stately ceremonials of the tournament, the scene, full of color, dignity, and the beauty of historical pageantry, was wonderfully impressive. King Richard, studiously indifferent to the fiery altercations of the militant knights, lolls upon his throne, gallantly proffering small courtesies to his pensive queen. Anon, he interrupts the stately preliminaries of the contest, desolating the spirit of the two warring knights by his mandate of exile.

Such is the breath of kings.

Although "Richard the Second" is one of

the least dramatic of Shakespeare's historical plays, yet the spectator, gazing at this picture of falling and rising dynasties, experiences a strange sensation of stepping back into the ages and witnessing a wave of the flood-tide of history roll on its course. For, although the clash of conflicting wills—since Richard is a self-centred dreamer—and the emergence of stirring events is lacking, the psychology of the character delineation is so fine that there are moments of keener reality in "Richard the Second" than in others of the historical plays that have more permanently kept their place as acting dramas.

The interest of the tragedy is centred in the contrast of the two leading characters, Richard and Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford. Richard, the self-deceiver, unaware that his throne is tottering beneath him, makes a bitter enemy of the royal cousin he had most cause to fear.

For all the country in a general voice Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on.

F. R. Benson as Richard and Murray Carrington as Bolingbroke made these two characters the impressive centres of the psychological drama, which plays itself out to the violent death of Richard and the devastating remorse of haughty Bolingbroke. The two players made the contrast between the two royal enemies the more pronounced by the intrinsic variations in their qualities as actors.

Mr. Benson is less gifted naturally, both physically and by temperament. His success in painting the character of Richard, the self-deceiver and the self-pitying dreamer, is all the more notable. The scholarship that was so skillfully apparent in the character of Dr. Cains made itself more potent in that of Richard, since intellectual divination, and not inspiration, supplied the clue. And yet, study and research in interpreting the character of the feeble and wicked king had not banished the note of humanness, and while Mr. Benson failed to hestow upon Richard the graces of princely charm and beauty, he contributed minor details of simple action which made the character natural and human.

Mr. Murray Carrington is a man for whom it would be safe to prophesy starship, extraneous backing being provided. He is a player to whom nature has been kind, for his graceful, well-knit body, and bold, picturesque, strongly marked features lend themselves markedly to the delineation of characters of other times. He has an unusually fine stage presence, and his handsome and striking countenance expressed with remarkable exactness the stern and fixed resolution of Bolingbroke the usurper as compared with the expression on the features of the young and frank knight of the scene at the Lists who had made himself so beloved by the populace. Gifted with extreme grace in the wearing of dress of antique fashion, Mr. Carrington, whether in the armor, the court dress, or the kingly robes of Bolingbroke, made at all times a stately, distinguished, and imposing figure which held the gaze and touched the imagination to a warm, responsive glow.

Many of the rest of the company in the long cast were also noticeably impressive in the feudal coloring of the portraits they offered.

The historical dignity of Mr. F. Randle Ayrton's deeply lined portrait of old John of Gaunt, with its "ashen hue of age," the churchly staidness and sacerdotal authority of Mr. Frank Cochrane's Bishop of Carlisle, the dignified but very human resolution of William Calvert's Duke of York, the fiery reudiation of his enemy's accusations so impetuously expressed by Mr. Conrick's Mowbray, the womanly grace and dignity and the apprehensive sadness of Miss Ethel McDowall's queen, and the satisfying completeness and sense of harmony expressed in the acting of the company, all united to lend a feudal vraisemblance to the picture. And this was joined to the beauty of imposing spectacle for, as presented by the Stratford-upon-Avon Players, "Richard the Second" offers most beautiful spectacular effects which will delight those who demand historical drama with a setting of pageantry. There are numerous realistic touches: A factional scuffle among the London populace, loyal outcries from the people as Richard and his queen enter upon the scene of the Lists, angry protestations from Bolingbroke's followers as Carlisle makes his bold stand against the crowning of the usurper, and demonstrations from Bolingbroke's humble adherents when sentence of banishment is pronounced.

The costumes impress one with their historical correctness and contain many interesting details which are unfamiliar. And always, when the action of the scene permits, there flows a stream of music which, though unannounced on the programme, is so sympathetically in accord with the events or the pageantry transpiring on the stage that it is either most fortunately selected or has been chosen from music composed to accompany the play.

"THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

The tide of white slave drama is on the ebb. Only a few departing ripples still remain to show what a great flow there has been,

"The House of Bondage," made over into film form from Kaufman's widely read novel of that name, which is being unreeled at the Gaiety this week, is one of those last expiring ripples.

It has been a curious epoch in our national drama. Controversy has raged, influential names have exerted their weight on both sides of the question as to the right and wrong of enlightening the uninformed section of the public—which means the women and young girls—about the perils and horrors of the underworld, and the only factor that has given fiction and drama of this kind its passing prominence is the fact that it has not contained debasing suggestion. But it could not but appeal to prurient curiosity, in many cases unsatisfied. That curiosity if unsatisfied is now almost satiated. The emotions of pity and horror aroused, the resulting state of depression that is left by these mournful dramas has begun to turn the more light-minded and the more fastidious element of the public against them.

It would have been quite useless to attempt to keep a topic of such general public discussion out of the drama, but now its day is nearly over. The wave has exhausted itself by its own violence. What effect, beneficial or maleficent, it will have in the long run it will take five or ten years to discover. At present all we can positively know is that it has left something of a blight upon young romance. Possibly it has also increased a growing industrial antagonism between the sexes. But perhaps, too, it has dispelled some dangerous ignorance. Time alone can tell the story.

"The House of Bondage" is a realistic account of the gradual, terrible descent of a young girl, who, at sixteen years of age, was trapped through her own ignorance. The author has not bestowed upon his heroine romantic charm or unreal qualities. She is the chastely inclined daughter of an American workman, and when she escapes from her prison-house her humble desire is to do menial work in some quiet, safe home-spot for a bare living. But the unmerited stain of her brief past is against her, and so the poor, helpless, ignorant pariah sinks by gradual degrees into the terrible, inevitable gulf.

Some of the appalling suggestions conveyed with due reticence in Kaufman's book are necessarily eliminated in the photo-play, and the end is softened by a picture of the mercy and compassion offered by a nun to the wasted creature that the world refuses.

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STORYETTES.

and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

op Creighton interviewed a London at St. Paul's cathedral, and requested would abandon the use of incense, to the vicar attached most vital importance. "You see, my lord, I have the cure of a thousand souls to minister to." "Quite joined the bishop, "but you don't wish to them with smoke like so many kippers."

parson on his way home one evening horrified surprise found one of his sitting against a stone wall, his face as red as a fire engine, and a frayed cigar in his fingers. "Dear me, John, dear me," said the parson. "Whatever do you suppose will happen to you if you go on like this?" "Nothin', sir, if you (hic) don't tell me."

if but pious lady, visiting a small town in Scotland, went to church armed with a trumpet. The elders had never seen her and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of the elders went up to the lady, just before the service, and wagging his finger warningly, whispered, "One toot an' go!"

fore, the Bishop of Oxford, is endowed with a keen sense of humor, and is rather fond of telling the story of how, at one diocesan examination, one of the questions ran "Name the three evils mentioned in the Bible from which the church prays to be delivered." Judge of the examiner's astonishment, instead of the answer, "Falsehood, heresy, and schism," he read the words, "Bishops, priests, and deacons."

return home of the truant Mona Lisa, the story of a second-hand picture who was trying to sell what he decried as a genuine Raphael. "The signature of Raphael," remarked the prospective customer, after using his magnifying glass. "It reads more like 'Rachel'!" said the dealer, "I will tell you the story of that. When Raphael painted that he was heavily in debt, so he put in his wife's name for safety!"

y arrived from the Highlands, Jack shivered and wandered about the big city until he had red out. Long had he hesitated about any of the brilliantly lighted restaurants at length he mustered up courage and ushered to a table. The waiter him the menu card, which was a forgery to McTavish. Finally, in despair, he said to the hovering waiter: "No hungry, no hungry at all. Just bring me a wee whusky an' a wee spoon!"

uperintendent of a Sunday-school was the elder boys a talk on business success. He was industrious, my boys, and you will be loyal to your employer, never the clock, put the firm's interest before your own, and success is sure to come. You see, do you not, the great difficulty Washington had to contend with?" "Yes, sir," the boys shouted. "And difficulty, what almost insuperable difficulty nearly crippled the great George?" "I didn't tell a lie!" chorused the lads.

a small hoy was taking his father's car stopped for a moment to watch a man emptying a sewer. "That," remarked the youngster, interestedly, "is the my father lost a dollar down." The father's eyes lit up. "Well, young man, with a show of carelessness, "you'd get forward with that dinner before." In about half an hour the boy returned to find the man still at the same spot. "Are you quite sure it was this the dollar was lost in?" asked the father. "Yes," replied the boy, "because I father get it out."

s was sorely wounded. From his face blood was running in rivulets, and in the outer cover of his substantial head there were sunken eyes and openings. He had been the victim of a brutal assault. The physician who examined him for his wounds was sympathetic. "Heaven's sake!" he said. "Somebody has put you up in a terrific manner. You must be hit at least nine or ten times." "It's no joke," said Rastus, who was still lying on the ground. "I don't believe I wuz able to get up without anything dat wuz throwed at me." "Then you ought to learn a lesson," suggested the doctor. "Hereafter, when you go out, stay far away from people who are in this sort of thing." "Dar aint no one," Rastus objected gloomily. "You see, I aint got de price of no divo'ce."

was a young recruit, and was under his first course of musketry at Alder. The soldiers had just finished firing, and it was taken before the officer for his shooting, who told him he would have to

do better at the next distance, which was seven rounds of quick-firing. "Now, Pat, you fire at No. 5 target." Pat banged away his seven rounds and waited for the result, which showed he had hit No. 4 target the possible number of hits, but had not hit No. 5 target once. "What target did you aim at?" asked the irate officer. "No. 5, sir," answered Pat. "And have hit No. 4 every time," continued the officer, getting cross. "Bedad, sorr," retorted Pat, "t'would be a grand thing in war. Sure, I might aim at a private and hit a general!"

During one of her American tours a journalist attached to a New York newspaper obtained an interview with Mme. Bernhardt. He was a very offensive person, even more pushful and impertinent than the average American reporter seems to be, and he immediately began to ask some very intimate and personal questions. At last Mme. Bernhardt found it absolutely necessary to refuse to reply, and then, finding that his victim flatly refused to be drawn into making indiscreet replies, the man began to get irritated. "But you must answer my questions," he protested. "You don't seem to understand, madam. I am a reporter." With her sweetest smile, and in her most sympathetic tones, the actress replied: "I'm so sorry."

During a political campaign a certain orator spoke to a great gathering of country people in an Alabama town. He deluged his hearers with a flood of oratory. He was impassioned, he was impressive, he was grand. The thunderous applause of the crowd told him so. He thrilled with the consciousness of his power over the minds of men. And, being in this state of mind, he stood in the midst of the assemblage, after speaking, and listened to the comments of the audience. "What did you think of his speech?" asked one old farmer, stroking a fierce-looking military mustache. "Well," replied another old fellow, running his fingers through his ample whiskers, "I kinder reckon that six hours' rain would have done us a sight more good."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Surmise.

Of biblical celebrities,
It well may be surmised
The good old faithful Daniel was
The one most lionized.

—Harold Susman, in Life.

In the Spring.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of whether
He had better change 'em now or
Wait a while for warmer weather.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Mary Wears a Zoo.

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure—largely "rat."
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat too,
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the zoo,
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,
She had all nature "skinned."

—New York World.

Salutary Saltation.

Gather, ye buds, for the season's festivity!
Look to your laurels in dancing and such!
Débutantes hasten, whatever your proclivity,
Fame is departing afar from your touch!
During your dip in the social locality,
Know ye the manner the moments are spent?
Others than thou have achieved immortality,
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent.

"Just a few lessons that nobody knows about;
Couldn't you keep it from friends in my set?
Nowadays every person who goes about,
Has to be up on the latest curvet.
Couple of hours a week—and no more of it,
Lest I be aged, rheumatic, and bent;
Even with two, are my hinges still sore of it—"
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent.

Grandmas, and aunts, and cousins ad libitum,
Terpsichorean seductions increase;
Years are no burden, so who will prohibit 'um
Learning to tango like Quinn and Maurice?
What do they care if there's no one to dance with them?

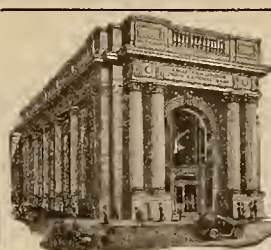
After they master the popular art?
Possibly some one will venture a chance with them
(Elderly man, with a vigorous heart.)

Churches are empty of middle-aged pewholders,
Sisters and brothers atone for their faults;
Seats on the Stock Exchange have but a few
holders.

Fathers are trying the "hesitate" waltz.
Who is upholding traditional piety?
(Any one know where the limousine went?)
Sure!—for the sake of a little variety,
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent!

—Kenneth F. H. Underwood, in Puck.

Father—I like to meet young men that do things. Daughter—Then I know you'll like Ferdy, papa. He makes the most wonderful salad dressing you ever tasted!—Puck.

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"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

It required only the opening scene on Monday night at the Columbia for the Stratford-upon-Avon Players to demonstrate their quality. As an organization they are absolutely unique. There is not a star in the company, but each and every one bestows upon his or her rôle, whether slight or important, the intelligent, solicitous, loving care that the artist gives to his creation. As a result we can pronounce "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as the best all-round performance of a Shakespeare comedy that has been presented on a San Francisco stage.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" is emphatically not a play for the closet. It is full of action, contains no characteristically Shakespearean passages, and the merry intrigue is so deftly contrived that it includes none of those dull moments that the most rabid Shakespearean devotee can but feel, even if he won't admit it, in some of the comedies which are so greatly its superior. In witnessing its mirthful incidents and the technical skill with which it is constructed, one can but be surprised that it remains so steadily off the stage. The only explanation is that it contains no star rôle, yet the part of Master Ford, the jealous husband, is full of possibilities which a liberal-minded star not too desperately bent upon occupying the stage centre need not disdain. Mr. Murray Carrington demonstrated that fact very thoroughly in the rôle of Ford, yet so cleverly detailed and amusing a travesty had Mr. F. R. Benson already presented of Dr. Cains, the French physician who aspires to the hand of "sweet Mistress Anne Page," that we began to wonder which played the lead. We subsequently discovered that it didn't make any particular difference who did, or if any one did at all, because everything was done not only with a full understanding of the exigencies of individual rôles, but of their relations one with the other, and with the play in general.

The effect made by the general performance was that of a complete understanding of Shakespeare's intention and perfect ability in carrying it out. They made us feel as if we were one of the original Elizabethan audiences. And yet they rendered the humor of the comedy so lightly, so naturally, so spontaneously, that our twentieth-century sense of humor was thoroughly tickled, and the play-house resounded with laughter. The scholastic side of it, which I confess I was a little afraid of, was only present in the sense that it had been so thoroughly exercised that all evidence of it was suppressed. Even the pronouncedly insular accent was not noticeable. These people express themselves in pure, undefiled, Shakespearean English. And speak it, mind you, not declaim it. They form a very interesting group, so interesting that between acts people read the casts of other plays eagerly, in order to make selections of other performances. For this is emphatically a Shakespearean festival, into which people are going to plunge whole-heartedly, recognizing that the occasion is extraordinary. I have heard a few moans from matinee habitués because the management only presents the unusual plays on the evening bills. Matinée habitués know "The Merchant of Venice" by heart, and some of them who come from a distance would like a crack at the historical Henrys, or any of the plays that the Shakespeare stars do not, as a rule, present.

To recur to the personality of the players—well, it is just that; they have personality, the well-developed personality of intelligent, informed, cultivated men and women, who live in a Shakespearean atmosphere to which they dedicate their lives. The result shows in the least of their sayings and doings on the stage. There is need for much laughter in the course of the comedy, always an exacting task for players, containing, as it does, much of both physical and mental demand, and these players do it in exactly the right way. Their faces, notably those of the two actresses, Dorothy Green and Ethel McDonald, who assume the rôles of the two merry wives, are alive with mischief. Their laughter comes freely, but it is not overdone, and they do not, as is often done on the stage, make the transition to gravity too abruptly. These two charming players succeeded in making the merriment of the two roguish wives so real that they took us in and made us laugh with them.

F. R. Benson in the richly comic rôle of Dr. Cains presented a brilliant travesty in

broad lines of a Frenchman, the sort of thing that was popular in Shakespeare's day. Mr. Benson, in taking some slight liberties with the text, did it so well and with such happy results as to suggest a sense of authority in the act, so that he made us feel that it was Shakespeare's intention that each comedian undertaking the rôle should have a certain amount of license allowed him with which to complete the travesty.

The company seems to run to tall, slight, handsome, distinguished looking men. One of them, the Mr. Murray Carrington already referred to, as Ford, the jealous husband, made a notably picturesque figure, and showed a fine sense of comedy in the happy discretion with which he simultaneously expressed the jealousy of a volcanic temperament and appealed to the huddling sense of humor in the audience. People are already looking forward eagerly to Mr. Carrington's Henry, Prince of Wales.

William Calvert's Falstaff necessarily shows the ruddy knight as the hutt of the merry wives, a too unsuspicious rogue who is tricked and fooled to the top of his bent. The real Falstaff, who made himself solid with the Elizabethans by his merriment, his wit, his good humor, and his adroitness in evading well-deserved mischances, we shall see in "Henry IV." The rôle was done to a nicety by Mr. Calvert.

Miss Rosa Burgess, as Mistress Quickly, the go-between in all the merry intrigues that make up the plot of the comedy, gives one of those personations that is done so faithfully as to completely sink the identity of the player.

James Stanner's Slender, with his flat voice and foolish ways, was perfectly rendered in the traditional spirit, and is a true picture of the outer man as limned in unnumerable engravings.

And so one could go on with the long list of nineteen characters, not one of whom but made his or her portrait stick in the memory by the perfected art with which its salient characteristics were given: the grace of person and delivery of the Fenton of Basil Rathbone (a most killingly beautiful youth who looks like a baby Romeo); the charm of absolute maidenly simplicity and naturalness of Marion Foreman's Ann Page; the tattered, swashbuckling airs of the three rascally followers of Falstaff; the boyish frolics of Miss Rossie St. John, who played the page to Falstaff; the mellow-voiced geniality of Rupert Corrick's Master Page and of George Manship's host of the Garter Inn; the octogenarianisms of Frank Cochrane's Shallow, and the Welsh characteristics of Henry Caine's timid Welsh parson; all these various qualities, added to the pleasure of a simple, colloquial, yet perfectly distinct delivery, made the occasion one to stand out in the memory by one's sense of its general perfection.

Perhaps it was to appeal to Queen Elizabeth's womanly love of beauty that Shakespeare conceived the fairy masque of the final act, since it was through his fair sovereign's express command to revive Falstaff that he wrote the comedy. At all events, with the long array of characters clothed in graceful, or fantastic, or beautiful costumes, and with a file of dancing figures flitting in a dim light around the central oak to which clings the quaking Falstaff, the comedy draws to a conclusion leaving upon the memory a frieze of dancing figures, the tinted draperies of which assume the most beautiful lines of grace in the unreal light shed in that temporary spot of fantasy and of fairyland.

"RICHARD THE SECOND."

The second bill of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players, which was "Richard the Second," constituted a very radical departure from the mirthful spirit prevailing in Monday night's comedy, and established the versatility of this interesting troupe.

Again as in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" excellent reading of the lines and intelligent character representation was evident in each and all of the rôles. Although the flame of genius bas so frequently illumined the darker and gloomier phases of Shakespeare's historical tragedies, yet talent united to knowledge can go a long way toward making up for the lack of great names in a cast.

On Tuesday night was repeated that sensation of seeing a Shakespearean play given with an effect of harmonious ensemble and an attention to traditional detail never before witnessed here. In the scene of the Lists at Coventry when Mowbray and Bolingbroke, standing before their throned sovereigns, offer each other gage of battle, and all the mailed knights and the trumpeting heralds go through certain forms and ceremonies prescribed by the stately ceremonials of the tournament, the scene, full of color, dignity, and the beauty of historical pageantry, was wonderfully impressive. King Richard, studiously indifferent to the fiery altercations of the militant knights, lolls upon his throne, gallantly proffering small courtesies to his pensive queen. Anon, he interrupts the stately preliminaries of the contest, deploring the spirit of the two warring knights by his mandate of exile.

Such is the breath of kings.

Although "Richard the Second" is one of

the least dramatic of Shakespeare's historical plays, yet the spectator, gazing at this picture of falling and rising dynasties, experiences a strange sensation of stepping back into the ages and witnessing a wave of the flood-tide of history roll on its course. For, although the clash of conflicting wills—since Richard is a self-centred dreamer—and the emergence of stirring events is lacking, the psychology of the character delineation is so fine that there are moments of keener reality in "Richard the Second" than in others of the historical plays that have more permanently kept their place as acting dramas.

The interest of the tragedy is centred in the contrast of the two leading characters, Richard and Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford. Richard, the self-deceiver, unaware that his throne is tottering beneath him, makes a bitter enemy of the royal cousin he had most cause to fear.

For all the country in a general voice Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on.

F. R. Benson as Richard and Murray Carrington as Bolingbroke made these two characters the impressive centres of the psychological drama, which plays itself out to the violent death of Richard and the devastating remorse of haughty Bolingbroke. The two players made the contrast between the two royal enemies the more pronounced by the intrinsic variations in their qualities as actors.

Mr. Benson is less gifted naturally, both physically and by temperament. His success in painting the character of Richard, the self-deceiver and the self-pitying dreamer, is all the more notable. The scholarship that was so skilfully apparent in the character of Dr. Cains made itself more potent in that of Richard, since intellectual divination, and not inspiration, supplied the clue. And yet, study and research in interpreting the character of the feeble and wicked king had not banished the note of humanness, and while Mr. Benson failed to bestow upon Richard the graces of princely charm and beauty, he contributed minor details of simple action which made the character natural and human.

Mr. Murray Carrington is a man for whom it would be safe to prophesy starship, extraneous hacking being provided. He is a player to whom nature has been kind, for his graceful, well-knit body, and hold, picturesque, strongly marked features lend themselves markedly to the delineation of characters of other times. He has an unusually fine stage presence, and his handsome and striking countenance expressed with remarkable exactness the stern and fixed resolution of Bolingbroke the usurper as compared with the expression on the features of the young and frank knight of the scene at the Lists who had made himself so beloved by the populace. Gifted with extreme grace in the wearing of dress of antique fashion, Mr. Carrington, whether in the armor, the court dress, or the kingly robes of Bolingbroke, made at all times a stately, distinguished, and imposing figure which held the gaze and touched the imagination to a warm, responsive glow.

Many of the rest of the company in the long cast were also noticeably impressive in the feudal coloring of the portraits they offered.

The historical dignity of Mr. F. Randle Ayrton's deeply lined portrait of old John of Gaunt, with its "ashen hue of age," the churchly stateliness and sacerdotal authority of Mr. Frank Cochrane's Bishop of Carlisle, the dignified but very human resolution of William Calvert's Duke of York, the fiery repudiation of his enemy's accusations so impetuously expressed by Mr. Corrick's Mowbray, the womanly grace and dignity and the apprehensive sadness of Miss Ethel McDowall's queen, and the satisfying completeness and sense of harmony expressed in the acting of the company, all united to lend a feudal vraisemblance to the picture. And this was joined to the beauty of imposing spectacle for, as presented by the Stratford-upon-Avon Players, "Richard the Second" offers most beautiful spectacular effects which will delight those who demand historical drama with a setting of pageantry. There are numerous realistic touches: A factional scuffle among the London populace, loyal outcries from the people as Richard and his queen enter upon the scene of the Lists, angry protestations from Bolingbroke's followers as Carlisle makes his hold stand against the crowning of the usurper, and demonstrations from Bolingbroke's humble adherents when sentence of banishment is pronounced.

The costumes impress one with their historical correctness and contain many interesting details which are unfamiliar. And always, when the action of the scene permits, there flows a stream of music which, though unannounced on the programme, is so sympathetically in accord with the events or the pace of the transpiring on the stage that it is either most fortunately selected or has been chosen from music composed to accompany the play.

"THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

The tide of white slave drama is on the ebb. Only a few departing ripples still remain to show what a great flow there has been,

"The House of Bondage," made over film form from Kaufman's widely read r of that name, which is being unreelcd at Gaiety this week, is one of those last exp ripples.

It has been a curious epoch in our nat drama. Controversy has raged, influence names have exerted their weight on sides of the question as to the right wrong of enlightening the uninformed se of the public—which means the women young girls—about the perils and horro the underworld, and the only factor tha given fiction and drama of this kind its ing prominence is the fact that it has contained dehasing suggestion. But it not hut appeal to prurient curiosity, in cases unsatisfied. That curiosity if unsat is now almost satiated. The emotions of and horror aroused, the resulting state of pression that is left by these mournful dr has begun to turn the more light-mindcd the more fastidious element of the p against them.

It would have been quite useless to att to keep a topic of such general public cussion out of the drama, but now it is nearly over. The wave has exhaustd self by its own violence. What effect, h cent or maleficent, it will have in the run it will take five or ten years to disc At present all we can positively know is it has left something of a blight upon y romance. Possibly it has also increas growing industrial antagonism between sexes. But perhaps, too, it has dispelled dangerous ignorance. Time alone can te story.

"The House of Bondage" is a realisti count of the gradual, terrible descent young girl, who, at sixteen years of age trapped through her own ignorance. Th thor has not bestowed upon his heroin mantic charm or ureal qualities. S the chastely inclined daughter of an A can workman, and when she escapes fro prison-house her humble desire is t menial work in some quiet, safe home for a bare living. But the unmerited of her brief past is against her, and se poor, helpless, ignorant pariah sinks gradual degrees into the terrible, inev gulf.

Some of the appalling suggestions con with due reticence in Kaufman's hool necessarily eliminated in the photo-pla the end is softened by a picture o mercy and compassion offered by a ni the wasted derelict that the world refus

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Bishop Creighton interviewed a London vicar at St. Paul's cathedral, and requested that he would abandon the use of incense, to which the vicar attached most vital importance. "You see, my lord, I have the cure of ten thousand souls to minister to." "Quite so," rejoined the bishop, "but you don't wish to cure them with smoke like so many kippers."

The parson on his way home one evening to his horrified surprise found one of his flock sitting against a stone wall, his face radiating o'ermuch cheer, and a frayed cigar clutched in his fingers. "Dear me, John, dear me," said the parson. "Whatever do you suppose will happen to you if you go on like this?" "Nothin', sir, if you (hic) don't tell 'er!"

A deaf hut pious lady, visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear trumpet. The elders had never seen one and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the service and, wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered, "One toot an' oot ye go!"

Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford, is endowed with a keen sense of humor, and is rather fond of telling the story of how, at one diocesan examination, one of the questions ran thus: "Name the three evils mentioned in the Litany from which the church prays to be delivered." Judge of the examiner's astonishment when, instead of the answer, "False doctrine, heresy, and schism," he read the words, "Bishops, priests, and deacons."

The return home of the truant Mona Lisa recalls the story of a second-hand picture dealer who was trying to sell what he described as a genuine Raphael. "The signature does not look like Raphael," remarked the prospective customer, after using his magnifying glass. "It reads more like 'Rachel'!" "Ah," said the dealer, "I will tell you the history of that. When Raphael painted that picture he was heavily in debt, so he put it in the wife's name for safety!"

Newly arrived from the Highlands, Jock McTavish wandered about the big city until fairly tired out. Long had he hesitated about entering any of the brilliantly lighted restaurants, but at length he mustered up courage and was ushered to a table. The waiter handed him the menu card, which was a foreign language to McTavish. Finally, in desperation, he said to the hovering waiter: "Ah'm no hungry, no hungry at a'. Jist bring me a plate o' whusky an' a wee spoon!"

The superintendent of a Sunday-school was giving the elder boys a talk on business success. "Be industrious, my boys, and you will succeed. Be loyal to your employer, never look at the clock, put the firm's interest before your own, and success is sure to come. You remember, do you not, the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir," the boys shouted. "And what difficulty, what almost insuperable difficulty, nearly crippled the great George?" "He couldn't tell a lie!" chorused the lads.

When a small boy was taking his father's dinner he stopped for a moment to watch a workman emptying a sewer. "That," remarked the youngster, interestedly, "is the grating my father lost a dollar down." The workman's eyes lit up. "Well, young man," he said, with a show of carelessness, "you'd better get forward with that dinner before its cold." In about half an hour the boy returned to find the man still at the same grating. "Are you quite sure it was this grating the dollar was lost in?" asked the workman. "Yes," replied the boy, "because I saw my father get it out."

Rastus was sorely wounded. From his face gore flowed in rivulets, and in the outer covering of his substantial head there were sundry gashes and openings. He had been the victim of a brutal assault. The physician who treated him for his wounds was sympathetic. "Great heavens!" he said. "Somebody has beaten you up in a terrific manner. You must have been hit at least nine or ten times." "Dat aint no joke," said Rastus, who was still trembling. "I don't b'lieve I wuz able to git out ob de way ob anything dat wuz throwed at me." "Then you ought to learn a lesson from it," suggested the doctor. "Hereafter, you ought to stay far away from people who indulge in this sort of thing." "Dar aint no chance," Rastus objected gloomily. "You know, boss, I aint got de price of no divo'ce."

Pat was a young recruit, and was undergoing his first course of musketry at Aldershot. The soldiers had just finished firing, and Pat was taken before the officer for his bad shooting, who told him he would have to

do better at the next distance, which was seven rounds of quick-firing. "Now, Pat, you fire at No. 5 target." Pat banged away his seven rounds and waited for the result, which showed he had hit No. 4 target the possible number of hits, but had not hit No. 5 target once. "What target did you aim at?" asked the irate officer. "No. 5, sir," answered Pat. "And have hit No. 4 every time," continued the officer, getting cross. "Bedad, sorr," retorted Pat, "t'would be a grand thing in war. Sure, I might aim at a private and hit a general!"

During one of her American tours a journalist attached to a New York newspaper obtained an interview with Mme. Bernhardt. He was a very offensive person, even more pushful and impertinent than the average American reporter seems to be, and he immediately began to ask some very intimate and personal questions. At last Mme. Bernhardt found it absolutely necessary to refuse to reply, and then, finding that his victim flatly refused to be drawn into making indiscreet replies, the man began to get irritated. "But you must answer my questions," he protested. "You don't seem to understand, madam. I am a reporter." With her sweetest smile, and in her most sympathetic tones, the actress replied: "I'm so sorry."

During a political campaign a certain orator spoke to a great gathering of country people in an Alabama town. He deluged his hearers with a flood of oratory. He was impassioned, he was impressive, he was grand. The thunderous applause of the crowd told him so. He thrilled with the consciousness of his power over the minds of men. And, being in this state of mind, he stood in the midst of the assemblage, after speaking, and listened to the comments of the audience. "What did you think of his speech?" asked one old farmer, stroking a fierce-looking military mustache. "Well," replied another old fellow, running his fingers through his ample whiskers, "I kinder reckon that six hours' rain would have done us a sight more good."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Surmise.

Of biblical celebrities,
It well may be surmised
The good old faithful Daniel was
The one most lionized.
—Harold Susman, in Life.

In the Spring.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of whether
He had better change 'em now or
Wait a while for warmer weather.
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Mary Wears a Zoo.

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure—largely "rat."
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat too,
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the zoo,
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,
She had all nature "skinned."
—New York World.

Salutary Saltation.

Gather, ye huds, for the season's festivity!
Look to your laurels in dancing and such!
Debutantes hasten, whate'er your proclivity,
Fame is departing afar from your touch!
During your dip in the social locality,
Know ye the manner the moments are spent?
Others than thou have achieved immortality,
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent.

"Just a few lessons that nobody knows about;
Couldn't you keep it from friends in my set?
Nowadays every person who goes about,
Has to be up on the latest curvet.
Couple of bours a week—and no more of it,
Lest I be aged, rheumatic, and bent;
Even with two, are my hinges still sore of it—"
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent.

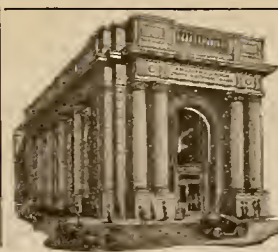
Grandmas, and aunts, and cousins ad libitum,
Terpsichorean seductions increase;
Years are no burden, so who will prohibit 'um
Learning to tango like Quinn and Maurice?
What do they care if there's no one to dance with them

After they master the popular art?
Possibly some one will venture a chance with them
(Elderly man, with a vigorous heart.)

Churches are empty of middle-aged pewholders,
Sisters and brothers atone for their faults;
Seats on the Stock Exchange have but a few
holders,

Fathers are trying the "hesitate" waltz.
Who is upholding traditional piety?
(Any one whose where the limousine went?)
Sure!—for the sake of a little variety,
Mother is learning the one-step in Lent!
—Kenneth F. H. Underwood, in Luck.

Father—I like to meet young men that do things.
Daughter—Then I know you'll like Ferdy, papa. He makes the most wonderful salad dressing you ever tasted!—Puck.



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Assets.....\$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,494.18
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Number of Depositors..... 64,639
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Karl H. Plate of San Jose announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Ella Plate, to Mr. Fritz Barkan of this city. Mr. Barkan is the son of Dr. Adolph Barkan and Mrs. Barkan and a brother of Dr. Hans Barkan and Dr. Otto Barkan.

Dr. Harry G. Richards announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Maria Mathews Richards, to Mr. Francis Vincent Curtis. Mr. Curtis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Curtis of this city.

The wedding of Miss Lurline Matson and Mr. William Roth of Honolulu will take place Wednesday evening, May 27, in the First Presbyterian Church. Miss Metha McMahon will be Miss Matson's maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Franc Pierce, Jane Hotelling, Lillian Van Vorst, Grace Gibson, Marguerite Doe, and Wilhelmina Tenny of Honolulu.

From Rochester, New York, comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Mary Ertz and Mr. Frederick Wills, Jr. Miss Ertz is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Ertz and a sister of the Messrs. Coleridge and Laurence Ertz of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt J. Reid have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Merritt Reid, and Mr. Chapin Tuhhs at high noon, Saturday, April 18, in St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo. Among the bridal attendants are the Misses Emily Tuhhs, Sara Cunningham, Alejandra Macondray, Lee Girvin, and Sophie Beylard. A reception following the ceremony will be given at the family residence on Baywood Avenue.

The Misses Olive, Elizabeth, and Jean Wheeler gave a musicale Tuesday evening at their residence on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of their cousin, Miss Wheeler, who was one of the artists here with the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, April 13, at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of the Misses Katherine and Christine Donohoe.

Miss Margaret Belden was the guest of honor at a luncheon Friday given by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Frank Michael entertained a number of friends at a tug party Saturday, when he celebrated the anniversary of his birthday.

Mrs. James Jordan was hostess at an informal dinner Wednesday evening. Mrs. Jordan later entertained her friends at the opera.

Mrs. William C. Redfield was the guest of honor at an elaborate luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Milton H. Esberg.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman entertained a few friends informally at luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Horace Morgan has issued invitations to a bridge-luncheon Wednesday, April 15, at her residence on Washington Street.

Miss Nell Hadley and her fiancé, Mr. Albert Luchsinger, were the complimented guests at a dinner and theatre party Tuesday evening given by Miss Adeline Bogart.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Coleman Graves entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Scott Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kutner.

Mrs. Harold Mann was the guest of honor at a luncheon Monday given by Miss Josephine Lindley at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Herbert Gallagher entertained a few friends informally at tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Union Street.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave an informal luncheon Thursday at her residence on Broadway.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle was hostess at a tea

Wednesday afternoon. The affair was in honor of Miss Louise Doolittle of New York, who is motoring with relatives through California.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at a theatre and supper party Thursday evening.

Mrs. George Cadwalader entertained a coterie of congenial friends at tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Wednesday. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Dearborn of New York.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained a number of friends at tea Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Lena Blanding were the complimented guests.

Dr. James Eaves and Mrs. Eaves gave a dance Thursday evening at their home on Octavia Street. The affair was in celebration of their first wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Browne entertained a number of young people at a dinner-dance Saturday evening in honor of their son, Mr. John Crooks.

Mrs. Charles Dougherty was hostess at an informal bridge party Friday afternoon at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William H. Tobin gave a bridge-tea Wednesday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Charles Lull was hostess at a bridge party and tea Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Miss Ethel Gregg have moved from the Fairmont Hotel to an apartment in the same building with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn (formerly Miss Enid Gregg).

Mrs. James Hall Bishop, Miss Isabelle Bishop, and Master Hall Bishop have returned from Honolulu, where they spent two weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton will spend the summer together in Belvedere, where they have rented one of the most desirable houses.

Mr. Gordon Tevis left Sunday for New Haven, where he will spend three months continuing his studies preparatory to entering Yale after the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., and their little son are established in their new home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have returned to their home in Belvedere after having spent the winter in an apartment on Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who left here recently for Europe, arrived Sunday in London.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will sail May 23 for Europe, where she will spend the summer. During her absence Mr. McBean will visit his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Henry S. Kierstedt and Mrs. Kierstedt, at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Preston Brinegar will spend the summer at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo. The Messrs. J. Ogden Armour and C. M. Armour have returned to their home in Chicago after a few days' visit in this city.

Lord Arthur Balfour and Lady Balfour are en route to their home in England after an extended visit in this city and in Burlingame, where they visited their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour, who are now residing on a ranch near Healdsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have returned from a trip to Panama and a visit in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hogan and their daughter, Miss Dorothy Hogan, will leave soon for their home in Syracuse, New York. During the winter they have resided in the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler.

Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin and her son, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Jr., spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard. The Messrs. Baldwin and Beylard are en route to the Orient.

Mrs. E. B. Pond is planning to spend the summer in Naples with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blinkman. Mrs. Blinkman was formerly Miss Nora McNeil.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from Southern California, where she has been visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames will spend the summer in their country home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will sail April 7 for Honolulu. They will be accompanied by Miss Virginia Jolliffe.

Mr. Ettore Avenali arrived Friday from New York, where he has been spending the past two months. During the summer Mr. and Mrs. Avenali and their two little daughters will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and her daughter, Mrs. Norma Preston Ames, have gone to Medford, Oregon, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston, who are permanently established on their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Schlessinger will leave April 10 for New York en route to London, where they will join their son, Mr. Lee Schlessinger, who has been spending the past year and a half traveling around the world with a tutor. After a four months' automobile trip they will return to this city.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick has returned to her home on Jackson Street, where she is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson and her daughter, Miss Fernanda Pratt, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Mrs. William Miller Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger will sail April 22 for Paris, where they will join the latter's daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve, who have been traveling in Europe during the past six months. Upon their return they will occupy their country home in Woodside.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois sailed on the *Matsonia* for a visit in Honolulu.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer will sail April 22 for Europe, where she will travel with friends during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs have returned from Monterey, where they spent several weeks. They will as usual spend a part of the summer at their ranch in Colusa County.

Mrs. Charles Humphrey, wife of Captain Hum-

phrey, U. S. A., has returned to her home in the Presidio after a visit at Mare Island, where she was the guest of Captain John Elliott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Elliott.

Mr. Douglas Alexander returned Tuesday on the *Wilhelmina* from Honolulu.

Brigadier-General Montgomery M. Macomb, U. S. A., arrived Tuesday on the *Wilhelmina* from Honolulu and will go to Washington, D. C., to assume his duties as president of the Army War College. General Macomb was in command of the Hawaiian Department until relieved by Major-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.

Major J. B. Hughes, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Hughes are recent visitors at the Hotel Stewart.

First Lieutenant William L. Patterson, U. S. A., has been detailed for aviation duty with the Signal Corps in San Diego.

General John Q. Ruckman, U. S. A., Mrs. Ruckman, and Miss Margaret Ruckman, who have resided in Berkeley since their return from Manila, will soon leave for Washington, D. C.

Brigadier-General George P. Smith, U. S. A. (retired), is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Admiral Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N., Mrs. Pond, and their daughter, Miss Bessie Pond, will for the next few years reside in Bremerton, where Admiral Pond has recently been appointed commander of the navy yard.

Ensigns Culin and Crutchfield, U. S. N., have been detached from Yerba Buena and ordered to the U. S. S. *Cleveland*, which will soon leave for Mexican waters.

Ensign Joseph Leroy Nielson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nielson have left Coronado, where they have been since their marriage, a few weeks ago, and are en route to Boise, Idaho, where they will visit Mr. Nielson's relatives. Mrs. Nielson was formerly Miss Helen Nicol. Mr. Nielson has been detached from the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* and ordered to the *Jupiter*.

Lieutenant Harry Alexander Baldrige, U. S. N., and his bride have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Baldrige, who was formerly Miss Frances Edward Smith, is the daughter of General Robert Gibson Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith. Lieutenant Baldrige has been detached from the U. S. S. *California* and assigned to service with the Asiatic Squadron.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Livermore was formerly Miss Caroline Seely of Galveston, Texas.

The San Francisco Institute of Art.

The annual spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association began at the San Francisco Institute of Art April 3 and will end April 30. A lecture by Dr. David M. Robinson, professor of archaeology at Johns Hopkins University, will be delivered at the Art Institute under the auspices of the San Francisco Society of the Archaeological Institute of America on Monday evening, April 6, at a quarter past eight o'clock, to which members of the Art Association are invited. The subject is "Buried Cities of Asia Minor," and will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

Search for Lost Treasure.

Another attempt will be made to recover the boxes of gold in the wreck of the *General Grant*. An expedition has sailed from New Zealand, and hopes to be more fortunate than others were in the past. The *General Grant* sailed from Melbourne on May 7, 1866, and on the night of May 14 went to her fate within the cavern known to mariners as Sarah's Bosom in the savage cliffs of the Auckland Islands. The cave is four hundred feet high at the entrance, with a width of three hundred feet. Three expeditions have sailed at various times to attempt the recovery of the treasure. On each occasion the adventurers were foiled by death and disaster. The divers were drowned, the boats smashed to matchwood, and their crews lost. The last expedition put out from Lyttelton in October, 1876, and although the weed-grown timbers of the wreck were clearly seen two hundred yards within the cave, beneath the water, and the position of the strong-room located, the roll of death was the greatest. Ere diving operations could be commenced one of the boats, with its crew of eleven men, was dashed to pieces against the wall of the cave. The crew of the second boat saw their comrades drown in spite of all efforts at rescue, and they themselves only escaped by the skin of their teeth. So sudden and furious are the storms in that latitude, so bitter the weather, and so heavy the westerly swell rolling into the cave, that approach by boat is hazardous in the extreme; and since the expedition of 1876 until the present day all attempts at recovery of the gold have been abandoned.

The Cantinières are Doomed.

Doomed are the picturesque cantinières, or women who take charge of the French regimental canteens, and who have played many heroic parts in French military history. They are no longer to share the dangers of active service with the troops, according to the minister for war. The women, one of whom is commissioned to each battalion of infantry, regiment of cavalry, or battery of artillery, are in future to be retained simply in times of peace. Formerly the women, wearing the uniform of their branch of the service, marched into battle with the troops, serving often as nurses or carrying soothing drinks to the wounded. They were the wives of non-commissioned officers or musicians, and if their husbands died or were killed usually

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married a comrade. Otherwise they could not remain in the service. Napoleon I paid high tribute to the cantinières for the services during his many campaigns. Several of them were made chevalières of the Legion of Honor by him, one of them, Josephine Tietquart, for saving the life of her colonel by killing a Cossack who had attacked him in the retreat from Moscow. Another, Marie Tete de Bois, served seventeen campaigns with the emperor and met her death at Waterloo.

English people apparently commenced to paper their walls in the sixteenth century, for a piece of wallpaper of the Tudor period which has been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, is supposed to be the earliest in existence. Some weeks must elapse before the paper is exhibited, for it is in very bad condition, and requires expert attention. In order to secure the paper part of the wall has to be taken with it, and several men are needed to move the exhibit. The Chinese have used wallpapers for centuries; but the modern system of paper-hanging only came into general use in Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century—after the papermaking machine was brought into practical use.

An unnamed lake of great beauty in Glacier National Park will be called Lake Ellen Wilson, in honor of the wife of the President. The lake lies along the trail from Lake MacDonald to Upper St. Mary Lake, and is about a mile long and half a mile wide.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paul F. Myers, whom President Wilson has just appointed income-tax expert, is a member of the faculty at Princeton.

Professor Malladra, of the Royal Observatory at Mount Vesuvius, has been appointed director of the observatory in succession to the late Professor Mercalli. He is a scientist whose experience at the observatory has peculiarly fitted him to continue the important work.

Brigadier-General Carlos Rincon Gallardo, called the "human dynamo" of the Mexican Federal army, has recruited nearly 12,000 Rurales since August 16. The men are paid \$2.15 a day and provide their own horses and outfit. No conscripts are taken into their ranks.

Captain Morton Fitz Smith, the new commandant of cadets at West Point, comes from the Twentieth Infantry. He was appointed a cadet to the military academy from Michigan in 1891, and was graduated with the class of 1895. Captain Smith has served all his time in the infantry branch of the army and has a splendid record for foreign service. He has been stationed with his regiment on the southern border.

Dr. James Richard Lucas, Archbishop of Mackenzie River since 1906, has the largest diocese in the world, and his field includes the North Pole. He was born at Brighton, England, in 1867, and at fourteen left school and spent the next seven years with a firm of scale-makers. Later he went to London, and in 1887 began his missionary training. He was ordained in 1892. Among his authoritative publications is a dictionary of the Slavi-Indian language.

Viscount Keige Kiyoura, whom the Emperor of Japan has made premier, with orders to form a new ministry, was minister of justice in the first Katsura cabinet and later held the portfolio of minister of education. He is one of the old régime and a member of the House of Peers, but has shown progressive tendencies and it is believed he will be able to construct a coalition cabinet that will command the support of the majority in both houses of parliament.

Annie Jump Cannon, on whom the Royal Astronomical Society has just bestowed an honorary membership, has been associated with Harvard College Observatory since 1897. She is a native of Dover, Delaware. Miss Cannon has completed a bibliography of variable stars comprising about 45,000 references, and in the course of her photographic work has discovered 150 variable stars. She is the author of various Harvard College observatory annals, in addition to short papers and notes on stellar spectra.

Robert Lansing, who has been appointed to succeed John Bassett Moore as counselor to the State Department, has, like his predecessor, from his entrance into the law specialized in international matters and has represented the United States as counsel before a number of arbitral tribunals and claims commissions. He is now in Washington appearing before the American-British claims arbitration tribunal as agent for the United States, a post to which he was appointed by ex-Secretary of State Knox during the Taft administration. He was then associate counsel for this government in the Behring Sea fur seal arbitration. Mr. Lansing is an associate editor of the *American Journal of International Law*. He is the author, in collaboration with Gary M. Jones, of "Government, Its Origin and Growth and Form in the United States."

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, began life thirty-three years ago as an apprentice in the railroad shops at Aurora, Illinois, at \$3 a week. Fired with ambition, he began the study of draughtsmanship at night school, and a year later was in the draughting department. Later his savings went for a year's study at the University of Chicago in the electrical engineering department. Finally he went to Chicago, became a reporter on the *Tribune*, studied banking, currency, and international law, and developed into a financial editor. His work attracted Lyman Gage, who took him to Washington, where he demonstrated his financial genius so strikingly that James Stillman, the eminent financier, took him to

New York to the National City Bank. Mr. Vanderlip's book, "The Commercial Invasion of Europe," is accepted as authoritative and has been run through two editions in Japan.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mrs. Susan Gower Chamberlain, widow of the late Judge Charles H. Chamberlain, died on Wednesday of last week at the age of ninety-one. Mrs. Chamberlain came to California in 1853. Judge Chamberlain was for nearly twenty years receiver of the United States Land Office in San Francisco. Mrs. Chamberlain was one of the founders of the Ebell Club of Oakland and a leader in all intellectual movements among women in the bay cities.

Captain James M. Dow, for many years in charge of a liner for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, died recently at his home in Berkeley. The funeral was held on Tuesday. Except for a short leave taken during an illness last year, he had served continuously as a steamship captain. Captain Dow was born in New York sixty-five years ago.

An oil painting of Father Antonio Martinez, the date of the work being 1809, has been presented to the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum by Mrs. B. K. Plumb of Martinez. Her grandfather was a brother of Father Martinez, who was born in Mexico in 1750 and ordained by the church in 1794. During his long lifetime of service in the California missions he became widely known.

James Garfield Spaulding, vice-president of the Blair-Murdock Company of San Francisco and one of the most prominent Masons in this vicinity, died suddenly on Sunday night at his home in Alameda after an attack of heart trouble. He was widely known in San Francisco business circles.

The commissioners of Golden Gate Park have sent in their estimate of expenses for the coming year to the board of supervisors, their request, \$302,000, being the seven cents on the \$100 valuation allowed under the charter. Of this amount Golden Gate Park will require \$142,000. This sum does not include a large number of improvements that have been urged.

Elkan C. Voorsanger, son of the late Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, will occupy the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El in Grand Rapids, Michigan, soon after his graduation next June from the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, where he is completing his studies. The congregation chose Voorsanger unanimously and made the appointment for a period of years. Elkan Voorsanger was a student of the Lowell High School of this city and received the foundation of his ministerial training from his father, who ranked among the foremost members of the American rabbinate.

Postmaster Charles W. Fay plans to open a larger branch postoffice in the Haight and Asbury district, having found that the growth of the neighborhood demands better facilities than afforded by the present branch at Masonic Avenue and Haight Street. Bids have been called for, specifying the need of 3000 square feet of floor space and a fire-resisting structure.

Seven former customs guards, a steamship watchman, and two Chinese were convicted in Judge Dooling's court on Tuesday on the charge of having conspired to transport and conceal opium. Those convicted were former customs guards J. J. Brolan, G. B. Balk, E. B. Vargas, Elias Ellison, Max Miller, P. W. Craigie, E. J. Gallagher, steamship watchman Joseph McKenna, and two Chinese, Tam Tai and Soo Hoo Fong.

Frederick S. Stratton, for many years collector of the port, will be a candidate for appellate judge to succeed the late Samuel P. Hall. Mr. Stratton before becoming collector of port under President McKinley in 1900 served as a state senator. Before taking the position of collector Mr. Stratton was a law partner of Judge Morrow.

The names of the four judges selected by the administration and the Spring Valley officials to try the suit of the City of San Francisco to condemn the Spring Valley Water Company's properties have been made public. They are: Judge Frank Finlayson, of Los Angeles; Judge Frank Smith, of Stockton; Judge William M. Firch, of Willows; Glenn County; Judge H. M. Albery, of Colusa.

The funeral of the late Joseph E. Baker, veteran of the Civil War and one of the early-day newspaper men of California and Nevada, was held last Saturday. He was at one time city editor of the *Examiner*, and for sixteen years was editorial writer of the *Oakland Tribune*. He was widely known on the Pacific Coast as a journalist.

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CURRENT VERSE.

"Prunella."

I shall drink starlight for one night,
One perfect night of bliss, and dream
In sleeping gardens of delight,
Where moonshine falls and lilies gleam;
Where the red rose tells passion's birth,
And love is mystical and high,
Enfolding all the sombre earth,
Illumining the farthest sky.
Oh, lyric voice that sohs and sings
Life's fullest rapture and regret,
You hid me leave the lesser things—
I hear you—and forget!

—Leelyn Louise Everett, in *Life*.

The Dream and the Song.

So oft our hearts, beloved lute,
In hlossomy haunts of song are mute;
So long we pore, 'mid murmurings dull,
O'er loveliness unutterable.
So vain is all our passion strong!
The dream is lovelier than the song.

The rose thought, touched by words, doth turn
Wan ashes. Still, from memory's urn,
The lingering hlossoms tenderly
Refute our wilding minstrelsy.
Alas! we work hut beauty's wrong!
The dream is lovelier than the song.

—James D. Corrothers, in *Century Magazine*.

Spent.

When I look back along the way I came,
And count each bootless prayer at wayside shrine;
When I remember all the altar-stones
I've stained with wanton gifts of tears and wine,
And wound with roses, broken ruthlessly,
To huy reluctant blessings of the Powers;

When I consider these, my empty hands,
And this, my heart, that leaps no more at life,
And is too tuneless to give back the sound
Of dancing feet and lure of flute and fife
That call and beckon from the market-place,
Where once I danced to mock the graybeard hours;

When I remember all the wealth I had,
Of joy and faith and careless youth of heart,
Which slipped from hands held out for lesser things—

I can not wonder that the high gods sit apart
And mock me cruelly, hy sending you
To lift the latches of an empty heart!

—Dorothy Paul, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1914.
(Seal)

MATTHEW HAMILTON,
Business Manager.
HUGH T. SIME,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires July 2, 1917.)

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Borber—How do you like our new oatmeal soap? Victim (in chair)—Seems nourishing; but I've had my breakfast.—Life.

"This land lies well," said the visitor. "Yes, but you ought to hear the real estate agents," replied the victim.—Livingston Lance.

Maudie—Harriet can read her husband like a book. Morie—Well, she's had experience. He is her third volume, isn't he?—Boston Transcript.

"What's the matter with your wife?" "She has fretted herself into a sick headache over her paper for the 'Don't Worry' Club."—Baltimore American.

"She did the mad scene very well." "All primed for it. She had just been going over the meagre receipts in the box-office."—Kansas City Journal.

Forester—How did you come to marry your wife? Lancaster—Oh, she seemed to take a dislike to me when we first met, and I wanted to show her she was mistaken.—Smart Set.

"The duke is fearfully jealous," remarked the heiress. "Worries him to see you look at another man, eh?" "No, but it gives him the shudders every time I spend any of my money."—Pittsburgh Post.

Exc—This magazine says that in Japan the styles in woman's clothes have not changed in 2500 years. Mrs. Exc—Gracious! I wonder what the women there find to talk about when they meet?—Boston Transcript.

Guest (in Buffalo restaurant)—Waiter, you made a mistake—I ordered a clear soup. Waiter—That's the clearest we can produce today, sir; yesterday's storm ripped up Lake Erie something fierce!—Buffalo News.

Son (home from college)—I saw Edith getting into her new Flanders this morning. Mother Woyback—The hussy! I sh'd think she'd be ashamed o' herself not to pull down the winder blinds.—Livingston Lance.

Photographer (to young man)—It will make a much better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder. The Father—It would be much more natural if he had his hand in my pocket.—Washington Star.

"Is your client going to plead insanity?" "I haven't decided," replied the lawyer. "He wants to look the ground over and see which is the easiest to escape from, the prison or the asylum."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Neighbor—Hi, come 'ere quick! Your Mary's fell in the pond! Farmer (excitedly)—What 'as? Neighbor—Mary, your wife! Farmer (relieved)—Mary! 'Ow you did give me a turn. I thought you said mare!—Liverpool Mercury.

"Is any one waiting on you?" finally asked the haughty saleslady, condescending at last to notice the shopping person. "I'm afraid not," replied the latter; "my husband was—I left him outside—but I'm afraid he's become disgusted and gone home."—Taleo Blade.

"What makes you so anxious to send Three-Finger Sam to the legislature? He isn't so very popular." "No. We citizens of Crimson gulch figured that it would be a great savin' to the general community to get a poker player like Sam located somewhere else."—Washington Star.

"Do you think criminal tendencies can be overcome by a surgical operation?" "I am certain of it." "You think that, say, a pick-pocket, for instance, can be cured of the desire to pick pockets by an operation on his brain?" "No, not on his brain. Amputate his hands."—Houston Post.

Officer—What's the matter with that soup you're turning up your nose at? Private—It's full of sand and grit, sir. Officer—Now look here, my man, did you come to camp to grumble or to serve your country? Private—Well, I did come to serve my country, sir; but not to eat it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Vicar—Why don't you comb your hair before coming to school? The Boy—Haven't got no comb, sir. The Vicar—Why don't you use your father's comb? The Boy—Father hasn't got no comb, sir. The Vicar—Well, how does your father comb his hair, then? The Boy—Father hasn't got no hair.—Sketch.

George—What a fine building that is across the way. Charles—Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, aches, and groans of his fellow-men; out of the grief of crying children and the woes of wailing women. George—Ah! A rumseller, of course. Yes, yes! Charles—Oh, no; he's a dentist.—Kansas City Journal.

"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance." "Yes. We arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light waves and kindred topics." "And have you done so?" "No. We've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who's boss."—Topeka Journal.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Stratford Players.

It would be impossible to speak too highly of the Shakespearean festival which San Francisco is enjoying at the hands of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players. Mr. Benson and his associated artists came, not precisely unknown or unheralded, but without blare of trumpets and without vital comprehension on the part of the public of their mission or of their merit. With each succeeding performance their vogue has increased, and now as the season approaches its close they are playing to crowded houses. It speaks much for the vitality of true dramatic appreciation in San Francisco that amid the trivialities and corruptions of the modern stage there survives the capacity to appreciate what is truly noble in dramatic art and to give it the support which it deserves.

This group of players represents an artistic, we had almost said a reverent, effort to rescue the Shakespearean drama from the corruptions which have fallen upon it in connection with the commercialized stage. Shakespeare wrote for a group of players rather than for one or two stars with a subordinated support. He

gave to each part its due share in the ensemble and to each of the various characters in the play its proper part and share. The star system has changed all this. It recasts the play to suit the temperament or the selfish whim of the star. It rearranges the speeches, eliminates that which might accredit a minor actor, and not infrequently so distorts the text as to give to the star striking passages belonging to other rôles. Booth's Hamlet was truly a great performance, but to make it what it was the text was marred, other parts being robbed to enrich the title-rôle. And so with every great Shakespearean star. He beautifies his own rôle with gems filched from half a dozen others and so transposed as to suit his ideas of dramatic effect, plus his greed of individual distinction.

The group of Stratford players represents a movement to establish Shakespearean interpretation in accordance with the intent of Shakespeare himself. It would make the players, in the leading as well as in the minor parts, subordinate to the play. It would rescue Shakespeare from his mutilators. It would memorialize the man and his greatness by a conscientious presentment of his works as he conceived them, with arrangements, characters, and effects as he defined and planned them. Further it would put to the performance of each rôle an actor suited to that rôle and so imbued with the Shakespearean spirit as to feel honored in it, be it great or small. All this explains why this group of players, professedly without a single famous individual member, gives to us the truest, the most balanced, and in all ways the most perfect interpretation of the Shakespearean plays which this city or the country—or any country—has seen in recent times.

Prohibition in the Navy.

Secretary Daniels's order prohibiting the use of wines and liquors on board ships of the navy and in the navy yards of the country is subject primarily to whatever criticism may be applied to prohibition as a universal principle. The basis of it is the false philosophy that laws should be made for the morally sick rather than for the morally sound. To the mind of common sense there is no logic in denying buttermilk to Smith because the same tittle gives Jones the cramps. There is no discretion in prohibiting to Mrs. A the benefits of fresh air because Mrs. B takes cold in a draft.

However, there stands against this logic the fact that in a world of interwoven social relations the example of a strong man's not unreasonable indulgence may become a pitfall to weak men. There is a Scripture which recites the obligation of a righteous man to abstain from that which may lead other men into mischief. "If meat," says Paul, "make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." And again: "When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ." In more practical language Mr. Daniels expounds afresh this principle and makes it the basis of his ruling.

The new order comes with some flavor of hardihood from a man who discovered only a few months ago that even the powers of a cabinet secretary are not sufficient to some things. It was not very long after Mr. Daniels came into office that in the spirit of a true Democrat he undertook to break down the social distinction between officers and men by directing that all alike should feed at a common table. This is very recent history, and the chapter which records it further sets forth the fact that the order was quickly rescinded. Ways were found to convince the Honorable Secretary that shipboard discipline could not well be maintained with Dick Deadeye sitting at the captain's right hand and passing on the butter to the executive officer. Naval etiquette is a thing of tradition as well as of practice, and it failed to go down before such guns as the Honorable Secretary was able to bring to bear against it. Manifestly he hopes for better luck in this new

venture. But whether the order stands or not it is bound to help Mr. Daniels's popularity in his home state, where the "Drys" are coming into the ascendant.

There are two views as to how the order of prohibition will be received by the navy. Your lads o' the seas are a fairly convivial lot. Somehow it goes with the traditions of a sailor's trade to cheer up occasionally. Then, grown-up men accustomed not only to reasonable manly independence, but to the business of command, don't like to be treated like children. Officers of the navy, capable of building and navigating ships, of managing great guns, and of commanding important operations, will no doubt regard themselves as quite competent to determine their ability to carry a cocktail or not at their pleasure, and will hardly feel flattered by an official suggestion to the contrary. And—let us whisper it low—we suspect that the average officer of the navy will do pretty much as he blame pleases about it, whether it suits the Honorable Secretary or no. "Here's to Lucy, God bless her!" was a familiar toast in army circles in the days when President Hayes under the pressure of an amiable but morally resolute wife sought to eliminate the Oh-bejoyful element from army life. We can easily believe that the same impulse of human nature will soon make "Here's to Dan, godamim!" a popular sentiment as the "cold tea" passes in the wardroom, where of course every man present is an officer and a gentleman and warranted no tale-bearer.

Another view of the matter: One of the heavy demands upon the none-too-fat purse of the average navy man is his share in the wine mess. Naval officers, wherever they go, are received socially and they have a lot of entertaining to do in return. The government practically makes no allowance on this score. Hence it happens, perforce, that your naval dignitary must oftentimes spend his limited means in lavish entertainment abroad, while his wife and children live low and go shabby at home. It is an old and a gross abuse which the practices of naval life enforce upon naval officers. And, even while resenting as impertinent the order of prohibition, there is many an officer who in his heart will be thankful for a rule which publicly justifies meagre standards of hospitality. On the whole it is easily believable that more officers of the navy will be pleased than offended by Mr. Daniels's order. A little time will develop the fact.

Cabinet Matters.

At about this stage in the career of every national administration there is due a shake-up in the cabinet. It is hardly good form on the part of a President to make changes even when obviously desirable short of a year. It would be too open a confession of mistaken judgment, a thing discreditable to the President himself and of course a cruel blow to whatever cabinet officer might directly be affected.

The supreme failure in the Wilson cabinet, as all the world now sees, is its most notable member, Mr. Bryan. Mr. Wilson did not want Mr. Bryan in the Secretaryship of State or in any other close relationship. The two men are diametrically at odds in a hundred ways. Mr. Wilson, for all his newly acquired radicalism, is instinctively a conservative, and Bryan's instinct is for novelty, plus the propensities of an agitator. In temperament, taste, manner, habit, ways of thinking and doing the men are opposites. This happens unfortunately in connection with the department with which in the popular mind the President is the most immediately connected. But having to take Mr. Bryan into his cabinet and to give him the most important post in it, Mr. Wilson has managed an awkward situation most adroitly. His problem was to conciliate Bryan and at the same time to destroy him as a rival. He has done both; and he has done it even while putting upon Bryan what an ordinary man would have regarded as a humiliating humiliations. Practically he has taken the State

partment out of Mr. Bryan's hands and employed him as a runner-up of party stragglers and recalcitrants. Not all of Mr. Bryan's comings and goings have had to do with his vaudeville engagements. Much of the time he has been doing errands for the President—persuading one member of Congress, whipping in another, conveying the President's messages and making his political bargains. All this has involved Mr. Bryan in the collapse of a one-time great repute. His prestige as a man of high spirit is gone, for he has been made to reverse himself and stultify his record at a dozen points. He has been destroyed as a rival for the presidency not more by his vaudeville, grape-juice, and moving-picture stunts than by the completeness of his surrender to the Wilsonian domination and his affiliation with the Wilsonian errors of policy.

If Mr. Bryan had had the hardihood to stand for his old principles and to support his old prestige as a man of gallant independence he would have abandoned the cabinet months ago. But it seems likely that he will remain until the end. He has been reduced to a nonentity in the department since Mr. Wilson has taken to himself the management of foreign relations, and he has been made a joke before the country. But his itch for official life will no doubt hold him in the nominal Secretaryship of State while his real job will be that of errand boy to the President.

The man most pronouncedly successful in the cabinet is our own Frank Lane. Mr. Lane is far from being a great man either at the point of native gifts or of acquired qualities. In his time he has played a good many parts—journalist, lawyer, minor official, politician, and whatnot—without until now gaining especial distinction in anything. But he has common sense, a winning personality, with a fine gift for getting in and keeping in good relations with people. He learned the official game in his Commerce Committee service without acquiring its vices. He is essentially a commoner, a character eminently suited to the Interior Department, where plain common sense is the main requirement. Then he has independence and initiative in minor matters and has in the department made his own policies, thereby winning men who like to find in a cabinet officer something better than a timid and feeble echo of his chief.

If Mr. Lane had the courage to play what on the race-track is called a long-shot, he would now retire from the cabinet, where his prestige is as high as it can ever be, come home to California, get himself into the governorship and so in line for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Less effective men have won great stakes over greater hazards.

We say that Mr. Lane can get nothing more out of the Secretaryship of the Interior. Indeed from now on he is more likely to lose than to gain, since it is easier to declare policies than to carry them through. Mr. Lane has pleased the West and impressed the East, something no other man in the Interior Department has done in thirty years. That he can sustain so distinguished a success during three years of administration with its conflicts, embarrassments, and inevitable failures is hardly to be expected. Now is his time to clinch a high prestige by a voluntary retirement in response to a call which can be dramatically worked up in a week, to return to his own state and lead his party out from bondage.

In a sense it would not be a promotion for Mr. Lane to take the California governorship. And there is the awkward fact that no man has ever really made anything out of it, with the possible exception of Governor Stanford, whose subsequent achievements rested largely upon other forces. But the governorship of California under the conditions in which it might come to Mr. Lane would be quite another thing from the same office as it has commonly been won. For California is not reckoned a Democratic state, and there would be some prestige in bringing it into the party camp. Then it would be regarded as something of an achievement to knock out Governor Johnson. And we think there is not a doubt about Mr. Lane's getting the governorship of California if he should want it. The state is ripe for a change. But we suspect that it is not quite ready to elect a Republican. Furthermore there is no Republican candidate in sight who stirs enthusiasm. If Mr. Lane should announce his candidacy he would win the nomination without a contest, and his election would be almost an assurance.

We do not urge this course upon Mr. Lane, first, because the *Argonaut* has not the disposal of the

governorship or anything else; second, because its political sympathies lie elsewhere. But we do see for Mr. Lane in the present posture of affairs an opportunity of a very unusual kind. That he will regard it seriously—or that he will grasp it—we think hardly even supposable. High official life at Washington gets a tremendous grip upon the imagination of any man who has once participated in it; and its appeal is especially strong in the case of a man with a taste for publicity and who has never enjoyed any other kind of distinction and who, therefore, is sure to regard it over-highly. Then Mr. Lane is without private fortune. He needs—in truth he must have—a job. And we question if he could summon the courage to abandon one so good and so certain for the next three years as the Secretaryship of the Interior for the chance of another in California, even plus the possibility of the Democratic presidential nomination in 1916.

It has been suggested in connection with these speculations that Mr. Lane has a defective heart, and questioned if he could sustain an arduous state campaign. This in its way is a natural query, but Mr. Lane is enough of a politician to know that that little eccentricity in his pumping machinery would be a mighty help in a candidacy before the public. He wouldn't have to make much of a campaign. His career at Washington would speak for him and his bad heart would justify corporeal silence, always helpful to a man seeking office if he can find a plausible excuse for it.

There is current at Washington a story to the effect that Mr. McAdoo will leave the cabinet shortly after his marriage to the President's daughter. There are reasons why this may be desirable. The same public which is romantically interested in the matrimonial engagement of a cabinet minister to the President's daughter will be critical of a close domestic interrelationship between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. As a people we don't, like our British cousins, take kindly to side-door relationships in public life, not indeed for any good reason, but without any reason. It has been said, too, that Mr. McAdoo entered the cabinet only because he was interested in financial legislation and that his cabinet service involves sacrifices very important to a man already with six children, two grandchildren, and with probable oncoming responsibilities. Now with the currency law in full operation there is no reason why Mr. McAdoo should remain in the Secretaryship against his inclination or interest.

Who will go into the Secretaryship of the Treasury if McAdoo goes out? If we may credit Washington gossip John Skelton Williams has the best chance for the place. Yet we can but suspect that Mr. David Francis Houston, a round peg in a square hole in the Department of Agriculture, would be a formidable rival. Houston is the cabinet loafer. He is the Secretary of Agriculture only in name, since the Assistant Secretary, Dr. Galloway, runs the department, and runs it with an iron hand. Houston goes to the office in the morning, reads the papers, runs over his file of clippings, then spends the bulk of the day tea-partying or golfing. He is a scholarly man, trained as a university professor and president, but with little capacity and no liking for an executive job. Temperamentally his present post does not suit him. He prefers to discuss matters and things academically rather than administer them practically. The President likes him because he speaks the language of the scholastic tribe and is therefore a certain mental relief after Bryan, Daniels, Frank Lane, and some others of plainer breeding. Houston—because he had time on his hands—collaborated with Secretary McAdoo in the country-wide tour preliminary to getting the financial law in operation. He came into contact with important men and large affairs, made a good impression everywhere—very notably here in San Francisco—and returned to Washington less in sympathy than before with his duties in the Department of Agriculture. He now thinks he would like to be Secretary of the Treasury. But what he principally wants is to get out of the Department of Agriculture with what grace he can.

Some of these days a big row is going to break out in the department, nominally under the hand of Houston but practically dominated by Dr. Galloway. The President made a mistake in advancing Galloway from chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry to the Assistant Secretaryship. A man was wanted who knew all about the department and could take off Houston's hands the

rough work of running it. But there was neglect to take into account the fact that the Department of Agriculture, like all other departments, is honeycombed with inter-bureau jealousy. Between Plant Industry and Soils there is a long-standing feud. But this is not the worst of it. Animal Industry does not like Plant Industry; the Weather Bureau, the Forestry Bureau, and all the others have their little mutual hatreds. To take a man from the head of one bureau and put him over all the others was bad administration. Galloway, a typical bureaucrat, is demonstrating it. It works thuswise: The Assistant Secretary is the censor of all departmental matters to be given to the public. Galloway in his late character of bureau chief has his jealousies and hatreds, and now he is venting them in his character of Assistant Secretary. He doesn't allow any of his late bureau rivals to get any credit for anything if he can help it.

There is a story going the rounds at Washington that Galloway is working to create a life office in the department under the title of "Scientific Director," to have direct oversight and supervision over all the scientific activities of the department. It would in fact take in the whole department. If Galloway gets the job—and of course that is the whole aim of his contriving—it would make all the bureau chiefs subordinate to him. It would give him tremendous power, and that is what he wants.

Mr. McReynolds, the Attorney-General, is not having a very happy time of it. He is accredited as an excellent lawyer and as a high-minded official, but as they used to say about Mr. Taft, he hasn't the knack. He doesn't know the game at Washington, and his failure to learn it keeps him more or less "fussed." He gets on badly with the newspapers. Now some of the correspondents at Washington are pests. Tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, all of them can't be trusted. The Hearst and more recently the United Press ideas have corrupted a lot of them. Nevertheless there are at Washington many news writers of the highest class, able, informed, and worthy of confidence. McReynolds lumps them all together, good and bad. He sees no one of them alone, but insists upon a daily hour of meeting with all. Then he forgets, is delayed, or purposely absents himself. The men must get the news, or what will pass for news. Failing to get it authoritatively, they get it where they can. This keeps McReynolds more or less in hot water. He doesn't like it; often loses his temper, and sometimes his manners. It is the same in every connection. Mr. McReynolds lacks a tactful judgment of men, is without the capacity for confidence, and at times is without the graciousness which is very important in a cabinet official.

The Republican Party.

In the *North American Review* Judge Grosscup of Chicago asks, "Can Republicans and Progressives unite?" In a sense this question has already been answered, for returns from many states indicate that the greater number of those (both Republicans and Democrats) who voted with the Progressive party in 1912 have returned to their original affiliations. But there are some Progressives who certainly will not become Republicans. It is a faction made up of persons the basis of whose political action is emotionalism and who by their native tendencies of character are attracted by novelty and enamored of innovation. The Republican party of the future, we think, is not to be the Republican party of the recent past—of Mark Hanna and Senator Platt. Something has happened to the party besides the loss of its radical element. It has gotten away from the forces, personal and material, which long controlled and in a measure corrupted it. The party which now accepts the intellectual leadership of Mr. Taft is far from being a stand-pat party. It is a party founded upon respect for the constitution; it recognizes the principle of private property; it sustains the general theory of representative as distinct from purely Democratic institutions. It will have something of the character which was lost to the old-line Democratic party when Bryan became its master and which has failed to be restored by the success of Mr. Wilson. It is to be a party representing the soberly conservative as distinct from the furiously radical mind of the country, a party not lacking, we trust, in the spirit of progress, but indisposed to rush headlong to the support of hurriedly conceived and undigested proposals. Whether such a party can command control of the government or not we are by no means assured. There are signs which indicate that we

are not yet done with the reign of hysteria and fallacy. But there can be little doubt that it will have the support of the more intelligent, the more cautious, and the more responsible elements of the country. The *Argonaut* would rather be associated with these elements even in political eclipse than to ride at the top of the wave in company with the emotional and transcendentalist champions of a political Utopia.

Some Tendencies in American Life.

There came into the *Argonaut* office last Friday a man long active in the work of organized beneficence in San Francisco on its financial side. And in the course of free talk about matters and things he remarked: "For the first time in many years of what you may call professional beggary for worthy causes I am having uphill work. I find people—even people accustomed to giving—inclined either to cut out charitable contributions altogether or to reduce the volume of their giving. I know that times are hard. Something may be due on that score. But curiously it is those of abundant means and of generous habit who seem least inclined to loose their purse-strings. Only this morning I called upon the manager of a large firm which annually for twenty years has passed up to me a substantial check freely and cheerfully, only to be met by the disconcerting statement that there had been a radical change of policy. 'We find ourselves,' said the manager, 'up against new conditions, and we have determined to put aside the very considerable sums which we have annually bestowed upon causes of beneficence and charity for use in protecting ourselves against a multitude of demands whose least injurious form is a largely increased taxation. We sympathize with your purposes, now as in the past, but as never before we are subject to various annoying, harassing—and costly—demands. It has got to a point where we must use our means in other ways, largely in defensive ways. I am sorry, very sorry. But we do not see our way to keeping up our long-sustained habit of free giving.'"

This significant statement calls to mind a paragraph in a private letter received by the editor some weeks ago from an observant and thoughtful American now resident in Germany. "I wonder," says the writer, "if the income tax at home will have one incidental effect which has been very marked here (in Germany) and in England. I am more or less in touch with a gentleman active in a German charitable agency comparable with our Young Men's Christian Association. He tells me that with each enlargement of the scheme of taxation, particularly in the matter of the income tax, there has been a tightening of the purse toward beneficent objects. The feeling is that with taxes so high the government ought to sustain all semi-public functions. When rich men are reproached here in Germany for not endowing public schools and building libraries and hospitals, they invariably plead inability because of the heavy income taxes. I suspect you will find something like this as a consequence of the recent legislation in our own country. I think that personally you will find that rich men in America noted as liberal givers will draw in their horns and offer the same excuse. Then will rise up the demand that the nation or the states do many things which men have been doing privately for many years past. I suspect that before you are done with it it will be found that state socialism will receive in a practical sense a very considerable boost due to this influence."

In this connection a representative of the *Argonaut* recently had an interesting interview with the German ambassador at Washington. Many of the ideas embodied in the "Progressive" scheme of legislation, remarked the ambassador, might well be stamped "Made in Germany." He pointed out that in his visits to institutions of learning in America—and he has received honorary degrees from ten of them—he found in every faculty a number of men who had studied in German universities and who had returned to this country more or less imbued with the ideas of state socialism that sprang from Bismarck's efforts to popularize the government of the empire. The Germanic influence radiating from these men has spread throughout this country. All of which reminds us that even our older educational institutions, like Harvard and Yale, while English in their original foundation, now possess newly erected superstructures purely Germanic; while newer institutions like the University of Chicago are wholly German in their ideas.

Manifestly there are forces at work in American life quite apart from the inflooding immigration upon which

so much stress is popularly laid, tending to radical and even revolutionary changes. Those who are most active in the "Progressive" or revolutionary movement probably have little conception of what they are doing, and none at all as to ultimate effects. The German idea of state socialism works fairly well in a country of arbitrary traditions and under an autocratic system. What it will be in this country, where traditions, including the fundamental idea of government, are so radically different from conditions in Germany, no man is wise enough to know.

Forgery No Crime.

If women are to be exempt from the legal consequences of murder—and there seems now to be no doubt about this—it would be the height of inconsistency to arraign them for the relatively venial offense of forgery. This, at least, appears to be the view of the authorities now engaged in the investigation of the fraudulent signatures to the recall and other petitions that have been plaguing the community. Nine women who were "prominent" in the Weller recall have confessed these forgeries—politely described as irregularities—to the grand jury. The handwriting expert finds that rows of names were written by the same person and that single members of households had signed for the whole family. But it need hardly be said that "there was no evidence of criminal intent" and that true bills are not to be returned. But a number of men who committed precisely the same offense are to be prosecuted, and for no better reason than the fact of their sex and the additional fact that their forgeries were not intended to sustain an "uplift" movement. So we have one more example, first of feminine immunity to commit crime, and secondly of that genuinely Progressive principle that the Ten Commandments have no validity against those whose politics are of the correct stripe.

This scandal may perhaps serve as one more nail in the coffin of the present vicious system of legislation by canvassers with fountain pens. It would be hard to imagine anything more pernicious and childish, or any more direct incitement to misbehavior. For every detected forgery there are probably half a dozen that are undetected, while not five per cent of the legitimate signatures can be supposed to have any value in intelligence or ethics. With sufficient money and energy there is hardly a conceivable project that could not be sustained by adequate petitions, while there could be no graver discredit to such dignity as legislation still possesses than this disgusting touting for names at saloon bars, street corners, and back doors. The hawking of petitions should be prohibited absolutely. Those desiring to sign them should be required to affix their signatures at the city hall or other designated places. In this way we should at least avoid the scandal of "prominent" women who commit crimes in order to recall judges or to change the laws, and who are then absolved on the ground of their ignorance of the laws with which they are tampering. We seem now to have had enough of women who are not responsible for murder and who do not know that forgery is a crime.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Professor Tilton Is Firm in the Johnsonian Faith, But Is Shy at the Point of Authoritative Facts.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Emerson School
EDWIN B. TILTON, Principal

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 4, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Never before have I known you to use a friendly criticism from one of your readers as a text for voluminous comment. Judge, therefore, my surprise to learn today, when the *Argonaut* arrived, that what had been whispered low to the editor (and intended for his ear only) has now been proclaimed from the housetops. However, in the language of Pilate, "What I have written—I have written," and I will stand by it until otherwise convinced.

Your spirit of fairness is manifested by replying to the criticism with the same frankness and sincerity in which it was offered. I am glad that nothing personal or acrimonious was injected into the discussion. The quality of your reasoning is characteristically logical—once the premise is granted. But the premises in this case I will in nowise concede.

Like Cato, you hold that 'tis better to endure with present evils (so long as they are sufferable) than fly to others that we know not of. The germ of your theory is summed up in this: Whatever is, is right—or as nearly so as the ruling powers prefer that it should be. Wherefore all this fuss and pother about progressive ideals—all this endless pursuit after the unattainable (as you pronounce it)—is but vanity and vexation. In other words, "Tis better to sit still at rest than rise, perchance, to fall." This in brief is your confession of faith, and in championing it you come perilously near to advocating the "divine right" of the established order of things merely because it is established. To such doctrine I can not subscribe.

In the first place you decry attempts to regulate and control "the interests" as invariably foredoomed to failure and disaster for all concerned. In proof of this you point to the recent attacks on the beef, steel, and oil combines. To use the word "assail" in referring to our government's pursuit of the Oil

Trust is a grievous mischoice of terms. The famous Standard Oil decision with its consequent "dissolution" agreement was only a joke, and you know it. After Wickersham had finished with his "wrist-slapping" prosecution and announced himself as satisfied with the result, it is a matter of record that Standard Oil stock immediately rose to an unprecedented figure. Candidly, I find it hard to believe that the so-called "legal prosecutions" of the last administration were made in good faith. If they had been I feel quite sure that you could not have occasion to taunt me, as you do now, by referring to the barren results of legal action. It may be, however, that I lack "that breadth of view" you speak of, which "understands that if laws could be so fixed as to shut off the privilege of those of greatest capacity, * * * these same laws would work even more grievously against those of less capacity."

Seek other cause, also, for the receding tide of prosperity and "the multitude of smokeless chimneys, idle mills, armies of unemployed, etc.," that you profess to see round me here. These conditions—if they do exist—are chargeable neither to the "assaults" of Mr. Wickersham, nor to those of his more capable successor, Mr. McReynolds, nor—worse still—to the fact that the Southern Pacific has actually been "kicked out" by our own peerless governor, Hiram Johnson. The business depression which you note involves the great universal laws of economics, and can not be discussed within the limits of this paragraph. Let it suffice to say that the industrial unrest is not confined to the borders of our own great land, but is general throughout the civilized world.

A word or two concerning the present state administration is apropos. As one of the "emotional followers" of Governor Johnson I deliberately assert that he has even more than surpassed expectations in guiding the affairs of this great state. Contrary to the inference implied in your questions, "the general state of morals" in California is higher than before; and there is more thrift, prosperity, and virtue in public affairs. Johnson has brought into his office "those impersonal and disinterested ideals"—exactly as you describe them—and they are now in daily practice. Moreover, you inquire skeptically, "Has the promised scheme of economy reduced the expenses of state government?" Most assuredly it has. The expenses of state government have been proportionately reduced to a very great extent. The annual report of the state controller, which is easily accessible to you, will prove this. And what is more significant: Every dollar expended has purchased one hundred cents' worth of value—a circumstance hitherto unknown in the administration of this state's affairs. This fact alone is making a tremendous appeal to the thinking citizens of our state, as you are well aware.

Lastly, with respect to the inevitable conflict between interests of the industrial combines and rights of the people, I challenge your right to assume and your ability to maintain a strictly neutral attitude. You haven't succeeded in holding this neutral position in the past, if I have properly interpreted the spirit of some of your recent editorials. Have I misjudged you? You say almost in so many words that you support neither "interests" nor "people" and that you see no distinction between interests of each. Is it not a truth as old as Christendom that "he who is not with us is against us; and he who gathereth not with us scattereth abroad?"

This letter is not intended, primarily, for publication any more than the preceding one was. But I well know the latitude of an editor's "discretion" and many of us are "rushed into print" when we least expect it. Whatever may happen, however, I have nothing to fear for my honest convictions when the white light of publicity shines in upon them.

Very sincerely yours, EDWIN B. TILTON.

One Thoughtful Man's Politics.

SILVERTON, OREGON, April 3, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Something I have just read in your paper suggests to me that you may be interested in the processes of mind by which a man born and bred a Democrat under its old creed of "Equal Rights to All—Special Privilege to None" now finds himself turning to the Republican party as the organization best calculated to sustain the principles of his traditions and of his hopes for the welfare of the country.

As I have said, I was born and brought up a Democrat, but I have not been in close accord with my party since the first Bryan nomination. Since then, although I know that independent voting practically ends in mere protest, I have voted pretty much for the man instead of the party.

During the last national campaign I came to the conclusion that there was to be a new alignment of parties. I did not foresee what they would be called, but I thought I saw that it was to be a case of Free Democracy versus Stable Government. Hoping that Wilson would lead the Democratic party to the conservative side, I voted for him, but when he first urged and later signed the Civil Service Appropriation bill establishing a class distinction in favor of the labor unions, I saw that my estimate of the man and of his character was mistaken.

In talks with my Republican friends I held to the opinion that Roosevelt had killed the Republican party. At least the special privilege which that party has in times past given to the few at the expense of the many is gone. I think I was right. In my opinion the old Republican party as we have had it since the days of President Grant, and as it stood epitomized in Mark Hanna, is dead and gone. And I am glad of it. Likewise I think the old Democratic party is gone—that it died when Bryan turned it over to free silver.

Now in recent times I have been ready to join any party which will advocate a stable government which implies respect for the checks and balances of the constitution with the principle of equal rights to all—special privilege to none. I have been thinking the matter over as to my duty as a citizen and in respect of my sense of responsibility as a man with a moderate and legitimate stake in the community, also as one who believes in the principle of representative institutions. I have come to the conclusion that my future political affiliation must be with what is called the Republican party—that is, the Republican party as defined by the general opinions and utterances of Mr. Taft during the past half-year. I am in no way a protectionist—indeed I am a believer in the principle of untrammeled trade—but one can not get everything, and I am willing to compromise this issue in the faith that time will correct whatever is extravagant in the attitude of the Republican party towards this great issue. I shall begin by voting for Mr. Booth, present Republican candidate for senator in our state, and for Mr. Hawley, Republican candidate for Congress. I voted for Mr. Hawley two years ago because he was a personal friend, but this time I will do it as my contribution towards the maintenance of the government in consistency with the tradition of the old Democratic doctrine of equal rights to all—special privilege to none.

After coming to these conclusions I chanced upon your article in the *Argonaut* of March 21—"The Drift of Parties"—and after what is said above I hardly need to say that I read it with deep interest. Now in turning from my old party affiliation to the Republican party, I am not turning my coat. I am, as I conceive it, standing for a principle of conservatism which was the basis of my faith as a Democrat prior to the year 1896. I think it is a time when such right-minded men should get together and preserve the government the world has ever seen.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S REFORMS.

Nowadays every one reads Mr. Galsworthy, not because Mr. Galsworthy is always particularly worth reading, but because he happens to be saying the things that a large number of people wish to have said. And here, by the way, is the secret of much that we call genius. The writer who wishes to ascend the ladder of fame must be careful to express popular sentiments, and to express them well. Then his readers will say, "Here is a man who seems to resemble me so closely that he must be a genius." You can apply the idea for yourself to the popular writers of the day. Genius is usually no more than a marked adaptability to the sentiments of the moment. It is a method of flattery. I should like to write a few large books about this, but have no time now.

It is precisely for this reason that Mr. Galsworthy's diatribe against Parliament has been received with so much applause both in England and in America. It is, of course, the British Parliament to which he refers, but we are saying just about the same sort of thing here, and with more success, because our legislatures are still young and supple and pliant. Mr. Galsworthy says that Parliament is wasting its time—which of course is true, since talking is nearly always waste of time—and that it seems wholly indifferent to "such barbarities and mean cruelties as must dry the heart of God." Then he goes on to quote "a few only of the abhorrent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone without shadow of doubt against the conscience and general will of the community." And among the clauses of the ensuing indictment we find the sweating of women workers, the insufficient feeding of children, the employment of boys at work that ruins their lives, the insanitary housing of the poor, the export of worn-out horses, the docking of horse tails, the caging of song birds, inhumane slaughtering of animals, and the importation of bird plumage. It is distressing to think how good we might be, how good we actually want to be, if only the legislature would apply to us a sufficient compulsion.

Now heaven forbid that there should be any trivial treatment of the indignation of a good man. Amazing as it may seem, Mr. Galsworthy believes all this. He actually believes that these iniquities would disappear if Parliament would only attend to them instead of to insurrection in Ireland, and the mighty problems of privilege, and taxation, and religious equality, and the condition of India, and the horror of armaments, and pettinesses of this sort. Mr. Galsworthy sees the dawn of the kingdom of heaven upon earth in response to resolutions passed by some six hundred gentlemen in tall hats and frock coats, but inasmuch as these gentlemen are doing other things at the moment and are quite busy with them we must be content with the kingdom of hell until we can arrange our institutions in some other way. No, this is not at all a matter for laughter. It is too tragical for laughter, but whether the tragedy is to be found in the evils themselves or in the reforms of the reformer is a matter for judgment. If we must actually go down a steep place into the sea merely because the legislature has not time to attend to us, then indeed we can believe that this "must dry the heart of God." Indeed we can then believe anything.

But does Mr. Galsworthy really suppose that the state can be saved by the passing of laws, does he want us to believe that the gates of heaven will fly open at the tap of the Speaker's gavel? Let us grant the evident fact that Parliament might prevent the docking of horse tails. But can it prevent cruel men from acting cruelly? For that is the question. It is the cruelty of men and of fashions that we have to deplore and not merely some few of the preventable ways in which that cruelty shows itself. Can Parliament lessen the sum total of human cruelty? Can it do other than divert that cruelty into unpreventable channels? Can it compel one cruel man or woman to be less cruel than before? Of course it can not. It can prohibit the docking of horse tails, the caging of wild birds, and the inhumane methods of slaughtering, but it will then leave the problem precisely where it was before, plus the narcotic belief that something has been done, whereas nothing has been done. Human cruelty will be unabated so long as the instinct of cruelty is in the human heart. But these are comparatively small clauses in the indictment, and so we may go on to ask if Mr. Galsworthy thinks that the improper employment of boys, the insufficient feeding of children, and the sweating of women will disappear merely because a legislature has devoted a certain number of hours to their consideration. We might as well expect to cure a case of small-pox by singing a hymn or to arrest a cholera epidemic by an incantation. If I say that men can not be made moral by legislation I shall be told that this has been said before, as though that were a reason for not saying it again. Of course it has been said before, but it is none the less true upon that account. Things that are conspicuously true can not be said too often, and it is conspicuously true that this perpetual bleating to legislatures to make us good and pure is not only futile, but it is also cowardly and humiliating and degrading. And so it would perhaps be appropriate to quote Mr. Brand Whitlock, whom no one will accuse of a lack of zeal for reform, and who says that no appreciable advance will be made or can be made "so long as the so-called moral issue is the pivot on which municipal elections turn, or so long as it is allowed to remain to devil officials. To monopolize their time, and to exhaust their energies so that they have little of either left for their proper work of administration." Mr. Whitlock speaks also of the "annual calamity" of the state legislature, which is nothing of government "a vast bureaucracy of policemen, catchpols, inspectors, beadles, censors, mentors, monitors, and spies." I believe that elsewhere he expresses the wish that all legislatures might be suppressed for a term of years as dangerous nuisances, fatal to liberty and to happiness. At

any rate it would be a good wish to express, since there can be neither freedom nor conscience in any country that is overshadowed by inspectors with their note-books, the darkest shadow that can fall upon any country.

It is not the part of government to make men moral, not because men ought not to be moral, but because government can not make them so. Governments can and do make men evasive, criminal, deceitful, and corrupt, but they have practically no reformatory power whatsoever. The duty of government is to consider how little it can do, not how much; to protect only those who can not by any possibility protect themselves; and to leave all other men alone to work out their own salvation, for there is no other salvation that is worth having. There is not a single evil in our midst, from the docking of a horse's tail to the sweating of a woman, that is not due to the moral obliquities of individuals. Nor is there any cure nor even any palliative for any of these evils except the removal of those obliquities, and how that is to be done—he it said with all reverence—God knows. That nation is well governed that is governed by public opinion, and it is the degrading reliance upon laws that has destroyed public opinion and that will surely destroy civilization itself unless it is stopped. And the hideous part of the thing is that whenever we try to crush some open evil we act as midwives to a dozen other dark and sinister evils. Germany passes workmen's compensation acts, and now openly deplores a carnival of perjury and fraud that has lowered the moral tone of the whole nation. She never thought of that. England passed similar laws a year ago, and the resulting perjury and fraud have already become a public problem. Here in California we initiate the referendum and the recall, and at the same time create a great trade in petition forgery which attracts hosts of slinking and criminal canvassers, to the detriment of public morals and to the shame of a prostituted law. Even our efforts to protect young girls from the imaginary white slaver have already produced a flock of black-mailing vultures to whom the law itself has given the most irresistible of all weapons.

Now Mr. Galsworthy is a man of exceptional education. He ought to know something of human history, and he unquestionably does know a great deal of human history if he would only let his hysteria subside so that he might use his knowledge. He ought to know that there is not one single legislative panacea now before the thought of the world that has not been advocated again and again in times that are passed. He ought to know, for example, that even so far back as the Roman empire one may find the whole cargo of paternal legislation, the same evil regiments of inspectors and supervisors, that are now being recommended to us with such ignorant zeal. They all failed. They all left human nature just where it was before. None of them did more than chase some particular evil from one corner into another. They suppressed some of the effects and they left all of the causes. The denunciation of trusts, and usuries, and monopolies, and privileges, that were thundered in the days of Martin Luther and by him—immediately before the Peasants' War, the most frightful revolt in history—might be transferred bodily to the columns of our radical newspapers today and no one would know the difference. Socialism, free education, co-education, woman suffrage, the recall, the referendum, and a hundred other nostrums were being proclaimed five hundred and a thousand years ago with the same ecstasies of which we are today the witnesses. Most of them were tried. They all failed. They must fail because the evils that they were supposed to combat were evils inherent in human nature. The reformers of a thousand years ago, like the Galsworthys of today, were doing no more than snipping leaves one by one from the tree under the impression that they could thereby destroy the tree. The tree can not be destroyed except by attacking the root of human selfishness, doubtless a hard saying, but a true one withal. So long as we are willing to profit at the expense of one another we shall not drain a single drop from the ocean of human wrong-doing.

We have now been passing legislation that may be described as more or less democratic for the space of some two hundred years. At least we may say that we have been passing legislation honestly intended to make men happier for at least that space of time and without any reference to antiquity. The number of laws thus passed must almost stagger the imagination. Every state in the Union has passed such laws, not by the hundred, but by the thousand. There were two thousand laws submitted to the last California legislature and many hundreds were passed. They included scores of just such laws as are now demanded by Mr. Galsworthy. The national government has been doing very much the same thing. Every country in civilization has been doing the same thing and the aggregate is something incalculable. And in spite of this truly awful flood of laws humanity has been going steadily from bad to worse. Events today are more threatening than they have been for a century. Drink, drugs, crime, insanity, pauperism, disease, are all on the increase, and it is a world-wide increase. The world has become a vast armed camp and the peace-makers have about as much power as a gnat on the solar system. There is not a single country in Europe that is not on the verge of war or of revolution. We have just seen the close of one of the most hideous wars on record, and we are now wondering, not if there will be any more wars, but where the next one will be. Count Witte said a week or two ago that he could see nothing ahead of the world but colossal conflicts. Every one says so. And still goes up the idiot cry for laws. Still we are told that nothing interferes between us and the millennium but the passage of some particular measure, a prohibition bill, or a suffrage bill, or a single-tax bill. Is it not time to call a halt lest some worse thing befall us?

SIDNEY CORYN.

COUNT POTOCKI'S GAME PRESERVES.

Valuable Experiment on Russian Estate, Where Is Found a Great Variety of Big Game.

Russia has never been regarded as a country appealing particularly to the hunter. Game there is in the great wilds, but the many restrictions which hedge the visitor about, and the suspicious eye of officialdom never at rest, are not calculated to give the sportsman a pleasant impression of the result of his endeavors. Hence it is with interest that it is noted that one of the most remarkable game preserves in the world is to be found in Russia, and that within its confines there is a greater variety of different species of big game than can be found elsewhere in one region on the globe.

The preserve is on the estate of Count Potocki at Pilowin, province of Volhynia, and covers 32,000 acres. It is an object lesson of what can be accomplished in the increase of big wild game by well-regulated methods, while at the same time permitting exceptional sport. Due to the efforts of Walter Winans, the world now knows considerably more about the Count Josef Potocki game preserve, for Winans, an American sportsman born in Russia, but retaining his American citizenship, writes in the *American Museum Journal* of his adventures in hunting big game in the Potocki forests. There he spent two days, through the courtesy of Count Potocki, and secured trophies which will be presented to the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Winans writes:

Year by year the count has increased the area of ground fenced so that now it consists of 32,000 acres. In 1905 Count Potocki received three aurochs (bison) from the Emperor of Russia, from the imperial preserves of Nielowicz, and in 1906 he imported a pair of American buffaloes. All of these species of big game, including the aurochs, have increased so that now there are large herds of deer and a considerable herd of aurochs.

On September 25 I went shooting in the Pilowin forest, taking a stand behind some trees. At first, four wapiti stags came past on a gallop in single file, followed by a very large, horned stag, which I shot. Then followed a rush of some fifty wapiti stags and hinds. A herd of maral deer next passed with a very good stag among them. This stag, however, the count did not wish shot.

One of the most interesting incidents of the hunt is the account of the aurochs, now rare enough, and the necessity which required the oldest and largest of the band to be killed:

I immediately went to examine the stag I had shot and found it weighed 796 pounds as it fell. It had fifteen points on the horns—very good horns—and was more of the European red deer type than of the wapiti. Next day I took my stand in the part of the forest where the largest aurochs was known to be. This bull aurochs was thought to be about thirty years old, and had become bad tempered, taking to killing everything he met. They had been obliged to treat him like a rogue elephant, and turn him out of the herd. Before this took place, however, he killed a wapiti stag and an American buffalo, and attacked one of the keepers who was passing on horseback, killing the horse.

In preparation for the hunt, an old peasant had tracked the aurochs and kept him under observation for several days and nights. When he saw me he stopped, and I gave him a right and left shot from my rifle. He turned and started galloping off, never staggering, although he had received two bullets, one in the heart and one in the lungs. After going a short distance, however, he stopped in a dense thicket, where I had to give him several more shots to bring him down. He is the largest aurochs ever accurately measured, and has horns five inches longer and seven inches wider spread than the record aurochs in Ward's "Records of Big Game." The horns near the head arc like an American buffalo's, but have a turn at the end rather like a gnus'. The greatest width between the horns exceeded twenty-four inches. His measurements and weight are officially recorded in Count Potocki's Estates Records.

After the aurochs fell, I heard some wapiti roaring, and succeeded in shooting one, which weighed 837 pounds. This wapiti had horns with sixteen points.

On his return Mr. Winans shot an elk that weighed more than 900 pounds, and this ended his second day's hunt on the big game reservation in Russia.

So well has the market for Chinese antiquities been worked by the dealers that the increase in prices of Chinese sculpture in the last five or six years has been forty or fifty times. For example, one piece of sculpture of North Wei times—ninth century A. D.—estimated to have cost \$400 in China, after passing through only two or three hands, is held by a dealer at \$15,000. One American museum has ten stone heads broken from statues in the interior of China. Realizing in all this the menace to the sculptures of China, the Asiatic Institute is cooperating with the China Monuments Society of Peking, whose committee is composed of the foreign ministers in Peking of Great Britain, Russia, America, France, and Japan. One remedy which the institute proposes in its appeal is the return to China by all responsible governments and institutions of stolen Chinese antiquities in accordance with a precedent of the French government and of the Smithsonian Institution, which set an example by returning to China archaeological and historical objects of which she had been robbed and which had come into its possession.

Now able to boast of the tallest office building in the world, New York will also have the highest jail building so far erected. It will be built in Thirtieth Street near Sixth Avenue. The building will be fourteen stories tall and will cost about \$450,000. It is planned chiefly for the care of women prisoners. Several floors will be given over to court-rooms, detention rooms, and offices for those in the Charities Department who look after the welfare of women prisoners.

THE WAITING OF ONE WOMAN.

How Ole Swonsen Came Home to His Bride.

Ida Swonsen's glowing face held a trace of recent anger as she left her cooking and looked from the window at her husband, Ole. He had just stopped his horses in front of the shanty, and was tugging at the reins to quiet them as, eager to be off, they pawed and fretted at the sudden delay. A hard line twisted the corner of Ole's mouth, and without turning his head he called sharply to Ida. She ran to the doorway, her eyes wide and questioning.

"Ida, I ban goin' to say gude-by," he cried, the angry tones of his Swedish dialect grating harshly on the quiet morning. "I skol go vere I may have a pipe and let my viskers grow, an' never hear vord of bossin' or scoldin'; an' I skol not come back in one big hurry. When you can treat me better, an' skol send me vord, I skol return."

He cracked his whip at the end of his words, sending the horses forward in a sudden flurry of dust, through which Ole and the wagon, half-hidden, bumped and rattled. Ida stared after the bounding horses till they disappeared around a sharp curve.

Not for a moment did she think that Ole would desert her. She knew that he loved her, and she believed he would return, humble and penitent, without her asking, before the week was out. Certainly she would never ask him to return; this thought was uppermost as she lingered in moody and thoughtful silence over her lonely breakfast. Then having settled her mind in the matter she suddenly assumed an airy manner, and began clearing away the dishes.

A week went by, and Ole failed to appear; and as the lonely hours passed Ida lost some of her airiness, and the problem of Ole's failure to return came to be an engrossing one. "When you can treat me better, and skol send me vord, I skol return," Ole had said; and as the words rang over and over in Ida's ears she smiled at the idea of any one mistreating such a big, strong fellow as Ole. Certainly she had never done so; and badly as she wanted him back, she would not seek his return.

She had married Ole just one month ago in one of the river towns, after attending him through a severe illness at the hospital where she had been a capable nurse. After they settled in Ole's little shanty up in the logging woods she found that Ole was somewhat uncouth in his ways, and she firmly insisted on a radical change in his habits. She not only took away his pipe, but made him take a cold-water bath every morning, and also urged that he shave himself at least twice a week. Ole grumbled, but did it.

They had not really quarreled until Ole bought his team of horses. Ida wanted him to buy lumber and build a new house with the money he paid for the team, but this time Ole was firm and had his way. The team were a big pair of grays, strong and active for the heavy work of logging; and Ole was as thoughtful of their appearance as he was careless of his own. He brushed and rubbed and cleaned at them till their hides were smooth and glossy. Hot words ensued when Ida, finding that he savored of the horses and the stable after these tasks, would not allow him to enter the shanty until he had changed his clothing.

The morning of his angry departure he had come from the stable for breakfast without making the usual change in his clothing, and Ida had rebuked him with a sharp tongue. Without a word he went back to his horses, hitched them to the wagon, and after the angriest words she had yet heard him utter, drove hurriedly off.

Ida knew that he had gone up in the forest to the Kearney lumber camps, and she thought the work there was keeping him away from her. She was sure that he no longer felt angry with her, and a sudden hope urged her that he had already sent some friendly word or message for her to the settlement, two miles down the valley. With this notion in mind, and also to get some things she needed at the store, she took a basket and started for the settlement, glad to get away from the loneliness that tugged and gripped and worried.

As she entered the village she saw Mrs. Billings, the saw-filer's wife, gossiping with some women on a porch, but they all stopped talking and eyed her coldly as she passed. Ida's head went back with a haughty jerk, for she instantly realized that these women knew all about the trouble between her and Ole, and their manner showed that they blamed her for it.

"What a hateful, overbearing thing she is," said one of the women. "I don't blame Ole for leaving her."

Ida's cheeks flamed hotly, for she overheard the words, and she could not repress a sudden, inward sense of shame as she quickened her steps and hurried on to the store.

Duff Slater, the leather-faced storekeeper, narrowed his blinking eyes under their shaggy brows, and told her, with a gleam of satisfaction, that Ole had sent no message for her. His tongue itched to tell her that Ole had notified him to sell her nothing on his account; but the sudden paleness in her face, and the hurt look in her big, gray eyes stopped him. It was only a matter of business to tell her that he sold no goods on credit. Fortunately she had some money with her, and was not forced to return with an empty basket.

As the lonely days dragged by she was again forced to go to the store. This trip took the last of her money; and she returned home with a heart that was heavier

than her basket. Still she stubbornly refused to send word for Ole, or desert the place, and little by little, as time passed, her face settled to a stolid, worn look; and the red and the plumpness crept surely from her cheeks as she waited and watched and looked for Ole.

Logging woods sentiment being against her, she was visited only by old Mrs. Stake, the trapper's wife, whose shanty was a mile down the valley. It was late fall, with a threat of snow in the biting air, when she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Stake's husband.

"I'm goin' up in the woods to trap," he bluntly announced, "an' my ol' woman said mebbe you'd like to send word by me fur Ole to come home. She says you haint got grub enough on hand to last you a week; an' you'll find it'll take a lot o' wood, ready cut, an' handy at the door, to keep you from freezin' till spring."

Ida stared stolidly at him, as if carefully weighing the import of his words. Outside the shrieking wind seemed to emphasize all that he had said, as its cold breath whistled through the chinkholes and its icy fingers toyed and rattled tentatively with the loose clapboards on the shanty.

"No, I skol send him no vord. I tank he ban comin' home right soon now," she stolidly replied. Then her eyes sought the window and went wearily upward to the summit of the roadway, where the narrow trail, girdling the sharp curve like a gaunt, crooked arm, waited bleak and lonely, as it always had, to torment and to mock her.

A week later winter set in, blocking the roads and trails with a great flurry of snow; but Ida was somewhat prepared for it. During the past few days she had with immense labor carried to cover a huge pile of dry bark and dead limbs for fuel; but of food she had little. Hunger, grim and unrelenting, was already gnawing at her, when to her great joy—for she thought Ole had sent the stuff—Duff Slater brought her a great load of provisions. Her eyes flashed in swift anger when Duff told her sourly that it was not Ole, but some women of the town, headed by Mrs. Billings, the saw-filer's wife, who had sent him.

"When Ole comes home, he skol pay you," she retorted, as a hot flame spread upward in her pale cheeks.

Duff, marveling with huge displeasure at her thankless attitude, hurriedly deposited his boxes and sacks in the shanty.

"I wouldn't hurt your feelin's fur a cent, my fine lady," he scowled in cutting tones as he returned to his sleigh, "but you'd better not look too hard fur Ole. I'm thinkin' you'll not be seein' him nor any one else fur some time; an' you might strain them purty eyes o' yourn."

Ida shut the door in his face, whereat he drove off chuckling grimly to himself. She had ample time to ponder unmolested over his remarks, for he was the last person she saw, though she watched daily, until the latter end of the winter. At this time Trapper Stake, coming out of the woods with a pack of furs, brought her some news of Ole.

Ole was still at the Kearney lumber camps. He was also prospering far above the dreams of the average woods-worker. He had a very ingenious mind, and during his stay at the camps he had perfected a log-lifting device which made possible a double amount of work as heretofore at lumbering; and the Kearney company had given him a large sum of money for the invention. At this news Ida's weary eyes danced and sparkled.

"I am right glad," she cried, with a sharp little catch in her breath. "When Ole comes home we skol have von new house."

"I'm goin' back in a few days, an' I've a notion Ole'd be mighty glad to hear from you," Stake bluntly replied.

The old trapper's shrewd hint fetched a quick change in Ida's manner. The glad light left her eyes and her face grew tense and pale, for her heart was clamoring and urging her to send the magic word for Ole's return. Her eyes filled with moisture and she trembled weakly as if about to yield; but the measure of her love was not quite big enough to smother the grim desire of her stubborn will and her face came up with a note of refusal.

"Oh, I tank Ole skol come right soon," she managed to reiterate as always, but this time there was a pathetic trembling and gripping of the lips before she could speak.

Again she doomed herself to further disappointment and loneliness, for the long winter dragged to its weary end and no sight of Ole greeted her tired eyes. Spring came with a rush, and back of the lonely shanty the rugged stream began to gurgle and shout as the warm rains and sunshine loosened the snow in the gorges.

Ida was sitting by the window, grimly watching and waiting as usual, when she heard the sullen boom and heavy splash of timbers mingling with the torrent's roar. Turning her eyes to the stream she saw it was thickly studded with logs on their way to the waiting saws.

"Now Ole skol surely come," she cried, and her wan face lighted with a radiant look. She knew the men of the camps would soon follow the logs. True to her reckoning, the next day some men appeared, running along the stream with pikepoles and peevies, thrusting and rolling at outlying logs, and otherwise aiding with skillful manoeuvres the rush of water to carry the timbers onward.

Ida was quite unable to check herself, and ran out to meet the men, eagerly asking for news of Ole. They

told her Ole was coming with his team and would likely arrive the next day. Ida stifled the cry that leaped from her heart, and she made her way back to the shanty. Ole was coming at last, without her asking, and her heart sang within her as she again took up her solitary vigil. The day slowly passed, and Ida, thinking that Ole might return during the night, waited for him with a light in the window. Morning came, but he did not arrive. Nor did he come that day, nor the next, nor even the next; and Ida, weak in strength and crushed in spirit, now gave herself up to tears.

Along with her tears came the thought that Ole had purposely asked his companions to deceive her about his homecoming; and her weeping eyes were suddenly filled with a look of righteous anger and definite purpose. Ole did not love her as she had so firmly believed, and she would wait for him no more. She would go back to the town and her former employment. Seizing a small handbag, she began stuffing it with various trinkets, and hurriedly prepared herself for the long journey. Her eyes filled up afresh as she bestowed a farewell look about the tidy shanty.

She stepped from the doorway, hurrying away the tears, and from long habit looked upward to the summit of the roadway. This time her eyes remained there, beaming and dancing, for Ole and his horses were coming around the curve. She smothered her cry of welcome, for she saw that Ole's whiskers had grown to wondrous length and the smoke from a pipe was curling about him. She had not pictured him returning to her in this unkempt fashion, and with a flash of sudden anger she decided to keep on her way and thus teach him a final and lasting lesson.

She took two steps forward, then stopped, rigid as stone, while her eyes grew wide with terror. The edge of the narrow trail, loosened by the recent rains and thaws, had given away as Ole was passing, and the wagon was sliding over the cliff.

With a swift grasp at the reins, Ole deftly steered the horses so as to keep the wagon in the roadway, and the trace-chains sang and rattled with the wagon's sudden plunge. The horses were pulled to their knees by the shock. They leaped up instantly at Ole's sharp command, their feet tearing and clutching at the ground in terrific unity, their great muscles tense and quivering, as they settled to the collars and held the wagon suspended over the cliff's edge. Ole whipped out his knife to cut in twain the tugs and save the horses from being dragged to certain death, but before he could leap from his seat a whole section of roadway under the straining horses, fell outward, and horses, man, and wagon, shot downward.

The descending outfit struck the log-choked stream two hundred feet below with a crash that roared up to the frowning hills and brought to the horrified Ida a story that gripped her heart. With a short, hard cry she tottered weakly and fell prone in the roadway, her white hands mutely outflung toward the treacherous spot.

At the same instant Ole climbed up over the roadway's ragged edge. By the grace of a woodsman's activity and strength he had leaped clear of the falling wagon and escaped a frightful death by grasping the stunted shrubbery on the face of the cliff.

He was not, as Ida had thought, coming home to her. He was bringing a load of peevies and other tools for the men on the log-drive.

Just now his eyes were full of sympathy for his faithful horses, whose lifeless bodies were floating downward in the stream with the tumbling logs. Turning away from this depressing sight, he saw Ida's prostrate form. For a moment he seemed nailed to the ground, then with a hoarse cry he ran swiftly down toward her. With no thought of his action he gathered her up from the roadway and ran into the shanty.

As if all depended on his quickness he laid her in the bed, seized a towel, plunged it in water, and began bathing her temples and forehead. She was in a dead faint, but under Ole's treatment sight and sense and speech came quickly, and with their return she lost all anger against him.

"Oh, you ban 'live! You ban 'live! You ban 'live!" she exulted; and though Ole protested she got up gropingly and flung herself in his arms.

"Oh, Ole, I tank you ban surely killed!" she cried, in tones of deep remorse, because of her recent anger toward him. Then she laid her cheek against his whiskered chin, for her heart was pulsing with a song that was new to her, and both her face and her voice was softened by its touch.

Ole, without a word or smile, looked stolidly down upon her in all his unkempt strength. Her pleading eyes and upturned face held all the wretched story of her patient waiting and watching for him, and he shifted his eyes, shamefacedly, from her searching gaze. For a moment he stared awkwardly about the shanty as if inwardly contrasting its neat and tidy appearance with the rough lumber camp where he had spent so many months, then a look of swift decision shot over his stolid face.

"Ida, I tank I skol shave off my viskers an' put on clean suit," he remarked, and his tones held a note that increased Ida's joy.

"Not yet, Ole," she cried, laughing happily, and clinging to him all the tighter as her gray eyes filled at gilded with the dawn of a new existence. "You right good just as you are."

G. E. WHITMORE.
SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1914.

A NEW LONDON "SIGHT."

Stafford House Open to All Comers.

No Londoner is likely to forget the date of the opening of Stafford House. For it coincided with a day of tense excitement for which no living memory holds a parallel. A few weeks ago I ventured to explain to *Argonaut* readers a few of the facts of the Ulster situation, little foreseeing that by about the time that explanation would appear in print the cables of the world would be busy with alarming messages of revolt in the British army. As those cables will have told the whole story long in anticipation of this letter, there is no necessity to attempt a description of the terribly anxious days through which John Bull's capital has just passed, but perhaps I may be allowed to remark that I made the acquaintance of one of the chief actors in the drama—General Sir Arthur Paget—during the Boer war in South Africa, and that he gave me the impression of a man little suited for great responsibility. A great soldier, no doubt, but an inefficient diplomatist. Hence it has transpired that the instructions he had received in confidence from the War Office were blurted out to his officers in all their stark literalism, thereby enabling those officers to speedily make up their minds between resignation or fighting against the loyalists of Ulster. Nothing more need be said of that tragic episode than that the action of the officers who decided to throw up their commissions rather than lead their men against Ulster at the behest of Nationalists who have always reviled the British army has saved the situation so far as civil war is concerned. In the last resort Mr. Asquith must have depended upon the army to enforce his Home Rule bill, but now he has learned, happily before it is too late, that that army is not available for political purposes. Naturally there is fierce anger in the Liberal camp; one of their organs asks today whether the country is to be governed by the army or by Parliament. As the Liberals of today claim to be the descendants of Cromwell, they ought to remember that in the Cromwellian period England was ruled by the army.

But to revert to Stafford House. It was an infinite relief yesterday to have a novel objective for an outing. And such an objective had been made available by the generosity of Sir William Lever. Perhaps it will be within the memory of some *Argonaut* readers that when Sir William purchased that famous mansion from the Duke of Sutherland I ventured to prophecy that he would devote the building to a public use. That forecast has been verified. For a few days, however, the future destiny of Stafford House hung in the balance. When Sir William Lever announced his intention of devoting it to the public he was sneeringly told that he was contemplating such a step as the price of a peerage, an insinuation which led him to reconsider his proposed gift. Greatly to the gain of all Londoners and visitors, however, that was but a passing thought; he was given grace to ignore such unworthy insinuations and adhere to his first resolve.

So Stafford House is now the London Museum. And henceforward all and sundry may pass within its portals without the ceremony of an invitation. For the building of which Queen Victoria used to say when she visited it that she had come from her house to its owner's palace has now to be numbered among the sights of London not enumerated by the omniscient Mr. Baedeker in his last edition. And it is a museum with a difference. That is to say, it will not compete with the Egyptian mummies and classical busts of the British Museum, or with the stuffed animals of the South Kensington Museum, or indeed with any other London collection of curiosities. In a word, it is to do for John Bull's capital the service rendered to Paris by the Musée Carnavalet. Such a service was badly needed. There are various institutions in London wherein may be read a page or two of the past history of that city, but no one building devoted to an ordered effort to reproduce that history on an adequate scale.

That Londoners of the present are not indifferent to the kind and manner of life passed by their predecessors was obvious from the long queue which gathered at the doors of Stafford House yesterday morning. All through the day, too, the stream of curious sight-seers never diminished, not a few of the visitors being members of the advance guard of this year's American invasion. As Mr. Baedeker has not yet revised his handbook, prospective travelers may be interested in a brief summary of the novelties in store for them. Let it be premised, then, that the authorities have wisely adopted a chronological arrangement, and that the ground floor of the noble mansion is devoted to objects which are eloquent of the manners and customs of the earliest Londoners of whom there is any record. Some of these relics are prehistoric, for they include specimens of the Bronze Age; but in addition there are articles representative of Roman and Saxon London and other objects carrying the story on to the end of the fifteenth century.

On the first floor, to which access is gained by that grand staircase which made Thomas Moore gasp in astonishment, is the suite of magnificent reception rooms in which so many historic gatherings have taken place. Here again chronology has been respected, for the various periods of English history are illustrated in Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian succession. Not that the Commonwealth is overlooked; on the contrary there

is a rare collection of warrants, proclamations, and letters dating from that stormy period. In adjacent galleries are arranged the gorgeous costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with superb embroidery and furniture to match. One of the gems of this department is a group depicting a dinner party of the eighteenth century, the fantastic costumes and table adornments of which are a mighty aid to the imagination which would repicture the social life of the period of Addison's *Spectator*. In fact, no one who wishes to write the history of Sir Roger de Coverley can afford to ignore such an instructive object lesson. And those who take a keen interest in the fashions of clothes regal and plebeian have another treat in store in the Royal Room, which is devoted to the state robes of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and the present occupant of the throne.

Inasmuch, however, as romance and mystery are still potent factors with every-day folk, it was inevitable that the largest crowds were seen around the cases containing a marvelous collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean jewelry that has been brought to light quite recently. During some alterations of an ancient house in the heart of old London the workmen came upon a crumbling wooden box which was found to contain a wonderful assortment of precious gems and gold ornaments. The mystery of the find is still unsolved. But there are theories. One is to the effect that this treasure trove was the property of a jeweler, who hid it for safety, and then lost his life in some old-time brawl. Another is that it was the booty of a gang of thieves, who were afraid to make an effort for its disposal. Undoubtedly that find will make a thrilling episode in the next romance of old London.

For it is ample to deck the fair bosoms and ears and fingers of a galaxy of beauteous damsels. There are dazzling amethysts, and agate cameos, and opal rings, and richly decorated necklaces, and choice pendants, and exquisite watches and pomanders, and countless other examples of the "bravery" of the olden times. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the collection is that in design and workmanship the various articles have a strangely modern appearance. This is partly due to their perfect state of preservation and partly to the fact that modern jewelers are imitating the Jacobean style.

To give an idea of the completeness of the museum it must be added that in the basement of the mansion, keeping company with an ancient Roman boat, are examples of the prison cells of old London, including that in which were confined many of those notorious highwaymen dear to the schoolboy heart. We have had shoals of books about old London, and there are no doubt more to come, but whoso will spend a few days in Stafford House will have as perfect a knowledge of the ancient city as John Stow himself.

LONDON, March 24, 1914. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Closed since nearly 1850, the "most wonderful mine in Britain," that of Seathwaite, in Cumberland, said to be the only place in the world where pure black lead may be found, seems likely to be reopened by a lead-pencil firm which hopes to obtain large quantities of plumbago by modern methods. The mine supplied the first lead-pencils, and has a history of interest. Less than 1000 feet above Seathwaite is the main adit level to the valuable Grand Pipe vein. The presence of the "wad" was first discovered in the fifteenth century by the uprooting of an ash tree. This was where the Grand Pipe, which stands almost vertical about 230 yards in the mountain's interior, came to earth. The time of the actual opening of the mine is not known. It certainly had some appreciated value early in the seventeenth century. In early days the "wad" was said to be necessary for many useful purposes—for casting of bombshells, round shot, and cannon balls. "It withstood great heat without fusing or cracking and was used largely in the manufacture of crucibles." This was in 1769, and the shepherds had already adopted it for marking the sheep, and as pencils it was first used in lengths parchment bound. Innumerable stories are told locally of the old days when folk walked from as far away as Whitehaven over the wild mountains to obtain it. Up to five shillings an ounce was the value of the "wad," and a huge smuggling trade developed. So strong guards of soldiers were employed to protect the mine, as well as the produce, and a special act of Parliament was passed. Still, a large illicit trade was carried on by the miners in 1800. The Keswick black-lead pencil trade was in full swing at this time, having been founded about 1750. In 1833 the price in bulk was 45 shillings per pound, but about this time the foreign graphite came into use in the making of pencils, and the real "wad" gradually sank in price and fell into disuse. Since 1850 very little deposit was found, and the mine was closed shortly after that. For very many years no real Borrowdale lead has been used in pencil-making anywhere in the world.

Carbon County, Montana, would be notable for the number of high mountain peaks within its boundaries, if for nothing else. Of the six named peaks in Montana which have elevations exceeding 12,000 feet and several unnamed peaks with altitudes greater than that height, all are in Carbon County, in the southern portion of the state, and are included in the Beartooth National Forest. The highest of these is Granite Peak, with an altitude of 12,850 feet.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cider-Mill.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to the rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Thro' its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love—oh! better than love can tell—
Its every rock, and grove, and dell;

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider-mill.

Above, the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;

Then join, and under willows flow
Round knolls where the blue heech whippocks grow.

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheer twenty feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,

Spatters the nobby houlders gray,
And, laughing, hides in the shade away.

Under the rocks, thro' trout-pond still,
With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut-trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, heechnuts, chestnuts, there
Drop all the fall thro' the hazy air;

And hurrs roll down with curled-up leaves,
In the mellow light of the harvest eves.

Forever there the still old trees
Drink a wine of peace that bath no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider-mill,
Where a lowland summer waits the rill—

A great brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw;

The carts hack up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor;

Down thro' the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider-press below:

And the screws are turned, by slow degrees,
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam—

An amber stream that gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip.

But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were soulless to New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches thro' it melt

As thro' electric along a straw
When boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discord life's sweet music drowns;

But yet I hear—oh, sweet! oh, sweet!—
The rill that bathed my hare brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;

And I lead at times a sad, sweet dream
To the hahhling of that little stream;

And I sit in visioned autumn still
In the sunny door of the cider-mill.
—John G. Whittier.

"Sparkling and Bright."

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a hee would choose to dream in.
Then fill tonight, with hearts as light,
Ta laves as gay and fleet
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now hegule
The grayhead of his pinions,
Ta drink tonight, with hearts as light,
Ta laves as gay and fleet
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor soher Friendship stay him,
We'll drink tonight, with hearts as light,
Ta laves as gay and fleet
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.
—Charles Fenna Hoffman.

The automatic telephone exchange erected by the United River Plate Telephone Company in Cordoba, Argentina, has just been inaugurated. This is the first automatic telephone exchange in South America.

India is developing an important turpentine industry, though it does not yet supply the home market.

THE RUSSIAN COURT.

Count Paul Vassili Throws a Strange Light Upon the Character and Behavior of Nicholas II.

The title-page of this remarkable collection of Russian memoirs bears the name of Count Paul Vassili, but it need hardly be said that the name conveys no indication of the real authorship. Otherwise no one could write so intimately and apparently so truthfully of the Russian court without finding at least that his avenues of information were forever closed to him, not to speak of still more severe penalties. And Count Vassili began to write some thirty years ago, and although the letters that he then communicated to the *Nouvelle Revue* were so clever and so ill-natured that they attracted nearly universal attention, the real name of their author was never disclosed. But the publishers of the present volume tell us that Count Vassili held an important position at the Russian court, that he traveled widely, and that everywhere he received a welcome befitting his rank in the world. Cynical, intelligent, and wonderfully observant of everything that went on around him, his greatest interest in life was to commit to the leaves of a diary all that he saw and heard. The count died a few months ago, but nevertheless the volumes have become accessible and their contents are now given to the public with the conviction that they will be read with the same interest that have always attended his writings.

There can be no sincere challenge of the authenticity of the information that they convey. The author was obviously an eye-witness of the events that he records. His writings bear the visible stamp of accuracy as well as of a certain mischievous indifference to consequences. No one can doubt that he was writing of the things that he knew or that he was a participant in the court life that he describes. Nowhere is there a suggestion of the keyhole intrigue or of the chambermaid revelation that is so often the basis of court records.

Count Vassili begins his story with the death of Nicholas I and with the accession of Alexander II. Not until his book is half finished are we introduced to the present Czar Nicholas II. When traveling outside Russia, says the author, he was often asked to account for the unpopularity of the present court, and he found it difficult to reply. When the present Czar ascended the throne he was surrounded with universal sympathy. Every one was kindly disposed toward him. Great things were expected of him, and it was hoped that he would govern wisely after the example that his father had given to him:

Very soon, however, these hopes were dashed to the ground. The emperor appeared as he really was—personal in everything, shallow-minded, weak, well-intentioned, but only in so far as it did not interfere with his own comfort, indifferent to all the necessities of his country, and governed entirely by his sympathies or antipathies without considering anything else. His was a nature which would have won for him in private life the denomination of being a "good little fellow"; but that is not enough for a sovereign: it brings ridicule, the last thing that ought to dog the footsteps of a monarch.

Whilst Alexander III was living people knew that they could rely upon his word, that he had opinions of his own, and that, whether these were right or wrong, they were still opinions with whom others had to count. After he had reigned a few months every one who came in contact with Nicholas II realized that he was the echo of everybody's opinion except his own.

The flexibility of his mind equaled its emptiness. It was very soon found out that he changed his ideas as often and with as many people as he discussed them. Though he fully thought he knew what constituted his duties as a sovereign, yet it can be questioned whether he could have told what they were.

The young empress was largely the cause of the earlier criticisms directed against the court. She developed a harsh and cruel temper with fits of caprice worthy of a spoilt child. She did not like many things that were usual in Russia, and she made no concealment of her intention to change them. She was haughty, arrogant, and disdainful to the dowagers who had come from their retirement to be presented to her, and consequently they became her enemies:

Among other unpleasant gifts the young empress had that of calling a spade a spade, and of giving an explanation of the reason which she thought she had for doing such and such a thing. She determined, for instance, to invite to her halls only ladies with unblemished reputations, and in order to prevent any black sheep entering her drawing-rooms she listened to every possible gossip concerning the society of the capital. After weighing this more or less carefully, she had the list of invitations for the next court ball brought to her and scratched out with her own hand the names of all those whom she thought fit to exclude. The result was disastrous. Only a few guests, elderly ladies, were present. St. Petersburg was incensed, and loud in its indignation. Indeed the scandal assumed such proportions that at last the emperor decided to allow his mother to look through, as she used to do formerly, the lists of the people invited to the palace. The pretext given for this action was that his wife was not yet sufficiently acquainted with the ins and outs of the society of the capital.

On the occasion of the great Khodinsky catastrophe the empress showed herself entirely indifferent to the fate of the sufferers. On the same day she attended a ball at the French embassy, and she never once went to the hospital to visit the wounded. Misfortune seemed to be her lot. Four girls were born to her, and Russia was bitterly disappointed at the failure of an heir. Her relations with her husband were affectionate, but not tender, and she never knew how to manage him or to develop by her sympathy the best side of his nature. Her manner toward him, also, was not what it should have been:

She treated him more like a naughty boy than like a monarch whose first subject she was. In the early days of their

marriage it was related that one evening, when they had a few people to tea at Tsarskoye Selo, feeling tired and desiring to withdraw, she turned towards the emperor and said to him in English, a language always spoken in the imperial family, "Now come, my boy; it is time for me to go to bed." One may imagine the stupefaction which this phrase caused among a people accustomed to all the rigidity of etiquette which had always ruled the Court of St. Petersburg. They could not understand how an empress could forget herself so far in the presence of others as to address the Tsar of All the Russias as "my boy."

The frightful accident at the coronation festival was regarded as a portent of disaster to the throne, and this feeling was accentuated by the apparently heartless behavior of the Czar himself, although it is only just to recognize the fact that he was unaware of its extent. It would have been an act of decency to postpone the usual feast, but when the Czar was asked if this should be done he replied that he did not see why the feast should be countermanded because a few people had been crushed by accident. The official view was that the victims were all poor people who would not be missed, and this view was reflected in the reports given to the Czar:

Consequently the trenches that had swallowed so many human lives were hastily covered with branches and earth, so as to hide their sinister contents. Carts were called, and in these bodies were thrown hurriedly, anyhow, and sent off with their ghastly burden to the different hospitals and churchyards. People driving afterwards to the feast met these carts and were horror-struck to see arms and legs hanging out of them from beneath cloths that had been thrown over the bodies to cover them. It was these late-comers who first spread in Moscow the news of the catastrophe.

But, in spite of the hurry to take them away, the number of the victims was so considerable that it was found impossible to dispose of them all at once. The emperor was expected at any moment, and he could not be allowed to see all these bodies scattered everywhere about. Soldiers were requisitioned, and they hastily—will such fatal stupidity be believed?—thrust the corpses under the very pavilion in which the sovereign was to alight and from the balcony of which he was to witness the feast. Thus by a terrible blunder, of which he knew nothing, but for which he was ever after bitterly reproached, Nicholas II actually stood for more than five hours over the dead bodies of his subjects, killed in their endeavor to welcome him.

The author places the responsibility for the Japanese war upon Kouroupatkine, who fostered the Czar's antipathy to the Japanese and who assured him that the whole affair would be no more than a military promenade. Kouroupatkine and Muraviev quarreled in the Czar's presence, and Kouroupatkine even went so far as to say that it would be unnecessary to send the best troops, as those then in Siberia would be sufficient for the work that was to be done:

One man alone, Count Witte, had done all that was in his power to prevent the outbreak of hostilities with Japan. That shrewd minister knew well that in the conditions in which Russia found itself at the moment, a war, even a victorious one, would have consequences which it was difficult to foresee. He, therefore, tried to persuade General Kouroupatkine to give up his warlike plans. But the latter, with the war party at his back, overruled the count. They told the emperor that the country's honor was at stake, and that it was impossible to go back; that, besides, the victory was as certain as anything could be certain in this world; that the army was prepared; and that at the first sight of Russian regiments the Japanese troops would fly in disorder; that the whole campaign would be a military promenade and nothing else. And when at last Witte applied to the good sense of Nicholas II and asked him point-blank what advantages he hoped to gain by a war which might still be avoided, and which ought to be avoided, even at some sacrifice of pride, and *amour propre*, the emperor is credited with the reply, "Why avoid it? It is time to give some amusement to the nation" ("Il est temps donner des distractions au pays").

When the *Petrovavlosk* went down in the Pacific the emperor called a council of war, and he was advised to conclude peace before events became too strong for him. But this eminently wise suggestion was overruled and it was decided to reinforce the Manchurian army and to send the Baltic fleet over the seas to make a naval demonstration before Japanese ports:

This last suggestion was made by the emperor himself. It was received with consternation by those who heard it, but no one dared to contradict it. One officer alone tried to expose the dangers attending such a resolution. His arguments were eloquent, and should have been convincing, but he was not listened to. Nicholas II declared that it was his wish the fleet should start, and added that he felt convinced it would not be called upon to fight, because the very fact of its being sent would frighten the Japanese into asking for peace. He would not take into consideration the fact, in the first place, that Russians are not naturally sailors, the dangers of the voyage, the difficulty the ships would find in coaling, and the rotten state that several of the vessels sent on this adventurous excursion were in. He would not believe that the men-of-war composing this famous fleet were old and no longer seaworthy, that their armaments were singularly out of date, and that their crews were all more or less in a condition of rebellion against the government, whom they accused of having been the principal cause of the present disasters. He simply said: "I want the fleet to start, and it must do so as quickly as possible."

The author says that no human language can picture the horrors of the retreat of Mukden. Even the Japanese, hardened as they were, were moved to pity by the sufferings of the Russian army, fighting for its life under such awful conditions. As for the victims, they became at last quite indifferent to their woes; it all seemed so endless, so hopeless, that it was better quietly to submit, and to rely on fate either to save or to kill as might be:

The Red Cross detachments, as usual, behaved heroically, but they also were left with practically no other resources than their devotion to their duty. Often it happened that the horses harnessed to the carts that carried the wounded fell on the way, and instantly these were seized by hungry soldiers and eaten with relish, even raw. Then the sisters and doctors transferred their charges to other vehicles, and often pulled these carts themselves with ropes until they could find other animals to drag them on. Brave men who had seen other battlefields, and were used to the horrors of war, he-

came white-haired and aged during those terrible days, and, when it was all over, never cared to think of them or hear them mentioned. It was a nightmare, and worse than a nightmare.

The Czar alone seems to have been the one man unmoved by disaster, but his equanimity was the result, not of courage, but of a fatuous and complacent and ignorant conceit. After the destruction of the fleet at Tsushima it was felt that there was no hope for the country, and there were few who did not feel crushed by the shame and humiliation that it was undergoing, a shame that nothing could redeem:

One person alone kept cool and calm; it was the emperor, who, when he was told of the misfortune, read quietly the dispatch describing it, and after having done so went on with the game of tennis that he had interrupted in order to peruse it. So ran the story. Here was the whole of Russia mourning her children, yet—the inference is inevitable—the event was not of sufficient importance to make Nicholas II abandon the healthy exercise he liked to indulge in on bright summer afternoons!

The heartlessness of the Czar as disclosed in these relentless pages almost defies the imagination. He regarded Plehve as a watchdog who had no right to his confidence or even to decent treatment. Plehve was murdered while on his way to present his weekly report to the Czar. The carriage and its occupant were torn to pieces and it was with great difficulty that some remains of torn flesh and bones were found and gathered together to be brought home, but to recognize them was impossible:

The news of the event was at once telephoned to Tsarskoye Selo. The only comment which the emperor made was that it would be necessary to send immediately a high official to put under seal the papers of M. Plehve, so that none should get lost or mislaid. He did not even send a message of condolence to the widow. It was said by way of explanation that the news of the murder must be held back from the empress, who was on the eve of her confinement, and whose nerves might receive a shock in consequence, and that the emperor did not want to leave her at such a time.

Every one remembers the petition prepared by the workmen of St. Petersburg for presentation to the Czar. The author tells us that the occasion was welcomed by the authorities as affording a pretext for the repressive measures already determined on and that could hardly be undertaken without some excuse. But the Czar himself was thoroughly frightened, and it was only the Empress Dowager who kept her head and insisted upon showing herself publicly as though nothing was the matter:

Nicholas II completely misunderstood when told about the intention of the workmen to seek to see himself in person, and to lay before him their wrongs and their wants. When he was informed that all the efforts to disperse the masses about to march towards the Winter Palace had failed, he conceived the idea that the Revolution had come, and had only one thought: to fly from danger; and in the dead of the night a train was hurriedly made ready, and he escaped to Tsarskoye Selo, with the empress and his children, without taking even the time to gather together any of his papers, Alexandra Feodorovna, indeed, leaving everything behind her, even to her clothes and linen.

The resulting massacre of the workmen is a matter of history. The Grand Duke Vladimir was advised to tell the crowds that the Czar was not in the city and so induce them to disperse, but he refused. "Punished they must be," he said, and gave the order to fire, and so without a word of warning the troops seized their rifles and laid low as many of the now frightened creatures as they could. The soldiers fired again and again, and even when all seemed to be over a cannon swept the whole length of the long avenue, killing all who had escaped the first attack:

On the evening of the day that had seen such bloody scenes enacted within the walls of St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke Vladimir went to Tsarskoye Selo to report to his nephew the events that had taken place. Nicholas II listened in silence to the details given to him by his uncle. When the latter had finished he is reported to have asked: "Are you sure that you have killed enough people?"

The assassination of Stolypin, which actually occurred in the presence of the Czar himself, was the occasion of another display of heartlessness even more marked than the many others that had preceded it:

The murder took place at Kieff during a performance at the theatre. The prime minister fell under the bullet of one of his own agents, a Jew called Bagrov, who had been employed by the political police as a spy for a number of years. It was with a ticket signed by Stolypin himself that he had obtained an entrance into the theatre, and he fired at his chief with a revolver which belonged to the government, and which had been given to him by one of the heads of the Okhrana or private guard of the emperor. Stolypin fell, or rather dropped in his chair, with just one exclamation, "I am done for!" Nicholas II was sitting with his daughters in the state box, but he never made the slightest movement to show that he was impressed by the tragic event. The crowd that filled the theatre soon began to cheer him with unusual enthusiasm, which he accepted with a slight bow in the direction of the audience, but he did not seem to evince particular interest as to the fate of his wounded minister. He returned to the palace without visiting the wounded man or making personal inquiry as to his condition.

It is an astonishing picture, although hardly an unexpected one. The world has already learned to shrug its shoulders at the mention of the Czar of Russia and to anticipate for the empire a catastrophe that can not for long be delayed. But never before has there been quite so clear a characterization or one so certain to arouse a feeling of contemptuous abhorrence for a monarch who might have done so much for the vast humanity of which he is the head, but who actually seems to have done all in his power to intensify its miseries and to hasten its vengeance.

BEHIND THE VEIL AT THE RUSSIAN COURT. B. Count Paul Vassili. New York: John Lane Co., \$4.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Watersprings.

There is no particular reason why men who have passed the turning point of life should not fall in love, and as a matter of fact they often do. But it may be confessed that they are not the most interesting of lovers, and if they turn their attention in the direction of very young girls the position becomes a little incongruous.

Mr. Benson's latest story can hardly be said to have a plot. Its rather ordinary hero is Howard Kennedy, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Beaufort College, Cambridge. Mr. Kennedy has fallen into the usual educational groove. He teaches his young men, counsels them and admonishes them, lives the life of a scholar, and seems forever to be safely anchored far from ambitions and still farther from passions. Then comes the change. Mr. Kennedy is invited to spend his vacation with a relative in the country and there meets the sister of one of his pupils. Maud is a young girl, full of the usual aspirations common to well brought up maidens, and at the age when a hero is always an imminent possibility. She falls in love with the mature Kennedy and he falls in love with her, and is then tortured by the inevitable realization of his own unsuitability. There are the usual oscillations between hope and despair, and at last comes the mutual understanding and consequent raptures. It is a difficult situation to portray with delicacy, and although Mr. Benson does it as well as it can possibly be done, we feel that these deviations from the staidness of middle age are perhaps best left unprinted. But we are grateful for the characters of Mrs. Graves and of the vicar. They are artistic and distinctive.

WATERSPRINGS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The Greatest House at Chelsea.

The reader's attention may wane somewhat when he learns that the famous house about which this book is written has now entirely disappeared with the exception of a small piece of brick wall and the authenticity even of this wall is uncertain. But he should persevere, and he will then be rewarded by as choice a bit of specialized history as has yet been written. The house was built by Sir Thomas More, and it was owned by Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Arthur Gorges, both Dukes of Buckingham, and Bulstrode Whitlocke. It was here that Sir Thomas More was visited by Henry VIII and "after dinner in a faire garden of his walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck." Later on More was to go to the Tower for a failure to conform, and he was visited there by his wife, Alice, who said to him: "What the good-year, Mr. More; I marvel that you, that have been always hitherunto taken for so wise a man, will now play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and to be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty and with the favor and good-will both of the king and his council if you would do as all the hishops and best learned of his realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessities so handsomely about you, where you might in the company of me, your wife, your children, and household be merry, I muse what in God's name makes you thus fondly to tarry."

The author has certainly spared no pains to make his book both interesting and valuable. He has ransacked every available source of information, and the result is so good as to make us lament that the house itself is no longer standing. And it may be said, too, that the story is told with an admirable literary skill and vivacity.

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY. By Randall Davies. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

Aegean Days.

Those who travel through the Aegean with Professor Manatt will find that they have a guide equipped at every point for the satisfaction of curiosity and the increase of knowledge. Professor Manatt was consul at Athens for four years, and since then he has been upon many tours among the islands, but perhaps even these are credentials of lesser value than the long life that he has devoted to the study of Greek literature, history, and art. Indeed he seems to know everything that can be known about ancient and modern Greece, and when it is said that he communicates his knowledge with the easy fluency of saturation and enthusiasm it will be seen that his competence to write such a book as this is beyond question.

The author divides his work into two parts. In the first he describes a summer vacation with Andros as its headquarters and with trips to all the important spots of the vicinity. Part II is devoted to such places as Troy, Lesbos, Ithaca, and Leucas. But the charm of the book lies not so much in the information that is given as in the manner of its conveyance. It is in the style of a smooth and animated conversation, and with no suggestion either of the teacher or the pupil. Professor Manatt does not hurry us from point to point as though in accomplishment of a schedule. It

is always the chance discovery, the accidental observation, that lead to the most delightful disquisitions, and they are all communicated, not as instruction, but as reminders, and therefore with a certain subtle flattery that is not without its effect. In this way we see a reconstruction of the Greece of old and of the vicissitudes of history, and not until it is too late do we realize that we are being taught.

Professor Manatt has little to say about modern problems, but he can hardly avoid them altogether. He touches upon the sufferings of Greece under the rule of the Turk and upon a certain heroic simplicity of the modern Greek which suggests a continuity with the past. Evidently the author believes firmly that Greece has a great future ahead of her and that the smouldering fires of her genius are yet destined to break into flame. And it may be said that whatever opinion Professor Manatt thinks it worth his while to formulate and express derives no ordinary emphasis from his experience, his learning, and his ability.

ÆGEAN DAYS. By J. Irving Manatt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

Dreamthorp.

A glance at Mr. Mosher's list of publications must necessarily fill the mind of the bibliophile with a certain glorified avarice, and also with a sense of indebtedness. Mr. Mosher has done more than any man living not only to remind us of the existence of great literary treasures, but to put them within our hands in such surpassingly fine raiment as to enhance the joy of possession. In his foreword to "Dreamthorp" he says: "For essayists of middle-class merit much has been done: for 'Dreamthorp' absolutely nothing worthy the name of reputable book-making. To remedy such unwarranted neglect we must find discover if a small but assured public does not exist, ready to welcome our present reprint of this undoubted even if belated English classic."

Let us hope that the experiment will be a successful one, for "Dreamthorp" deserves to live. Mr. Mosher is right in saying that it has the natural magic of simple and exquisite style: it is a book we may love well enough to mark our favorite passages in, and not feel ashamed of doing so. And it need not be said that the technical excellence of its preparation is as unmistakable as its internal virtues. It is finely printed and its binding is a delight to the eye. Already fifty years old, it should now be assured of a new life and a new popularity.

DREAMTHORP: A BOOK OF ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY. By Alexander Smith. Portland, Maine: Thomas Bird Mosher; \$3 net.

The Faith of Japan.

It is hard to resist the conviction that this presentation of the religions of Japan would have had more weight if it had been entrusted to one who had not abandoned those faiths in favor of Christianity, and this may be said without any reflection on the conscientious care brought to his work by the author, Dr. Tasuku Harada. A body of learned Japanese who wished to be instructed on the nature of Christianity would be rightly censured for entrusting the work to a Christian who had become a Buddhist, for example. They would be told that they should select for that purpose some representative Christian. A convert must inevitably display some bias—perhaps even some prejudice—in favor of his adopted creed, and we seem to see evidences of this unconscious bias in the work of Dr. Harada. Why, for example, should he partly explain the Japanese reluctance to adopt Christianity as due to "the perversity of human nature"? Why does he attribute to Buddhism the teaching of the extinction of the personality without an explanation that the selfish personality only is meant in contradistinction to the unselfish individuality? There are many instances where the author seems to seek for crude renderings of the Japanese faiths in order to compare them with the highest examples of Christian interpretation.

But these are minor defects and perhaps inevitable under the circumstances. The presentation on the whole is a careful and an instructed one and to be recommended to those who wish for a general survey of Oriental religions from the Christian standpoint.

THE FAITH OF JAPAN. By Tasuku Harada, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Anti-Alcohol.

At a time when our one conception of reform appears to be coercive measures applied to others there will probably be a welcome for this volume by Mr. Ernest Gordon. But apart from its advocacy of universal prohibition the book is to be valued for its remarkable collection of facts respecting the struggle against alcohol in Europe. Facts ought to be equally welcome to the pros and the cons in every dispute, and certainly we have facts here in abundance, and they are usually important and appropriate. And in spite of these facts, perhaps even because of these facts, it is still possible to maintain the conviction that the moral tone of the world would not be raised appreciably by the complete com-

pulsory abolition of the trade in alcohol. The causes of alcoholism would remain as potent as ever, and so long as causes remain there will always be channels for their expression.

THE ANTI-ALCOHOL MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By Ernest Gordon. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.

John Milton.

Doubtless it is a futile suggestion, but it would be interesting if the next census authorities would undertake to ascertain how many people in America have read the whole of the works of Milton. It would give us a clue to the country's scholarship that university and school returns erroneously described as "educational" could never do.

If there should ever be a Miltonic revival the recording angel will doubtless make a large credit entry under the name of Mr. Alden Sampson. His "Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry" is easily the best thing of its kind that has yet been written of the Cromwellian poet. It is so good because Mr. Sampson's heart is evidently in his work. He is not merely a Milton student, but a Milton lover, and therefore he writes not only with knowledge, but with reverence. His first essay is entitled "From Lycidas to Paradise Lost" and concerns itself chiefly with the sonnets. Then comes "Milton's Confessions of Faith," and as a concluding essay we have "Certain Aspects of the Poetic Genius." That the author brackets—in a sense—Milton with Plato should arouse at least curiosity, and he seems inclined to make a triad by the addition of Emerson, and even a quaternary with the aid of Wordsworth. It is a curious association, and one that might even produce a certain feeling of resentment among the Platonists. But even they need not upon that account withhold their gratitude from Mr. Sampson for a work of singular excellence and one that so obviously comes from the higher realms of thought.

STUDIES IN MILTON AND AN ESSAY ON POETRY. By Alden Sampson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$2 net.

Brief Reviews.

"The Sail Which Hath Passed and Other Poems," by George Klinge (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a volume of religious poems that are chiefly recommended by their apparent sincerity.

A late addition to the Riverside Literature Series—a series well worthy of a wide popularity—is "Stickeen," by John Muir. This story of a dog is a classic and well deserves the attractive form in which it now appears. The series is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 25 cents per volume.

Dr. Carl Holl, Ph. D., explains that his "Gerhart Hauptmann" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net) is intended to introduce Hauptmann's works to the English-speaking reader in their relation to life and character. It does this task in a satisfactory way and in the course of a little volume of less than a hundred pages. Dr. Holl gives us a rapid review of Hauptmann's literary life and of his writings, and his comments are pointed, just, and without that ecstatic panegyric that is so often considered essential when dealing with the modern problem novel or drama. His book may be confidently recommended as a just and exact performance.

"Play and Recreation for the Open Country," by Henry S. Curtis (Ginn & Co.; \$1.25), is an attempt to show some ways in which the adventure and romance and social coöperation which the country had in the days of the pioneer, but which it has so largely lost, can be brought back to rural life. The author devotes his book to "Play in the Home and its Environs," "Play at the Rural School," "Recreation in the Rural Community," and "The Rural Social Centre." Mr. Curtis handles his topic in a thoroughly practical way and evidently from a wealth of intimate experience. Moreover, the illustrations are numerous and helpful.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "Athletic Training," by Michael Murphy, edited by Edward R. Bushnell and with an introduction by R. Tait Mackenzie. This volume constitutes the legacy which Michael Murphy has left to the boys and young men of America and indeed to the whole athletic world. It contains the result of thirty years spent in the development of track and field athletics as a science and, says the author himself, it was written primarily for the benefit of those who have not the advantage of professional coaches. Its chapters "have been so arranged that any boy or young man who makes a careful study of the event in which he wishes to excel can master it without the aid of a coach." Price, \$1 net.

The latest addition to the Modern Biographies Series now in course of issue by the Houghton Mifflin Company is "Paul Verlaine," by Wilfrid Thorley (75 cents net). Mr. Thorley is to be congratulated on a fine piece of criticism, and one that seems to do exact justice to a perverted genius. His concluding words are applicable not only to Paul Verlaine, but to some other decadences that have been able to win an unmerited popular acclaim. Mr. Thorley says: "A specious and

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high-sounding phrase has been invented to excuse the perversities of imaginative genius by speaking of its achievement as a 'conquest of new realms for the spirit.' But the worth of such acquisitions depends on the nature of the territory, and if it be, morally, a malarial swamp conducive only to a human type found subversive in our normal world, it will always appear to the English mind that we shall do well to forego the new kingdom and to withhold our homage from its discoverer."

"Sis Within," by Harriet Malone Hohson (George W. Jacobs & Co.), is a story that should have some attractions for Psychical Researchers, New Thinkers, and persons of that ilk. It begins with the common story of a woman's ruin and her abandonment, and the results of this are slowly unfolded with accompaniments of clairvoyance, psychic vision, and the like. Most people nowadays are inclined to give a certain amount of cautious credence to this kind of thing, and it may be that the story of mysticism will one day have its vogue, but the author would do well to rely more upon suggestion and atmosphere than upon direct statement. Apart from its psychic element "Sis Within" contains much worthy sentiment, while the narrative itself is by no means insignificant.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Public Policy.

This volume consists of four Page Lectures delivered at Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. "The Character and Influence of Recent Immigration," by Professor J. W. Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D., is a general survey of the immigration problem with an indication of some of its features and of measures proper for its regulation. The author makes no definite advocacy of restriction, confining himself rather to the care of the immigrant after arrival and to the development of a system for distribution, education, assimilation, etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the four lectures from the popular point of view is contributed by Professor Emory R. Johnson, Ph. D., on "The Value of the Panama Canal to This Country." The author seems to think that the value of the canal will be rather in the direction of a general national unification than in any immediate economic changes. Those who expect to see sudden trade developments or a lowering of the rates of the transcontinental railroads may, he thinks, be disappointed. He tells us, moreover, that the exemption of coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls will make the difference between profit and loss in the second decade. If the tolls are paid by all vessels using the canal the revenues will cover all expenses, but if American vessels are exempted there must be a deficit. We are told further that the tolls not received by the government will be retained by the owners of the steamships and "the general public will not enjoy lower rates because of the government's loss of revenue." The tolls will be one of the costs of the service, "and if tolls are collected by the government they will be paid out of the profits of the steamship lines. If they are not collected by the government, the steamship lines will enjoy a subsidy equal to the amounts of the tolls not collected."

Other lectures included in this volume are "The Essential and Unessential in Currency Legislation," by Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, and "Benefits and Evils of the Stock Exchange," by Willard V. King.

QUESTIONS OF PUBLIC POLICY. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Thomas Nelson Page, who understands so well the spirit of the South, has written an appreciative letter to Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, author of "My Beloved South," just published

by the Putnams. Speaking of "My Beloved South," Mr. Page says: "It is one of the most original books in its form that I ever read; in a way one of the most discursive and yet one of the most delightful."

With the recent publication of the third volume of "The Writings of John Quincy Adams" further insight is given into the character of this early patriot and of the times in which he lived. Many facts of great interest and historical value were brought to light in the first two volumes of this series, which has been characterized as "one of the most important of recent additions to the literature dealing with the formative period of this country." This new collection of letters covering the years 1801-1810, is of equal importance and significance. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

The Century Company will publish this month James Oppenheim's "Idle Wives," Mary Skrine's "Bedesman 4," Roland G. Usher's "The Rise of the American People," and "The Goldfish," the confessions of a New York lawyer who has won wealth and position.

Margaret W. Vandercook, the author of "The Loves of Ambrose," a Kentucky story just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a native of Louisville. She is a member of a little group of Louisville women who some years ago formed a little club calling itself "the Author's Club," and then set out to live up to that title. To see how successfully they have done so one only needs to mention that the membership includes Alice Hegan Rice, George Madden Martin, and Annie Fellows Johnson. Mrs. Vandercook, after some year's life abroad, now lives in New York.

"Out of the Dark" is the title of Helen Keller's latest book, but one sometimes realizes that to this darkness of hers there come many more intimations than one might think. It is remarkable to learn that she can hear and enjoy music—though by "hearing" one must understand "feel." She feels the vibrations, which seem to give her acute pleasure. "The music was like the trembling of wings"—so she expressed her sensations after hearing a famous quartet play Beethoven recently.

In "Felicidad" Rowland Thomas has returned to scenes similar to those described in his first book, "The Little Gods," which was based upon experiences undergone in the Philippines. Felicidad, whose meaning is happiness, is situated on a mysterious island in

the Pacific, but its people are undoubtedly of Spanish descent. Romance walks abroad in Felicidad. The book was published April 4 by Little, Brown & Co.

New Books Received.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW. By Marian Keith. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE PATH OF LIFE. By John C. Ager. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Compiled from the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

THE GAME FISHES OF THE WORLD. By Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Intended to provide a well illustrated condensed account of the principal game fishes of the world.

FIRES AND FIRE-FIGHTERS. By John Kenlon. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50 net.

A history of modern fire-fighting with a review of its development from earliest times.

THE TOWER OF THE MIRRORS. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

A volume of essays on "the spirit of places."

THE ROMANCE OF NAMES. By Professor Ernest Weekley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An inquiry into the history of surnames.

THE SHADOW OF JETNA. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A volume of verse.

PIDGIN ISLAND. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE PRICE. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INCONSTANT MAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

GUATEMALA AND THE STATES OF CENTRAL AMERICA. By Charles W. Dornville-Fife. New York: James Potts & Co.

A general description of countries and conditions.

SELF-TRAINING FOR MOTHERHOOD. By Sophia Lovejoy. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1 net.

Advice for women.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIRHS. By Dorothy Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 70 cents net.

Issued in the Wisdom of the East Series.

NAPOLEON AT BAY. By F. Loraine Petre. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

This volume, the fifth of the author's studies of Napoleonic campaigns, shows Napoleon after the disastrous campaign in Germany, left to stand at bay in defense of a sovereignty reduced by the

natural limits of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

THE VANGUARD. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

HEINRICH HEINE: POEMS AND BALLADS. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Translated into English by Robert Levy.

THE OPAL PIN. By Rufus Gilmore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE MIRACLE MAN. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FIGURES FAMED IN FICTION. By H. G. Pillsbury. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Intended to introduce to new and to recall to old readers certain of the strongest and best characters in American and foreign literature.

GRANNIE. By Mrs. George Wemyss. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

ONE YEAR OF PIERROT. By the mother of Pierrot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

INITIATION INTO PHILOSOPHY. By Emile Faguet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

For the beginner. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon, Bart.

CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS? By Rudolf Eucken. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A discussion of religious essentials.

HAIR. By Richard W. Muller, M. D. New York: William R. Jenkins Company.

Its nature, growth, and most common affections, with hygienic rules for its preservation.

MADAME ROYALE. By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50 net.

The story of the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

SONGS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. By Frederic Brush. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

A volume of verse.

FLYING U RANCH. By B. M. Bower. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel of the Far West.

LOOT FROM THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

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HER LADYSHIP'S CONSCIENCE. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

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FOREST NEIGHBORS. By William Davenport Hulbert. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents.

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A FESTIVAL OF SHAKESPEARE.

Although the Stratford-upon-Avon Players started out with a successful premiere the fate of the engagement actually hung in the balance for a night or two following. The English reputation of this organization of fine players was known more to travelers than to stay-at-homes, and the company had not been sufficiently advertised, but its own merit saved the day. People who went in the beginning contracted the habit of going steadily, as the company's repertory is so extensive, and became its assiduous and enthusiastic advertisers. Indeed, in spite of Lent, the spectacle of a line of ticket-buyers at the Columbia box-office has been frequent and even customary during these two Shakespearean weeks.

People have been taking the historical plays as a series, beginning gayly enough with "The Merry Wives of Windsor," since it is in that play that we made our first acquaintance with Falstaff. After "Richard the Second" had launched Bolingbroke into the uneasiness that attends a crown, we found the florid old rogue again in "Henry the Fourth"; and on last Wednesday, in "Henry the Fifth," we saw blithe young Prince Hal figuring as a gallant wooer and a valiant hero of battlefields. "Richard the Third" tonight will wind up this graphically presented series which is stamping so vividly upon our memories that epoch in English history which shows how the unrestrained kingly power of the middle ages transformed knightly men to crowned and sceptred murderers.

Quantities of men, by the way, have been turning out to witness these plays, and fairly reveling in the sensation of seeing galleries of silent statues suddenly resounding with the tread of action, the pregnant emotions of life. For the heroes of history, the pomp and circumstance of war, and the quarrels of contending factions appeal to the unsleeping boyhood in the hearts of grown men. Each of us, however, has his own special enjoyments, and I found in "Henry the Fourth" that mine was keenest in that grave atmosphere of the court, where the dying king faced the bitter prospect of seeing the crown pass from his brows to rest upon an unworthy head. The little picture of the royal family will join the ranks of those others "that hang on memory's wall." And most pervaded by the atmosphere of the past was Mr. Benson's portrait of "Henry the Fourth," a portrait full of the dignity, the chastened pride, the bitter resignation of a king who has reigned long and who sees his earthly power slipping from his grasp. The scene between the dying king and his heir was most beautifully played, awakening in the beholders a keenness of longing to see the reconciliation of those two mettlesome and kindred spirits that testified to the sad and appealing beauty of the conception of the two players. The chastened maturity of the king offered poetic beauty of contrast to the youthful graces of the young prince as embodied in the fine person of Murray Carrington, who, in a later scene, clad in the robes of royalty, stamped upon the memory another one of those unforgettable portraits of princely pride and grace. Physical beauty Mr. Benson has not, nor grace, nor even a natural dowry of imposingness of presence. Yet this player, by sheer force of the clearness of the inner vision, can so affect the imagination as to endow himself with the air of distinction of one who has lived in courts. He wore it as Jacques in "As You Like It"; sometimes—not always—as Richard the Second; and as Henry the Fourth his look and bearing were those of a king, even in the monarch's moments of mortal weakness. In "Hamlet" I feel that Mr. Benson disdains too much the assistance of outside aid in the physical representation. In spite of his habit of occasionally falling into a measured, almost monotonous cadence, he always conveys the meaning of the text. He is so thoroughly informed with the spirit of the part, and his mental conception of a supernaturally appointed avenger struggling to break through the lethargy of a temperamental reflectiveness is so clear, and so penetratingly conveyed, that one feels a desire that the spiritual beauties of the player's conception should, as far as artifice will permit, express themselves by means of a physical reflex. Not only does Mr. Benson make the outer man of his Hamlet less princely than his Henry IV, less distinguished than his Jacques, but, to follow out the idea of the distraught prince's carelessness in the matter of dress, he is, from the time that Hamlet assumes madness, as ragged

as a mendicant. This fails to tally with the conception so dear to our hearts of the princely majesty and beauty which Hamlet retained in his seemingly maddest moments. If, now, the pure intellectual essence of Mr. Benson's Danish prince could be poured into the physical mould of Murray Carrington, that, indeed, were a Hamlet to our liking. But I do not believe that Mr. Carrington is ready yet to interpret to us the soul of the melancholy Dane. His Hamlet would be more a being of external beauties and histrionic exquisiteness. Mr. Benson's Hamlet shows the results of a life's study. There is no confusion in his mind, and he clears away misty places in the minds of his auditors. It is not an inspired representation, but it profoundly affects the imagination because it is sincere, illuminating, and full of sensibility and spiritual insight. A large audience on last Saturday night gave no uncertain evidence of its approval. The spirit of the most sublime tragedy ever writ by mortal was in the air, and it was Mr. Benson who invoked it and laid the spell of its sombre beauty upon us.

Miss McDowall's illness caused the rôle of Ophelia to fall to Dorothy Green, who had been all the afternoon the maddest and merriest of madcaps in the rôle of Rosalind, yet the change of mood was complete. Her Ophelia was one of the gentlest, and sweetest, and tenderest maids we remember in the rôle. Mr. Benson, by the way, introduced something of an innovation in the famous scene in the palace corridor. The majority of Hamlets, in spite of the prince's subsequent grief at the graveside of Ophelia, play altogether too perfectly the rôle of indifference in this corridor scene, but Mr. Benson portrays Hamlet as repeatedly breaking through his mask and holding the tender decoy in the desperate, renunciatory embrace of a doomed man consecrated to vengeance.

I liked it. It was another one of those touches of simple humanness in which Mr. Benson excels and makes his players excel. In fact, in spite of a slight flagging of the long dramatic tension toward the latter end of the evening, that performance of "Hamlet" is one to remember. Carefully studied in matters of details like all the others, and permeated throughout with the beautiful gloom of tragedy, one could not find a single fault in the whole cast. The personations that stand out particularly beyond those already mentioned are Mr. Ayrton's king, Miss Foreman's queen, Mr. Calvert's ghost, and Mr. Cochrane's Polonius. This fine representation followed a matinee performance of "As You Like It," which, in the leaf-strewn glades of the Forest of Arden, brought before us in full measure the atmosphere of idyllic romance. No reality was there, and none asked for it, so delightful was the picture of a sparkling maid masquerading as a roguish lad under the very gaze of her undiscerning lover. Except that Dorothy Green's arch features wore the challenging gaiety that was the sign and manual of Rosalind's character, the young faces of the two chief lovers were as the unwritten page. Time had yet to write its record there. It was delightful to surrender ourselves to this atmosphere of unreflecting, unreasoning romance, to feel the sylvan influence of the woods, and note its reflection in the picturesque discourse of the inhabitants of the forest. Jacques the melancholy, like any man gentle or simple, throws himself prone, and while he "rests his head upon the lap of earth" and calls for music Amiens sings in the freshest and pleasantest of manly voices those sweet old songs that Shakespeare immortalized when he collected them from the ballads of his day.

Dorothy Green, like Mr. Benson, disdains artificial make-up. She has a charming face, but if she emphasized the shape of brows and eyes and the bloom of her young cheeks she could no doubt make herself much prettier. As Rosalind she beautified herself by wearing the merriest and most provocative regard with which maid ever hedeviled a puzzled male. Her variations from the coquetties of a woman to the frolicsomeness of a mischievous youth were provocative of a whole assortment of expressions in Orlando's face, in which half divination struggled with instinctive subjugation, or anon yielded to a boyish participation of the merry adventure.

A pretty couple was that rustic pair of pursuer and pursued, Phebe and Silvius, charmingly played by Marion Foreman and Basil Rathbone. Randle Ayrton's Touchstone was full of the juicy meat of humor, and William Calvert and Murray Carrington so feelingly played that familiar old scene in which the weak and failing old servitor is encouraged and upborne by his young master that the soft-hearted listeners wiped away a tributary dew.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

On Monday night the presence of a large and expectant audience at the Columbia Theatre testified to the undying interest felt by theatre-goers in Shakespeare's great love-tragedy. It was a delightful audience, in the sense that it hung with such enraptured immobility upon those ecstatic love scenes that are supposed to be particularly appropriate to the receptivities of youth, and yet there were

all ages, sizes, and kinds participating in the intense enjoyment with which the plays was received. The old, the ugly, the young, the handsome, the fat, the bald, the literal, and the romantic, were absorbed in a sympathetic contemplation of those two young gods of love riding the highest waves of the master-passion with such ecstasy that the terrors of death became merely the soothing halm of oblivion. The matter-of-fact spirit of our times passed away. Eugenics and the scientific spirit of inquiry were forgotten. All who looked on were oblivious of the fact that if Romeo were living in our day a modern community would find him altogether too impractical, too wrapped up in the vision, and would trample over him in its mad, onward career toward material things. A youth who posted with such dexterity—one falls as a matter of course into Shakespearean phrase during these two weeks—from one love to another, from one exaltation to another, and who, in the flower of his beautiful youth, plunged from the dizzy heights of supreme rapture to the icy abyss of death, was of necessity created before our time. And yet Romeo, whose vocation was love, and who paused in the midst of his highest felicities and deepest woes to transmute his heart throbs into the exquisitely worded apostrophes of a born poet, belongs to all time.

O Romeo, Romeo, ill could the twentieth century spare you! All hail, spirit of romance! All hail, the love of lovers!

Oh, well, to come down to brass tacks—which I assure the coldblooded outsider who has possibly not participated in the prevailing Shakespearean enthusiasm is rather difficult—the performance was, from the point of view of poetry, love, romance, tragedy, and aesthetic appreciation of beauty, the most interesting of the season.

Dorothy Green's was the greatest impersonation in the cast. That arch, laughing little comedienne of "As You Like It" was quite a wonderful Juliet, the only element that was absent being the sense of physical allurements conveyed by the hotter-blooded and more passionate Juliets. Dorothy Green's was a tender, girlish Juliet, happy and care-free as an unawakened virgin, but, when love came, a sensitively attuned being whose emotional currents vibrated from a capacity for deepest, self-surrendering tenderness to the extremes of desperate anguish and overwhelming despair. There was perceptible in Miss Green's representation a steady current of histrionic response to every demand made upon her, so that in the potion scene she mounted from previous heights to that still higher climax which, technically, is the test of all Juliets.

As to Romeo—steady, pen, steady!—I will begin by trying to state as calmly and coolly as possible that Mr. Murray Carrington so ravished the eyes of his audience by the physical beauties of his Romeo that it is really difficult to refrain from adding a few notes to the rhapsodies with which the devotees are relieving their pent-up souls. To begin with, Romeo was as startlingly beautiful as a lovely woman, although it was a lad's and not a girl's beauty, for Murray Carrington's high nose and holdly defined chin bar effeminacy. He looked the veriest stripling, and the romantically graceful garments of Romeo became his fresh, unsullied youth as her first ball-dress sets off the white shoulders of a pretty girl. Mr. Carrington is a player who may, possibly, never become a really great actor, but some enterprising American manager will gobble him up yet, if a Londoner doesn't first appropriate him, and his admirers foresee starship for him, for he was born for the stage and in its dazzling light his graces most fitly shine. He is a player by instinct. His voice has the full, histrionic quality, his elocution is melodiously beautiful, and he is fairly saturated with romantic charm. His graceful garments define his shape as if they loved it, and every movement is an aesthetic delight. The audience, men and women, on Monday night sat enraptured, and through all the phases of the tragedy loved his plastic graces with their

eyes. When Romeo entered in the apothecary scene, clad all in royal purple, with the rich folds of his mantle by turns concealing and defining the graces of his slender, beautifully poised body, a wave of aesthetic delight expanded almost visibly over the house, and I think he then stamped his portrait as that of the ideal Romeo upon our mental retinas for all time. I have a whole gallery of beautiful Juliets in my memory, but the picture that Murray Carrington gave us on Monday night has displaced all my other Romeos. The picture, mind you, not the soul. The most beautifully acted Romeo I ever saw was that of the young Salvini. I think his Italian blood and the talent he inherited from his father, joined to his ardent intelligence, made him emotionally quite perfect. Perhaps if I saw him now I might find a few minor flaws, but his spirit was as the soul of Romeo. I know it is sheer haphsophy to say it during the prevailing ecstatic crush on this player, but I think that as yet Mr. Carrington, beautifully, exquisitely as he acted the part, stops short of scaling the extreme emotional heights of the rôle. But he will probably get there yet, and even if he doesn't, he is one of the best Romeos I have seen, and decidedly the best of these later years.

Mr. H. Randle Ayrton, as Mercutio, gave that loved and merry being so sympathetic a rendering in his three moods of fun, fury, and whimsically impatient surrender to cold death that we were drawn far beyond our ordinary perfunctory response to the ordinary perfunctory playing of the rôle. That mortal wound seemed actual and hurt us as we felt it dimming the bright play of Mercutio's ebbing spirit.

I think that Frank Cochrane made that good-hearted, courageous old meddler, Friar Laurence, the most natural, simple, and human of beings that we have ever seen in the part. Holy St. Francis! but he was not a frocked and tonsured automaton, but a real man, and a lovable one at that.

Miss Rosa Burgess gave a sterling impersonation of the nurse, contributing to the lighter scenes with Juliet so graphic a picture of variations in mood of crochety old age that, with the high lights afforded by Dorothy Green's charmingly girlish mingling of gayety and impatience, delighted the spectators in the relief it afforded to the shadow of impending tragedy.

Some idea of the quality of the cast in general may be gained by mentioning that William Calvert, who was so prominent as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Richard II," and who was the ghost in "Hamlet," filled the small rôle of a servant to Montague in "Romeo and Juliet."

One can not, however, point out in one play more than another the general excellence of the cast. The aim of the Stratford Association is to spread the knowledge and love of Shakespeare by bestowing the most minute care upon all rôles. And every minor character that spoke in the street broils, or that acted as servant to one or other of the two great rival houses of Verona, did so in such a way as to enhance the illusion. And those gallant youths fiery Tybalt, gentle County Paris, merry Mercutio, and Benvolio pleased the eye and the mind by the graces of their persons and their discourse. And to think of it! Romeo's servant took his last leave of his self-doomed lord with a sorrowful mien and accents that were actually pathetic. And I that have heard "supes" with an Irish brogue in that rôle live to tell it ye!

There were several street scenes, strikingly realistic street scenes, in which the rival nobles and various members of their households had hastily assembled, called by the sword-clashings of their contending kinsmen. In such stage pictures the least important figures, instead of showing the customary immobility, always had their attitude and expression so in keeping that the sentiments of the dominating characters in the scene are thoroughly borne out. In fact we are seeing the sixteenth-century spirit revived and strengthened with the resources of the twentieth century. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia.

Chauncey Olcott in Henry Miller's splendid production of Rida Johnson Young's new Irish play, "Shameen Dhu," comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with this Sunday night, April 12, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday each week.

The play is meeting with marvelous success throughout the country, and is credited with being one of the most romantic and beautiful productions with which Mr. Olcott has yet been equipped. It is a tale of the dashing, madcap period in the Emerald Isle when all the nobility of the country found amusement and fashion in the metropolis of Ireland. Consequently all of them resided in Ireland and had beautiful homes in the most picturesque places. They became actively identified with the life of the country and entered into its politics with a zest that made the age famous for their eloquences and their deeds. It was an age which produced Grattan, Curran, Steele, Philips, Emmett, Wolf-Tone, and a host of others whose names will go down in history as some of the most brilliant men of the world. In this period such novelists as Charles Lever, Maxwell, Samuel Lover, and others held the balance of literary power in their hands and found the most abundant and

rich material for their stories, and the author of "Shameen Dhu" could not have done better than draw on such a period for the characters and types around which to build an Irish play. Mr. Olcott has five new songs for this production.

"The Honeymoon Express" at the Cort.

The latest and best of all New York Winter Garden shows, "The Honeymoon Express," with Al Jolson, the famous black-faced comedian, at the head of the original cast, which includes such well-known musical-comedy entertainers as Melville Ellis, Mlle. Marie Rohson, Ada Lewis, Anna Wheaton, Sybil Sunday, Marie Fenton, Doyle and Dixon, Donald McDonald, Arthur Monday, and a chorus of sixty beautiful women, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre for two weeks only, beginning Saturday evening, April 12, with matinees on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.

This attraction was a great success in New York, where it remained for thirty weeks. It is in every sense the kind of entertainment one expects from that playhouse of novelty, being filled with catchy music, novelties galore, no end of opportunities for its clever cast of principals, and a small army of pretty chorus girls in elaborate costumes.

What it is all about doesn't much matter. Those who have seen productions from the New York Winter Garden will know pretty well what to expect. They will find a story sufficient enough to carry the principals in and out of many places, changes of costumes galore, a bewildering maze of color in scenery and dresses, an abundance of merry music and stirring choruses, with everybody given full sway in their fun-making.

In this particular instance all the characters are set going on a madcap chase by a divorced wife, whose former husband has fallen heir to a fortune, which to possess he must have a wife. When she learns of this fortune she seeks to regain his affections, but finds that he has left for Paris on "The Honeymoon Express," whereupon she gives him a run for his alimony by racing to Paris in an automobile.

Attractive Bill at Pantages Theatre.

Captain Jack's ten polar bears and Bothwell Browne's newest tuncful tahloid, "The Follies of a Courtroom," will head the new bill of eight acts which opens at the Pantages tomorrow (Sunday). The ten polar bears have an act far different from any animal attraction that has been shown on the Pantages circuit. The big, fuzzy beasts roll around the stage on mammoth balls, shoot the chutes, play at "soldiers," and wind up by a real startling wrestling match with their trainer.

Browne's jingling vest-pocket comedy is brimful of rollicking songs and dances and is gowned in the usual stunning fashion which the producer always presents his pieces. While there is little semblance of a plot to the "Follies of a Courtroom," the situations are laughable and entertaining. One of the big numbers is a "Blue-Wigged Belles" dancing specialty, with ten of the girls garbed as coddies and wearing colored headgear.

Lawrence Johnson, a ventriloquist with wonderful gifts, is one of the biggest hits on the bill. He carries on a three-part conversation with his wooden dummy and shows how he can talk while smoking and drinking.

"Holding Out" is an incident from the life of an actor presented by Davyett and Duval. Gregoire and Elmina have an act replete with originality called "The Furniture Tusslers." From "The Rosary" to ragtime is a singing offering by Bernard, Finnert, and Mitchell.

Exclusive motion pictures of current events, with a comedy film, will complete the bill.

David Bispham Orpheum Headliner.

Musicians will hail with delight the announcement that David Bispham, the celebrated baritone, will be the star attraction at the Orpheum next Sunday and all next week. Included in his programme are operatic numbers and old and new ballads selected from his repertory. Particular features will be his famous rendition to music of Kipling's "Danny Deever" and Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." His accompanist will be Ward Lewis, a distinguished pianist.

Among the number of brilliant society dancers who have attracted an unusual amount of attention are Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston. Their programme will consist of their own interpretation of the Hesitation Waltz, the Tango, the Maxixe, and a Gavot.

Ben Deely, assisted by Marie Wayne, will appear in the laughable farce, "The New Bell-boy." Deely appears as a tired, industrious colored porter, and proves himself to be a capable comedian and a song writer of merit and originality.

Joseph E. Bernard and Hazel Harrington will appear in a new skit called "Who Is She?" by Willard Mack, now firmly established as a successful writer of vaudeville sketches. Mr. Bernard was featured in the name-part in "The Devil," and Miss Harrington's greatest success was probably in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Blue Mouse."

Next week will terminate the engagements of Clara Inge, H. M. Zazell and company,

Bryand Cheerbert's Marvelous Manchurians, and Johnny and Emma Ray in "On the Rio Grande."

"The Echo" at the Gaiety

The Gaiety Theatre resumes on Easter Sunday night its province of entertainment without problems or distressing lessons. "The Echo," with William Rock and Maude Fulton as its leading funmakers, will be seen, and it promises to eclipse even "The Candy Shop" in the variety, novelty, and originality of its offerings.

"The Echo" has enough of a plot to peg specialties to, and William Rock and Miss Fulton have created many startling effects, most of which will be seen in the course of the second act. The organization back of the featured funmakers has been selected from "The Candy Shop," and for more than a month has been rehearsing under Mr. Rock's capable and energetic direction.

Included in the cast will be Oscar Ragland, Kitty Doner, Bessie Franklin, Mary Amrose, Frederic Santley, Frances White, Will Philbrick, Jane Grant, while the chorus has been selected with careful reference to its ability to dance, sing, and with regard to beauty.

It has been Mr. Rock's purpose to provide an evening's entertainment in which there will not be a slow moment, and Rock's reputation as an arranger and director of dances is such as to guarantee the liveliness of "The Echo," which has otherwise been described as "a great Broadway reverberation."

The Flonzaley Quartet Dates.

The definite dates of the three concerts to be given by the famous Flonzaley String Quartet are Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. As the acoustic properties of the auditorium are of the utmost importance at a concert of this character, Manager Greenbaum will have a special stage built in front of the regular platform for these concerts, so that no portion of the beautiful tone colorings may be lost in the scenery, hangings, etc. Among the important works to be introduced here by this organization are the "Quartet" by the much discussed futurist composer, Arnold Schoenberg, and the "Suite" for violin and cello by Emanuel Moor. Season tickets for the three events will be sold at a special rate.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Nearness of Nature.

Nature is no distant dame,
All aloofness in her mien;
Mistress Nature is the same
Unto peasant, unto queen—
Yea, the sun of summer sweet
Shattered from a sheltered crown
Kisses little children's feet
That are bravely bare and brown.

They who seek her need not fare
Over dim, mysterious bills;
Always she is sitting there
On our dusty window-sills.
When the traffic besitates
Where the human river pours
Nature creeps through city gates
Knocking at our city doors.

Nature plants courageous grass
In the cobbled market-place
Where the weary thousands pass
Beat of form and sad of face.
She comes creeping, creeping so
From the country unawares,
With her roses in a row
And her ivy on the stairs.

Only just a little way,
Alley first and avenue,
Out a road of sturdy clay
Mistress Nature beckons you.
Very near the busy mart,
Very near the huts of men,
Nature waits with merry heart—
Let her make you glad again!

—Douglas Malloch, in *American Lumberman*.

The Everlasting Doors.

I knocked at all the iron doors, crying your name,
Across the ice-bound world I sped with feet of flame,
But to my ears or to my eyes no answer came.
I stood beside the doors of spring, watching each shape
Of blue and gold that from the dark made soft escape,
Till the wide world was filled with flowers from cape to cape;
And all the doors of heaven and hell lay open wide,
And to the dead, not without hope, the living cried,
And faint and far, as in a dream, the dead replied.

Yet in that resurrection vast and rendezvous
Of parted souls that did old love renew,
I watched with wild and weary eyes in vain for you.
—Richard Le Gallienne, in *International Magazine*.

The final performances of the great engagement played at the Columbia Theatre by the Stratford-upon-Avon Players are announced for this (Saturday) afternoon and night. The matinee will be devoted to the one and only performance of "Twelfth Night," and the closing play is to be "King Richard III."

The Mischa Elman Concerts.

Mail orders for the two concerts to be given by Mischa Elman, the "Caruso of the Violin," at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, April 26 and May 3, will now be accepted and filled in order of their receipt. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the box-office will be open on Wednesday, April 22, or at Kohler & Chase's. Mr. Elman will be assisted by the eminent pianist, Mr. Percy Kahn, who has been his accompanist for many years. A special feature at each concert will be an important "Sonata" for violin and piano played by these two splendid artists. At the conclusion of his concerts in this city Elman will sail for Australia, and thence will tour the world.

"Peer Gynt" Lecture—Art Exhibit

A lecture on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" by John D. Barry, accompanied by Grieg's "Peer Gynt" music interpreted by the McIntyre Trio, will be given in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co. Tuesday evening, April 14, at 8:15 o'clock. An exhibition by Gottardo Piazzoni will be held in the art gallery opening Monday, April 13, and continuing until Saturday, April 25. The exhibition will comprise the following groups of sketches: Lake Tahoe, Green Brae, Mill Valley, and Europe.

Chauncey Olcott has five new and attractive songs for his new production, "Shameen Dhu."

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VANITY FAIR.

Did you ever notice what funny things women do? Probably you have. You could hardly help it if you have ever observed a woman. But if you want some real fun get a copy of the *Woman's Home Companion*—or is it the *Journal*?—and turn to the column where readers from all over the country take counsel together with a portentous solemnity about things that do not matter. Late last night we were spreading our little pink toes to the fire and toying with a copy of this great palladium of feminine liberties, and we found a series of letters on the great subject of "step savers." For the moment we thought this might be some sort of new machine, but it was not. It was just silliness as usual. These great feminine intellects were comparing notes on the various little ways by which they could save themselves trouble, and here is a specimen. "Mrs. H. W. F." writes from Vermont:

One little help in saving steps, for me, has been to have a herry basket near where I work. Egg shells, lemon peels, or any small scraps are placed in it. Then, when the work is done, it is very easy to empty it all in the stove or garbage pail instead of making a separate trip with each article.

Now what do you think of that? How did "Mrs. H. W. F." of Vermont ever come to think of it. And this great genius does not even give her name. That is the modesty of her. If she had only gone on to tell us what she does with the time thus saved our bliss would have been complete. And do you notice how simple it is? Instead of trotting out to the garbage pail with each separate piece of egg shell or lemon peel and then trotting back again "Mrs. H. W. F." of Vermont puts them all into a herry basket and makes a single trot do for the whole cargo. And then she writes to the newspapers about it. And probably she will write again next week and tell us how to make a herry basket for the egg shells and lemon scraps and how sweet it looks with "God bless our home" worked in wool around the edge and with pink baby ribbons at the corners. Or how to make a garbage pail out of a piano.

Now there seems to be no copyright on this idea, and so we intend to annex it. We have no egg shells to dispose of, but we often find it necessary in our trade to destroy pieces of paper. Hitherto it has been our practice to take each separate piece of paper firmly in the left hand, descend by the elevator into the basement, and hand it—the piece of paper, not the basement—to the janitor with a few appropriate words of uplift. Henceforth we intend to get a basket, place it adjacent to the table where we work, and put into it all the pieces of paper that we wish to destroy. But for a peculiarly exacting conscience we should claim this discovery as our own and send it to one of the man's newspapers to be inserted under the column devoted to "step savers."

But the same issue of the *Woman's Home Companion*—or *Journal*—contains another scintillating flash of genius. Did you ever notice the difficulty of getting into the house of an evening in consequence of the whole place being choked up with old phonograph records? A perfect nuisance they are, littering up the hall and stairway. How often we have wished for some good plan to use them, and now comes "M. E. W." of New York to tell us how. This is what she says:

Old records make very nice table mats for hot dishes. They are made by pasting a piece of asbestos on the top of a record and binding around the edge with passepartout tape, which has first been clipped on both edges to shape more readily. The mat can also be made by gluing asbestos on both top and bottom of the record, and then covering it with linen or cretonne and hinding it with a bias strip of the same material sewed into place. Pads made in this way are useful as well as serviceable, the record being such a good foundation.

It is nice to know that these pads are useful as well as serviceable, but isn't it just a shame that women should have to work in this way, toiling and moiling from dawn to dewy eve with passepartout tape, sheets of asbestos, linen and bias strips, and all for the sake of a few table mats? Probably "M. E. W." of New York is too tenderly sensitive to talk to her husband, if she has one, in the way he should be talked to, the cold, cruel, selfish brute. Why in the name of heaven does he not give her a nickel so that she may go round to the store and buy a couple of Japanese mats made for the purpose. But men are like that. And, would you believe it, "M. E. W." of New York got \$2 for that prescription, at least it says "two dollar prize" just over her letter. Surely that should inspire her to greater efforts. Perhaps she could tell us how to use that old half-brick that has been lying around in the vacant lot. It might be faked up into a paper-weight with the aid of an illuminated text, a yard of lace, some safety pins and unlimited time. And what's time?

The great suffragette leaders are at it in. One of them has made an oration in New York (picture in newspaper) in order to

protest against the enslavement of the mother by the baby. What an appalling waste of time, she says. What a sacrifice of opportunities for self-culture, she says. What a relic of the old-fashioned days, she says, when women were supposed to have duties. Why are not these babies cared for by experts? The baby already spends about half its time or more, she says, in the care of hired nursemaids. Why should not nursemaids do it all? Drat the baby anyhow.

Now a week or so ago we commented in these columns on the feminist plea that all housework should be done by women hired for that purpose, and we ventured to point out that this plea was for the liberation, not of women as a whole, but of a small caste of women, and that the feminist champion's conception of her own sex never extends beyond that small caste. She looks upon the great mass of women merely as so much raw material to be "hired," since it is obvious that the woman who has been hired to be a domestic servant has not been "liberated" from anything at all. Quite the contrary. If she has been hired by another woman she has entered the worst sort of slavery, the most humiliating form of slavery, to be found in civilization. In other words, the feminist divides the women of the nation into two classes, an aristocratic or employing class and a larger and employed class, and the former is to be liberated by the simple expedient of hiring the latter class.

Now we see another proof of this. When the feminist talks of women she means those women who employ nursemaids to look after their babies, and her demand is for more nursemaids—who of course are not women at all within the meaning of the act—in order that the wealthy mothers may be "liberated" from even those shreds of duties now remaining to them. The kind of woman who does not employ a nursemaid, who could not possibly afford to do so—and there surely must be some of this class in the backwoods—does not come within the sphere of recognition of the feminist. This kind of woman was created by the feminist God for the purpose of being "hired." She is a sort of chattel, or serf, and it may be said that nearly all women who belong to the employing class are in the habit of looking upon the women whom they employ as serfs and chattels. But we seldom get so frank an admission that when the feminist champion is speaking of women who are to be "liberated" she means only women who have money, who employ nursemaids. All other women are actual or potential hired girls.

Letter from Ramchandu Kashinath Dattarya to the *Times of India* (Bombay): "My purpus for writin on you this is to enform your many English Brothers not to give honor and devotion to your ladys becaus they will in the end becum proud and then they will want vote. 2 or 3 thing happen at Victory Garden tomorrow (yesterday) and I all of a sudden made up my brain to write you immediate. There was many English womans and when mans are sitting on the bench, and womans come, man stand, and give their sit to woman. This happen 2 or 3 times tomorrow (yesterday) and I question you why? I again tell you why? Mans and womans are similar in this world and then why mens honors womans? If they honors old old woman, one thing, but they honors young lady. My purpus to write this to enform the English Sabih Loks (Englishmen) that when they do this they spoil their feminine lady and then this lady get proud and walk like peock and then ask vote, and then spoil Ken Garden and throw bomb on Loid Gorg, put hursting powder in envelope and post, and create other mischief. Therefore I say to my Englis, please don't spoil Englis womans in India because by honoring them you people put in their brains the sids (seeds) of Sufragtism and then they will get wild like Misses Pancurs. Please please print this letter near the Ruter's Telegram with hig big words."

At the ladies' club, to which men are admitted as guests (says the *London Chronicle*), there came a cold young man, and there were bets as to his thawing. One ingenious girl made her book, and got the young man into a taxi, from which she promised to drop him on the way. Then she began to cry. "What's the matter?" asked the man. "Oh! Nobody loves me, and—my hands are so cold!" wailed the girl. The man thought. "Well, your mother loves you," he replied consolingly, "and God loves you, and if you sit on your hands they'll get quite warm."

The St. Louis *Republic* asks: Why is it always "a crowd of fashionably dressed women" who try to get into a court-room where some wife-murderer is being tried? Don't the poorly dressed women care for that particular sort of a matinee?

Woman (excited and disheveled)—Quick! Give me a glass of brandy for a woman in a fit. Druggist (calmly)—Yes, madam. To drink now or to take away with you?—*London Opinion*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A traveler in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give you fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen you wait till we stop." "Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat ev'ry time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

It was at a theatre in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud: "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"

Apropos of the Secretary of State's popularity as a lecturer they are telling in Washington a story that is, no doubt, quite false. "I lost two hundred and fifty dollars last night." So Mr. Bryan is said to have complained to one of his secretaries the other morning. "Lost two hundred and fifty dollars! Not speculating, I hope, chief?" "No," said the Secretary, "talking in my sleep."

Sandy McNab had the reputation of being a canny man in a trade. In fact he was "gey cautious." He once sold a gentleman of little experience a horse which was described as being "perfectly without faults." Next day the huyer came back in high dudgeon. He had found the horse blind of an eye. "You said this horse was faultless!" he roared. "Look at him—look at that eye!" "Weel," said Sandy, quietly, "that's no the puir heastie's fau't—it's only its misfortune."

A man had borrowed some money from a friend and refused to give it up. There had been no witnesses to the transaction. When the lender sued the borrower took advantage of his constitutional rights of not testifying against himself, with the result that the lender could not recover. When they met on the street some time later the lender ran up to the borrower and shouted: "I've got four witnesses anyway who know that I loaned you the money. God and I know it and the devil and you know it."

They were building a new church and the funds had not come in as fast as had been expected and the priest thought he would simplify matters by appointing a sum of money which he thought proportionate to each man's wealth, and so he taxed Con Hagerty \$1000. Con had begun to feel the religious indifference that sometimes goes with success, and when he heard that he had been mulcted a thousand dollars he was frantic. "I'll niver pay it," he exclaimed; "I'll become a Presbyterian and go to hell first."

The minister came to Jethro's house one afternoon to a christening party—he was to christen Jethro's little son, Jeth, Jr. "Jethro," said the minister solemnly, taking his host aside before the ceremony; "Jethro, are you prepared for this solemn event?" "Oh, yes, indeed, doctor," Jethro heaved. "I've got two hams, three gallons ice-cream, pickles, cake—" "No, no, Jethro," said the minister with a smile. "No, no, my friend, I mean spiritually prepared." "Well, I guess yes! Two demijohns of whisky and three cases of beer!" Jethro cried in triumph.

At a meeting of clergymen a curate was anxious to bring himself under the notice of the archbishop. He informed his grace that he had recently seen a wonderful example of the ways of Providence. "Your grace," said the curate, "my aunt intended taking a railway journey, but missed the train owing to her cah being held up. That very train met with an accident and many passengers were killed and injured. Was not that a wonderful intervention of Providence?" The archbishop looked at the curate and, after pausing a moment, simply said: "I didn't know your aunt."

A story is told of General Smuts, a noted officer in the Boer war. During his last visit to England he was present at an official reception, and in the course of the evening he found himself next to a rather high and mighty young officer. "Let me see," remarked the latter, staring at General Smuts rather superciliously through his monocle, "haven't we—ah—met somewhere?" "Yes," replied the general. "Thought so," remarked the officer; adding with a bored air: "One meets so many people; let me see, where did we meet?" "In South Africa," retorted the general curtly.

The farmers met in the market town, and there was a calculating look in the eyes of both as they faced one another. "About that there coo I was talking to you of the other day," began Farmer Dohhins, "will you take twelve pounds for her, George?" "No, no,

Oi couldn't part with 'er for that—not by a long chalk." "But t'other day you told me you might let 'er go for that." "Something's 'appened to the coo since then." "Mersey on us, George, what's the matter? Coo dead?" "Worse 'n that," said George. "You see, my old missus can't ahear to part with t' old coo. It 'ud break 'er eart. She'd soh 'erself into a fit over it." "Well, well, I suppose that ends the busness?" "Well, I'm not so sure o' that, Farmer Hayseed. Look 'ere. Make it twelve pun' ten, and let the missus sob."

Old Bijé Wilson was the sole proprietor of a halky horse down in Missouri. The fact was pretty well known throughout the neighborhood, and Bijé couldn't have disposed of that horse even to David Harum, who hought a horse that would "stand without hitching." One day a neighbor drove up behind Bijé, who was stalled, as usual. It was a narrow embankment and there was no room to pass. The neighbor accepted the situation philosophically. Every now and then Bijé's horse would turn his head and as promptly Bijé would shy a pebble at it. It seemed that the hox hed of his "side har" huggy was loaded with pebbles. "What'er ye doin' that fer, Bijé?" the neighbor asked. "That won't start 'im." "Wall, ye see," Bijé answered, "I don't mind a hawse halkin' now and then, hut I'll be durned if he can turn around and grin at me about it."

An English school inspector was told that a certain class in a school he was visiting was very dull, and he decided to test their intelligence for himself. Going up to the blackboard, he called to the class to give him a number. "Forty-nine," said one boy, after a little hesitation. The inspector carefully wrote "94" on the blackboard, and then looked at the class. The class stared hark without offering any comment on his apparent mistake, so he asked for another number. "Fifty-seven," another hoy replied. Again the inspector wrote up "75" for all to see. Again he looked at them, expecting some protest; but again he was met with the same stolid stare. "They certainly do seem rather dull," he thought to himself. "I'll try them once more." Then aloud he said: "Give me another number." After a moment's silence a sharp-faced hoy spoke. "Thirty-three," he said. "Nah let's see if yer can muck ahaht wi' that."

THE MERRY MUSE.

In the Balcony.

As twilight deepened, he and she
Were sitting in the balcony—
They two together, side by side.
To hold her hand he vainly tried.
"Oh, no," said she; "I never could
Permit you to; no lady would!
Besides," she added, "you forget
'Tis hardly dark enough just yet."

—Eugene C. Dolson in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Easter Parade.

Gone is the season of snow;
Easter has come with its cheer!
See where the worshippers go
Homeward, in holiday gear:
Solomon Rex, it is clear,
Never like these was arrayed!
Lively the chatter we hear—
This is the Easter parade!

"Isn't that lamp-shade a show?"
"May's in burtonion this year!"
"Nancy got hers from Callot."
"Heavens! See Maude from the rear!"
"Poiret's effects are so queer!"
"How is that minaret made?"
"Look at those feathers, my dear!"
This is the Easter parade!

"Sue has an onyx handeau!"
"Black's rather chic, but severe!"
"Papa hates slashes, you know!"
"Darling, your hat's on one ear!"
Nobody talks of a sphere.
Politics, problems, or trade:
Girls will be girls, never fear!
This is the Easter parade!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Best Evidence.

Though men may knock and men may raost
The narrow skirt that shows a stocking,
From coast to coast, they look the most
And longest at the one most shocking.

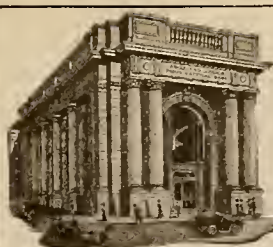
Yea, many men who rail and blow
About that skirt, in secret love it;
Most women know that this is so—
They have the figures, too, to prove it.
—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

Willing.

Her poor suitor did not discern
That her gowns cost more than he'd earn.
Said she, "How could you dress me!"
He blushed and said, "Bless me!
That's something I think I could learn."
—The Club Fellow.

The Waist.

An imag'nary line is the waist,
Which seldom stays long where it's placed,
But ambles and skips
Twixt the shoulders and hips—
According to popular taste.
—Anthony Euwer, in Harper's Magazine.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Woods, and Mr. Frank Worth of Kent, England. Miss Woods, who is at present in London, has been abroad for the past two years, during which time she has been traveling with friends. She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Sr., and a niece of Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, the artist. The Messrs. George H. Howard, Jr., and Rollo Peters are her cousins.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel Gregg, to Mr. Daulton Mann. Miss Gregg is the sister of Mrs. Stuart Haldorn. Mr. Mann is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann and a brother of Miss Dorothy Mann. The wedding will take place some time this month.

The wedding of Miss Geraldine Forbis and Lieutenant James Howell, U. S. N., took place Saturday at the home in Menlo Park of the bride's parents, Major Philip Wales, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wales. Miss Katherine Mellen of New York and Mr. Charles Tripler were the only attendants. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in this city.

Mrs. L. Lowenberg entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Mrs. S. N. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained a number of friends at luncheon Tuesday at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. John Hooper has issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, April 17, in honor of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper.

Mrs. Sidney A. Cloman was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray gave a dinner recently at their home in Monterey. The affair was in honor of Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt (formerly Miss Sallie Murray).

Mr. Frederick Jehson was host at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis complimentary to his brother, Mr. M. Jehson, who is here on a visit from China.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble gave an informal dinner-dance Wednesday evening at their home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Orville C. Pratt entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at her home on California Street.

Master Frederick McNear, Jr., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, was christened this afternoon at the family residence in Menlo Park. Mrs. Horace Hill, Jr., was the godmother and the godfathers were the Messrs. Seward McNear and Philip Bowles.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham has issued invitations to a dinner Monday evening, April 13, preceding the ball to be given by Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre will also give a dinner the same evening. The affair will be in honor of Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. James Treadwell has issued invitations to two bridge-teas on the afternoons of April 28 and 29 at her home on Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. Samuel Knight was hostess at a bridge party Thursday evening at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean entertained a congenial coterie of friends at a bridge party Friday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a luncheon at her home in Menlo Park Thursday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe have issued invitations to a dinner Monday evening, April 13, at their residence on Pacific Avenue. The affair will be in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, who the same evening will give a dance at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to the Misses Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Waldron entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the Benedicts' Ball at the Keystone.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave an elaborate dinner Friday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue complimentary to the Messrs. Jules Guerin and William de Leftwich Dodge.

Mrs. Horatio Baker has issued invitations to a bridge party Monday afternoon, April 13.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday in honor of Señora Calderon, the wife of the Bolivian minister to Washington.

An informal dance was given at the Burlingame Club Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who sailed Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton gave an informal dinner-dance Friday evening to celebrate an anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Jane Hotelling entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Monday afternoon at her home on Franklin Street.

Dr. Herbert E. Law was host at a luncheon at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club Sunday in honor of his fiancée, Miss Alice Warner of Monterey.

Mr. Stewart Lowery was host at a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel Bellevue. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Mrs. Duane Bliss and her sister, Miss Mary Dunham, have issued invitations to a tea Tuesday afternoon, April 14, at Mrs. Bliss's new home in Piedmont.

Lieutenant Philip R. Faymonville, U. S. A., gave an elaborate dinner Saturday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Nell Hadley and her fiancé, Mr. Albert Luchinger.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis have issued invitations to a dinner Monday evening, April 13, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne.

Mr. William Whittier was host at an elaborate dinner Friday evening at his residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home on Lombard Street. The affair was in honor of Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Captain George Wertenhaker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wertenhaker, who will leave shortly for their new station at Fort Terry, New York.

Lieutenant Robert N. Bodine, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bodine have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, April 17, at their home at Fort Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Nichols left last Sunday for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe sailed Tuesday on the *Siberia* for Honolulu.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman are expected home from Europe the end of this month. Since their marriage two years ago they have resided in Germany.

Honorable John Alexander Blomquist, Mrs. Blomquist, and Miss Amile Kaufman spent a few days at the Palace Hotel en route from Southern California to their home in Boise, Idaho.

Miss Persis Coleman will leave shortly for Washington, D. C., to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings. Miss Coleman will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her niece, Miss Katherine Jennings, and Mr. Chauncey Hackett.

Mrs. E. B. Perrin is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller, at their home on Pacific Avenue. She will later join her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and the Misses Lois and Sara Cunningham arrived Wednesday evening from New York. The Misses Cunningham joined Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham at their home on Broadway.

Mr. George Tallant has come up from Santa Barbara for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith departed Thursday for the East, where they will visit relatives before sailing on the *Imperator* for Europe.

During their absence their little son will remain in the East with Mr. Smith's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have decided not to go to Europe, where they had planned to spend the summer. Their reservations for April 11 have been canceled and they will enjoy the season in their country home in San Mateo.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan will leave tomorrow for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge have returned to their home in Salt Lake City after having spent two months in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland and their children have returned to Burlingame from Los Gatos, where they have been spending the past two weeks at their ranch.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has returned to Burlingame after a visit in town with Mrs. William G. Irwin at her home on Washington Street.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and their daughter, Miss Margaret Nichols, are again installed in their home on Webster Street after having spent a part of the winter in the East. During their absence their residence was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, who have moved to Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore are established in their home in Belvedere after having spent the winter in town.

Miss Helen Keeney spent the week-end in San Mateo with Miss Rebecca Shreve.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and their daughter, Miss Leslie Page, have given up their town house and are occupying their home in San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, are making their plans to spend the summer in Europe, and expect to sail next month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Saunders and son have given up their home on Broderick Street, and have taken Fern Oaks, in Ross, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip are anticipating a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Robinson, who was formerly Miss Mary Kip. Since her marriage to Dr. Robinson she has resided in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Landt, their daughter, Miss Erma Landt, and Mr. and Mrs. Wickman of Hamburg have been visiting the many points of interest in California. During their visit in this city they were guests at the Hotel St. Francis and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann and Miss Johanna Volkmann.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois (formerly Miss Eliza McMullin) sailed Tuesday from Europe and will be home the end of this month. They will spend the summer in Woodside.

Miss Ruth Zeile has gone East to spend a few weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin and their little daughter Patricia have been spending the past week at Paso Robles.

Mr. James Potter Langhorne has returned from Annapolis, where he has been visiting his daughters, Mrs. James A. Parker, Jr., and Mrs. Richard Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard have closed their town house and are again established in their Belvedere home for the summer.

Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt and their three children, Muriel, Consuela, and William K. Vanderhilt III, left Sunday, for their home in New York.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs and her nieces, the Misses Stella and Constance Kane, have returned from a visit in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., will give up their home in San Rafael early in May and will establish themselves in Menlo Park, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has been spending a few days at her country home, Sobra Vista, in Sonoma County.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer will sail April 23 with Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger for Europe, where she will travel with friends during the summer.

Miss Corona Williams will leave next month to attend the commencement exercises at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy will leave shortly for Portland, Oregon, where she will visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook. She will later be the guest of Miss Polly Young at Vancouver Barracks.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, have returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. Walter Martin has gone to Portland, Oregon, for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughter are expected home next week from New York. Mr. Grant, who returned recently from Europe, was met in New York by his wife and daughter, who left here two weeks ago.

Ensign J. C. Thom, U. S. N., has been transferred from the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* to the U. S. S. *Jupiter*.

Rear-Admiral W. C. Cowles, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cowles arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., returned in the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Commander George W. Williams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Williams have arrived in this city and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. They have been stationed in Newport, where Commander Williams was inspector of ordnance at the torpedo station.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., has been appointed quartermaster of the Western Department to succeed Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., who has been retired on account of illness.

Colonel William A. Glassford, U. S. A., is expected to arrive next month from the Philippines, where he is chief signal officer of the department, and will probably be assigned the same duties in the Western Department. Colonel Glassford has devoted his entire military career to signal corps work.

Brigadier-General William C. Rivers, U. S. A., has been relieved from the position of chief of the Philippine Constabulary and ordered to re-

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turn to his regiment, the First Cavalry, at the Presidio, Monterey. He will assume his old title of major.

Colonel Samuel Dunning, U. S. A., has been ordered to Manila.

Captain Charles F. Bates, U. S. A., arrived in this city last week, en route to his station at Schofield Barracks.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman have given up their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and are established for the summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Major-General Darnall, U. S. A., arrived in this city Saturday en route to the Philippines.

Mrs. A. V. Evans, wife of Major Evans, U. S. A., is visiting Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith at their home in the Presidio.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Mrs. Bowen, and their daughter, Miss Gladys Bowen, are established in an apartment on Clay Street.

Mrs. Thomas W. Holladay is en route to the Philippines to join her husband, Captain Holladay, U. S. A., at Fort McKinley.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Bassett was formerly Miss Helen Dickens.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, will succeed to the position of high commissioner for Canada in London, made vacant by the death of Lord Strathcona. The appointment will be made in May.

Mary Cassatt, a Philadelphia painter of children and family life, has been awarded the gold medal of honor of the Academy of Fine Arts, the highest award within the gift of the Academy and one of the most valued trophies in the American art world.

Dr. M. M. Carrick, whose work stopped the epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis in the Southwest, has just completed a sanitary survey and reform in 151 cities and towns in Texas and Oklahoma. The disease cost 1500 lives. Dr. Carrick lives at Dallas, Texas.

Professor Paul Shorey, head of the department of Greek in the University of Chicago, who has been the Roosevelt Exchange Professor at the University of Berlin during the present academic year, has also given lectures at other German universities. The general subject of his lectures in Berlin is "Culture and Democracy in America."

Baroness d'Anetban, formerly the doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique at Tokyo when the late Baron d'Anetban was the Belgian minister, is returning to that city. Baroness d'Anetban, who is a sister of the English novelist, Sir Rider Haggard, is a well-known writer herself. Her last book was "Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Tokyo."

Stephen Pichon, who held the portfolio of foreign affairs in France under the Clemenceau and Briand cabinets, as well as in the recent Barthou ministry, has, it is understood, separated himself from his former political connections and has returned to journalism. He is now on the board of the *Petit Journal*, and will probably control that paper's political news.

General William W. Wotherspoon, now assistant chief of staff of the army, has been selected to succeed Major-General Leonard Wood as chief of staff at the end of General Wood's term, April 22. General Wotherspoon has been in the army since 1873. He was president of the War College from 1910 to 1912, and was later commander of the Department of the Gulf.

Sir Edward Clarke, formerly solicitor-general for England, announces that he will retire in November, after having been at the bar for fifty years. He rose to his high station from a lowly position in life, having begun as an apprentice to a jeweler, sleeping behind the counter at night. He has taken part in many famous cases, and has found time to publish a number of diversified works, including "Treatise on the Law of Extradition," "Public Speeches," and "The Epistles of St. Paul." Unlike many of his legal friends, he does not care for outdoor life, but devotes himself to reading.

Captain Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., who will have charge of all the details of putting shipping through the Panama Canal, graduated from Annapolis in 1880, and with the exception of six years has been at sea ever since. He has been around the world five times and has commanded ships in nearly every big port

in the world. Admiral Dewey sent him to demand the surrender of the Spanish batteries on Corregidor Island, outside of Manila Bay, and later those at Subig Bay. When Admiral Osterhaus commanded the Atlantic fleet Rodman was the fleet captain. When the battleship fleet went to Europe last year Captain Rodman commanded the dreadnought *Dela-ware*. From this he was sent to the Isthmus at Colonel Goetbals's request.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

San Francisco's internal revenue office, under the management of Collector Scott, has become a first-class office, according to the rating of the United States Treasury Department, which has just completed an official examination of it. In the seven months of Scott's régime the office has collected more than \$4,500,000, an average of \$635,000 a month.

Alfred Auze, local agent for the J. Spencer Turner Cotton Mills of New York, following his arrest on Monday on a charge of embezzling \$70,000, has been sued in the superior court for \$121,553. The suit was started by his employers through their attorneys, Garrett McEnerney and Walter Rothchild.

Announcement has been formally made in Washington that San Francisco will be one of the twelve regional reserve banking cities to be formed under the new currency law. The San Francisco reserve bank will represent 514 national banks, with an aggregate capital of \$8,115,524, and the territory to be served includes the states of California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and all of Arizona, except six counties.

Ferris Hartman, for years a great drawing card as comedian of the old Tivoli, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, giving his debts as \$46,682, without assets.

Edmond Frank Green, former president of the Pacific Coast Casualty Company, is accused by State Commissioner of Insurance E. C. Cooper in a statement issued of being a defaulter to the amount of about \$30,000, and Cooper has made formal charges against him to District Attorney Fickert. Green has been in New York for some time.

The United Railroads has reported for the year ending December 31, 1913, showing the following changes: Gross earnings increased \$80,179; net after taxes decreased, \$203,938; total income decreased, \$318,648; surplus after charges decreased, \$284,065; reserve decreased, \$107,353; final surplus decreased, \$176,712. The failure of the company to show a normal increase in gross earnings is attributed in small part to the operation of the Geary Street municipal road, but in larger measure to the general depression.

Ground was broken last Monday for the third municipal street railway. Mayor Rolph and several hundred citizens gathered at nine o'clock and began the work of building the Van Ness Avenue line, from Market Street to the exposition grounds. The cost of the new extensions is to be \$219,747.50, with an additional bonus of \$15,000 if the work is com-



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See that yours carries it

pleted thirty days ahead of the stipulated time of 150 days. It is expected that cars will be running on the new line in about four months.

Death has called James Humpbrey, one of the earliest settlers in San Francisco. He was eighty-two years of age. For many years he was prominent in business affairs in this city, but retired from active work more than a quarter of a century ago.

Mark Daniels of San Francisco was appointed Wednesday by Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane to be landscape engineer for the Yosemite Valley. His duties will be to remove such objectionable features as exist and to preserve the features that have made the valley famous.

Announcement was made Wednesday by Leon Sloss that the Northern Navigation Company, one of the most important concerns operating in Alaskan waters, had sold all its steamers, barges, and terminal facilities on the Yukon River and at other points in Alaska and the Yukon to the American Yukon Navigation Company, which is backed largely by English capital.

To Resume Thes Dansants.

The patronesses have decided to resume thes dansants at the Hotel St. Francis, beginning Easter Monday, April 13, from four to seven p. m., and continuing every Friday and Monday thereafter. The *Après le Théâtre Dansants* will also be given Monday evenings, at nine o'clock, beginning April 13. Reservations must be in by Monday noon. Membership cards must be presented at the door. Annette Woodman and Guy Livingston, exponents of the latest steps in ballroom dancing, will give exhibitions at the dansants. They will also appear in the café every evening after the theatre.

Concert at Sorosis Club.

The Hughes-Wismer-Riley trio announce an attractive programme for April 21 at Sorosis Club. Miss Fernanda Pratt will sing some Scotch songs, and among the numbers will be the Beethoven trio in C minor, B Piano Quartet in E Flat, D major 'cello Sonata, and two Romances for the violin.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Pinckard, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Williams, is the daughter of Mr. Gardner Williams of Washington, D. C.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Simpson, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Simpson was formerly Miss Lola Davis. The boy has been named Andrew W. Simpson III.

Following Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia Theatre will appear the notable actor Robert Hilliard under the management of Klaw & Erlanger in the production of "The Argyle Case."

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Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm...Apr. 30
*Kaiser Wilhelm II.....May 5
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISST.

He (passing a church)—Have you seen our new altar? She—No. Lead me to it.—Judge.

"Papa, what is a religious prejudice?" "The convictions of some one else, my son."—Life.

Nurse—Well, doctor, must we give him up? Doctor—Not while he can sign a check.—New York Globe.

Mrs. Brown—Why doesn't Jones get a run-about? Mrs. Smith—He has—his wife.—Kansas City Journal.

He—What would you say if I asked for a kiss? She—That you were delaying the game.—Town Topics.

"Why did B Jones call his painting 'Peace.'?" "Didn't you notice the absence of female figures?"—New York Sun.

Military Examiner—What must a man be to be hurried with military honors? Recruit—Dead.—Harvard Lampoon.

She—It must be very hard to lose money at the races. He—Not a bit. It's the easiest thing in the world.—New York Globe.

"Aunt Mary, why is it you never married?" "I suppose, my dear, it was due to my policy of watchful waiting."—Detroit Free Press.

"A man is soon forgotten after he is dead," said Mrs. Gahh. "Not if you marry his widow," replied Mr. Gahh.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Did you come back on an all-steel train?" "When the waiters and porters finished plucking me I felt sure that it was."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Newrich—Did you suffer much from mal de mer on your voyage? Mrs. Oldtown—No, but I was awful seasick most of the time. Livingston Lance.

First Scot—What about some liquid refreshment? Second Scot—Na. Ah'm an abstainer. But Ah'll tak' the money or a cigarr!—Glasgow Herald.

Enraged Cockney—Was it you as killed that dorg o' mine? Second Cockney—Yes. An' i' e comes into my paddock any more after my sheep I'll do it ag'in.—Sydney Bulletin.

Theatrical Manager—What's that stuff you're working over? Dramatist—My kid's school lesson in sex hygiene. I think it would make a hit if I could dramatize it.—Puck.

"He's an extraordinary fellow, you know; he'd kill his own father in order to make a good joke." "Then there's nothing to worry about; his father will die an old man."—Le Soire.

"Why doesn't that dachshund come when I call him? The idea of sulking on me." "He's coming as fast as he can," said the man's wife. "He's got his front legs started."—Washington Herald.

Civilian—Hev' ye ever bin in an engagement? Tommy—Yuss, Hi should bloomin' well think so. Civilian—Did it last long? Tommy—Three months, and then she wouldn't return me presents.—Punch.

Tourist—Well, Pat, I suppose that if you get Home Rule it will be a blessing to you, won't it? Pat—Sure, an' Oi don't know, sorr. May be to the hboys, but Oi'm gettin' too old to foight now.—London Opinion.

First Jew—Twenty years ago Goldstein sold shoestrings on the corner and today he owns the corner on which he stood. Second Jew (excitedly)—Und if he had valked up und down he might have owned the whole block.—Life.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago after a courtship which had lasted fifty years." "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Agent—I came to deliver your hook on "How to Play the Piano." Lady—But I didn't order any. Agent—Haven't you a next-door neighbor named Brown? Lady—Why, yes. Is it for her? Agent—No; she ordered it for you.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pat—Arrah, now, thim railways are a mighty ione invintion, anyway. Friend—I shouldn't have thought you could find much to admire in them, Pat, seeing that you lost your leg in a railway accident. Pat—Faith, and didn't Oi get a thousand dollars damages? Shure, if it had only been me head Oi'd have owned the loine.—Dallas News.

Foxy Uncle (after leaving the curio shop, showing his nephew the way to buy curios)—There you are, you see. When you are dealing with people like that just hargue the point a bit, and down comes the price ten shillin's. Curio Dealer (to his nephew)—There you are, my boy. When you're dealing with a man like 'im, and you see as 'ow 'e's going to hargue the point a bit, all you've got to do is to put the price up ten shillin's to start with.—Sketch.

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Edmund B. Holladay, lawyer, went away for a vacation a month ago, taking his family. He left his magnificently furnished home at 2215 Buchanan Street carefully locked. He got back today and found it not only carefully unlocked, but stripped of most of the furnishings. According to the police, the loss was estimated at close to \$2000 after the first survey.—The Examiner.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Conscience Money" for Colombia.

An agreement just ratified by which the United States is to pay to the government of Colombia the sum of twenty-five millions of dollars in compensation of damages for "taking" the Isthmus is a tacit confession that our part in that incident was neither more nor less than an act of piracy. This has been the Argonaut's

contention from the day President Roosevelt's Panama policy was announced until now. Whenever it has been sought, as it has been many times—officially and otherwise—to excuse this rape of a friendly nation, we have maintained that it was a course unjustified by any principle of justice or of legitimate privilege—in other words an act of high-handed piracy. Mr. Roosevelt first attempted to justify the Panama business by a pretense that the United States had no part in organizing the Panama "revolution," and when in the face of plain facts this buncombe became ridiculous, he shifted his plea to what he styled "the broad principles of international justice"—in other words, to the piratical theory that might makes right. Now after many years we are forced to admit that we were wrong, that what we did was a violation of every consideration of good faith among nations, that we in our strength robbed a weak country which could not defend itself against us. We seek now, not because we must but because we are impelled by an inward sense of wrongdoing, to make such reparation as we may in the form of a great money payment. It is the only thing we can do by way of salving our own conscience. But it does not with men of fine sensibilities entirely salve it. It still leaves us under a moral conviction of gross wrongdoing; and its permanent effect is a heritage of distrust and ill-will in countries beyond our southern border, where every motive of sentiment and every consideration of interest should have impelled us to generous and honest dealing. And this is only one of many forms of national discredit, domestic and foreign, which we owe to the impatience, the ruthless spirit, and the bad faith of Theodore Roosevelt.

Prohibition.

Not until there shall be careful study of the returns of last Monday's local elections can there be definite determination of the tendencies of public sentiment in California with respect to the prohibition issue. But from the scattering returns already reported we get the impression that the "wets" have rather the better of it.

Incidentally it needs to be said that the attempt to confound opposition to prohibition as a principle, with championship of the saloon as a social institution, is unfair and dishonest. Very many who regard the saloon as it exists in most of our towns and cities as a demoralizing influence, still oppose prohibition as an unwarranted invasion of individual rights. This is precisely the Argonaut's view of the case. It is opposed to prohibition, not because it supports the saloon, but because it believes prohibition to be a wrong principle and in its logical effects a demoralizing policy. It does not believe that men may be made sober or chaste by enactments. It believes that in California, as everywhere, prohibition must fail of adequate enforcement, and that the effect of it as an accepted public policy would be to substitute a worse secret evil for a bad open one. It believes that prohibition has little or no power to enforce sobriety and that it has a very bad effect in inculcating contempt for law with habits of evasion.

There is another phase of the matter. Nobody excepting the fanatics whose mental processes rest upon emotion rather than reason believes that a moderate use of liquors by persons competent to use them discreetly is harmful or illegitimate. It is not the use, but the abuse, of liquors that is vicious. Now laws should be made for the normal man, for the man of reasonable self-control, rather than for the morally infirm and the derelict. There is no logic in denying to the mass of men a reasonable privilege because other and less worthy men can not make use of such privilege without falling into excesses. The law should restrain the evil and the weak rather than impose prohibitions and penalties upon the worthy and the strong. If it be allowed that Jones may be restrained from taking a glass of claret with his roast beef because Smith can not do the

same thing without moral collapse, then it must be allowable to go down the line and make a hundred other prohibitions.

There are enthusiasts and propagandists of every notion and fad afloat. Make prohibition of liquors an effective law—assuming that it can be made effective—and pretty soon we shall have demands for the prohibition of pretty much every other thing capable of abuse by the weak and the foolish. Leave it to the propagandists and no relationship or act of life will be free from the meddling hand of the social regulator. Freedom under such a dispensation would speedily be only a memory and a name.

Mr. Wilson's Embarrassments.

These are not pleasant days for President Wilson. They are bringing to him troubles vexatious in themselves, and made especially annoying by the fact that he had conceived the notion that he was going to get through free from many difficulties encountered by other Presidents. The first months of Mr. Wilson's official life were in all ways auspicious. The press and the public were considerate. His party was appreciative to the degree of enthusiasm. Congress was bidable. Everything excepting Mexican affairs went smoothly, and even here the outlook for a long time seemed hopeful, at least to the President himself. The tariff bill was a victory. The financial bill was a triumph. These incidents brought Mr. Wilson the satisfaction which attaches to a sense of high obligation successfully and brilliantly sustained, plus the exhilaration of high personal success. This was the state of mind which lay back of the Canal tolls message—now seen in its real character of what we may style an exhibition of moral arrogance. In his supreme self-confidence Mr. Wilson thought he could bring Congress to reverse itself in response to his mere wish.

Failure of the Canal tolls policy to command universal approval has been followed by various disappointing circumstances. As related to the President himself it involves the painful business of getting rid of a whole brood of fondly conceived illusions. There has come to Mr. Wilson a series of jolts—failure to command the approval of the country in the matter of the Canal tolls, open disaffection on the part of the leaders of his own party in Congress, demonstrated failure of the Mexican policy, a multitude of annoyances in our foreign relations, etc. It is all very disconcerting. It has both surprised and irritated the President; and, let it be whispered low, it has had a bad effect upon his manners. He still maintains a smiling front, but the smile is only skin deep, and those who have had to do with him at close range during the past four or five weeks have found him not quite the gracious man he was less than a year ago.

One of several matters tending to the President's annoyance is criticism of the selection of cities for the reserve banks. And for the moment this issue, if it may be so called, has crowded the question of the Canal tolls into the background. It was a diplomatic mistake to invite competitive bids by sending an investigating committee over the country. It aroused hopes in many cases unreasonable and resulted in many disappointments and some resentments. It was another mistake to delay the decision. And it must be confessed that when it was made, there were legitimate grounds for criticism. Right or wrong it is common belief that the selection of two Missouri cities was due to the personal influence of Secretary Houston. Then the designation of Richmond, a provincial state capital with less population than Oakland and not much more than Sacramento, over either Washington or Baltimore, has laid the foundation for another charge which reflects directly upon the political pull of John Skelton Williams, with an indirect suggestion of presidential

Baltimore will never be convinced that she has not been badly treated. Cincinnati is entirely sure that Cleveland was selected over Cincinnati as the result of a political deal. And poor old New Orleans! Well, New Orleans is absolutely certain that Woodrow Wilson and those near him are no true Democrats. There is talk at Washington—the kind of talk which is never so big as at its beginning and which speedily degenerates into weariness and contempt—of taking the reserve city row into Congress and of trying to upset by law the selections already made. Probably all this talk will come to nothing. But it makes an unpleasant atmosphere and it distinctly tends to the disturbance of the President's mind.

Another matter tending to disquiet the President grows out of administrative policy as related to the civil service. Politicians, congressional and other, have never been sentimentally disposed towards civil service rules, which they regard as a piece of utopian folly. It is only among the "intellectual classes" that any vital interest has been manifested seriously in this connection. It is especially disconcerting to the President to be criticized by that class to which he himself belongs and whose favor he has been especially solicitous to conciliate. None the less the President does nothing to check raids on the service. Executive orders waiving the rules in the matter of appointments to the civil service are multiplying. A sample case will illustrate the situation. Mrs. Maud B. Crawford has by executive order been transferred from the position of draftsman in the geological survey, where she received a small salary, to the post of copyist in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy Department, where the salary is larger—a distinct violation of civil service rules. This for the stated reason that the Secretary of the Navy believes the new appointment "to be a fitting recognition of the long and faithful service" of Mrs. Crawford's late husband, who for twenty-three years and up to his death last January was chief clerk of the Navy Pay Office. The Civil Service Commission, whose opinion was asked, declined to approve the change. But it was made none the less, and for the sentimental reason above set forth. The wish to promote Mrs. Crawford was a very natural and human one, but the act was not in line with the civil service idea. Under a scheme based upon standards of qualification and seniority, the wish of one department "to take care" of the widow of a deceased faithful employee is not a sound motive. The President, with ideas of personalism cultivated by years of college life, is disposed in cases like this to do the human and the gracious thing. But that is not civil service reform; and those who make a fad of civil service regularity are not unnaturally critical.

Mr. Bryan, it is surmised, has had a good deal to do with the President's practice of breaking down the civil service rules. Mr. Bryan has been long arraigning Republican administrations for contempt of the civil service rules, but now that his own party is having an inning and he personally besieged a dozen times a day in behalf of deserving party aspirants, he feels that it is only fair to take over the spoils with scant regard for established rules.

It is now being said at Washington that all administrations have made light of the civil service rules. But the truth is that in recent years the civil service practice has grown rather than declined at Washington. Appointments have now and again been made in contempt of the rules, but for the most part this past dozen years the merit principle has been sustained. It is true that the average efficiency of the government forces in Washington is low, but this is due to the carrying of a lot of dead wood in the shape of virtual pensioners. But everywhere in the department effective and even brilliant work has been done of late years by men who have been rewarded by promotion or led to expect promotion for merit alone. The Bryan influence is now reversing the whole spirit of the civil service as established and animated by Presidents recently preceding Mr. Wilson.

But most serious of all Mr. Wilson's troubles is the revolt in his own party brought out by his stand on the Canal tolls question. This issue offered the first common ground upon which the opposition to Mr. Wilson could stand with safety. And now this common ground is being extended to take in many things. The incident has given every Democrat in Congress who feels in any way slighted by the President opportunity to exhibit his pique—or his cloven foot—without fear of being

ruled off the party track. And the number of Democrats who are peeved or displeased in one degree or another is surprisingly many. Disaffection is more outspoken on the part of the Southern than of Northern Democrats. Your Southerner does not need the help of the administration. His reflection is more or less an assurance because his party is usually in overwhelming majority in his own district. He therefore is in a position to defy the President, even though it may involve the loss of administrative coöperation. It is convenient for him and in many ways a help to have the President's friendship; but it is not with him an essential thing. Your Southern congressman, being human, wants first to dictate the party patronage in his district. But failure to get it does not as in most Northern districts end his career.

It is a curious fact that in recent times the Southern congressional politician has suffered scarcely at all from the fact that his party has nationally been in eclipse. He has had none of the embarrassments connected with official patronage. He has had the advantage of a thousand presumptions as to what he would do for everybody if only he had the chance. And—here is an especially curious fact—he has had under various Republican Presidents about as many favors for his district as any congressman whose party was in power. Your Southerner is apt to have a winning personality, for personality counts for more in the South than elsewhere. And the qualities which have served him at home likewise have served him at Washington. Through his social gifts, even through the apparent disadvantages of his situation as a minority member, he has been able to get by sympathy and favor even many things denied to Republican members. Pretty much every Southern district is marked by monuments of one kind or another testifying to the persuasive powers of its representative in Congress and to the liberality of a party not his own. Postoffice buildings, custom-houses, river and harbor works—these evidences of governmental favor are quite as common in the Democratic South as in the Republican North, bearing witness to the Southern congressman's aptitude and success as a special pleader. Now with the tables turned—with the Democratic party established at Washington—Democratic congressmen are finding it even more difficult to get appropriations than before; and four times out of five their official recommendations of applicants for office are not heeded. Taking it all in all, the average Democratic congressman from the South is not happier than he was before Mr. Wilson moved into the White House. Pretty much the whole Southern contingent in Congress is disappointed, ready upon occasion for any species of revolt against the administration that may not involve open party disloyalty. It is an annoying situation for Mr. Wilson, who has counted all along on the solid support of the Southern element in his party, and has held to the notion that upon the solid basis of assured Southern backing he might use the powers and favors of his office exclusively in the North and Middle states, where Democracy has much to gain.

It is evident now that Mr. Wilson overestimated the value of his persuasive powers in addressing Congress on the Canal tolls issue, and that he blundered in substituting appeal for argument. Mr. Bryan in a singularly unBryanlike statement has just given to the public the argument, or something of it, which Mr. Wilson should have put into his original Canal tolls message. The incident furnishes another illustration of the manner in which Mr. Wilson is using Bryan. Nominally the Bryan outgiving is a volunteer offering, but it does not take a world of discernment to discover the traces not merely of Mr. Wilson's mind, but of his own adept hand, in this quite unusual statement. There can be little doubt that it has been given out because there is need of something to stay the progress of party revolt on the tolls issue. The weight of popular opinion is distinctly against the President and his plan to repeal exemption of free tolls for American ships. And now the chief motive of administrative diplomacy is to counteract this tendency. The common opinion at Washington is that the President will win—that the Senate will concur in the action of the House—but it is no assurance, and by one method or another the administration is reaching out for every leg in sight.

Dropping down from serious to petty troubles, the President has every now and again a bad half-hour in respect of the ambitious activities of his younger

brother, Joseph R. Wilson. It will be remembered that Brother Joe got himself before the public last year by announcing his candidacy for the secretaryship of the Senate. The President made haste to call him off. Then Brother Joe contrived to get himself a job with the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore, for which he was eminently fitted through experience in running a country newspaper with a job printing attachment. Since then rival surety companies complain that they can get no government business. This may or may not be true, but it has served as a handle for complaints to the President. Then this same United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, if we may believe the *New York World*, has recently established connections with Tammany in New York State—a connection which is charged up to Tammany's wish to placate the President by throwing things into the hands of Brother Joe. The matter is trivial enough, but it is none the less annoying on that account.

Mrs. Wise to the Rescue.

Whether we agree or disagree with the feminist movement we are entitled at least to some expression of aim and purpose that shall be intelligible. If a man says that he wishes and intends to be a burglar we may deplore his moral proclivities and we may even ring up the police department, but we know precisely what he wants and how he proposes to get it. We may even sympathize with his aims while deprecating his methods. But of the feminist aims we may say that they leave us in a state of gasping bewilderment. They produce the same sense of amused perplexity as the proverbial Irishman who fooled the railroad company by buying a round-trip ticket and never coming back.

Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Wise of New York, who is described as secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League and who has her picture in the newspapers with the report of her speech in the Church of the Messiah in New York. Mrs. Wise wants to know what right we have to expect the modern woman to take care of her own children. Now as a matter of fact we do not expect that the modern woman will take care of her own children. We shall be quite pleasantly surprised to find her doing anything of the kind, or indeed to find that she has any children to take care of. The children of the modern woman when she has any are probably being taken care of by a choice combination of juvenile authorities, municipal matrons, policemen, and Providence. But let that pass.

The modern woman, says Mrs. Wise, has a right to her economic independence, and how can she be economically independent with a pack of children around her? She ought to go out to work, says Mrs. Wise, and earn money, says Mrs. Wise, and so be able to snap her fingers at tyrant man, who has been under the impression that he can buy a woman's love and is now about to discover that he can not. Mrs. Wise says that children should be bathed and fed by persons hired for the purpose, so that the mother can unfold her soul by hammering a typewriter, or working at the ribbon counter, or in any of those other ways that are so much like a penitentiary sentence but that the feminist so unaccountably yearns for.

Now this nation wishes and intends to give women whatever they ask for, no matter what it is. It has always done so in the past and it will always do so in the future. It is a part of the unwritten constitution. It is the only sex inequality that exists. But first of all it must know what it is that feminists actually want. It must have a bill of particulars and an itemized account. And the average citizen has an uncomfortable habit of reducing generalities to precise application. Instead of talking largely of women in the aggregate he thinks of Mrs. Jones next door to the right, and of Mrs. Smith next door to the left, and in this way he gets a certain precision of view that helps him largely to the solution of social problems.

It seems then that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, each in her own home and bathing and feeding her own children, are the victims of male dominance. They are martyrs to the social system and slaves to sex inequality. It is true that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are unaware of their degradation, but it was ever so with the serf and the downtrodden. Doubtless they will presently hear the clarion call of Mrs. Wise, and then they will rise as one woman to recognition of their humiliation and to defense of their rights. And how simple the remedy seems to be. How strange that no one ever thought of it before. Henceforth Mrs. Smith will take care of Mrs. Jones's children and Mrs.

Jones will take care of Mrs. Smith's children and both will be in receipt of a like wage for so doing. Both will then be economically independent and neither of these worthy ladies will now feel that she is selling her love in return for her support. We see no reason why there should be any delay in this glorious reform, why this charter of feminine emancipation should not go into force at once. It seems mainly to rest with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, but possibly these ladies have not yet heard of Mrs. Wise, and it may even be that they have not realized the ignominy under which they lie.

Mrs. Wise has some other suggestions to make, but a certain native modesty interferes with their adequate presentation here, as well as a sense of sex inequality that seems to govern the legal department of the United States postoffice. But it may be said with some diffidence that Mrs. Wise took up the cudgels on behalf of the unmarried woman who yearns to have children but who is restrained by fear of the conventions. They ought, said Mrs. Wise in the Church of the Messiah, to "have their opportunity." But surely they already have all the opportunities that there are. Here at least the finger of reproach can hardly be pointed at tyrant man. Here again we can see nothing to hinder the triumphant march of progress.

Sulzer and the New York Governorship.

The reappearance of Mr. Sulzer as a candidate for the governorship of New York can hardly be viewed as a sign of moral regeneration, either as related to the man himself or to the public to which he appeals. For many years Sulzer represented a New York district in Congress by the favor and grace of Tammany Hall. He was for a long period the obsequious and obedient servant of a rotten political organization. Personally he fitted the service. He was vain in his poses, vulgarly showy in his manners, eccentric in dress and habit—in brief, a spectacular ass. In the course of time Mr. Sulzer, having by a diplomatic exhibition of affected hatred against Russia made himself popular with the low class Jewish element of New York, became available according to Tammany standards for the governorship of New York. He was nominated by Tammany Hall and elected by Tammany Hall.

But somewhere in the Sulzer make-up there was a remnant of self-respect. And when the Tammany managers pushed their demands somewhere beyond the limit, Sulzer rebelled. He would go far in gross ways to please his bosses—and he did go far. But there were things he would not do. Then Tammany Hall turned upon him. And when he could not be browbeaten it threatened him with destruction.

Now in addition to being a Tammany tool, Sulzer was a bit of a scoundrel on the side—on personal accounts, so to speak. As a candidate for the governorship he had accepted contributions for campaign expenses, and through his wife, who seems to be about as fine a woman as he is a man, he used these funds in private speculation. He had, too, done other things exhibiting a similar high degree of moral scrupulousness. Tammany Hall, which of course keeps a careful eye upon its creatures great and small, was informed of all this, but cared nothing about it. If Sulzer had done the Tammany bidding he might have played one or a dozen side games on his own account unchecked. But when Sulzer failed to meet the demands put upon him by the Tammany managers, the discreditable facts of his private enterprises were dug up and turned against him. He was haled before the legislative body upon impeachment charges and, since Tammany Hall controlled a majority of the jury, he was driven from office—branded as a faithless official and as a moral derelict.

Under the circumstances there was some natural sympathy for Sulzer in that he stood condemned, not because he was a scoundrel, but because he had had the hardihood to stand out against the demands of Tammany Hall. In other words, he was broken, not for the wrongs he had done, but for his one exercise of virtue. And so in the next election in his old congressional district the cause and the man championed by him were successful as against the cause and the men championed by Tammany Hall. It was in a certain sense a triumph for Sulzer. And he mistook it for a clean bill of moral health.

But Mr. Sulzer presumes too far in standing again for the governorship. His record, however it may be interpreted or however sympathy may be enlisted under

it, does not justify him in imposing himself upon the people of New York as a candidate for the highest office in their gift. He ought now at the beginning to be driven from the field. The self-respect of New York ought to reject and spew him out as a man unworthy and unfit.

Reforming the Theatre.

The significance of the success won by the Stratford Players can hardly be wholly lost even on the complacency of the theatrical manager who has been so sure that he is "giving the public what it wants." Perhaps the public is not at all sure what it does want. It may even be anxious to be shown what it ought to want, and this indeed seems to be the case, since both here and in Los Angeles it hastened to give capacity houses to the Stratford Players as soon as the reality of their art became apparent. They did not resort to one of the expedients usually supposed to be essential. They had neither top-liners nor stars. There were no personal vanities to be tickled, or if there were, they went untickled. There were few curtain calls, no idols. Short of an actual suppression of names everything possible was done to sink the personality and to exalt the play. And the result was so substantial a triumph that it ought to serve as the handwriting on the wall for the present system that tranquilly assumes the public to be an ass, and rather a vicious ass, and therefore feeds it with dramatic thistles.

That theatrical managers should be cautious is natural enough. The costs of production are enormous, and a single large failure may often spell ruin. But it is the system itself that has swollen the expense to such dangerous dimensions. The simple and yet stately presentation of the Stratford Players are probably far less costly than the meretricious and tawdry dramas that are supposed to be so popular and that pour out money like water in the payment of stars and in stage effects that are supposed to be realistic. And then come the Stratford Players with their easy demonstration that, after all, "the play's the thing," and that all this time the public have been tolerating rather than applauding and wishing for real plays by real players.

Reform will come slowly, as all reform should come. There will be a gradual recognition that the stage is not, and never can be, a mere anteroom to the legislature, that it is intended neither for the dissection of disease nor for its cure, and that its appeal is to sentiment and emotion more often than to the intellect. Perhaps the most promising of all modern dramatic movements is the "little theatre" where plays can be inexpensively tested by three-night runs and where public attention will necessarily be directed toward the play itself and not toward the players. This is the dramatic panacea recommended by Mr. Yeats and by Lady Gregory in their work with the Irish drama, and their success entitles them to a hearing. Perhaps it is too soon to hope for a realization of Mr. Yeats's further recommendation in favor of stately and beautiful and poetic language as the one unfailing key to the door of the public heart, but that, too, will come in its own good time. But a change of some sort there must be unless the modern theatre is to collapse under the weight of its own banalities and futilities.

Mexico and the Fleet.

The latest militant proceedings with regard to Mexico form a fitting climax to a policy of peculiar ineptitude and futility. The United States has refused to recognize Huerta or to admit that he has any official status whatsoever as a representative of Mexico. He has been denounced from Washington as a bandit and a murderer and his efforts to subdue rebellion and to pacify his country have been hampered and frustrated in every possible way. The policy was a blunder from start to finish, if indeed the finish is anywhere in sight, but now we have the crowning absurdity in the assembly of a vast armada of ships in order to compel Huerta to make a ceremonial apology that is worthless unless it is official and that by our own declarations can not have anything official about it. Huerta either represents Mexico or he does not. In the former case he should have been recognized long ago. In the latter case nothing that he can do in the way of apology has any value. The affront complained of at Tampico was no more than the stupidity of a village policeman. A hundred acts a hundred times graver have been committed with impunity and the incident should have been closed with the apologies already re-

ceived and the assurances that the guilty parties would be adequately punished. But the administration seems to have jumped at the opportunity to swagger and to posture and to condone the mistakes of inaction by the far more serious mistakes of wrong action. A revenue cutter would have been amply enough for any definite action demanded by the circumstances, seeing that the Mexican "navy" consists of a gunboat. But the temptation to create a chatter and a clatter of patriotic sentiment seems to have proved itself irresistible, and so we have this spectacular procession of warships intended not to overawe Mexico, but to produce an irresponsible popular applause that may prove politically profitable to the administration itself. It is a sorry business and a discreditable one.

Editorial Notes.

Now that the saloons of San Francisco have closed their doors in respect of Good Friday, it is in order that the churches should suspend their functions on that particular Sunday in June when the Barkeepers' Union holds its annual picnic.

It has been decided on appeal that Congressman Kent is a poacher upon the public domain in that he has so built his range fences as to take to himself certain tracts of government land. No doubt Mr. Kent feels badly used by a decision which enforces upon him certain very unpleasant suggestions. Mr. Kent is the type of man who, whatever wrong things he may do, stands always profoundly self-conscious of his own immaculate rectitude.

The ignominious failure of the labor-union attempt to recall State Senator Owens of the Marin and Contra Costa district is welcome evidence to the fact that rural communities have not yet been brought under a lash that has been found so effective in the large cities. Senator Owens had been marked for destruction because of his failure to support some of the pet measures sponsored by the labor-union lobby, and not one of the usual expedients was neglected to secure the desired end. His enemies even went so far as to establish a newspaper in order to exploit their scheme of vengeance, while other and less reputable methods are so familiar that they need hardly be indicated. "Labor," says the official circular issued in explanation of defeat, "did its very best" to destroy Senator Owens, and a very poor best it was, seeing that both Marin and Contra Costa gave substantial majorities against the labor unions and in support of the senator. A few more costly rebuffs of this kind and labor unionism may awake to the fact that there are limits to the public docility and that at least the farmer does not intend to be made the tool of predatory vengeances destructive to official honesty and integrity. This particular recall has been pending for a year and a half. Senator Owens has been compelled to fight it single-handed against a powerful and evil organization without conscience or scruples. And yet we wonder that high-grade men should hesitate to enter public life, where independence of character does no more than invite the assault of rascals.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Schools and Good Friday.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1914.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: The action of the board of education in ordering the schools closed on the afternoon of April 10—Good Friday—is a dangerous innovation and one directly opposed to a fundamental principle of our national and civic life. The most precious jewel in the crown of American citizenship is religious freedom, the right to worship as one's conscience dictates without the slightest interference of the government. This has logically been interpreted by the founders of our government as a complete separation of church and state, and if the public schools are influenced in the smallest measure by any religious consideration, as shown by the closing of them on April 10, a precedent is established which is out of harmony with our most cherished ideals of liberty. It is a recognition of and a catering to the religious sentiment of a portion of our population who represent, not the people as a community, but simply those of a certain faith. The spirit as well as the letter of our institutions is violated when the city becomes a partner in the celebration of a day given over not only to religious but secular devotion. To keep the religious side of life entirely free from the civic side it is just as important that there be no indulgence or fostering of creeds as that there shall be no persecution of any. We are all entitled to the privilege of worship according to the practices of our faith, but the administration should not be called on to make it easier for us to do so.
When the Hebrew employees of the city chose to abstain from work on their holy days they were entitled to do so without comment or restriction, but they were not entitled to draw pay for those days that they were absent. Religion is a mockery if it is not worthy a monetary sacrifice, and the individual should stand the loss, not the city. The same principle applies to the Good Friday observance. Let those teachers and pupils who desire be excused without question, but it is highly improper, to say the least, to impose a holy day on those who take no part in that observance and on others whose belief is radically different.
MRS. LEHMAN B.

THE TROUBLE IN SWEDEN.

The constitutional kings of Europe seem to be having a hard time of it just at present, and for no worse offense than an inclination to do the things that they have a perfect right to do but that their loyal subjects have assumed that they will never wish to do. A constitutional king is very much in the position of the man to whom you give a signed check on the verbal understanding that he will never cash it. If he gets hard up the chance is that he will cash it, and then you will naturally feel aggrieved, but without any clear idea of a remedy except assault and battery. And so we find the new King of Albania chasing brigands up and down the kingdom and so incurring the resentments that are natural among a people composed mainly of brigands and who never supposed that their new monarch would hurt business in this way. King George at the other side of Europe has an unequalled opportunity to hear precisely what the Radicals think of him for suggesting certain alternatives to the army of which he is the commander-in-chief and the undisputed head. And now the King of Sweden is finding himself in unusually hot water for recommending an increase of armaments without consulting Parliament. No one questions that Gustav has a constitutional right to do this very thing, but then we never give quite so much annoyance as when we insist upon our rights.

The situation in Sweden has become a decidedly ugly one. It is still premature to talk about revolution or abdication, although the people themselves have already talked about the former and the king himself is talking about the latter. Mr. Karl Staaf, the minister with whom the king has quarreled, has printed some disagreeable references to the "lesson of a fatal absolutism," a distinctly unpleasant remark when we remember that Gustav's great-grandfather was Bernadotte, who mounted guard in Paris at the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, which shows the disadvantage of having distinguished ancestors, since one is always liable to be reminded of them and to be expected to live up to them, so to speak. Moreover, thirty thousand men described as Socialists have paraded outside the royal palace with cheers for a Swedish republic, and although these people may not have been Socialists at all there is said to be a prejudice in royal palaces against cheers for republics. On the other hand twenty thousand men paraded with counter-cheers for the king and his armaments and made a veritable Donnybrook Fair in Stockholm by singing the royal anthem in the restaurants and compelling every one else to do the same. The net result of the parading and the counter-parading is the announcement of a general election to settle the question of armaments once and for all, although the king threatens to abdicate if the elections go against him, and the Socialists threaten to revolute if the elections go for him, which is all remarkably like Mexico and goes to show that there is still a lot of human nature about even in Sweden, where one does not expect such things. But then the whole world is mad just at present, and we can not expect that even staid Scandinavia shall be exempt from the prevailing hydrophobia.

Before looking at the cause for the king's enthusiasm for more armaments let us see exactly what it is that he wants to do and that he tried to do without the formality of consulting Parliament. He demanded that the fleet be increased by two new divisions of four ships each for the defense of the coast. These ships are to be heavily armed and swift, and in addition there are to be sixteen destroyers and a flotilla of submarines and torpedo boats. The army service with the infantry is to be extended to 340 days, of which 250 are to be continuous during the first year, and the cost of this little programme is to be met by special taxes upon large incomes and large fortunes. Now this is an extraordinarily extensive order for such a country as Sweden, and we can hardly wonder that it should produce a gasp of surprise. That the king should attempt to do this upon his own initiative is still more surprising. Either he must be suffering from a rush of blood to the ego or he must have foreseen a rebuff from Parliament. Probably the latter supposition is the correct one, since Gustav is a modest and unassuming man for a king, and he may have felt embarrassed by the difficulty of explaining matters of foreign policy before a public audience. But if we exclude the inflated ego theory we must believe that the king felt the foreign situation to be a very serious one and one calling for vigorous autocratic action.

And that, we may believe, is precisely what the king did feel. Without question he has satisfied himself in his own mind that Russia intends to attack his country, and to do it soon. This is the rooted conviction of most intelligent Swedes. I have personally heard that opinion uttered over and over again in Stockholm and throughout the kingdom, and uttered, not as a mere political theory, but as one of those things that are certain and not to be denied. I have not been in Sweden for several years and much water has passed through the mill since then. Russia has now found that the sharp sword of Japan is barring her passage eastward, and so it is reasonable enough to suppose that she has renewed her attentions toward her western neighbors. Russia, says a very competent observer, is stalking Sweden just as a hungry bear might stalk a man. She is building military railroads across Finland, and those railroads are headed straight for the Swedish frontier. There can be no doubt that they are military railroads, since they could be of no conceivable service for any other purpose. Twenty-five thousand Russian soldiers are now stationed in Finland, a force vastly in excess of the domestic needs of the country, while two whole army divisions are just beyond the Finnish frontier and ready for any service demanded of them. Mr. Alan Oster, writing in the London *Daily Express*, says that Russia could put 120,000 soldiers into Sweden in less than two weeks, and

120,000 Russians would require quite a good deal of hospitality.

But there are still more sinister evidences of Russian intentions. In America we do not know much about the military spy, and perhaps we are inclined to be a little incredulous regarding him. But there is no incredulity in Europe, where the military spy is an institution. It is said that Sweden is now overrun with Russian tramps, and that when these tramps are arrested and searched they are found to be in possession of military maps. They profess to be in search of work, but their hands are clean and soft. They disavow any knowledge of the Swedish language, but under pressure—nature of the pressure unspecified—they are found to speak Swedish fluently. Moreover, the Russian tramp can not write, and he is never known to be interested in photography, but these tramps keep excellently written diaries and their enthusiasm for photography with small hand cameras is remarkable. In other words they are Russian military spies, and it is their mission to map every road, every farmhouse, every well, and every tree. All European governments do this sort of thing on general principles, but a spasm of espionage such as this means only one thing. And the military spy is by no means a mere skulker and porch-climber. Only last year it was discovered that the Russian minister to Stockholm was running a little espionage bureau of his own and that he was doing most of the work himself. He had to leave the country, and to go rather suddenly. That was bad enough, but it was followed by a still worse discovery. King Gustav's second son was married to the Russian princess Maria Pavlovna, and it was commonly said that the fair Maria had a tender recollection of the land of her birth and an uncommonly sharp pair of eyes for little matters of military defense that ladies are usually supposed to be indifferent to. Maria was not actually invited to make herself conspicuous by her absence, but her husband has been trying to get a divorce from her ever since.

There are plenty of other evidences of Russian intentions. For example the Gulf of Finland is being fortified between Hango and Helsingfors and no one is allowed to go near enough to see what is going on. If you want to get into serious trouble you can level a telescope in the direction of this piece of coast, but it would be better not to do so. And as for the ubiquitous hand camera, it is just as well not to take one into Finland at all. Then again the Aland Islands are being fortified, although Russia pledged herself years ago by the Treaty of Paris not to do this. The Aland Islands are on the coast of Finland and would be immeasurably useful in the event of the invasion of Sweden. Russia, of course, is fully aware of the alarm that her movements have created and she is doing her best to allay it. Her official newspapers adopt a tone of tender remonstrance toward Sweden. They assure her of the unchangeable love for Sweden by which Russia is actuated and they deplore that Sweden should be so blind to her own interests as to be unable to see the true source of the trouble. Germany, they say, not Russia, is the real enemy of Sweden. Germany would like to terrify Sweden into the acceptance of a German protectorate, and so she continually waves the red flag of Russian aggression. But let Sweden keep cool, say the Russian newspapers. Let her mind her own business. Let her believe steadily in the benevolence of her colossal neighbor and put her faith in Russia and God, and especially Russia, rather than in the arm of flesh and such carnal implements as gunpowder and guns. And there is nothing on earth so benevolent as a Russian when he wants something.

Now this is evidently a case for Mr. Carnegie and the peace enthusiasts. And it really does seem too bad that such mighty war preparations should be going on right under the shadow of the Temple of Peace at The Hague. One would almost suppose that King Gustav had never heard of it. And that is just where these pious peace gentlemen have made the mistake of their lives. They assume that wars are caused by more or less honest differences of opinion as to national self-interest. As a matter of fact they are caused by precisely those sentiments that actuate the thug upon the water-front who suspects you to possess something that he would like to have and who then proceeds to take it from you. It would no doubt be an eminently proper thing for Russia and Sweden to arbitrate their differences instead of building ships and massing troops, but then so it would be an eminently proper thing for the thug to consent to arbitration before relieving you of your watch. But this is precisely what the thug will not do. He is afraid the decision might go against him. Nor is Russia likely to arbitrate the question as to whether she shall invade Sweden without provocation and reduce her to the present status of Finland. And so what can you do about it? What can Mr. Carnegie do? What can any one do? But that is how wars come.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Of the few American negroes who have found their way to West Africa to settle in the negro republic of Liberia ninety-nine per cent are unprepared to meet the economic conditions and express regret at having left America. These, excepting a few who can not secure passage money, return to the United States. Some have been assisted by the American consul in securing passage on sailing vessels returning to America. Few, other than well-educated American negroes, can accommodate themselves to the existing racial, religious, and economic conditions, the natives always considering them foreigners.

It is estimated that there are approximately 1,000,000 automobiles in use in this country, and that they consume \$100,000,000 worth of gasoline in a year.

GRANDMOTHER O'ROURKE.

At Last She Brings Mary Ellen to Her Senses.

It was some time before Grandmother O'Rourke realized that she wasn't wanted. And then, having her fair share of pride, she would have left at once, but—

"Sure," she said to herself, "'tis not I should be after leavin'." 'Twar all mine a year a-gone, an' 'twould be yet, hadn't I been a fool. I believe I was bewitched."

Bewitched or no, the deeds that left her penniless had been for twelve long months in her daughter-in-law's hands. Dan, her son, had demurred at the transfer.

"What's the differ," he objected, "in whose name 'tis? Aint it all one? 'Tis only takin' extry trouble."

"'Tis savin' trouble, an' fees for thim robbin' lawyers me an' Mary Ellen is doin' it for. Did annything hap to me, 'twould save lit—igation," answered Grandmother O'Rourke, bringing out the new word proudly.

And at first it had not seemed to make much difference. But, as time wore on, she felt the change in many ways.

"I could relish a soft-boiled egg this morn, Mary Ellen," said Grandmother O'Rourke, after waiting several days for them to be proffered.

"Eggs is high," Mary Ellen answered, "sky high, gran'ma. I don't aim to have 'em for breakfast no more till they gets cheap."

"Why, what about Dan?" exclaimed her mother-in-law. "He's used to his two eggs come mornin' ever since he was knee high. You aint cut him out?"

"N-o-o," Mary Ellen reluctantly confessed, "I aint. But I have to use 'em economical."

Later on Grandmother O'Rourke found that the economizing on eggs did not include Mary Ellen, nor the three children—only herself.

"An' I need 'em at my age," she said to herself, "'specially since me teet' give out."

She whimpered a little about it to herself, but she did not mention it again to Mary Ellen. Nor did she appeal to Dan.

"I'll niver come 'twixt man an' wife wid nie tales," she said, "niver, so long as Gawd spares me."

And she never did.

The changes wrought were quite unguessed by Dan. Dan imagined his mother as comfortably situated as she had ever been. Only Grandmother O'Rourke and Mary Ellen knew what changes had been made.

When Grandmother O'Rourke moved from the sunny south room, with bath adjoining, the only really nice room in the house, Dan never suspected that the suggestion originated with his wife. The little room fronting north was very unattractive. Dan mentioned it to his wife.

"What's got into mother?" he asked. "She used to be a great one for staying in one place. An' that little den is sure the limit. The sun hardly strikes it, an' the other room's just flooded with it. I don't see why she wanted to change."

"But think o' the stairs, Dan," said Mary Ellen. "At mother's age, they're the limit, even if she didn't have the rheumatiz. I guess she was glad enough to cut them out."

"I never thought o' the stairs. I'm glad if that's the reason, 'stead o' any crazy idea to save the best for us. I want the best for her. She's been a good mother to me."

"To both o' us," chimed in Mary Ellen. "An' I guess no young ones ever had a gran'ma like her. She does take on over Joey like all possessed. I think he's her favorite."

"Joe was father's name," said Dan. "It's natural she'd kind o' cling to him. But she loves 'em all."

Yes, Grandmother O'Rourke loved them all. Often as the winter wore away she dried the tears that the larger Mary Ellen had caused on the blue gingham pinafore of the smaller Mary Ellen.

The child took it stolidly enough, but once Joe saw her and was all indignation.

"What for you cwy, gwan'ma?" he asked, hugging her, and all but crying, too. "What made you cwy? When I'm a man nobody shan't make you cwy. An' I'll buy you a watch—an' an' an' an' an' an' an' a goat wiv bells on—"

Presently grandmother allowed herself to be comforted and Joe forgot the outburst. But he remembered it later, and brought it out with the aptitude which children have for choosing an embarrassing moment for disclosures.

"Gwan'ma was cwyn'." he announced one night at the table.

Dan looked up quickly.

"What about, mother?" he asked.

Grandmother O'Rourke hesitated long enough for Mary Ellen to turn from white to red and back again to white. Then she spoke.

"'Twar the day I had the toot'ache," she explained.

If Mary Ellen were grateful for her forbearance she gave no sign. And the days slipped away with as little friction as many households boast. Only once did Grandmother O'Rourke come near to rebellion.

Joe's birthday came nearer and nearer, and the worn old bank-book that she had signed over to her daughter-in-law was not brought forth.

"She knows I allus git somethin' rale nice for Joey," thought Grandmother O'Rourke to herself. "She'd ought to gimme some money, seein' I give all I had to her."

At last she was forced to broach the subject herself.

"Mary Ellen," she began, deprecatingly, "I must be after havin' some money for Joey's birthday—'tis nixt Sunday."

"Well, ma," answered Mary Ellen, civilly enough, "I aint got none."

"Aint the flats paid yet? They're overdue."

"Yes, they paid," grudgingly admitted Mary Ellen.

"Thin why aint ye got it?"

"'Tis put away."

"Thin take it out—tin dollars at the laste," said Grandmother O'Rourke in something of the old tone of command.

Mary Ellen did. Joe had his birthday gifts—not such as his grandmother had once bestowed, but enough to please him beyond measure.

Yet the initial ten dollars was not all the price demanded of Grandmother O'Rourke. She kept paying on Joey's birthday present all the summer through. As each new installment was called for she shut her old lips tightly.

"Not 'twixt man an' wife," she murmured, as if it were a prayer. "Gawd help me to niver come 'twixt man an' wife."

When the payment was demanded of her directly she did not mind so much. But when it was paid obliquely, as it were, through the children it hurt. Grandmother O'Rourke sobbed in the clothes closet over the worn old dress that was made to accompany little Mary Ellen through another summer. And every stitch that was set in Joey's trousers and shoes pricked at her fond old heart.

The memory of Mary Ellen, the elder, was long. And she knew the things that hurt. Often, often, Grandmother O'Rourke wiped the painful tears of old age from her cheeks and bathed her reddened eyes against the time that her Danny came home.

Dan, blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong, blended with loving eyes his mother's pallor and lack of appetite. He mentioned it fearfully to his wife.

"Mother aint lookin' well," he said. "An' she don't eat enough for a bird."

His wistful eyes pleaded for contradiction. And it came.

"'Tis nothin'," said Mary Ellen, "nothin' at all to be feared about. Sure, 'tis been a hot summer for 'Frisco. An' ma's at an age to feel it."

"An' age to feel it?" echoed Dan. "But she don't have to. There aint no heat or cold shall tech her, as she don't like. I'll send her down to Santa Cruz—beach, or mountains—whichever she wants; or anny place she wants, barrin' none."

But when he proposed it to Grandmother O'Rourke she shook her head.

"'Tis like ye, Danny b'y, to be wantin' to do sich things for me," she said, with a tremble in her old voice. "But I don't want to go. I'm after gittin' too ould for trappin', an' no mistake."

But Dan had not been unmindful of the sudden lightning of her sad face.

"Mother wants to go," he said to himself. "She wants to go, an' she don't. I must find out why."

So for the time he let it pass with a few casual words. But he did not forget. For two days the problem hammered insistently at his thick head. Then, of a sudden, the solution lay ready to his hand. He laughed out loud at the simplicity of it.

And he put his arm around Grandmother O'Rourke's bent shoulder that night, saying diplomatically: "'Tis ben a warm summer, ma. Do ye think the children bore up well—specially Joe?"

Her face went white with alarm. Her frightened eyes searched his face. The man's heart smote him, even as he went evenly on.

"'Twould be a gran' thing could Joe get off to the mountains for a couple o' weeks, or a month. But I guess there's no use thinkin' o' it. I aint got the time; his ma aint. An' that's all there is to it. I wouldn't be after trustin' wan o' thim with no wan else."

Grandmother O'Rourke rose up all in a flutter.

"To me?" she asked. "To me? Danny, ye'd not be feared to trust anny o' the childer along o' me?"

So it was settled, and Dan smiled wisely as the going away preparations were hurriedly made.

"Now, mother, what has to come for the two o' ye to be fixed as good as the wans ye'll meet?" queried Dan.

Grandmother O'Rourke pondered for a moment. Here was a chance to hit back at Mary Ellen in her own fashion. But she only sighed at the fleeting thought.

"Joey do be needin' a straw hat," she said. "It don't need to be a expensive one—jest one as he can run around in, common like. About a suit, I don't know. You'll have to ax his mother."

"Tut!" said Dan. "If he needs a new suit, he'll get it. that's all. An' how's his shoes?"

"A—cheap pair 'll do," she faltered.

"What's got into you, ma?" asked Dan. "You didn't use to have the savin' bee in your bonnet. If I get him shoes, I'll get ones with some wear to 'em, whatever they cost. An' now about you. I s'pose you want one o' them fancy dresses as shows the petticoat, an' all kind o' things?"

He smiled as he spoke. But Grandmother O'Rourke did not smile back. She spoke quickly and emphatically.

"I don't need a thing, not a thing in the world, Danny," she said.

"You need a new dress," argued Dan. "I know you need a new dress for the summer, whatever you say."

"Danny, ye don't think I'd be after comin' out in summer dresses at me age? I niver will. 'Twas to himself I promised as I'd wear black widout, an' widin. An' I done it," she concluded.

Dan said no more.

But when they were at the station, and the sun smote the old black dress and bonnet, when the worn, shiny, green-tinged suit was revealed to him, he took matters into his own hand in spite of her.

"Come," he said, "we'll miss this train. I got to go up town again. I forgot somethin'."

And the something forgotten was a new thirty-dollar suit, gloves, hat, and shoes for Grandmother O'Rourke. There was no gainsaying Dan, she knew, once his mind was made up, and she submitted meekly enough. But



Leona Dalrymple, author of "Diane of the Green Van." Reilly & Britton.

she trembled once the new things were irrevocably hers.

"Whatever 'll Mary Ellen do now?" she thought to herself, like a frightened child. "An' I tried to be reasonable as could be. She wouldn't never believe it was Danny alone as done it."

Once on the train with the delighted child, however, troubles past, present, and to come slipped away from her. She laughed at the quaint sayings of Joey, she smiled around at the passengers, she enjoyed every bit of the too short trip.

But at its end fresh pleasures awaited her. It was a change to find instead of Mary Ellen's grudging fingers the generous ones of strangers, heaping the milk and honey of the land upon her. The farm house where



James Oppenheim, author of "Idle Wives." Century Company.

Dan had arranged for them to board seemed more like home to her in one short week than the home where she had come from. Joey's printed letters home glowed with the pleasures of it. And Grandmother O'Rourke added her mark at the end of them.

It was a time never to be forgotten by either of them. Grandmother O'Rourke had never had a time like it—the pleasant drives in the cool of the day, the lying in the hammock on the porch in the heat, the some one to anticipate every want, all, all the things that are the right of the old, came to her at once and unexpectedly.

She dreaded the going back; she shrank from the very thought of it. But when Dan's letter came, urging her to stay for another month, or as long as she wanted, she put the temptation away from her.

"We got to go, Joey, darlin'," she explained to him, as they sat together on the rose-covered porch. "It

aint right to be stayin' here wastin' money that your pa works so hard for. An' the sooner we go, the better. The month's up come the morrow. We'd better go."

Grandmother O'Rourke parted from the kindly farmer and his wife almost in tears. But Joey, with the callousness of the young, was eager for the change. All the way on the train he wondered what they would do and say at home.

"I can hardly wait, gran'ma," he said. "Can you?"

But hungry as she was to see all of them, she would willingly have waited.

At home they were greeted with shouts of glee from the children and kisses from Dan and Mary Ellen. But as the eyes of Grandmother O'Rourke met those of her daughter-in-law she knew that there was a price again to pay. After her month of peace it seemed hard to her.

She pleaded fatigue and stayed in bed almost all of the next day. It was almost time for Dan when she dressed and went down.

"Oh, if I could only o' stayed," she thought to herself, "if I could only o' stayed there where it was so plisint, an' they wanted me! Or if everything had been different—"

And then, while her heart heats counted only bitter regret, came something of more moment than the petty evils of every day. Dan came in with a white face, the paper in his hand.

"The plague's in town!" he announced briefly.

Mary Ellen went all to pieces, and sobbed, cried, and prayed, all at once. But Grandmother O'Rourke sat calmly, with no fear in her gallant old eyes. The children huddled to mother and grandmother. Grandmother O'Rourke lifted Joey onto her lap, and began a whispered story.

"What's the matter with you, mother?" queried Dan "Aint you afraid o' the plague?"

She shook her white head smilingly at him.

"I been plagued, off an' on, all me life, Danny, nigh on to sivity year. An' I aint afraid o' no plague goin'."

All through the days that followed she showed no concern. The scare-head lines in the papers meant less than nothing to her. Serenely she went on her way, doing much of the cooking and work that Mary Ellen neglected.

And one day Mary Ellen sickened.

"I got pains in me stummick, ma," she cried. "They're somethin' fierce. I'm struck!"

"Tut, tut!" said Grandmother O'Rourke, "don't give way like that, wuman. It's somethin' ye've et. Come, lie down for awhile."

Coaxing and helping, she got her to bed. Mary Ellen looked at her out of frightened eyes.

"Get a doctor, for Gawd's love!" she said. "But I know it aint no use. 'Twill only be a few hours. An' a priest! Get a priest! I aint fit to die. I'm a wicked woman!"

"How, Mary Ellen?" calmly questioned grandmother. "What have ye been a-doin'?"

"Oh, you—you know. I aint treated you right. An' it lays on me stummick heavy as lead now as I've come to die."

"Thin git it off."

"Oh, I will! I will! Sind for Lawyer Thompson, an' let me give it all hack—house, money, everything!"

Presently the lawyer came and the transfer was effected.

Mary Ellen smiled once he was gone.

"I kin die easy now," she said. "You look out for the young ones."

Grandmother O'Rourke buttoned the papers in her bosom. She seemed to have become her old self again, erect, unruffled, kind.

"Die!" she said. "Wuman, you're no nearer dyin' thin I am. The t'ing that give you thim pains was an ould country dose I put in your coffee. It wuldn't harm no wan. But let me tell ye, Mary Ellen, you aint the first wan it's brought to their sinses."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1914. IDA ALEXANDER.

The rain catch is a notable incident of the Bermuda landscape. There is no other good water. All that is gained from wells is brackish. So the people either use their whitewashed roofs as a means to catch rain-water or they build a big open "catch" on the hillside, with a covered cistern at its foot into which the rain, thus collected, runs and is stored. The soil is scraped away from a large surface of the white coral rock that underlies all the island. This surface is cemented and whitewashed, and a low wall built on three sides with the reservoir or tank at the bottom.

Failure of the rice crop and the fishing industry have brought the districts of Tohoku and Hokkaido, northern Japan, one of the worst famines that the country has faced in a hundred years. Cold weather prevented the rice from heading out, and unusually cold currents have kept the fish at great distances from the shore. A conservative estimate places the number who are now in urgent need of food at 200,000.

The growth of the livestock industry in California between the years 1910 and 1913 shows greater increase than in any other of the seventeen states west of Missouri. According to statistics, the investigation showed an actual increase for the three-year period of 50,000 cattle, 83,000 horses, and 231,000 sheep.

FREDERIC MISTRAL.

The Lifework of the Homer of Provence.

Political Paris is absorbed in the affairs and probable fate of Mme. Caillaux; literary Paris is in mourning for the death of Frédéric Mistral. That is a great compliment to the illustrious Provençal poet. For Mistral had nothing in common with the metropolitan leaders of letters. A villager he was born; a villager he remained all through his eighty-four years; a villager he has died. Paris saw him but twice, and that in a guise which really hid the man. In deference to the customs of the capital, he donned a dress coat, encircled his throat with a stiff collar, and even subscribed to the fetish of a tall hat. As Daudet used to remind his friends, that dressed-up personage was not the genuine Mistral. The real man was never seen save in his native village of Maillane or when taking part in the rural fêtes of his beloved Provence. Then his headgear was a soft felt hat; for coat he affected a loosely fitting jacket; and his only other garment was a pair of trousers supported by a red catalan waistband, for a waistcoat he never wore.

Simplicity, indeed, was the keynote of his character. The *mas* or lowly farmhouse in which he was born was never deserted even when he became famous and comparatively wealthy; apart from his schooldays, and one other absence when he was studying law at Aix, that tiny house of one story, the last building in the village on the road to Saint-Remy, has been his abode for all his eighty-four years. The chief apartment of the house, the poet's own special salon or "den," set the tone for the remainder of the dwelling. Save for Mistral's portrait by Hébert, everything was antique, from the modest desk of the master to the ancient sofa and the chairs of straw. Nor was Mistral's bedroom more ornate. It was really such a room as many a peasant sleeps in, the walls simply whitewashed and the ceiling rafters innocent of paint. In his food, too, the poet was as simple as in his furnishings, mountain cheese and grape jelly being favorite dishes, alternated with roast kid, all washed down with that *Château-neuf des Papes* of which his guests have a pleasant memory. When he became famous, and especially when the Academy awarded him three thousand francs for "Miréio," his good mother would fain have adorned the ancestral home, pleading specially with her son to devote some of his prize to the papering of his bedroom. "No! no!" he rejoined, "that's the money of the poets, don't touch it." He held the same old-fashioned views ten years ago when he received a half-share of the Nobel prize, for he utilized that windfall to establish a Provençal museum at Arles. Such was his character, plus an unaffected and never-varying geniality towards all comers. Fame changed him not one whit; to the end he was greeted familiarly with "Bonjour, Frédéric!" and welcomed such salutations as tributes of affection.

It was from his mother he first learned to love the old songs of Provence; it was as a lad at school that he established a close friendship with Joseph Roumanille, who deepened his passion for the traditional lore he had learned at his mother's knee. By the time he had reached his twenty-first year he had chosen his life's vocation, which, in brief, was to rescue the Provençal dialect from being a mere *patois* of peasants and re-establish it as an instrument of literature. Hence the enthusiasm with which he seconded the efforts of those other six poets in founding the Félibrige. Doubtless that important organization is little known outside of France and Latin lands, but it has already achieved notable results and bids fair to attain far-reaching issues in the future.

Next May will bring round the sixtieth anniversary of the day when Mistral and his six friends met in the ancient castle of Fontségune near Avignon to take counsel together as to how they could best forward the great project on which they had set their hearts. That was the birthday of the Félibrige. In an old Provençal poem Mistral had come upon the word as applied to the learned doctors with whom the child Jesus argued in the Temple, and upon his suggestion it was adopted as the name of the new organization. More than twenty years were to elapse ere the constitution was finally decided upon, though the annual publication of the society, the "*Arman Prouvençau*," was started in 1855 and has appeared regularly ever since. For its territory the Félibrige covers the four provinces of Provence, Languedoc, Aquitaine, and Catalonia, each province having its chief or *Sendi*, while the affairs of the entire organization are regulated by a committee of fifty with the Capoulié or president at their head, Mistral being the first to occupy that position. It was for this society that the poet compiled his great dictionary of the dialects of the *langue d'oc*, while the purpose of the Félibrige is fostered by annual meetings and rural fêtes. But the members did not restrict themselves to such means for spreading their faith; on Sundays they gathered in a barn to sing to each other either the poems of their own composition or some newly recovered song of ancient troubadours. One result of the movement has been to create a prodigious army of peasant poets, for it is declared that there is hardly a village within twenty miles of Arles that can not boast its own laureate. And they all looked up to Mistral as their great master, *l'Oumero de Prouvenço*, as they proudly styled him, "the Homer of Provence."

As is the case with most of the other leaders of the Félibrige, Mistral was a Legitimist and a Catholic.

And when he published his "Calendau" he was charged with attempting to create division between the north and south of France. The charge was absolutely false, for he subscribed with all his heart to the code of the Félibrige, "I love my village more than thy village; I love my Provence more than thy province; I love France more than all." Indeed, when President Poincaré paid a semi-state visit to Maillane and took Mistral in his arms with the words, "Dear and illustrious master," the poet interpreted the honor as a tribute to the type of patriotism by which, he said, "France will re-



John D. Barry, author of "Outlines,"
Paul Elder & Co.

new her youth." The position will not be difficult to understand by those natives of given states whose celebrations of their own state day enkindles a warmer affection towards the Union of all the states.

Nor should the life work of Frédéric Mistral be without deep interest for those travelers who take a keen delight in the Roman remains of southern France. For the poetry of Mistral is the best commentary on the life of the far-off ages when those Roman structures were freshly reared. It is a commonplace that the language of Provence is largely composed of Latin, and its folk-lore is rich in fossils of Roman days. It is



Illustration from "Sunshine Jane," by Anne Warner,
Little, Brown & Co.

true that in his greatest work, "Miréio," Mistral told a story of human passion and love which is of no age or race, but the framework of that story is an elaborate mosaic of manners and customs which are native to his own beloved Provence. All who are familiar with Gounod's opera based on the poem, "Mireille," will remember that the story of the rich maiden and her poor lover is set in a background of scenery and customs and legends that are native to Provence alone. But all those details are of value for whoso would rightly enjoy and appreciate the famous Roman remains of southern France.

Hence Maillane bids fair to become one of the famous

shrines of the world, and may even rival Stratford-on-Avon in future centuries. For of course Mistral has been buried in the lowly graveyard of his native village. There he built a modest family vault some years ago, with strict injunctions that that and no other spot was to receive his corse. For two or three days his body lay in state in the antechamber of his simple home, decorated with his various orders and with his familiar broad-brimmed hat by his side. Simplicity, too, marked his passage to the grave, for although a member of the ministry attended to deliver the usual "appreciation" at the graveside, the service was conducted by the village clergy. And it was in keeping with the affectionate nature of the man that on his lifeless breast were laid portraits of his wife and the attached servant who had waited upon the household for nearly thirty years. The poet is buried, but his spirit still hovers over the village of the cypress wood.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, March 31, 1914.

In the days of the Moors the Spanish city of Adra, now having a population of about 12,000, was a doorway to the rich Andalusian regions, and even today many of the remains of Moorish activity are still in evidence. After varying periods of prosperity and of decline it would appear that Adra is soon to assume a more important position as a shipping and distributing port when the projected harbor construction has reached a stage where vessels may find shelter while discharging and loading. During their occupation of this territory the Moors built a sea wall at Adra, presumably to facilitate the migration of their race to European territory. A small section of this sea wall may still be observed. After the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in the fifteenth century the fate of the port of Adra was sealed for a long period and a retrogression of the various industries took place, until finally the rich lead and silver mines, which had been among the most important of Spain, were again exploited and Adra again rose above its ruins. However, the wealth gained from its mines remained in the hands of only a few. A severe check and ultimate abandonment of the mines came when the mines in other portions of Andalusia were being exploited with improved machinery by foreigners. The managers of the Adra concentration works, through financial inability or through unwillingness to meet this new competition, shut down their works, at the same time paralyzing the mines which supplied the ore. It is said, however, that the latter amassed millions of pesetas in a few years' time. The silver-reducing works still exist in a state of decay. Following the abandonment of the mining industries, Adra was inactive except for the fishing industry and the work supplied by the two sugar mills.

Melons of the first grade are grown in the agricultural section of Valencia, Spain, in spite of the fact that several pure breeds are indiscriminately grown together, which has caused a mixture of varieties to the detriment of the quality of the fruit. There are many varieties which are distinguished by the names given to them from the localities where they are grown. The best of these varieties, which it is believed could be successfully cultivated in California and in several of the Southern states, is the so-called "Valencia," which matures in the late fall and keeps in good condition for three or four months, melons of this variety being obtainable throughout Spain as late as February. These melons do not generally ripen on the vine, but are gathered while green and hung in nets from the ceiling and doorways and exposed to the air and sun until the ripening process is completed. A number of the varieties of melons can be kept in good condition for a long time by putting them, well cleaned and dry, in barrels or boxes filled with fine sand, or, better still, with a mixture of coal dust and sawdust, taking care to shelter them against light, moisture, heat, and frost. On the Spanish Mediterranean coast melons are kept through the entire winter by tying them with esparto strings to the ceiling of a dark room.

The raising of goats in Germany has become increasingly popular during the last twenty years. It is claimed by goat breeders that four goats are as productive in milk as a medium-sized cow, and that the milk possesses besides a greater nutritive value. In hospitals, children's homes, and houses for the treatment of sickness, goat's milk is often preferred, largely on account of its purity and its freedom from tubercular infection. Goats possess today as many advantages as a household animal as they did in ancient times in Asia Minor and Persia. Two goats could furnish a small German household with milk, and the cost of maintenance is small. Trials have been made in the vicinity of large cities with goat dairies, but in almost every case they had to be discontinued on account of losses. Such large dairies have not been successful because large amounts of fodder had to be purchased for the herd and because of the lack of sufficient meadow lands. Finally, public opinion in cities must be educated to use and appreciate the milk of the goat in order to create a retail demand for it. It is no doubt less palatable than cow's milk, and even in southern Europe, where goats are much more common than in Germany, it is used chiefly for the manufacture of cheese.

The value of California's grape crop for 1913 was \$30,000,000.

THE WORLD SET FREE.

H. G. Wells Describes the Atomic Bomb and the Last Great War That Precedes Perpetual Peace.

No one doubts that the day will come when war will be a thing of the past, but there is no agreement as to when that day will come or how it will come. Will it follow some general awakening of the moral sense, some new recognition of right and wrong, or must we look to some new and deadly invention that will make war impossible by its destructiveness? The second alternative has been the favorite in the popular imagination, and now comes Mr. H. G. Wells to tell us all about it. We may reasonably doubt if the gates of the kingdom of heaven will ever be blown open by bombs, or whether peace on earth can ever be the natural result of hell on earth, but this doubt need not interfere with our enjoyment of a fine piece of scientific romance. Mr. Wells asks us to suppose that science has at last succeeded in liberating the energy hidden away in the atoms, an energy that reduces all known forces to the level of puny insignificances. The new energy is of course applied at once to military purposes in the same way that aviation has been applied, and the resulting war is so frightful in its consequences that the sword is sheathed forever and the whole world is federated in one great league of peace.

The declaration of war finds the central European powers arrayed against France, England, and Russia, with the armies of the allies under the supreme control of the veteran General Dubois:

Not to talk, to remain impassive and as far as possible in profile; these were the lessons that old Dubois had mastered years ago. To seem to know all, to betray no surprise, to refuse to hurry—itself a confession of miscalculation; by attention to these simple rules Dubois had built up a steady reputation from the days when he had been a promising junior officer, a still, almost abstracted young man, deliberate but ready. Even then men had looked at him and said: "He will go far." Through fifty years of peace he had never once been found wanting, and at manœuvres his impassive persistence had perplexed and hypnotized and shattered many a more actively intelligent man. Deep in his soul Dubois had hidden his one profound discovery about the modern art of warfare, the key to his career. And this discovery was that nobody knew, that to act, therefore, was to blunder, that to talk was to confess; and that the man who acted slowly and steadfastly and above all silently had the best chance of winning through. Meanwhile one fed the men. Now by this same strategy he hoped to shatter those mysterious unknowns of the Central European command. Delhi might talk of a great flank march through Holland with all the British submarines and hydroplanes and torpedo craft pouring up the Rhine in support of it; Viard might crave for brilliance with the motor bicycles, aeroplanes and ski-men among the Swiss mountains, and a sudden swoop upon Vienna; the thing was to listen—and wait for the other side to begin experimenting. It was all experimenting. And meanwhile he remained in profile, with an air of assurance—like a man who sits in an automobile after the chauffeur has had his directions.

The destruction of the French war office by an atomic bomb and the killing of General Dubois lead to an instant reprisal. A French aviator starts at once for Berlin carrying with him a supply of the new bombs that have already proved their fearful power. Evading a German airship, the French aviator poises over the imperial castle and prepares to launch his weapon:

The gaunt face hardened to grimness, and with both hands the bomb-thrower lifted the big atomic bomb from the box and steadied it against the side. It was a black sphere two feet in diameter. Between its handles was a little celluloid stud, and to this he bent his head until his lips touched it. Then he had to hite in order to let the air in upon the inductive. Sure of its accessibility, he craned his neck over the side of the aeroplane and judged his pace and distance. Then very quickly he bent forward, hit the stud and hoisted the bomb over the side.

"Round," he whispered inaudibly. The bomb flashed blinding scarlet in mid-air and fell, a descending column of blaze eddying spirally in the midst of a whirlwind. Both the aeroplanes were tossed like shuttlecocks, hurled high and sideways; and the steersman with gleaming eyes and set teeth fought in great hanking curves for a balance. The gaunt man clung tight with hands and knees; his nostrils dilated, his teeth biting his lips. He was firmly strapped.

When he could look down again it was like looking down upon the crater of a small volcano. In the open garden before the imperial castle a shuddering star of evil splendor spouted and poured up smoke and flame towards them like an accusation. They were too high to distinguish people clearly, or mark the bomb's effect upon the building until suddenly the façade tottered and crumbled before the flare as sugar dissolves in water. The man stared for a moment, showed all his long teeth, and then staggered into the cramped position his straps permitted, hoisted out and hit another bomb and sent it down after its fellow.

We have a description of a three-day battle between Louvain and Longwy in which the aeroplanes take no part except to affect the strategy by preventing surprises. The armies are unaware that both Paris and Berlin have been turned into miniature Pompeis by the atomic bombs. The story of the battle is told by Barnet:

"It was a queer thrill when these fellows came into sight," he confesses, "and not a hit like manœuvres. They halted for a time on the edge of the wood and then came forward in an open line. They kept walking nearer to us and not looking at us, but away to the right of us. Even when they began to be hit, and their officers' whistles woke them up, they didn't seem to see us. One or two halted to fire and then they all went back towards the wood again. They went slowly at first, looking round at us, then the shelter of the wood seemed to draw them and they trotted. I fired rather mechanically and missed, then I fired again, and then I became earnest to hit something, made sure of my sighting, and aimed very carefully at a blue hack that was dodging about in the corn. At first I couldn't satisfy myself and didn't shoot, his movements were so spasmodic and uncertain; then I think he came to a ditch or some such obstacle and halted for a moment. 'Got you,' I whispered and pulled the trigger. 'I had the strangest sensations about that man. In the

first instance, when I felt that I had hit him, I was irradiated with joy and pride.

"I sent him spinning. He jumped and threw up his arms.

"Then I saw the corn tops waving and had glimpses of him flapping about. Suddenly I felt sick. I hadn't killed him.

"In some way he was disabled and smashed up and yet able to struggle about. I began to think.

"For nearly two hours that Prussian was agonizing in the corn. Either he was calling out or some one was shouting to him.

"Then he jumped up—he seemed to try and get up upon his feet with one last effort; and then he fell like a sack and lay quite still and never moved again."

Holland is the centre of the great struggle, and here Barnet begins to realize the nature of the colossal combat in which he was playing a part. The whole country is covered with khaki-clad men and the paraphernalia of armies. All the shipping has been requisitioned for war purposes and in "that clear, bright, warm weather it would all have looked from above like some extravagant festival of animated toys":

The aeroplanes were fighting at last, and suddenly about him, above and below, with cries and uproar rushing out of the four quarters of heaven, striking, plunging, oversetting, soaring to the zenith and dropping to the ground, they came to assail or defend the myriads below.

Secretly the Central European Power had gathered his flying machines together, and now he threw them as a giant might fling a handful of ten thousand knives over the low country. And amidst that swarming flight were five that drove headlong for the sea walls of Holland, carrying atomic bombs. From north and west and south the allied aeroplanes rose in response and swept down upon this sudden attack. So it was that war in the air began. Men rode upon the whirlwind that night and slew and fell like archangels. The sky rained heroes upon the astonished earth. Surely the last fights of mankind were the best. What was the heavy pounding of your Homeric swordsmen, what was the creaking charge of chariots, beside this swift rush, this crash, this giddy triumph, this headlong swoop to death?

And then athwart this whirling rush of aerial duels that swooped and locked and dropped in the void between the lamp-lights and the stars came a great wind and a crash louder than thunder, and first one and then a score of



Helen R. Martin, author of "Barnabette." Century Company.

lengthening fiery serpents plunged hungrily down upon the Dutchmen's dykes and struck between land and sea and flared up again in enormous columns of glare and crimsoned smoke and steam.

And out of the darkness leapt the little land, with its spires and trees, aghast with terror, still and distinct, and the sea, tumbled with anger, red-foaming like a sea of blood.

Over the populous country below went a strange multitudinous crying and a flurry of alarm bells.

The surviving aeroplanes turned about and fled out of the sky, like things that suddenly know themselves to be wicked.

Through a dozen thunderously flaming gaps that no water might quench the waves came roaring in upon the land.

The attack upon the dykes of Holland, says the author, is subsequently described by a young officer who afterwards wrote down his experiences in the *Wander Jahre*. That night, he says, Holland seemed all sky, and at first the sky was empty. He felt a sense of uneasiness and it referred itself in some vague way to the sky itself:

"I was roused from these thoughts by the sudden realization of the presence of a squadron of aeroplanes far away to the northeast and very high. They looked like little black dashes against the midnight blue. I remember that I looked up at them at first rather idly—as one might notice a flight of birds. Then I perceived that they were only the extreme wing of a great fleet that was advancing in a long line very swiftly from the direction of the frontier, and my attention tightened.

"Directly I saw that fleet I was astonished not to have seen it before.

"I stood up softly, undesirous of disturbing my companions, but with my heart beating now rather more rapidly with surprise and excitement. I strained my ears for any sound of guns along our front. Almost instinctively I turned about for protection to the south and west, and peered; and then I saw coming as fast and much nearer to me, as if they had sprung out of the darkness, three banks of aeroplanes; a group of squadrons very high, a main body at a height perhaps of one or two thousand feet, and a doubtful number flying low and very indistinct. The middle ones were so thick they kept putting out groups of stars. And I realized that, after all, there was to be fighting in the air."

There was something extraordinarily strange in this swift, noiseless convergence of nearly invisible combatants above the sleeping hosts. Every one was still unconscious and there was no sign of agitation among

the shipping. Then a long way off there were bugles and after that shots and then a wild clamor of bells:

"The battle was joined with the swiftness of dreaming. I do not think it can have been five minutes from the moment when I first became aware of the Central European air fleet to the contact of the two forces. I saw it quite plainly in silhouette against the luminous blue of the northern sky. The allied aeroplanes—they were mostly French—came pouring down like a fierce shower upon the middle of the Central European fleet. They looked exactly like a coarser sort of rain. There was a crackling sound—the first sound I heard—it reminded one of the Aurora Borealis, and I suppose it was an interchange of rifle shots. There were flashes like summer lightning; and then all the sky became a whirling confusion of battle that was still largely noiseless. Some of the Central European aeroplanes were certainly charged and over-set; others seemed to collapse and fall and then flare out with so bright a light that it took the edge off one's vision and made the rest of the battle disappear as though it had been snatched back out of sight.

"And then, while I still peered and tried to shade these flames from my eyes with my hand, and while the men about me were beginning to stir, the atomic bombs were thrown at the dykes. They made a mighty thunder in the air, and fell like Lucifer in the picture, leaving a flaring trail in the sky. The night, which had been pellucid and detailed and eventful, seemed to vanish, to be replaced abruptly by a black background to these tremendous pillars of fire.

"Hard upon the sound of them came a roaring wind, and the sky was filled with flickering lightnings and rushing clouds.

"There was something discontinuous in this impact. At one moment I was a lonely watcher in a sleeping world; the next saw every one about me afoot, the whole world awake and amazed.

"And then the wind had struck me a buffet, taken my helmet and swept aside the summerhouse of *Vreugde bij Vrede*, as a scythe sweeps away grass. I saw the bombs fall, and then watched a great crimson flare leap responsive to each impact, and mountainous masses of red-lit steam and flying fragments clamour up towards the zenith. Against the glare I saw the countryside for miles standing black and clear, churches, trees, chimneys. And suddenly I understood. The Central Europeans had hurst the dykes. Those flares meant the bursting of the dykes, and in a little while the sea-water would be upon us.

The atomic bombs seemed to have destroyed civilization. Whole nations had disappeared and there were rumors of cannibalism and hysterical fanaticism from the eastern Ardennes and the report of an attack upon Russia by the Chinese and Japanese and of some huge revolutionary outbreak in America. The whole world was slipping fast into anarchy. Then comes an initial move toward peace by King Egbert, who announces to Firmin, his private secretary, that he intends to set his brother kings a good example by "chucking all that nonsense":

"Do you really think, Firmin, that I am here as—as an infernal politician to put my crown and my flag and my claims and so forth in the way of peace? That little Frenchman is right. You know he is right as well as I do. Those things are over. We—we kings and rulers and representatives have been at the very heart of the mischief. Of course, we imply separation, and of course separation means the threat of war, and of course the threat of war means the accumulation of more and more atomic bombs. The old game's up. But, I say, we mustn't stand here, you know. The world waits. Don't you think the old game's up, Firmin?"

Firmin adjusted a strap, passed a hand over his wet forehead and followed earnestly. "I admit, sir," he said, to a receding back, "that there has to be some sort of hegemony, some sort of Amphictyonic council—"

"There's got to be one simple government for all the world," said the king over his shoulder.

"But as for a reckless, unqualified abandonment, sir—"

"Bang!" cried the king.

Firmin made no answer to this interruption. But a faint shadow of annoyance passed across his heated features.

"Yesterday," said the king by way of explanation, "the Japanese very nearly got San Francisco."

"I hadn't heard, sir."

"The Americans ran the Japanese aeroplane down into the sea, and there the bomb got husted."

"Under the sea, sir?"

"Yes. Submarine volcano. The steam is in sight of the California coast. It was as near as that. And with things like this happening, you want me to go up this hill and haggle. Consider the effect of that upon my imperial cousin—and all the others!"

The task of reorganization is naturally a vast one with a whole world in ruins, and here we may leave Mr. Wells to tell his own story in his own way. He tells it skillfully and by suggestion rather than by direct narrative. His whole story is one of fascinating interest, and the interest will be due not only to the exuberant imagination of the author and to the high quality of its expression, but perhaps also to a certain foreboding that the mantle of the prophet may have fallen upon Mr. Wells and that he may be seeing visions of the things that shall be.

THE WORLD SET FREE. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The government of South Australia has offered a bonus of \$24,330 to the first person or body corporate that obtains from a bore or well situated in South Australia 100,000 gallons of crude petroleum containing not less than 90 per cent of products obtainable by distillation. The oil must be stored at the bore or well from which it is obtained until the whole 100,000 gallons have accumulated, and the minister of mines will require samples of the strata passed through by the bores, taken at every fifty feet sunk, and a certificate from the government analyst showing the results of his analysis of samples of the oil.

Though the Irish undoubtedly made linen before the time of James the First, its manufacture was not carried on to a great extent until the time of Charles the Second. The Scots in Ulster first established linen-manufactories during the reign of James, and from the beginning has the business of the present day devel-

RARE BOOKS AND PORCELAINS.

Americans Buy Treasures in England—Part of Duke of Devonshire's Library Sold.

Having paid in round figures the sum of \$1,500,000 for the most valuable portion of the Duke of Devonshire's library, which contained some of the rarest volumes in the world, Henry E. Huntington of New York may take some satisfaction out of the knowledge that England—and all Europe for that matter—now contains just so much less for future collectors to connive about. Great is the power of money. It was only by outbidding the British Museum and the Germans that this collection is coming to make its home in New York. He also has secured what some experts believe to be the most valuable book in existence, the "Hamlet" quarto of 1603. Men who hold to this belief do not except the famous Guttenberg Bible, which Mr. Huntington secured at the Hoe sale for the record price of \$50,000. Double this sum is considered a fair valuation of the "Hamlet," for there is only one other copy extant, and that is, of course, in the British Museum, otherwise—well, it is safe beyond the reach of millionaire collectors. Most of the Huntington purchase has already reached this country.

By the terms of the sale all of the Shakespeariana, the many early English plays by Jonson, Marlowe, and others, the twenty-two Caxtons, and a certain number of other works come to Mr. Huntington. The prayer-book of King Henry VII of England is definitely included in the sale, but the benediction of St. Ethelwold, a many-colored manuscript 950 years old, will probably be left at Chatsworth. Mr. Huntington may come into possession of the prayer-book of Charles I, with his arms on the binding, the very book that the unfortunate monarch is said to have carried to the scaffold when he was beheaded.

It is now assured that the sale includes all of the books gathered by John Philip Kemble. These, in addition to the 1603 "Hamlet," include "Hamlet" quartos of 1604, 1611, and 1637, and one undated; "King Henry IV" quartos of 1598, 1599, 1608, 1613, etc.; "King Henry V" of 1600, 1607, and 1617; the rare first issue of "King Lear" and the "Richard II" quartos, good copies of which are almost unheard of. "Love's Labor Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Romeo and Juliet" quartos are also catalogued. Of some of these there are not more than two, three, or four copies in the world. There is, besides, the only known copy of "The Taming of the Shrew" (1594), which may be worth more than any except the first "Hamlet."

The four folios of Shakespeare, all except the first in perfect condition, are included. Then come the mass of early English plays and forty volumes of rare playbills.

Of the two-and-twenty Caxtons obtained, one is rated of sufficient value as to dispute for honors with any in the J. Pierpont Morgan collection. It is supposed to be the first book printed in the English language. Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV of England, once owned it. The Devonshires bought the book at the Roxburgh sale in 1812 for \$5300. Its present value is not less than \$15,000. "Recuyell of the Hystories of Troye" is the title. The first leaf is mounted and the last is in facsimile. Only about a dozen of the Caxtons are perfect.

Chatsworth House, the home of the duke's treasures, will not be despoiled of its fine and rare accounts of Virginia, the Bermuda Islands, and other Americana dating back two and three hundred years; Greek and Latin classics hardly to be matched by any other private collection, and about thirty volumes printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in youth an apprentice of Caxton.

Curiosity as to the cause of the sale may be satisfied by the announcement of the English firm, the Messrs. Sotheby, that they were authorized to state that the Duke of Devonshire, "in order to meet the heavy burden imposed by the death duties, has sold a small portion of his library, consisting of the Caxtons and the Kemble collection of plays."

Another English collection, but this time in the realm of porcelain, has, since the Huntington purchase, served to enrich this country, now that Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia has acquired more than twenty pieces of rare Chinese work from the collections of Richard Bennett and George R. Davies. They have already arrived at their destination. Some of the greatest treasures of the Bennett collection are numbered in the Widener purchase, and there is practically no possibility that they will ever leave America. It may chance in due course of time that the porcelains and books will become a public gift, following the example set by Morgan, Altman, and Riggs. In these days of splendid giving nothing is impossible. At any rate Mr. Widener has obtained a collection of Chinese porcelain which, although not extensive, is declared by those who have seen it to be flawless as to quality and rarity. The most important of the twenty-five pieces which he has just acquired is an apple green beaker-formed vase for which he paid \$100,000. It is twenty-nine inches high. On one side is the dragon in splendid yellow, watching the sacred pearl, and on the other it is portrayed in aubergine. Only one specimen like this is in existence, that being in the George Salting collection, in the South Kensington Museum, London. Another unique piece of surpassing beauty, one of a lightness

and gayety unusual in Chinese art, is a beaker-formed vase with red hawthorn blossoms on brilliant white ground. Among the blossoms are birds with green breasts and black backs, and at the bottom are rocks in green, aubergine, and blue. This vase is valued at \$50,000. A ballaster-shaped vase covered with brilliant sang de bœuf glaze, from the Davies collection, and famed among collectors as "The Fire Cloud Vase," cost Mr. Widener \$20,000. Another unique specimen is a reticulated incense box decorated with representations of the eight immortals and other symbolic figures, in brilliant yellows, greens, and aubergines, a superb work of the Ming period.

Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

One hundred and ten years have passed since the birth of Bulwer-Lytton, and he continues to be suspended in a dim and ambiguous position in the history of our literature (writes Edmund Gosse in the *Fortnightly Review*). He combined extraordinary qualities with fatal defects. He aimed at the highest eminence, and failed to reach it, but he was like an explorer who is diverted from the main ascent of a mountain and yet annexes an important table-land elsewhere. Bulwer-Lytton never secured the ungrudging praise of the best judges, but he attained great popularity, and even now has not wholly lost it. He is never quoted as one of our great writers, and yet he holds a place of his own from which it is improbable that he will ever be dislodged.

The *Quarterly Review* never mentioned him without contempt until 1865, when the publication of his works in forty-five volumes forced it to consider this indefatigable and popular writer with a measure of respect. Sir Walter Scott, with his universal geniality, read "Pelham" in 1828 and "found it very interesting: the light is easy and gentlemanlike, the dark very grand and sombrous." He asked who was the author, and he tried to interest his son-in-law in the novel. But Lock-



Arthur Rackham, author of "Mother Goose." Century Company.

hart was implacable: "Pelham," he replied, "is writ by a Mr. Bulwer, a Norfolk squire, and horrid puppy. I have not read the book, from disliking the author."

But this was far from being the opinion of the reading public. We have seen that he never failed, and sometimes he soared into the very empyrean of popularity. In 1834, when he published "The Last Days of Pompeii," again in 1837 when he published "Ernest Maltravers," the ecstasy of his adorers discovered their favorite in a moment under the mask of anonymity which he preferred. This was just before the outburst of the great school of Victorian novelists; Bulwer had as yet practically no one but Disraeli to compete with. These two, the author of "Pelham" and the author of "Vivian Grey," raced neck and neck at the head of the vast horde of "fashionable" novel-writers, now all but them forgotten.

As always in Byronic periods, the portrait of the author himself was searched for among his most fatal conceptions. To the young library subscriber the stoical, solitary figure of Mordaunt in "The Disowned" was exactly what was wanted as a representation of the mysterious novelist himself. Pelham was the apotheosis of the man of fashion, and it is amusing to read how, when the Bulwer-Lyttons traveled, they were gazed at in reverence as the Pelham and the Pelhamess.

It would be difficult to improve upon the language used so early as 1832 by one of the very few critics who attempted to do justice to Bulwer-Lytton's merits. The *Edinburgh Review* found in him "a style vigorous and pliable, sometimes strangely incorrect, but often rising into a touching eloquence." Ten years later such was the private opinion of D. G. Rossetti, who was "inspired by reading 'Rienzi' and 'Ernest Maltravers,' which is indeed a splendid work." Now that we look back at Bulwer-Lytton's prodigious compositions, we are able to perceive more justly than did the critics of his own day what his merits were. For one thing he was extraordinarily versatile. If we examine his books we must be astonished at their variety. He treated the social life of his own day, he dived into spectral ro-

mance, he revived the beautiful ceremonies of antiquity, he evoked the great shades of English and of Continental history, he made realistic and humorous studies of middle-class life, he engaged in vehement controversy on topics of the hour, he prophesied of the order of the future, he wrote comedies and tragedies, epics and epistles, satires and lyrics. His canvases were myriad and he crowded every one of them with figures. At his most Byronic moment he flung his dark cloak aside, and danced in motley through "Paul Clifford," with its outrageous caricature of George IV and his ministers as a gang of Hounslow highwaymen. Perhaps his best claim to regard is the insatiability of his human curiosity, evinced in the almost infinite variety of his compositions.

OLD FAVORITES.

"Peace to the Slumberers."

Peace to the slumberers!

They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
And all that sweep over them.

Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!—

The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! forever.
Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!

Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!

Woe to the conqueror!

—Thomas Moore.

To Burns.

(Poem by Robert G. Ingersoll in his own handwriting, hanging in a frame on the wall in Burns's cottage in Scotland.)

Tho' Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

Here lived the gentle peasant Prince,
The loving Cotter's King,
Compared with whom the greatest Lord
Is hut a titled thing.

'Tis hut a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay,
One door shuts out the rain and storm,
One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this sacred hut,
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest hard was born.

Within this sacred hut,
I feel like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last
Have touched the something deemed divine.

And here the world, through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

The Society Upon the Stanislaus.

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man, And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim, To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society, Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules, Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,—

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault: He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Ahner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen, And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor.

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games, For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

—Bret Harte.

A fleet of fourteen clam-shell dredgers, the largest fleet of its kind in the world, is being assembled in Sutter Basin, Sutter County, California, in the reclamation of 66,000 acres.

THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE CRUSOL.

The Paradise That Became a Hell.

That New Year's Day will long be remembered in the quiet little house in the Rue Crusol, where, eight days ago, there were only smiles and happiness, but where today all is desolation and horror. On the second floor, where so many merry birds twittered amid the foliage of hanging baskets filled with growing plants and flowers, giving the windows the appearance of bright and fragrant bowers, lawyers, mourners, and officers of justice have entered; and while a coffin is being borne away to Père-Lachaise, and a carriage is rolling toward the Maison-Blanche, legal seals are affixed to everything—to the cages and the baskets; and little placards, stamped in black, announce the administrator's sale for the following Thursday.

One year ago two young men lived there in that familiar intimacy which, commenced at college and cemented by a similarity of tastes and character, occasionally produces a strong and sincere affection. Paul was studying engineering; Emile was a notary's clerk. They had been school companions, and meeting again at the beginning of the battle of life, resolved to pass together through that period of trials which intervenes between the happy days of boyhood and the experiences of after life, when it is so difficult to form new ties. The perfect harmony of their friendship was undisturbed by a single unkind word or action. Could it, then, have been other than sincere and strong, faithful and devoted?

Paul was engaged to a sweet, simple girl, and though very much in love with her, he never thought of being astonished that Emile should converse with her on the easy terms of familiar acquaintance; while Emile, who would have thrown himself into the fire to save the young girl's fan, never dreamed that his want of formality could surprise Paul. Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that during the early part of April Paul, who had for some time been in communication with an American company for the construction of a railroad, said to his friend:

"An opportunity presents itself by which I can prove my ability, and establish myself in my profession. The superintendence of a railroad in Louisiana is offered to me. I shall be obliged to be absent for at least a year. I can not take Hortense, and the thought of leaving her breaks my heart. In love, jealousy is a virtue. I will not confide her to my brother's care, but I place her in your charge. You will guard her as you would a sister, and in one year, when I return, I shall find her faithful to her promise, and I shall make her my wife."

"You can depend on me," Emile said, simply pressing the hand of his friend. And Paul departed, free from care, and full of trust.

They were left alone—she with all the charms of youth and beauty; he with all the fervor of a young and tender heart of twenty years, susceptible to all the uncontrollable emotions of affection. Emile and Hortense renounced all selfish interests and pleasures in order to concentrate all their thoughts, all the purposes, all their wishes in the supreme gratification of performing an accepted and acknowledged duty. When Hortense would return from the studio, at the end of her lesson, Emile would go to meet her and conduct her home. They talked of love and mutual affection, he supporting the cause of the absent lover, she allowing her heart to be deluded by the soft music of his voice, which filled her soul with insidious delight. On Sunday, when there were no lessons, and the studio was closed, he accompanied her to the environs of Paris, to fêtes and to places of amusement, and the passers-by, stopping to look at this couple, so young and so beautiful, on whom radiant happiness seemed to smile, exclaimed:

"Two lovers! Ah, they are in paradise."

This paradise became a hell.

By dint of speaking of love to the young girl Emile felt awoken in him a magnetic echo, a world of strange, nameless sensations, the power and nature of which he tried in vain to disregard, and which responded to his mental conflict by imperious demands and vehement defiance.

By dint of listening to Emile Hortense was forced to the secret confession that there was no other voice in the world which could speak the language of true passion so well, and that the woman who should receive such love would indeed be happy.

The fire which they intended to fan for another burned them to the quick, and their scruples, their duty, their vows to the absent one could not quench it. The flames spread and devoured them. Without betraying their feelings by word, look, or gesture, they gradually avoided each other's society, and never dared to speak of Paul, his love, and his hopes. His name was never mentioned. It would have sounded like a reproach ringing in their ears. Emile soon stopped paying Hortense any little attentions, so afraid was he that she would discover his secret. He talked to her of acquaintances which he pretended to have made, and of love affairs which never existed. He bought photographs of pretty women at the stationer's, and showing her one of them, said:

"That's my sweetheart. What do you think of her?"

Hortense answered with feigned indifference: "She is very pretty."

Then they separated, retired to their rooms, and wept bitterly. For two months Paul had not written. Emile's letters were unanswered. Hortense had written twice, but received no reply.

Matters had reached this pass on the morning of that fatal first of January. Emile awaited the appearance of Hortense, to offer his good wishes and presents for the year. He had succeeded in procuring from Paul's relations his photograph, reduced from a portrait, and had set it in a gold locket bearing Hortense's initials in a spray of diamonds. When the young girl received the present she opened the case, and seeing Paul's photograph, she blushed, turned pale, and began to weep.

"Why these tears?" said Emile, almost ready to suffocate. He quickly recovered himself.

"You don't understand me," said Hortense. "I weep, but it is from pleasure," and she burst into sobs.

Emile went away, and did not return until near evening. Hortense waited for him, seated by the fireplace, and still weeping. The locket, partly open, was lying on the mantelpiece. Emile, quite perplexed by her appearance, mechanically cast his eyes upon it, and uttered an exclamation. His picture had taken the place of Paul's.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Hortense, what have you done?"

"Leave me," she said, taking the locket and slipping it into her dress. "Leave me; don't speak to me—I am going mad!"

"Mad!" repeated Emile, really alarmed.

"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?" the girl cried out, a prey to violent agitation. "Don't



Mary Stewart Daggett, author of "The Yellow Angel." Browne & Howell Company.

you see that this kind of life is impossible? Can't you understand that I love you, and that this life of falsehood and restraint is killing me!" and throwing her arms around him, she hid her face on his breast and sobbed, while he trembled like one shaking with fever. It required a few moments for this intense emotion to subside; then, making a violent effort, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and obliging her to sit down, said in a broken voice:

"Hortense, I love you!"

"Oh, Emile!" interrupted Hortense, overjoyed.

"Let me speak. I love you. For a long time I have vainly struggled against the feeling which has overwhelmed me, fool that I was. How could one help loving you? When I felt that intense love taking possession of my heart the memory of Paul rose up before me like a reproach. At this very moment it causes me deep remorse."

"But I love you," faltered the girl.

"Be still! Those words are a crime. Poor boy! He is so full of trust, relying on our honor, counting on your fidelity, on my word, he—" He stopped, overcome by emotion.

"But why is he not here?" Hortense asked, suddenly.

"Because he has confidence in us. I will not betray him for any consideration. Death sooner!"

They paused, and a strange, thrilling look was exchanged between them. All their thoughts and emotions seemed to be fixed on that idea of death, thus abruptly invoked as a menace, a refuge, and an expiation.

"Yes," said the young girl, crowding all her long pent-up feeling into that one second. "I would rather die than think of—" She did not finish. She was going to pronounce Paul's name. Emile took her two hands in his, placed himself in front of her, and with a penetrating look scanned her face, in search of confirmation of the desperate thought just expressed.

"Would you?" he asked slowly, with determined energy.

Hortense rose, and with solemn affection exclaimed: "Instantly!" and falling into each other's arms they remained in a long embrace. This was their death sentence.

The following morning at an early hour the postman appeared at the door with a letter bearing the postmark of New Orleans. He knocked and rang without avail. No one answered, and he was going away when a neighbor stopped him, saying that Emile was at home. They rang and knocked again. Suddenly the neighbor turned pale.

"Do you smell anything?" she asked, frightened.

"No," he replied.

"That smell! Charcoal! My God! could anything have happened?"

The concierge was called, and said that the night before very late Emile had gone out to buy a sack of charcoal. The neighbor remembered that the evening before at different times she had seen Hortense at the window, her eyes all swollen and red from crying.

"There is no doubt about it," she exclaimed; "they have perished. We must send for the magistrate."

The magistrate on arriving forced open the door. The women's predictions were only too true. Emile was lying extended on a lounge, Hortense on a chair, both cold and insensible. Restoratives were immediately applied. Alas! all their efforts to revive Emile were useless. The carbonic gas had done the work. He was dead. Hortense still breathed. They succeeded in restoring her. When she had recovered her senses, the magistrate proceeded to open before her the letter addressed to Emile. It contained only the words:

MY DEAR EMILE: I hope you are well and happy—you and your little sweetheart—for you know very well that I am not so foolish as to believe that you are waiting for my permission to fall in love with Hortense. Don't let your conscience trouble you for breaking your promise. I have been married a month. PAUL.

Hortense, on hearing this, rose, ran to the lounge where lay the body of Emile, and showing him the letter, with feverish excitement exclaimed:

"Look, Emile, look! Isn't it an excellent joke?"

Then she burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

She was insane.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.

That blindness entitled a man to be raised to special rank is evidence of the care which Japan has given this class of the afflicted ever since ancient times. It is recorded that about the year 886 A. D., when the Emperor Koko paid a visit to a certain place he was received by a company of blind men, whose condition much moved the compassion of his majesty. Not long after this (says the *Japanese Magazine*) the emperor gave orders that a row of tenements should be constructed in Kyoto where the homeless blind might find shelter, and the blind were thenceforth ranked as a separate class, entitled to special privilege. Upon the death of the Emperor Koko hundreds of blind men and women flocked into the capital to express their sorrow and to pay a last tribute of respect to the great monarch who so earnestly befriended them. It was not unnatural that the anniversary of the emperor's death should have become the blind man's holiday, and even yet to visit the old capital to celebrate it, offering prayers before the imperial shrine. Since that time it has been the custom of the Kuga family, who are the descendants of the Emperor Koko, and represented by the present Marquis Kuga, to confer on all blind persons who have visited the Kyoto shrine four times the rank known as shibu. When one holding this rank had attended service four times he was raised to a still higher rank known as yodo. A blind man of this rank attending four times reached the rank of sokoto, and a sokoto on the same conditions became a kengyo, the latter being of the same rank as a Buddhist bishop or the abbot of a monastery. Moreover, there were three ranks under each of the above-mentioned grades, or sixteen in all. In the reign of the Emperor Suka (1350 A. D.) there is mention of a blind man, Akashi, who was a skilled lute player, and was invited to play before the emperor, when his majesty was so pleased that he raised the musician to the rank of so-kengyo, which means archbishop. This famous blind musician was also made much of by the Ashikaga family. In the time of the Emperor Gokomatsu (1383-1412 A. D.) there was another blind musician named Takenaga, upon whom the emperor bestowed the purple robe of a Buddhist priest of the highest rank. In the Tokugawa period, between the years 1688 and 1703, there lived in Hitotsume (one-eye) in Yeddo a noted blind man named Sugiyama, who won his estate and its name by asking the Shogun to give him one of his eyes when pressed to make any request he desired and it would be granted. This was the first blind man raised to high rank by the Shogun, such honor up to that time having been the prerogative of the imperial house alone. After that it was arranged that the ranking of the blind was to be divided between the emperor and the Shogun, the former attending to the blind in the thirty-three provinces of the south and the Shogun those in the thirty-three provinces of the north.

One of the unique facts relative to immigration is that more than 50,000 Africans—blacks—have come into this country since 1904.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Willis J. Abbot Gives Us the Story of Its Achievement, Its Problems, and Its Prospects.

There have been a great many books about Panama, but none that covers precisely the ground selected by Mr. Willis J. Abbot. Truth to tell we are a little tired of statistics, imports, exports, and commercial forecasts, and we are equally tired of the discussion of tolls, trade expansion, and routes of communication. All these things are doubtless necessary, but none the less a weariness to those who are not directly involved. But the whole world is interested in human beings, and here we have the story of human beings and of the things that they have done and the sufferings they have faced. The author begins at the beginning. He tells us something—not too much—about the earliest days at Panama, the days of the pirate and the sea rover. Then he reminds us of the building of the Panama Railroad, in itself no mean feat, and of the toll of human life demanded by that feat, and here we are upon less familiar ground. For example, who has ever heard of the eight hundred wretched Chinamen landed on the Isthmus and of the fate that befell them. They fell sick at once, and the interpreters said that it was due to the deprivation of opium, and for a time the authorities supplied the drug with the result that nearly two-thirds of them were up again and able to work:

Then the exaggerated American moral sense, which is so apt to ignore the customs of other lands and peoples, caused the opium supply to be shut off. Perhaps the fact that the cost of opium daily per Chinaman was 15 cents had something to do with it. At any rate the whole body of Chinamen were soon sick unto death and quite ready for it. They made no effort to cling to the lives that had become hateful. Suicides were a daily occurrence and in all forms. Some with Chinese stolidity would sit upon a rock on the ocean's bed and wait for the tide to submerge them. Many used their own queues as ropes and hanged themselves. Others persuaded or bribed their fellows to shoot them dead. Some thrust sharpened sticks through their throats, or clutching great stones leaped into the river maintaining their hold until death made the grasp still more rigid. Some starved themselves and others died of mere brooding over their dismal state. In a few weeks but 200 were left alive, and these were sent to Jamaica, where they were slowly absorbed by the native population.

We may wonder to whose debit the recording angel has set down this little incident, but perhaps the recording angel is not interested in Chinamen.

Colonel Goethals naturally comes in for a full share of attention from the author, who tells us that Thomas Carlyle would be vastly interested could he but see how the benevolent despotism which he described as ideal but impossible is working successfully down in the semi-civilized tropics. This is the way they tell one story on the Isthmus:

A somewhat fussy and painfully perturbed man bustled into the office of Colonel Goethals one morning and plunged into his tale of woe.

"Now I got that letter of yours, colonel," he began, but stopped there, checked by a cold gaze from those quiet blue eyes.

"I beg your pardon," said the colonel suavely, "but you must be mistaken. I have written you no letter."

"Oh, yes, colonel, it was about that work down at Miraflores."

"Oh, I see. You spoke a little inaccurately. You meant you received my orders, not a letter. You have the orders, so that matter is settled. Was there anything else you wished to talk with me about?"

But the visitor's topic of conversation had been summarily exhausted and, somewhat abashed, he faded away.

Another story concerns a house that Goethals had ordered to be ready by October 1. The prospective tenant became anxious lest the house should be still unfinished on the appointed day and expressed his fears to the colonel:

"Let's walk over to the site and see," remarked that gentleman calmly. It may be noted in passing that walking over and seeing is one of the colonel's favorite stunts. There are mighty few, if any, points on the Canal Zone which he has not walked over and seen, with the result that his knowledge of the progress of the work is not only precise but personal. But to return to the house-a-building. On arrival there three or four workmen were found plugging away in a leisurely manner under the eye of a foreman to whom the colonel straightway addressed himself, "You understand the orders relative to this job?" he said to the foreman, tentatively.

"Oh, yes, colonel," responded that functionary cheerfully. "It is ordered for October first, and we are going to do our very best."

"Pardon me," blandly but with a suspicion of satire, "I was afraid you did not understand the order and I see I was right. Your order is to have this house ready for occupancy October first. There isn't anything said about doing your best. The house is to be finished at the time fixed."

We have some vivid descriptions of the slides of which we have read so often in the newspapers but that most of us have never fully understood. To the unscientific mind these slides are terrifying in their magnitude and in the evidence that they give of irresistible force. Man can no more check their advance than he can that of a glacier, which in a way they resemble:

On the west bank of the Canal occurred a slide of the second type caused by the crushing and squeezing out of underlying layers of soft material by the prodigious pressure of the high banks left untouched by the steam shovels. This slide is usually accompanied by the uprising of the bed of the Canal sometimes to a height of thirty feet. Colonel Gaillard tells of standing on the bed of the Canal, observing the working of a steam shovel, when it gradually dawned upon him that he was no longer on the level of the shovel. At first he thought that the shovel must have been placed upon a bit of boggy land and was slowly sinking, but on investigation he discovered that the point on which he was standing, had been slowly rising until within five minutes he had been lifted six feet without jar and with no sensation of motion. A perfectly simple illustration of the way in which this elevation of the bed of the Canal is caused may be obtained by pressing the hand upon a pan of dough. The dough will of course rise

at the side of the hand. On the "big job" the towering hills furnished the pressure, the bed of the Canal rose like the dough. To cope with it the work of the shovels and dirt trains in the Canal carrying the debris away is supplemented by others above removing the crest of the slide and thus lightening the pressure. I have seen four terraces of the same slide bearing steam shovels and rumbling dirt trains hurry the debris away to where it will no longer be a menace.

Of the natives of Panama the author has not a very high opinion. The ordinary demeanor of the native when accosted is sulky, even insolent. The shopkeeper makes a sale as though he were indifferent to your patronage and throws you your finished bundle as though he were tossing a bone to a dog:

Like most people of a low order of intelligence the lower class native of Panama is without the slightest sense of humanity to dumb animals. He does not seem to be intentionally cruel—indeed he is too indolent to exert himself unless something is to be gained. But he never lets any consideration for the sufferings of an animal affect his method of treating it. The iguana, ugliest of lizards, which he eats with avidity, is one of his chief victims. This animal is usually taken alive by hunters in order that he may undergo a preliminary fattening process before being committed to the pot. In captivity his condition is not pleasant to contemplate. Here at the market are eight or ten, living, palpitating, looking out on the strange world with eyes of wistful misery. Their short legs are roughly twisted so as to cross above their backs, and the sharp claws on one foot are thrust through the fleshy part of the other so as to hold them together without other fastening. A five-foot iguana is fully three feet tall, and of that caudal yard at least two feet of its tapering length is useless for food, so the native calmly chops it off with his machete, exposing the mutilated but living animal for sale.

Colonel Gorgas also receives his share of attention, as indeed he well deserves to do, since without his efforts the work of canal-making would have been impossible. In reality, says the author, there is a certain element of humor in the scientific bug-hunting. You are at afternoon tea with a hostess in one of the charming tropical houses which the commission supplies to its workers.



Illustration from "A Tramp Through the Bret Harie Country," by Thomas Dykes Beasley. Paul Elder & Co.

The eyes of your hostess suddenly become fixed in a terrified gaze:

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaims, "look there!" "What? where?" you cry, bounding from your seat in excitement. Perhaps a blast has just boomed on the circumambient air and you have visions of a fifty-pound rock about to fly through the drawing-room window. Life on the Zone abounds in such incidents.

"There!" dramatically. "That mosquito!" "I'll swat it," you cry valorously, remembering the slogan of "Swat the Fly" which breaks forth recurrently in our newspapers every spring, though they are quite calm and unperturbed about the places which breed flies faster than they can be swatted.

"Goodness, no. I must telephone the department." Speechless with amazement, you wonder if the police or fire department is to be called out to cope with this mosquito. In due time there appears an official equipped with an electric flash-light, a phial and a small bottle of chloroform. The malefactor—no, the suspect, for the *anopheles malefactor* does no evil despite his sinister name—is mercifully chloroformed and deposited in the phial for a later postmortem. With his flash-light the inspector examines all the dark places of the house to seek for possible accomplices, and having learned that nobody has been bitten takes himself off.

It does seem a ridiculous amount of fuss about a mosquito, doesn't it? But since that sort of thing has been done on the Zone death-carts no longer make their dismal rounds for the night's quota of the dead, and the ravages of malaria are no longer so general or so deadly as they were.

Mr. Abbot gives us some interesting information about the Indians. The San Blas Indians wear as a rule blouses, whereas other denizens of the Darien dispense with all clothing above the waist. Their hair is usually kept short. The nose ring is looked upon as indispensable, and other ornaments of both gold and silver are worn by both sexes:

Americans who have had much to do with the Indians of the Darien always comment on the extreme reticence shown by them in speaking of their golden ornaments, or the spot whence they were obtained. It is as though vague traditions had kept alive the story of the pestilence of fire and sword which ravaged their land when the Spaniards swept over it

in search of the yellow metal. Gold is in the Darien in plenty. Everybody knows that, and the one or two mines near the rivers now being worked afford sufficient proof that the region is auriferous. But no Indian will tell of the existence of these mines, nor will any guide a white man to the spot where it is rumored gold is to be found. Seemingly ineradicably fixed in the inner consciousness of the Indian is the conviction that the white man's lust for the yellow metal is the greatest menace that confronts the well-being of himself and his people.

The Zone police force, says the author, compels admiration. The population is mixed, and at one time the place bid fair to become a sort of Botany Bay. Closer scrutiny of applicants for employment checked that tendency, and a vigorous enforcement of the criminal law soon reduced the people to order:

In the cities of Colon and Panama is little or no public gambling, and the brood of outlaws that follows the goddess chance are not to be found there. On the Zone is no gambling at all. Even private poker games, if they become habitual, are broken up by quiet warnings from the police. It isn't that there is any great moral aversion to poker, but men who sit up all night with cards and chips are not good at the drawing board or with a transit the next day. Everything on the Zone, from the food in the commissary to the moral code, is designed with an eye single to its effect on the working capacity of the men. It is a fortunate thing that bad morals do not as a rule conduce to industrial efficiency, else I shudder at what Colonel Goethals might be tempted to do to the Decalogue.

The author has something to say about the invitation extended to Colonel Goethals to take charge of the New York police force, and he wisely refrains from prediction. The colonel's success at Panama was due, of course, to his autocratic powers, and perhaps there may be those who will think that an autocracy is the only way by which human beings can be governed. Certainly they have never yet been tolerably governed in any other way, but the experiment in New York would be at least interesting:

The distinctly personal government of the Zone by Colonel Goethals, and the admirable order he maintained there among a heterogeneous and many-tongued foreign population inspired widespread admiration, and impelled the mayor of Greater New York to urge the colonel to accept the post of police commissioner of that city. The New York police force has been at time vitiated by graft, undermined by political intrigue, a spectacle of inefficiency. Under Goethals there was no graft in the Canal Zone, personal influence and political intrigue were sternly suppressed and the standard of efficiency was of the highest. Therefore, argued the mayor, Colonel Goethals is the best man to reform the New York police. The colonel looked on the invitation as a trumpet call to duty. Just as it came the President appointed him the first governor of the Canal Zone, the reorganization of that province under the Adamson Act being set for April 1, 1914. Colonel Goethals has accepted the governorship, but is said to have agreed to relinquish it after the Canal is in full working operation, and then to take up the New York problem. Should he persist in this determination, his course and its results will be watched with the utmost interest. On the Zone he had absolute power, not only over his subordinates' livelihood, but even over their place of residence. A mutinous man could not only be discharged, but ejected from his house, and exiled from the Zone. The colonel fell little short of the power to say to such an one: "Get off the earth!" Of course no such autocratic power is vested in the New York police commissioner, the precedents hedging him about are endless, and the spirit of intrigue in the force is the solid growth of half a century and almost ineradicable. The colonel's tussle with it will be worth watching.

A concluding story of Colonel Goethals may serve the double purpose of showing the nature of the man and also the nature of the difficulties that he was called upon to face:

Two typical stories of Colonel Goethals show how he met the protests of nature against the liberties taken by man, and in due time his attitude became that of all the workers on the Zone. In 1908 it was reported that the great bulk of Gatun Dam, the very keystone of the Canal arch, was sinking. The nation was alarmed, the War Department in a panic. President Roosevelt sent the then Secretary of War Taft, with a commission of engineers, to the Isthmus to investigate. Colonel Goethals met them, calm, confident, unperturbed.

"What are we going to do, colonel?" asked Taft anxiously, "build a canal or not?"

"I can build you a lock canal," placidly returned the colonel, "or I can build you a sea-level canal, whichever you prefer. If you don't want either, I can pack up and go home."

Mr. Abbot has written a thoroughly interesting book, and one that may safely be commended to those who wish to know how the Canal was built and to be free from the economic disquisitions and the commercial statistics with which such books are usually encumbered.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

The interest that has recently been manifested in radium has created a public demand for information both practical and theoretical in regard to the mineral deposits from which it is derived. The quantity of uranium ore mined in the United States is exceedingly small, and the great bulk of it, from Utah and Colorado, does not carry pitchblende, but contains the brilliant yellow uranium mineral carnotite. The small pitchblende production of this country is all from the one locality, in the heart of Gilpin County, Colorado, famous as the birthplace of the gold-mining industry of Colorado. There pitchblende occurs as a constituent of mineral veins which were first worked for their gold and silver content and which still yield important amounts of these precious metals. It is notable that the only other localities in the world where pitchblende has been found in important quantities in mineral veins are the Erzgebirge, in Bohemia and Saxony, and the Cornwall district, in England.

During the month of February nearly 8,000,000 barrels of oil were taken out of California soil.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Goldoni.

A reading of Mr. Chatfield Taylor's biography of Goldoni leads us to ponder much on the qualities that give fame. Goldoni is nearly unknown to the English-speaking world to which Manzoni and Molière, for example, are household words. And Goldoni appears to be far greater than either of them, and greater than a dozen others with whom all

married, and from there he went as Genoese consul to Venice. The consulship lasted only a short time, and Goldoni is once more on the road and in the midst of adventures, for which he seemed to have a sort of magnetic attraction.

But it is as playwright and not as adventurer that Goldoni's claim to distinction must rest. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor introduces us to some sixty dramas and introduces them adequately and in some cases with liberal quotations. Goldoni was the pioneer of a new dramatic life in Italy. He was the first Italian dramatist who went to the markets and the streets for his material rather than to the literary models of dramatic conventionality. He was always artist enough to emphasize the essentials of human nature and to use the custom of the moment merely as a frame. It was a day when human sympathies, so far as they reflected upon government, must be concealed, and he was in peril more than once for his liberal sentiments. He wrote "Nature regards us all as equal, though the arrogance of the great does not deign to consider the small. The day will come, however, when one pudding will again be made of both small and great," a statement that would not be considered as very startling at the present time,



"Junipero Serra, His Life and His Work," by A. H. Fitch. A. C. McClurg & Co.

civilization is familiar. No wonder that the Chevalier Guido Sabetta should urge the author to write a companion volume to his "Molière" and so give to Goldoni some of the international renown that his memory so well deserves. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor says that as soon as he began to examine his contemplated task he was grateful to Signor Sabetta for his introduction to so great a genius and one to whom the English world of letters has paid scant honor. How far such enthusiasm was justified the reader will be quick to discover for himself.

Goldoni was born in Venice at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He wrote his first comedy at the age of eleven. He became a doctor and then a lawyer, took his degree at Padua, and his first law case in Venice, and then ran away in order to avoid marriage with a lady who was too ugly for his taste. He took part in the wars of Don Carlos, joined a company of actors, and did well nigh everything in the way of adventure that was open to him. Then we find him at Genoa, and



Ruth Holt Boucicault, author of "The Substance of His House." Little, Brown & Co.

but that was revolutionary in the Europe of Goldoni's day.

Evidently the book is not one to be overlooked by those who would understand the literary tendencies of Europe at the dawn of the revolutionary era. The author has done his work with all the skill to which his

"Molière" accustomed us and with a rotundity of treatment that enables us to know the man as well as the playwright. Nor must there be forgetfulness of the Goldoni bibliography prepared by Professor F. C. L. Van Steenderen, a work that should be of vast value to those who wish to know even more of Goldoni than is to be found in the present biography.

GOLDONI. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$4 net.

Advanced American History.

Mr. S. E. Foreman, already well known as a writer on history and civics, now gives us an advanced American history that seems well adapted to school use as well as to the library reference shelf. The three great achievements of the American people, he tells us, have been these: They have transformed a continent from a low condition of barbarism to a high state of civilization; they have developed a commercial and industrial system of vast proportions; and they have evolved the greatest democracy the world has yet seen. Mr. Foreman's aim has therefore been to show the forces of civilization pressing westward upon the wilderness and extending the boundaries of the white man's domain; to show an industrious people moving ever forward to make new conquests in the economic world; and to show a liberty-loving nation struggling with new problems of government and advancing ever nearer to a complete realization of popular rule. The volume is printed in bold and comfortable type and the illustrations and maps are numerous and unusually good.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. By S. E. Foreman. New York: The Century Company.

Mogul India.

In estimating the debt that the world owes to its diarists a large place must be found for Niccolao Manucci, who writes the "Storia del Mogor," the source of nearly all that we know of the Mogul court and the wonders of Aurangzeb. The work itself is an elaborate one, and with a profusion of detail likely to prove wearisome to modern impatience. There is therefore room for an abridgement such as we have here from the competent hands of Margaret L. Irvine and from the translation of



Illustration from "The Old Spanish Missions of California," by Paul Elder. Paul Elder & Co.

William Irvine: Manucci left Venice in 1653 at the age of fourteen. He went first to Smyrna and there attached himself to Viscount Bellomont, whom he accompanied to Persia and India. We find him subsequently in the service of Prince Dara Shukoh as an artilleryman, then studying medicine, and again becoming a soldier. He went to Bas-sain, thence to Goa, ultimately returning to Agra and Delhi. Later on he removed to European territory, but he lost his money in an unlucky venture and was obliged to return to the Mogul court. He obtained an appointment as one of the physicians attached to Shah 'Alam and followed him to the Dakkhin. At a later date we find him at Pondicherry, and the Doge Marco Nicolo Foscarini tells us that he died in 1717 as an octogenarian.

It is easy to believe that the diary of such a life must be of extraordinary interest, and so indeed it proves to be. Manucci was not only a careful observer, but he had the gift of recording his experiences in simple and direct language without embellishment or rhetoric. This new and most readable edition of his diary is not one to be overlooked by the student of Oriental history.

A PERSY OF MOGUL INDIA, 1653-1708. Translated by William Irvine. Abridged by Margaret L. Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Poland.

Mr. Nevin O. Winter continues to write books about the various countries of the world and he still succeeds in giving to each a certain individuality and distinctiveness

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that must be the result not only of ability as a writer, but also of exceptionally hard and good work. His books never suggest the process of cramming. Each one bears the stamp of competence and individuality.

There is, perhaps, no other book that quite fills the place of the present one. The writer on Poland usually feels under a certain compulsion to be ecstatic and to represent the history of the country as a certain evangel of liberty. As a matter of fact the Poles have never been particularly enthusiastic for individual freedom. The Pole as an individual has never known what freedom is except the freedom to oppress those beneath him in the social scale, and the extinction of Poland was the result of that natural Nemesis that removes the unfit from the council of nations. Polish liberty, says Mr. Nevin, was the liberty only of the landowners, some thousands of selfish country gentlemen who refused to pay any taxes. There were originally two classes of peasants, the free and the bound, but all had been gradually reduced to the condition of serfs. They were finally forbidden to possess property in land. In no other country has the entire destiny of the state been so absolutely dependent upon the character, disposition, and habits of the nobles. If Poland had preserved her independence from Russia, Austria, and Germany there can not be much doubt that she would have been torn to pieces by social revolution.

Mr. Nevin has done his work well. He gives us a history of the country up to the time of partition, and this is followed by a review of the conditions of the Poles in Austria, Germany, and Russia. Then we have chapters on the nobles, the peasants, religion,



Bertrand W. Sinclair, author of "North of Fifty-Three." Little, Brown & Co.

the Jews, literature, and art, and a useful concluding section on the Poles in America. The illustrations are numerous and good.

POLAND OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

Bouck White, author of "The Call of the Carpenter" and "The Carpenter and the Rich Man," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., holds that the "higher criticism" of the Bible is a potent factor in the social discontent of the time. "Scientific biblical scholarship," he says, "is going to prove the most upheaving thing ever introduced into the world." Mr. White says that his two books "are simply a scientific setting forth of the life of Jesus as it is now coming to light. They say the my books are so charged with high explosive that is but to say that the higher criticism is a direct and magnificent condudator of the revolution."

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POETRY AND DRAMA.

Poetry at Berkeley.

An architect, a man trained (as he himself describes it) in an art that uses "symbols of no sound," has tried his hand at poetry, an art in which the sound of the symbol is inseparable from the art's perfection. It is not surprising that the new medium sometimes refuses to respond to his skill. He is like one working in a plaster of words that suddenly grows lumpy and hardens into forms which were not a part of his intended design.

The theme of his poem is admirably chosen



Dr. George Edward Woodberry, author of "The Flight and Other Poems." Macmillan Company.

and would have delighted Browning. It is a soliloquy in blank verse by the great Florentine architect of the fifteenth century, whose life-work had been to arch the unfinished cathedral with his majestic dome. Brunelleschi is imagined speaking near the end of life and filled with retrospections of the dreams he had realized, the rivalries he had overcome, the art and the artists that had given him courage. The still unfinished dome is viewed at one time from his chamber window, at another from a hillside near Florence, and in the interval its interior is climbed on the arm of a friend. An excellent constructive skill is shown by the author in the arrangement of the poem, and he is keenly sensible of the rich associations of mediæval Florence, as well as to the influence of twenty years of residence in Rome on the slow ripening of Brunelleschi's art. But these features of his character, his age, and his country have long appealed to persons of culture in many lands, and to be sensible of their interest is by no means an assurance of being able to express it in poetry.

Mr. Galen Howard's poem has some of the

blemishes that would be unpardonable in prose. Even a lapse of grammar (1.1744 *et seq.*) has escaped him near the end. He often mixes his metaphors. A "coping" (1.519) is both a "filmy pall" and a "brooding wing." Can a "gem" (1.1601) have a "brow" and be a "flame" and spouting water all in three lines? The author appears unable to make a selection from his crowding fancies. The dome (1.1789) is touched with color by a western ray and at the same moment glows lamp-like from within. A "sanctifying ray" (1.1606) falls from heaven, and it is also the heart of Brunelleschi that has "brought forth a cloud of glory." Here is a superfluous touch of confused hyperbole (1.1393):

A pinnacled spiring splendor's mystic web
Of lucent chiseling.

Mr. Howard practices the almost obsolete habit of making his thought enter backwards, so that the reader has to turn the inversion around before he knows what it is: "My feet (1.5) the sky-bound platform of my dome achieved Enjoy." "Have sprung (1.526) these children fresh wherewith is sown By us our Florence." And he is willing to catch the attention for a moment with unusual words: (1.31) "his brawn Reeks not of facture mine"; (1.969) "Mary's fane climaxeth" to loveliness; (1.1187) "a future shout, Ominous kin to clank"; (1.1723) "rendezvous'd In glassy splendor"; and (1.514) "old wine Had sod all conscience with cup'd day." When these mannerisms of speech take the form of a packed line, the reader gets a painful impression of



Rabindronath Tagore (at age of sixteen), author of "The Post-Office." Macmillan Company.

the agonies of poetical childbirth. It is the old crime of "fine writing," in which the writer jackscrews himself up to unusual heights of expression and leaves the jackscrew. In verse it has the added drawback of destroying lim-

pidity, and some of Mr. Howard's lines are positively noisy with words:

(1.14) Draw

The grapy damask from the pouring rays
Until his glinting dragons drown in dregs.

This (1.389) with'd fagot bunch't with beetling threat.

(1.1530) Uncompuls'd of all spur
Of splendor or of poignance figurate.

And (1.1695) shrouded visioned eyes with fetid damps.

(1.1579) Ne'er was sight
So dazzling with long-dalliant gorgeousness
Loose-lapsing tendrils and out-shredded films
Of dissipate hiquessed fire, as now
Zeniths Val d' Arno, sheer—o'erleaping.

That last sentence should be investigated by the English department of the university. And if space permitted many other lines might be cited which do not make for beauty in poetry. Whole passages, also, are too loose in verbal texture and need tightening. Even when free from disfigurements, for instance in lines 1163-1173, the habitual style of Mr. Howard is singularly short of breath, and if the sense runs beyond the line, the rhythm never does. Mr. Howard, it seems to me, has the gift of the essayist, of the preacher, rather than of the poet. He is ethical, not magical. His clarity of thought is vastly greater than his clarity of vision. His Pantheon (lines 555-581) and his Forum (lines 461-493) have some of the light and color of imagination's camera; but it is rather in passages like Brunelleschi's self-analysis (lines 186-205) and the final apostrophe to the creations of his brain (lines 1693-1713), that the author moves with the freedom of unconscious skill. One brief passage describes the youthful Donatello. Clarity of vision and perfect adequacy of words are here united, and I will close these impressions by quoting its memorable beauty:

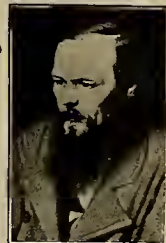
A downy velvet barely dusk'd his lip;
His hand, it was already man's; his mind
A forthright god's, creative; and his soul
Flower-sweetly childlike, as it still is so.

A. A. W.

BRUNELLESCHI: A POEM. By John Galen Howard. San Francisco: John Howell.

On the Seaboard.

This is another of August Strindberg's numerous novels, translated rather poorly and too literally by Elizabeth C. Westergren. It is a story of isolated lives on an island of the Baltic Sea and contains for its leading character a singular being, Fish Commissioner Borg, who so thoroughly wraps himself in the



Fyodor Dostoevsky, author of "The Possessed." Macmillan Company.

same species of haughty intellectual isolation as Strindberg himself that the book is evidently a sort of mental autobiography. The same devastating pessimism that is apparent in most of Strindberg's works permeates the entire volume. When woman appears she is, under the guise of a soft-hearted, merry girl, a soulless sensualist, without intellect, morals, or heart. Woman, however, is not the only sufferer from Strindberg's mordant pen. The fisher people, one and all, are depicted as narrow, intolerant, prejudiced, cruel, and insensitive to liberality whether of heart or mind. In the midst of these drear surroundings Commissioner Borg, who is a man of practical as well as mental ability, proudly wraps himself closer in his mantle of pride and disdain and is driven to solitary excursions on the sea through the prejudice of his fellow-islanders, who resent the authority over them that he derives from the crown. In describing these excursions Strindberg is at his best. Not only does he make apparent his profound scientific lore, but he paints beautiful pictures of the wild charm of northern seas, drawing the reader within the lonely centre from which his complex, self-torturing, but nature-loving soul looks out on the world that he finds beautiful when man is not so much in evidence. Borg, however, like Strindberg, suffers from the morbidness induced by solitude and an un-mated state, and despite his intellectual pride and self-sufficiency the lamp of his life and his mind sink low in unison until suicide ends the mournful record of pessimism and defeat.

ON THE SEABOARD. By August Strindberg. Translated by Elizabeth C. Westergren. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net.

Gerhardt Hauptmann.

This second volume contains the three dramas "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd," and "The Rats." Drayman Henschel, a widower, falls prey to the calculations of a

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low-minded, immoral servant girl who had marked him for her own before his wife died. Subsequently, appalled by her worthlessness, he commits suicide. "Rose Bernd" is a play showing how young and helpless girls of the peasant class are hunted down. Rose is the daughter of an evangelical father, and when her liaison with Christopher Flamm, the owner of a small estate in the neighborhood, is discovered she strangles her child to escape the consequences. Christopher Flamm stands for the easy, good-natured, self-indulgent type that means no harm, but nevertheless preys on the helpless.

"The Rats," the third of the series, is a peculiar play which throws the people of the tenement and the educated classes into a juxtaposition which shows the squalid tragedy of the poor. The play, however, is not clear as to its intention, although it is plain that



John Masefield, author of "The Tragedy of Pompey." Macmillan Company.

the author wishes to arraign the social system. Briefly the story is that the storage loft of an ex-actor named Hassenreuter is cared for by Mrs. John, wife of a decent laborer and sister of a congenial criminal, and this charwoman is the central character. With many sordid qualities she possesses the maternal instinct in a marked degree, and when Pauline, a girl of the streets, has a child she cares for her in the loft and eventually buys the child, palming it off on her husband as her own. With the recovery of Pauline's health she claims her child, and she is subsequently murdered by Bruno, the criminal brother of Mrs. John, who is aware of the deception. It comes out nevertheless, and frenzied by the threat of losing the child Mrs. John throws herself under a passing vehicle and is killed. These tenement dwellers are the "rats" following out their instincts of reproduction, hurrowing for shelter, and showing, like rats, the predatory instinct.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHARDT HAUPTMANN. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

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FICTION.

The Treasure.

Kathleen Norris has already won her spurs as a novelist, and now we find her attracted to the theme of the domestic servant. The Salisbury family, having wandered from Dan to Beersheba in search of competent help, determine to try the new American School of Domestic Science. The school trains and supplies young women guaranteed as competent to "run" the modern home from cellar to garret. But the duties of its graduates are strictly defined and there must be no encroachment upon the schedule. The Salisburys find that their new acquisition is indeed a "treasure." The household henceforth seems to run upon ball bearings. Efficiency and promptness become the order of the day and regularity in all departments takes the place of the previous chaos. Of course it is Mrs. Salisbury herself who nearly wrecks the enterprise. The good lady can not understand a system that forbids her to ask of her "help" any more than has been duly set forth in the bond, and her indignation boils over when she finds that the young woman, whom she evidently regards as a sort of slave, has actually been asked to give a public lecture on the new methods of housekeeping. Mrs. Salisbury has a due appreciation of household efficiency, but it is evident that her own sense of social superiority comes first. The young woman must be "put in her place," and as the young



Kathleen Norris, author of "The Treasure." Macmillan Company.

woman's place has been fully defined in the agreement and is therefore inelastic the new arrangement nearly falls to the ground. Evidently the book is intended as a suggestion to the Mrs. Salisburys of the nation, viewed generically, that in the employment of domestic help they are doing no more than pur-

chase services, and that those services must be measured and weighed in very much the same way as butter or cheese, and without any infusion of caste conceptions. And we imagine that this will be a difficult lesson for the Mrs. Salisburys of the nation to learn. A sense of social superiority and its due expression are luxuries not lightly to be abandoned.

But the author gives us a hint of other radicalisms of which we may hear more in some other story. Mrs. Salisbury's daughter, finding that her rich young lover is a little slow in realizing that he actually is a lover, helps him over the style to a proposal, and in a way somewhat more direct than is at present approved of by convention. There seems to be no reason why any girl should not do what Alexandra Salisbury did, but we



Lord Morley, author of "On Politics and History." Macmillan Company.

should like to hear the author discuss the whole question in another story. We are all quite helpless in the hands of Kathleen Norris. Tyrannically she compels us to read whatever it pleases her to write.

THE TREASURE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

The Fortunate Youth.

The reader will be inclined to shake his head a little doubtfully over Mr. Locke's latest novel. We are so used to the creation of flashing personalities of characters that become permanent tenants of the memory that we are a little disappointed to find that there is here no such figure and that the hero leaves us unmoved except by a slight feeling of dislike. When as a boy he runs away from the slums in which he has lived, saturated with a conviction of his noble parentage, we do not entertain a doubt that his dreams are pre-sages and that all his visions will be realized.

Some of them are, but not the vision of a noble parentage. Thanks to a certain star of fortune, to his physical beauty and a cleverness that has a suggestion of charlatanism, he wins his way to a titled wife, to a seat in Parliament, and to wealth, but his father when he finds him is a dealer in fried fish, fried fish in wholesale quantities, it is true, but none the less fried fish. In point of fact he is a plebeian of the plebeians, and Mr. Locke will certainly get himself into trouble with the hereditists and the eugenists for the gravest of heresies. Mr. Locke is incapable of writing anything that is uninteresting. A delightful skill is evident enough upon every page of his story, but we wonder why he thought it worth while to write the biography of a young man who is a rather commonplace mixture of good and evil and



S. R. Crockett, author of "Sandy." Macmillan Company.

whose touch of genius is of that flashy variety that inspires distrust and even dislike.

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

The Marriage of Cecilia.

The author uses an old theme—and we may doubt if there are any new themes—but with good effect and in a bright and entertaining way. Cecilia finds that her inheritance has been gambled away by a dishonest trustee, who then commits suicide. The trustee's stepson, Harry St. George, in an effort to make good the loss and also to prevent unpleasant disclosures that would distress his mother, offers to marry Cecilia as a matter of form and on the understanding that they part at the church and never see each other again. For various reasons Cecilia consents, and of course we foresee at once the end of the story. We know that this curious couple will eventually be brought together and that they

will fall in love, but the author leads us through so many pleasant paths on the way to the goal that our prevision does not lessen our pleasure. But there is one small point on which we could wish for more enlightenment. When Harry St. George becomes blind we find him amusing himself by playing chess. Now it is true that there have been people who can play chess blindfolded, but they are prodigies of a kind. How did Harry St. George do it? But this is but a small defect in a thoroughly readable story.

THE MARRIAGE OF CECILIA. By Maude Leeson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Kazan

Stories of animals are often more pathetic than stories of human beings, and perhaps this is because human beings ought to know better, and we can not say this of animals. Kazan is half wolf and half dog, and he has never allowed any one to touch him until Isobel Thorp wins his fierce heart by the sheer power of a woman's love. Then Kazan saves Isobel's honor, and his action being misunderstood he runs away from the far northern camp, finds a wolf mate, and starts life on his own account, but always with a haunting longing for the sound of Isobel's voice and the touch of her hand. We have over three hundred pages of Kazan's story, of his huntings, of his contacts with humanity, and it is all fascinatingly interesting and pathetic. We wonder if the author has a sort of clairvoyant insight into the consciousness of a dog or if it is all just fancy and infer-



Jack London, author of "The Valley of the Moon." Macmillan Company.

ence. It is all so good that it must surely be true.

KAZAN. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

"The Real South Africa," by Ambrose Pratt, is issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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FICTION.

The Best Man.

Here we have a good but a highly improbable story of adventure, but then improbabilities are no detriment nowadays. The hero is Cyril Gordon, who is in the detective service at Washington. Gordon is instructed to go to New York, to attend a dinner party to which he will be invited, and there to recover possession of a code message that has been stolen, presumably for political reasons. He secures the message adroitly, but is pursued from the house, and in order to escape he mingles with a wedding party at a private home, is mistaken for the overdone bridegroom, and actually finds himself married to the bride. There is no need to recount his subsequent adventures up to the point where this strangely matched couple fall in love with each other nor to explain the origin of the mistake. The author does all that for us, and in a quite satisfactory way. We have grave doubts if such a marriage would be legal, but such points are quite insignificant nowadays, when legal formalities of all kinds are becoming obsolete and superfluous. It is enough to say that the story is a veritable riot of incident and one that is worthy of the author's reputation.

THE BEST MAN. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The Masks of Love.

Here we have a story of a stage-struck girl who has no conception of acting, but whose beauty and innocence so affect the director that he gives her a part. Probably directors are not often affected in that way, but this one is. When Mr. Newhold proceeds to kiss her by way of sealing the compact Marjorie resents it bitterly, not having been kissed in quite that way before, although engaged to be married, and Mr. Newhold explains that he is so sorry for the man who, having a sort of right to kiss her in just that way, has yet neglected to do so. Marjorie overlooks the little incident and goes on trying to act and at the same time wonders dimly as to the meaning of the new variety of kiss.

But the story is a good one. It describes with some skill the life of the traveling company, with its ambitions, failures, and jealousies. We foresee that Marjorie will eventually be disposed to favor the man who knows how to kiss her in preference to the original lover who has not yet acquired that

art in its full developments, and we quite approve of her change of mind. In fact we quite approve of the story as a whole.

THE MASKS OF LOVE. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Tide Marks.

Margaret Westrup, otherwise Mrs. W. Sidney Stacey, is a new writer, but one of whom we ought to hear more. She has the whole equipment of the story-teller from the technical point of view and she has also imagination and delicacy. She tells a story that might easily be unpleasant in less deft hands, but she tells it with irreproachable delicacy and without a single trespass into forbidden territory.



Caroline Lockhart, author of "The Full of the Moon." J. B. Lippincott Company.

The heroine is Philippa Hamilton. She belongs to that class of unemployed women which often includes also so many unemployable women whose one asset is sex. Philippa's mother has made an unhappy marriage, and her dying heritage to her daughter is the prayer that she may be spared "the curse of love." On the other hand her father has left her so badly off that she must choose between the twin curses of love and work, and work, he it said, is not an easy matter for the English girl who is without training or experience. At first we suppose that we are to have the familiar picture of the descent into the economic hell with the usual chivalrous rescue at the end. But the author avoids the hackneyed path. When Philippa's money is nearly gone she effects an ingenious combination with a milliner who pretends to be French for purposes of revenue, and then she has an offer of marriage from an ancient scientist who wants a competent housekeeper and nothing more, and who is willing to pay for the luxury. Philippa is saved from this fate by an exactly similar offer from a young scientist, which she accepts, and we foresee that there may be some very thin ice when the husband discovers that nature can not be suppressed by a bargain. It is here that the author shows her skill. She handles the situation irreproachably, and it would be a good thing if her book could be taken as a model by writers who suppose that the facts of life demand grossness or suggestiveness. We ought to bear more of an author who can do such eminently good work and who can see so far into human realities.

THE MASKS. By Margaret Westrup. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

The Full of the Moon.

When Caroline Lockhart wrote "Me-Smith" she showed that she had a genuine power both of humor and of tragedy and that it was a useful accompaniment to her knowledge of Western life. Now she gives us another story that, perhaps is not quite so strong in characterization, but that is quite as humorous and quite as accurate as her earlier work. She tells us of a young woman who rebels against the conventions of Eastern life and determines that she will have her "fling" all by herself in the great new West in order that she may have the experience necessary to her choice of a husband and a career. So Nan Galbraith leaves home in defiance of the mournful remonstrances of family and friends and betakes herself to Hopedale, close to the Mexican border, and proceeds to make friends among the ranchmen and Mexicans who make up the population of that interesting community. The story is a good one and worth



Isobel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Congresswoman." Browne & Howell Company.

telling, and the author is to be congratulated for avoiding the exaggerations so usual among stories of this kind. Nan's adventures are strictly along the line of the probabilities and they are told with a delightful energy and humor.

THE FULL OF THE MOON. By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The Red Emerald

The missing crown jewels of France have been the inspiration of more than one novel, and now Mr. John Reed Scott would have us believe that his hero and heroine discovered them securely hidden in an underground vault on a Virginia estate. The hero is an American ambassador and the heroine is a divorcee so divinely beautiful that words—even the author's words—are powerless to describe her. Nor does the frontispiece help us much.

All such stories have an interest, and this one would be quite tolerable on a railroad train, where its carelessness of design and composition might be overlooked. But the futility of the dialogue amounts almost to tragedy.

THE RED EMERALD. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The Strong Heart.

Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas describes his book as "the story of a lady," but there are several ladies. There is Lady Gregory, an objectionable old aristocrat, and there is Lady Gregory's sister, Miss Belough, who is a suffragette and who is fined forty shillings for hitting a policeman in the eye under the impression that she was hitting a system. And there is Mrs. Murray, who is an incarnation of middle-class vulgarities, and finally there is Miss Barbara Murray, and Mr.

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Illustration from "Anybody But Anne," by Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Barbara in an inn, where that young lady is officiating as a maid, and not only falls in love with her, but actually marries her, which is a very irregular proceeding of a young aristocrat toward a barmaid. Usually the method is a less formal one. Of course there is aristocratic disapproval and the usual disinclination, but these things always right themselves in time, at least in well-conducted novels, and so we reach the last page admiring Barbara more than ever before, which is exactly as it should be.

THE STRONG HEART. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

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Professor Emery reviews most of the perplexities that are likely to confront the young voter in his search for right political action. He has something to say about newspapers and the coloration of news. He has wise advice for the voter who is drawn in opposite directions by party loyalty and by a desire to support some candidate of moral or intellectual excellence. Sometimes we must make choice between the lesser of two evils, but we ought none the less to recognize the defects of our choice. For example, we may favor direct legislation and the recall, but we must

their legitimate accumulations, and it is the quarrel between the two "which breaks out into bitter struggles and dynamite plots today and which may break out into civil war before long." It is therefore of some importance to face the problem squarely and to determine whether interest is actually an exaction by superior force or whether it is in accord with the laws of production and distribution. The author explains that his sympathies are with the poor, but none the less "my conclusion is that, provided only a person's capital itself is equitably his own, his title to the interest accruing from it is as good as his title to the earnings of his hands."

His arguments are certainly close and logical. Starting from a definition of terms, he considers the theory of normal prices and



Grace MacGowan Cooke, author of "William and Bill." Century Company.

then goes on to develop his theory that interest is a price of the postponement of the consumption of a good or a service. It is the price of an advance, that is not to be confused with the goods or services advanced, but that is actually an advance of earlier services for later services, and such advance may be either to persons or to nature. The price paid for such an advance, in other words the interest, may be excessive and inequitable, and it often is. The interest received by a Carnegie or a Rockefeller may come to them neither as gifts from those who equitably owned it, nor as the earnings of their own labor, nor as the earnings from their own advancing of what was equitably their own, but



Samuel Merwin, author of "Anthony the Absolute." Century Company.

as income from privileges. But this does not affect the main idea. And the main idea of the author is that any one who causes the nominal surplus called interest by advancing services that belong to him not only legally but equitably, earns that interest as truly as the laborer earns his wages. And if this be true "interest and wages should be classed, from one point of view, as the coordinate kinds of the general class, earned income."

The author's argument is so well knit that it can hardly be epitomized. He writes not only with an unusual lucidity, but with a certain enthusiasm that befits the discoverer. Without doubt his little book is one to be read by those who would determine for or against the present economic system.

A THEORY OF INTEREST. By Clarence Gilbert Hoag, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.



Richard Wightman, author of "The Things He Wrote to Her." Century Company.

none the less face the fact that "if you wish to have great statesmen of courage and independence, whose judgments guide the policies of the nation, you must favor some form of truly representative government, even if it carries some evils with it." There is always a price to be paid, there must always be some entry on the debit side in every transaction, and however much we may favor the transaction we ought to know the price and the debit.

In a valuable concluding chapter the author touches on the wane of the congressional power and the increase in the power of the President. The two movements seem to be equal and opposite. The demand for direct legislation and for the broadening of the democratic base has been accompanied with a centralization of power in the hands of the President. It was somewhere said with much wisdom that the people now elect their Presidents in order that they may be protected from their congressmen, and while the author does not think that we shall come to the point of purely one-man power, "we seem to be overcoming some of the old difficulties by the growth of the President as a leader in legislative matters through the power of his personality and his influence on Congress." Perhaps the distinction is more apparent than the difference.

POLITICIAN, PARTY, AND PEOPLE. By Henry Crosby Emery, LL. D. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.25 net.

Interest.

The author easily persuades us that some large issues depend upon a correct comprehension of the true nature of interest. There are millions of socialists all over the world who hold firmly to the creed that all interest is robbery, that capitalists know this to be so, and that they sustain universities for the purpose of perpetuating false economic theories. On the other hand there is the bourgeoisie—whatever that may be—who look upon socialism as hant on depriving them of

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That the author fails to make this clear to



Illustration from "Her Ladyship's Conscience," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. George H. Doran Company.

us is in no way the fault of his luminous treatment. For it is no explanation to say that "just as every man has something which may be called an ideal of what is comely and beautiful in other matters, so he has his ideal of what is comely and beautiful in conduct." We want to know how he comes by that ideal and something of the mechanism by which an ideal becomes coercive in one man and not in another and even non-existent in a third. In fact we are gradually coming to the point, and not altogether hopelessly, where we shall demand of religion and of philosophy some indication that there is actually a scheme of justice in the world and of a human evolution that does not depend upon the eccentricities of heredity and environment. It seems hopeless to talk about God at all so long as we are confronted with a single congenitally deformed child whose misfortune can not be explained upon some theory of justice to that child. And we are



Illustration from "Overland Red." Houghton Mifflin Company.

tired of all philosophy that attaches a *non possumus* to human knowledge.

None the less these ten essays dealing with life, love, light, poetry, temperance, chastity, justice, etc., are singularly frank and bold. The author is conspicuously willing to face the facts and to draw from them some conception of duty. It would be hard to find anything more sternly salutary and at the same time reverential than his concluding essay on "Man and God," and this from one passage may be advantageously quoted: "Like hysterical children," says the author, "we would rather that our Father were angry with us than doubt for a moment that our spiritual condition is anything less than a matter of His constant and supreme concern. We treat, we are taught to treat, God in our prayers in a way which would drive the saintliest and wisest of earthly fathers to the verge of madness. God is infinite, whereas an earthly father is finite; but because God is infinite there is any reason why He should be pleased when His children perpetually tell Him how weak and wicked they are, perpetually ask

Him to give them this or that good quality without looking in themselves to find the seeds of it which they already possess if they would only turn themselves toward the light, perpetually suggest that the course of the world should be directed to suit their imagined convenience?"

LIFE, LOVE, AND LIGHT. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.10 net.

Forestry.

The profession of forestry is so far a new one that general information as to its conditions is by no means easy to get. And when the information is once obtained it is by no means certain that the knowledge will prove to be of the most attractive kind. Mr. Pinchot tells us that to the man whom it really suits the career is a delightful one, but to the man not fully adapted to it it must be "punishment, pure and simple." Keep away from it, says Mr. Pinchot, if you can, for in forestry a man is either very much at home or very much out of place.

Mr. Pinchot's book is a small one, but it suffices to show the general demands made upon the forester's mind and body. He must know the forest as a doctor knows the human machine. He must be able to distinguish the various trees, he must know the way they are made, how they grow, and their relation to light, heat, and moisture and to each other. He must know the shrubs and something of the insect and animal life of his domain. He must have a working knowledge of rocks, soils, and streams, and of the methods of making roads, trails, and bridges. He should be an expert in woodcraft, and he should have a knowledge of lumbering and map-making. It is therefore easy to believe that there are comparatively few men who have



Illustration from "The Sword Hand of Napoleon," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Dodd, Mead & Co.

acquired even fairly well the more important knowledge which should be included in the training of a forester.

The author divides his sixteen short chapters among the various departments of the forester's work, and perhaps the most important of these chapters is on training. We are told that the subjects required for entrance to a graduate forest school should include at least one full year in college botany, covering the general morphology, histology, and physiology of plants, one course each in geology, physics, inorganic chemistry, zoology, and economics, with mathematics through trigonometry, and a reading knowledge of French or German. Some acquaintance with mechanical drawing is also desirable, but not absolutely necessary. Other courses which are extremely valuable, if not altogether absolutely essential, are mineralogy, meteorology, mechanics, physical geography, organic chemistry, and possibly calculus, which may be of use in timber physics. The regular courses of a graduate forest school usually cover a period of two years.

THE TRAINING OF A FORESTER. By Gifford Pinchot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

Politics and History.

It is hardly to a university address that we shall go for any very profound disquisition upon either politics or history. In this case we have a speech delivered by Lord Morley to the University of Manchester, and he tells us in his introduction that of history he knows too little, while of politics some of his hearers may think that he knows too much and that he knows it wrong. But his mission was not to talk politics, but to talk about politics, and so he quotes Spinoza, who said: "When I applied my mind to politics, so that I might examine what belongs to politics, with

the same precision of mind as we use for mathematics, I have taken my best pains not to laugh at the actions of mankind, not to groan over them, not to be angry with them, but to understand them." And by understanding them, says Lord Morley, he meant looking at all the motives of human feeling—love, hatred, envy, ambition, pity—not as vices of human nature, but as properties belonging to it, just as heat, cold, storm, thunder belong to air and sky. It is in this way that the author looks at politics, not as a game to be



Thornton W. Burgess, author of "The Bedtime Story-Books." Little, Brown & Co.

played, but rather as a focus of power upon which a dozen or a hundred interests have fixed their gaze and which is besieged by the forces of human nature.

NOTES ON POLITICS AND HISTORY. By Viscount Morley, O. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

The Family and Society.

This little handbook by Dr. John M. Gillette, Ph. D., will be found a useful adjunct to the many sociological questions that are now agitating the public mind, a mind, he it said, but little qualified for the task. The author gives us five condensed chapters on "Functions of the Family," "Origin of Marriage," "The Evolution of the Family," "Current Conditions Affecting the Family," and "Biological Phases of Sex and the Family." His summaries of scientific knowledge are practical and usually accurate, but occasion-

ally he seems to fall into the error of positive statement where positive statement is unjustified by definite knowledge. For example, he tells us that "prehistoric man . . . fills, by a rough estimate, a period of time amounting to 450,000 years," but it would be easy to adduce weighty authority for estimates very much in excess of this, and estimates that seem to be sustained by some recent discoveries. Again, he tells us that the determination of sex, so far as human artifice extends, appears to be governed by "mere chance," surely a rash statement and one made without consideration of all of the facts. For example, Dr. Thomas E. Reed says that not only can the sex of the unborn child be predicted, but also that it can be controlled with certainty.

THE FAMILY AND SOCIETY. By John M. Gillette. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Roget's Thesaurus.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company is to be congratulated on this fine re-issue of an indispensable work. It has been re-set in large and clear type and the arrangement lends itself to easy and comfortable reference. The work of editing and indexing the new edition has been done by Mr. C. O. S. Mawson, who has not



Dr. H. C. Vedder, author of "The Reformation in Germany." Macmillan Company.

only added a large number of new words, synonyms, and phrases, but has taken all possible pains to make this in every way the best edition published of Dr. Roget's standard work.

ROGET'S THESAURUS. Edited by C. O. S. Mawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50 net.

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ART, LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

Essays.

The writing of an essay demands first the possession of something to say and then the ability to say it well. Professor Richard Burton has both these qualifications, but the latter is more abundant than the former. The sixty-five essays of which his book is composed are devoted to "literature and life." Most of them appeared first in the *Bellman*, in itself a certificate of worth. They have the virtues of brevity, vivacity, and knowledge, and they are written so well as to be distinctive.

But we wish the author would sometimes deviate into unorthodoxy, that he would sometimes be on the side of small minorities. We search in vain for any strong opinion that will make a swirl in the waters of conventionality. With such a topic as life it should surely be necessary sometimes to thrust with the horns, to say something that shall make the bristles rise, something that shall shock the social pruderies. But we look in vain. We find even a plea for the teaching of the Bible in the public schools.

LITTLE ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND LIFE. By Richard Burton. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

The Meaning of Art.

M. Paul Gaultier adds yet another to the volumes devoted to the definition and comprehension of art. Breaking with intellectualism, which sees in art only an imitation of nature or the revelation of a supersensible idea, the author believes that art has value and significance only through the emotion that it provokes, and that a work of art is no more nor less than this very emotion embodied and objectified by means of lines, colors, reliefs, etc. A work of art is therefore to be judged by its accurate correspondence with emotion. Therefore there must be laws of correspondence between emotions—may we say states of consciousness?—and lines and colors, and these laws, we are told, can



Illustration from "The Meaning of Art," by Paul Gaultier. J. B. Lippincott Company.

be discovered and formulated by reflection. We may assume furthermore that there must be correspondences between emotions and sounds, although here we are beyond the author's immediate territory, but whether any of these laws of correspondence can actually be discovered by reflection may be open to doubt.

The idea is not, of course, a new one. Perhaps there is none other that is quite so old, but we must none the less thank the author for a luminous presentation. He divides his book into three divisions, "The Nature of Art," "The Role of Art," and "The Value of Art," but his inspiration all the way through is this correspondence between consciousness and the externals that affect consciousness. The value of the work is increased by the introduction written by M. Emile Boutroux.

THE MEANING OF ART. By Paul Gaultier. With a preface by Emile Boutroux. Translated from the third French edition by H. and E. Baldwin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Garden Architecture.

A great many people who are unable to live in the country can compel the country to live with them, since it is usually only the flat dweller who is wholly debarred from the delights of the garden. And hardly any surface area is too small for decoration under the guidance of devotion and taste. Wherever there is soil space there can be a garden of some kind, and perhaps the smaller gardens that are within the compass of individual attention are the more enjoyable.

But whether the garden be small or great this delightful book tells us how to make the best of it. It caters neither to the rich nor to the poor. The owner of the "yard" will find it as helpful as the problematically happy man who employs a corps of gardeners and whose cooperation is confined to the giving of orders and the supervision of their fulfillment. Every phase of the subject is considered in the many sections devoted to wood gardens, terraces, cascades, wind-mills, arches, foun-

tains, gateways, pergolas, water-towers, walks, walled gardens, pavilions, tennis-courts, lakes, pools, baths, bridges, wells, thatched roofs, spring-houses, and temples. We have practical advice not only on the making of these many features but on the choice of what shall be made, and we are helped to a decision by information on cost and by hints on the congruous, and the tasteful, and the harmonious. Some portions of the book have already been published, and those who have profited by the author's competent advice will welcome the additional twenty chapters specially written for the present purpose as well as the one hundred illustrations that actually illustrate and that are peculiarly valuable for study.



Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, author of "The Best Man." J. B. Lippincott Company.

To plan a garden without reference to this fine book would be to neglect an effective and substantial aid.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF GARDEN ARCHITECTURE. By Phebe Westcott Humphreys. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

A Child's Visions.

The child is Daphne Allen, now thirteen years of age, and the volume consists of a selection of the drawings and paintings made by her since she was three. We are told that there are many hundreds of these drawings, although only about forty are here reproduced. Some are in line and some in color, the frontispiece being a colored picture of the Crucifixion done at the age of three years and by direct hushwork without an outline. All of the drawings are of religious subjects, although we are told that "the child has made many other drawings of fancy-land, of romance-land, but the New Testament has been her chief source of inspiration."

Certainly they are marvelous, and it would be interesting to know more about Daphne Allen and whether she owes anything to



Illustration from "The Red Emerald," by John Reed Scott. J. B. Lippincott Company.

heredity. Those responsible for this publication have prefaced the work by the well-known lines of Wordsworth:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.

And it may be that all our psychologists can add nothing to the wisdom of that.

A CHILD'S VISIONS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

The latest work of Rabindranath Tagore, "The Post-Office," a play in two acts, may be compared to Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" in subject matter. The naïve and simple story which Mr. Tagore unfolds a story in which several children are sympathetically and vividly characterized, will appeal to grown people who have something of the child in their spiritual make-up and to the young folks themselves, who will delight in Amal, the little boy who holds the centre of interest, and his visitors. The work is from the Macmillan press.

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SOME LATE BOOKS.

"Broke."

No one will accuse the author of this remarkable hook of an insufficient acquaintance with his subject. He is described as a well-to-do citizen of Denver who conceived the idea of municipally conducted emergency homes for homeless workmen. In order to find out for himself the actual situation he assumed the character of a laborer on the tramp, and without money or other resources he visited every large city in the country, traveling exactly as the penniless man must do. He now relates his experiences, and certainly they are of an extraordinary nature. In San Francisco he was directed to two well-known relief institutions whose claims are constantly in evidence. From one of them he was ejected with brutal violence, and at the other he was informed that nothing whatever was given away. Finally he found shelter at the city prison in the corridor outside the "drunk tanks." Other experiences were no less startling, and of so great a variety that it is hard to select typical instances.

The value of the author's remedy is a matter for the determination of social experts. It is certainly true that in other countries there is always a shelter for the homeless, and it is a little disquieting to realize that no such general provision exists here. But wherever the remedy may eventually be found to lie the author may be congratulated on a substantial piece of evidence and one of a value that it would be hard to exaggerate.

"BROKE." By Edwin A. Brown. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.50 net.

The Personality of Cities.

There is no doubt that cities have personalities, but it takes a special sensitiveness to perceive them as well as an intimate acquaintance. Mr. Hungerford tells us that he has been many times in each of the cities that he describes, and certainly he seems to have caught something of the distinctive atmosphere, while his success in transferring it to paper is considerable. Boston seems to be his favorite city, or at least to be the city with the most vivid personality, since Boston is the only real American city remaining to us. Boston has not allowed herself to be submerged beneath the new manners and customs of the immigrant. She may have felt the sheer elbow push of the new-comer, and even to have yielded to it, but she still remains herself. For one thing Boston still speaks English. Mr. Hungerford heard a young woman at the Boston Opera House announcing the sale of "Translations," indif-

ferent to the fact that all other opera houses in the country have adopted the word *Librettos*, which is not an English word.

We are fully prepared to be told that the old San Francisco has disappeared, but Mr. Hungerford informs us that even the mannerisms are slowly changing, although the true Californian still has no toleration for paper money. He likes gold—a "handful of it in his trousers pocket to jingle and to stay put. And as for pennies. You who count yourself of the East will have to come East once again before you pocket such copper trash—they will have none of them upon the West Coast. Small change may be anything else, but it is not Western."

Mr. Hungerford's hook will not arouse



Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "The After House." Houghton Mifflin Company.

many complaints nor jealousies. He prefers always to admire, and his chastening hand is a gentle one intended always to be reformative. Moreover, much may be forgiven to so vivacious a style and to such anecdotal prodigality.

THE PERSONALITY OF AMERICAN CITIES. By Edward Hungerford. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$2 net.

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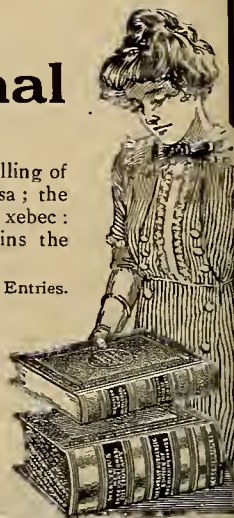
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niture, he tells us, is that which is both beautiful and useful. All furniture that lacks either beauty or usefulness is had furniture. But we are glad to know that the taste in furniture is rising—or is this only "optimism?"—and that the much-advertised parlor set that is guaranteed to be "just like the cut" is not now so unflattering a bait as it used to be.

We feel that a perusal of this hook would do much to wean us from evil habits in the choice of furniture. Specially valuable are the many illustrations of different kinds of chairs, for example, and the effort to decide which are beautiful and which are execrable without reference to the explanatory text.



Illustration from "The Heart's Country," by Mory Heaton Morse. Houghton Mifflin Company.

We pride ourselves on having been correct three times out of five and have hopes of improvement. Then there are chapters on curtains, window-shades, wall-papers, tapestries, art pottery, carpets, and rugs. We are told how to select them and how to arrange them so that we may not be suspected of "culture," and a particularly valuable feature is the willingness with which the author tells us about prices and how much we ought to pay for things. We shall certainly reform in many respects as soon as business improves.

HOME FURNISHING. By George Leland Hunter. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

African Camp Fires.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is so good a traveler and so good a writer that his name on a title-page is a guaranty of enjoyment of the most robust kind. He has made two trips to Africa, hunting, exploring, and doing all the other things that one does do in Africa, and now he tells us all about it, or as much about it as would be discreet, in a hook that contains not a single dull page. But it is by no means only a record of big game shooting. We are told of the difficulties of the trail, the incidents of the march, and the peculiarities of the natives and of the Hindus who fill official positions on the railroads. Mr. White has a keen appreciation for humor and it makes an admirable ingredient to such a hook as this.

AFRICAN CAMP FIRES. By Stewart Edward White. F. R. G. S. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Mosher Books.

The discriminating hook-lover learned long ago to keep an observant eye upon the Mosher publications and earnestly to covet their possession. Mr. Mosher has indeed earned the gratitude of hook-lovers all over the world, not only for the discrimination with which he makes his selections, but for the sumptuous manner of their presentation.

Three new hooks are now to be added to the list. First of all we have "Billy: The True Story of a Canary Bird," by Maud Thornhill

Porter, first issued privately in 1912 and welcomed by its fortunate recipients as a singularly delicate piece of art work and one worthy of remembrance and preservation. The price in Rizzi boards is \$1 net and in Japan vellum \$2.50 net.

The second on the list is "Billy and Hans: My Squirrel Friends," by W. J. Stillman. This little story was first printed in the *Century Magazine* in 1897. Later on it was revised, enlarged, and finally included in a short series issued in London in 1907, and it is from this edition that the present issue has been prepared. Price, 75 cents, and in Japan vellum, \$2 net.

But perhaps the widest appeal will be made by "Books and the Quiet Life: Being Some Pages from the Private Papers of Henry Rycroft," by George Gissing, chosen by W. R. B. W. R. B. is Mr. W. R. Browne of the *Chicago Dial*, who says in his preface: "Of that type of literature which may perhaps best be termed spiritual autobiography, the choicest and most characteristic specimens have undoubtedly been the work of French writers. Yet there is one hook at least in recent English literature that seems not unworthy of a place on the same shelf with the journals of Amiel and De Guérin and the 'Oherman' of De Sénanour. That hook is George Gissing's 'The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft.'" Certainly there is nothing finer of its kind in



Hamilton Gibbs, author of "The Hour of Conflict." George H. Doran Company.

the whole range of English literature, and Mr. Mosher has performed a distinct service by the preparation of this choice volume and by giving to a literary gem so appropriate a setting. The price is 75 cents net, and in Japan vellum, \$2 net.

Sidney McCall, the author of "Truth Dexter," has written a new story entitled "Ariadne of Allan Water." "Ariadne" possesses the same qualities of style and characterization that made "Truth Dexter" famous. Its heroine is a lovable Southern girl who made her first public appearance on April 4 under the auspices of Little, Brown & Co.

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SOME LATE BOOKS.

The Lost Vocal Art.

The layman well speak with diffidence when commenting on a theory of singing, but at least he may say that Mr. W. Warren Shaw's treatise on "The Lost Vocal Art" appeals alike to logic and to a scientific spirit that is daily becoming less materialistic. It is indeed materialism of which the author seems to complain. He protests against the idea that singing is a matter of vocal mechanics and that it depends entirely upon a skillful use of physical organs. It is the same materialism that describes thought as a product of the brain and that ascribes excellence of thinking to molecular cerebral arrangements. To sing well, says the author in effect, we must first of all think well. It is not enough to have good tools and to be instructed in their use. The successful mechanic must have also imagination, the power to conceive, and to plan. He must call psychology to his aid. Physiology alone will not serve him. By all means let the pupil look into the physiology of the throat if he so desires, "but let him not think that this knowledge will enable him to sing, any more than that a runner should win a race because of his knowledge of the mechanism of his legs." Mr. David Bispham, who contributes an introduction, speaks still more positively. He says: "Reliance upon the principles of physiology to correct physiological defects is, of course, essential; but the art of song is mental, and so is psychological in its higher development." Great violin playing is due to the mind of the player as much as to the quality of his violin or the extent of his technical ability.

The old Italian method, says the author, was the psychological method. The student was taught how to think and how to translate his thought into sound. Thought must



Frederick Irving Anderson, author of "Adventures of the Infallible Godahl." Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

always precede action, and action must always tend ultimately to correspond with thought. Neither thought nor action can stand alone. The recovery of the lost vocal art means therefore a return to the constructive principles that were formerly in use "and the resurrection of this lost art must come from the restoration of that true vital principle made manifest in empirical instruction." Mr. Shaw's theories may have to wander in the wilderness for a while, but they are based upon universal laws of consciousness and matter and it would seem that they must ultimately prevail. At least he has stated them with precision and he has argued for them with skill.

THE LOST VOCAL ART AND ITS RESTORATION. By W. Warren Shaw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

The Telling of Felix.

This illustrated edition of Dr. Van Dyke's poem is rendered particularly attractive by the four paintings in color and the letter-text decorations by Mr. Henry Moore. It will be remembered that the author takes for his text the saying of Christ, "Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I." The hermit Felix, failing to find the sacred vision in his meditation, recognizes in this sentence a summons to work mind rocks and trees. The poem is so well known and its merits so widely recognized that it is unnecessary to do more than note the appearance of this artistic edition.

THE TELLING OF FELIX. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

If all volumes in the Thresholds of Science Series are as good as the one entitled "Botany," by Professor E. Brucker (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net), then the series is one that should enjoy a wide popularity. "Botany" is intended as a sort of guide-book to plant life, and it is designed for those who are not experts, but who wish

an intelligent introduction to trees and flowers and shrubs. There are 235 illustrations, a classified table and an index.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just published "Tuberculosis," by Edward O. Otis, M. D. (\$1.25 net). The volume was first published four and a half years ago under the title of "The Great White Plague," and this new edition is evidence of its popularity and value.

"When Sainthood Was in Flower," by H. G. Henderson (Sberman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), is a series of moralizings based mainly on a literal interpretation of biblical stories. The moralizings are well done, but we are inclined to wonder if they are worth doing at all.

Among recent additions to the Home University Library is an interesting little volume on "Nerves," by Dr. David Fraser Harris.



Illustration from "The Precipice," by Elia W. Peattie. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The author explains that he has not written an essay on physiology nor on psychology, but rather an exposition of the capabilities and peculiarities of the nervous system and more particularly of those regions whose activities are not associated with the rousing of consciousness. The book seems equally suited to the student and to the sufferer. It is published by Henry Holt & Co. (50 cents net).

"Self-Training for Motherhood," by Sophia Lovejoy (American Unitarian Association), is not a book on sex hygiene, although the subject comes in for discreet reference. It is a little volume of wise advice on the training of the body, the senses, and the mind, with chapters on morals, manners, domestic finance, and the mind and the soul of the child. Ostensibly addressed to the girl, it could hardly fail to interest any intelligent mind and to benefit any one so fortunate as to read it.

The Wisdom of the East Series now in course of publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. has been enlarged by the addition of "The



Alfred Noyes, author of "The Wine Press." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Religion of the Sikhs," by Dorothy Field. Sikhism, we are told, should be regarded, not as a reform sect of the Hindus, but as a new and separate world religion that has already made good its footing and produced a fine nation of stalwart soldiers. The author gives us a short history of the foundation of the faith and a competent survey of its teachings, with liberal quotations from its literature. The book is a valuable addition to a series of which it would be hard to speak too highly.

Dr. Oliver Huckel has now concluded his series of Wagner translations with a choice little volume on "Richard Wagner: The Man and His Work" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net). It is no small task to convey in so small a compass an adequate account of Wagner's life, his characteristics, and the conditions under which he worked, but the author has done all this, and in a satisfactory way. That Dr. Huckel has a

style of admirable simplicity and charm need not be said, and it is shown here to the best advantage. The concluding section contains brief sketches of the separate dramas and there is also a table of dates and an index.

Mr. William Davenport Hulbert, author of "Forest Neighbors" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net), is to be congratulated on an excellent piece of work. He tells us stories about all kinds of wild animals, including fish, and he tells them in a plain and straightforward way and without the usual efforts to turn a wild animal into a human being by a mere infusion of silliness. Mr. Hulbert's knowledge is unimpeachable, as is his genuine affection for the life of the woods. The illustrations are worthy of particular praise.

"Freedom and the Churches," edited by Charles W. Wendte, D. D. (American Unitarian Association; \$1 net), is a collection of essays on the contributions of American churches to religious and civil liberty. With the exception of the Friends and the Jews most of these contributions have been made by those who were more solicitous for their own liberty than anxious to confer liberty upon others, but doubtless it all helped toward such religious liberty as now exists, and there is still room for some improvement. These essays are admirably written, although in some cases with a tendency to exaggeration, as for example where we are told that the slaughter of the Anabaptists was "enormous

and unparalleled in history." Specially good is the concluding essay on religious radicals with its spirited defense of Tom Paine.

The third volume of "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," edited by Worthington C. Ford, came from the Macmillan press March 25. This covers the years 1801-1810, in which Adams by his independent course as United States senator from Massachusetts incurred the opposition of his colleague, Pickens, and for his support of Jefferson's Embargo Measure was recalled by his constituents. It marks his expulsion from the Federalist party, his appointment to a professorship in Harvard College, his year devoted to the practice of law, and finally his appointment as minister plenipotentiary to Russia. The letters which are here gathered together are rich in personal experience and in free comment upon public men and affairs.

The new Webster International Dictionary contains more than 400,000 vocabulary terms, 12,000 biographical entries, nearly 30,000 geographical subjects, thousands of other references, over 6000 illustrations, and many colored plates and half-tone engravings. In all it has 2700 pages. It is the only dictionary with the new divided page, which has been characterized as "a stroke of genius." The new Webster is published by G. & C. Merriam, the house which has been publishing Webster dictionaries for seventy-two years.

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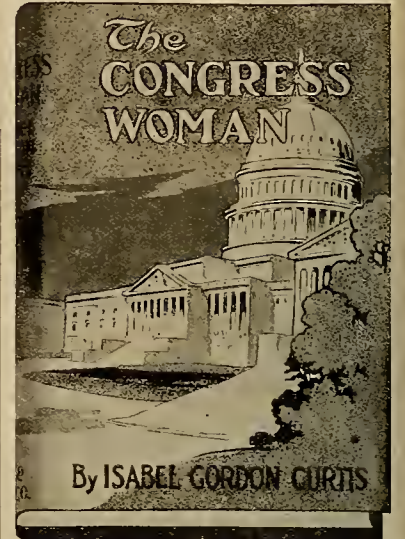
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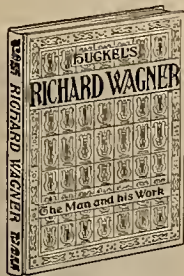
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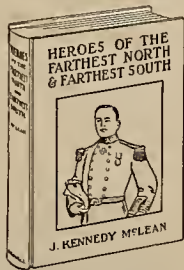
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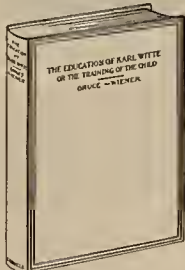
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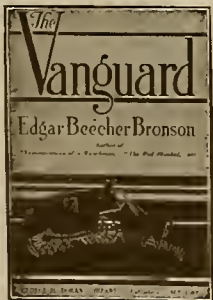
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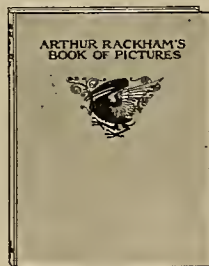
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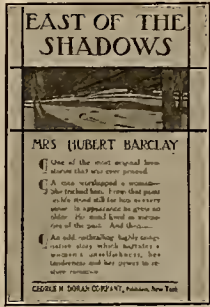
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What It Is to Be Educated, by C. Hanford Henderson, \$1.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

A Young Mother's Handbook, a handbook of diet, home treatment, and physical exercise for children, by Marianna Wheeler, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.

Better Babies and Their Care, by Anna Steese Richardson, 75 cents net; F. A. Stokes Company.

Eat and Grow Thin, a collection of menus and recipes, with introduction by Vance Thompson, on the Mahdiah Diet, \$1 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Health Through Diet, by Kenneth G. Haig, \$1.25 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

How to Rest, by Grace Dawson, 50 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Nurses for Our Neighbors, by Alfred Worcester, \$1.25 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Preservatives for Food, their use and abuse, by Otto Folin, M. D.; Harvard University Press.

Sex Education, by M. A. Bigelow; Macmillan Company.

Ten Sex Talks to Boys, fourteen years and older, by Irving David Steinhardt, illus., \$1 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Ten Sex Talks to Girls, fourteen years and older, by Irving David Steinhardt, illus., \$1 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Care and Feeding of Children, by J. L. Morse; Harvard University Press.

The Evolution of Modern Medicine, by William Osler, LL. D., illus., \$3 net; Yale University Press.

The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition, by Graham Lusk, M. D., 50 cents net; Yale University Press.

The Mental Health of the School-Child, the psycho-educational clinic in relation to child welfare, by J. E. Wallace Wallin, Ph. D., \$1.75 net; Yale University Press.

The Public Health, by H. W. Hill; Macmillan Company.

The Social Emergency, a study of sexual hygiene and morals, by William T. Foster; Houghton Mifflin Company.



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Tuberculosis, its cause, cure, and prevention, by Edward O. Otis, M. D., illus., \$1.25 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

What Men Live By, by Richard C. Cabot, \$1.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Worry and Nervousness, or The Science of Self-Mastery, by William S. Sadler, M. D., illus., \$1.50 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHICS.

Adventures in the Psychical, by H. Addington Bruce, \$1.35 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Collected Essays of Rudolf Eucken, edited and trans. by Meyrick Booth, Ph. D., \$4 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dreams, an explanation of the mechanism of dreaming, by Henri Bergson, trans. from the French by Edwin E. Slosson, authorized ed., 60 cents net; B. W. Huebsch.

Essays on Truth and Reality, by F. H. Bradley, \$4.15 net; Oxford University Press.

Henri Bergson, by Emil Carl Wilm; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Henri Bergson, a study in radical romanticism, by E. C. Wilm, \$1 net; Sturgis & Walton Company.

History and Theory of Vitalism, by Hans Driesch, Ph. D., trans. from the German by C. K. Ogden; Macmillan Company.

Immanuel Kant, a study and comparison with Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Bruno, Plato, and Descartes, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, 2 vols., \$10 net; John Lane Company.

Initiation into Philosophy, by Emile Faguet, trans. from the French by Sir Home Gordon, \$1 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mechanism, Life, and Personality, by J. S. Haldane, \$1 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

On the Cosmic Relations, by Henry Holt; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Psychology and Social Sanity, by Hugo Münsterberg; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Right Living, messages to youth from men who have achieved, edited by Homer H. Cooper, \$1 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Rudolf Eucken, his philosophy and influence, by Meyrick Booth, \$1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Great Society, a psychological analysis, by Graham Wallas; Macmillan Company.

The History of Greek Philosophy, by John Burnet, LL. D., Vol. I, Thales to Plato; Macmillan Company.

The Medieval Mind, by Henry Osborn Taylor, revised ed., 2 vols., \$5 net; Macmillan Company.

The Message of New Thought, by Abel Leighton Allen, \$1.25 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Science of Happiness, by Jean Finot, trans. from the French by Mary J. Safford, \$1.75 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Theory of Relativity, by L. Silberstein, Ph. D.; Macmillan Company.

The Unconscious, the fundamentals of human personality, by Morton Prince, LL. D., \$2 net; Macmillan Company.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Bishop Among His Flock, by Ethelbert Talbot, with portrait, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.

Apples of Gold, compiled and arranged by W. B. Trevelyan, with introduction by the Archbishop of York, \$1.25 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Sketch of the Life of Jesus, the secret of His Messiahship and His Passion, by Albert Schweitzer, trans., with introduction, by Walter Lowrie, M. A., \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Can We Still Be Christians? by Rudolf Eucken, trans. from the German by Lucy Judge Gibson, \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

Christian Science, Taught by Mary Baker Eddy, reminiscences, sermons, and correspondence, compiled by Augusta E. Stetson, second ed., revised and enlarged, illus. in photogravure, \$5 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Christianity and Sin, by Robert Mackintosh, D. D., 75 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Christianity and the Commonplace, by Len G. Broughton, D. D., \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

Christianity Old and New, proposed reconstructions viewed in the light of historic development, by Benjamin Wisner Bacon, LL. D., \$1 net; Yale University Press.

Christology of the Epistle of the Hebrews, by H. L. MacNeill; University of Chicago Press.

Essays on Faith and Immortality, by Father Tyrrell, edited by Maude Petre; Longmans, Green & Co.

Ethics of Jesus and Social Progress, by Charles S. Gardner, \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

Footnotes to Life, by Frank Crane, \$1 net; John Lane Company.

Handicapped, by David Lyall, \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions, by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D., \$2.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Missionary Joys in Japan, by Paget Wilkes, \$2 net; George H. Doran Company.

Modern Religious Movements in India, by J. N. Farquhar, \$2.50 net; Macmillan Company.

Moral Leadership, and other sermons, by Leighton Parks, \$1 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Religion and Life, by Elwood Worcester, \$1.35 net; Harper & Brothers.

Religious Confessions and Confessants, by Anna Robeson Burr, \$2.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Roman Ideas of Deity, by W. Warde Fowler; Macmillan Company.

Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by Rufus M. Jones; Macmillan Company.

The Book of Meditation on the Events of the Great Forty Days; Longmans, Green & Co.

The Call of the Lord, by F. W. Drake; Longmans, Green & Co.

The Carpenter and the Rich Man, by Bouck White, \$1.25 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Christian Faith, by J. H. Haring, D. D., trans. by John Dickie, 2 vols., \$6 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Day That Changed the World, by Harold Begbie, \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Faith of Japan, by Tasuku Harada, \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

The Gods of Northern Buddhism, by A. Getty, illus. in color, etc.; Oxford University Press.

The History and Results of New Testament Criticism, by J. A. McLymont, D. D., \$1.50 net; George H. Doran Company.

The History of Religions, by George Foot Moore, D. D., \$2.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Holy Spirit and the Prayer Book, by James Haughton, A. M., second ed., \$1.25 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

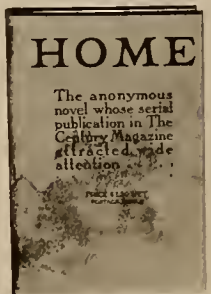
The Infancy of Religion, by D. C. Owen; Oxford University Press.

The Influence of the Bible on Civilization, by Ernest von Dohschütz, D. D., \$1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Message of Zoroaster, by Ardaser Sorahjee N. Wadia, \$1.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The New Ideals in the Gospel, by Hermann Schell, trans. from the German, illus., \$3.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Old Testament in Life and Literature, by Jane T. Stoddard, \$2.25 net; George H. Doran Company.



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The Place of the Church in Evolution, by John Mason Tyler, \$1.10 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Primitive Text of the Gospels and Acts, by A. C. Clark; Oxford University Press.

The Prophecy of Israel, by Moses Buttenwieser, \$2 net; Macmillan Company.

The Reformation in Germany, by Henry C. Vedder, \$3 net; Macmillan Company.

The Religion of Israel, by H. P. Smith, D. D., \$2.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Revival of the Religious Life, by Paul R. Bull, M. A., \$1 net; Longmans, Green & Co.

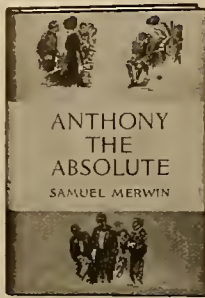
The Story of Phaedrus, how we got the greatest book in the world, by Newell Dwight Hill, illus. in color, etc., \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

The Theology of the Roman Church, by Herbert Thurston, \$2.25 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Workman's Christ, by Craig S. Thomas, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Theological Symbolics, by Charles A. Briggs, \$2.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Pilgrimage of British Farming, 1910 to 1912, by A. D. Hall, \$1.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.
Dairy Laboratory Manual and Note Book, by Ernest L. Anthony, 60 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Everyman's Garden Every Week, by Charles A. Selden, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Farm Structures, by K. J. T. Ekblaw, \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.



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Fruit Insects, by M. V. Slingerland and C. R. Crosby, illus., \$2 net; Macmillan Company.
Productive Horse Husbandry, by Carl W. Gay, D. V. M., B. S. A., illus., \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Productive Poultry Husbandry, by Harry R. Lewis, B. S., illus., \$2 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Productive Swine Husbandry, by George E. Day, B. S. A., illus., \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Rubber and Rubber Planting, by R. H. Lock, Se. D., illus., \$1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Rural Science Series, edited by L. H. Bailey, new vol.: Farm Forestry, by E. G. Cheyney and J. G. Wentling, illus., \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.
The Rural Text-Book Series, edited by L. H. Bailey, new vols.: Text-Book on Forage Crops, by C. V. Piper; Small Grains, by M. A. Carleton; Irrigation, by John A. Whitsoe, illus.; Weeds, by Ada E. Georgia, illus.; Field Crops, by George Livingstone, illus.; Macmillan Company.

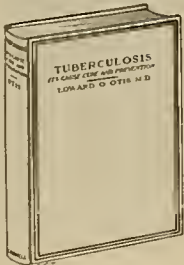


Cover Design from George H. Doran Company.

The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture, edited by L. H. Bailey and others, Vol. I, rewritten and enlarged ed., illus. in color, etc.; Macmillan Company.

WOMEN AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

Experimental Domestic Science, by R. Henry Jones, M. Sc., F. C. S., illus., 80 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Foods and Household Management, a textbook of the household arts, by Helen Kinne and Anna M. Cooley; Macmillan Company.
Inside the House That Jack Built, by George Lealand Hunter, illus., \$1.50 net; John Lane Company.
How to Cook and Why, by Elizabeth Condit, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
One Hundred Salads and One Hundred Cold Desserts, by Linda Hull Larned, per vol., 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.
Salads, Sandwiches, and Beverages, by "Mime Merri," \$1 net; Browne & Howell Company.



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Table Decorations and Delicacies, by "Hester Price," Mrs. John D. Follett, illus., \$2 net; John C. Winston Company.
The Story of a Homespun Web, a simple guide to spinning and weaving, by Mrs. Godfrey Blount, 60 cents net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Lovable Crank, by Barbara Yechton, illus., \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.
As The Hague Ordains, by Eliza R. Seidmore, \$1.50 net; Century Company.
Atta Troll, by Heinrich Heine, trans. from the German by Herman Scheffauer, with introduction by Oscar Levy, illus., \$1.25 net; B. W. Huebsch.
Every Day, in the Year, by James L. and Mary K. Ford, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

My Commencement, colored frontispiece by Harrison Fisher, \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Oxford Editions of Standard Authors, new vols.: Keble's Christian Year, and other poems; Newman's Dream of Gerontius, and other poems; Emerson's Poems; Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism; Oxford University Press.
Popular-priced Editions of the Works of Anatole France, new vols.: The Red Lily, trans. by Winifred Stephens; At the Sign of the Reine Pedaque, trans. by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson, with introduction by W. J. Locke; The Gods Are Athirst, trans. by Alfred Allinson; per vol., \$1.25 net; John Lane Company.
Sophocles in English Verse, trans. by Arthur S. Way, D. Litt., Part II; Macmillan Company.
The Praise of Folly, written by Erasmus in 1509 and trans. by John Wilson in 1668, edited, with introduction, by Mrs. P. S. Allen, with photogravure frontispiece, \$1.15 net; Oxford University Press.
The Poems of Joseph Beaumont, with notes and introduction by Eloise Robinson, limited ed., \$3 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Possessed by Fyodor Dostoevsky, trans. from the Russian by Constance Garnett, \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.
The Story of a Bad Boy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, visitors' ed., with illustrations of the old "Nutter House," \$1.25 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Truth About Woman, by C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mr. Walter Gallichan), \$2.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Works of Vitruvius, trans. by Morris H. Morgan; Harvard University Press.

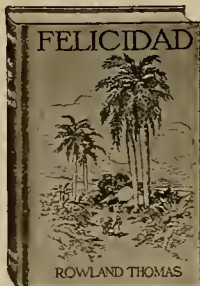


Harold MacGrath, author of "Pidgin Island." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

World's Classics, new vols.: William Morris's Poems; Selected English Short Stories, with introduction by Hugh Walker; Oxford University Press.

SPORTS AND GAMES.

Athletic Training, by Michael C. Murphy, edited by E. R. Bushnell, with introduction by R. Tait McKenzie, illus., \$1 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.
Athletics in Theory and Practice, by E. W. Hjertberg, illus., \$1.25 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Auction in Ten Lessons, by Grace G. Montgomery, revised ed., containing the rules of 1913, \$1 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.
Complete Auction Bridge, by A. R. Metcalfe, illus., \$1.50 net; Browne & Howell Company.
Daly's Billiard Book, by Maurice Daly and W. W. Harris, \$1.25 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.



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Royal Auction Bridge Up-to-Date, including Nullo's, by H. P. Clark, 60 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Success at Golf, by Harry Vardon, Francis Ouimet, and others, illus., \$1 net; Little, Brown & Co.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

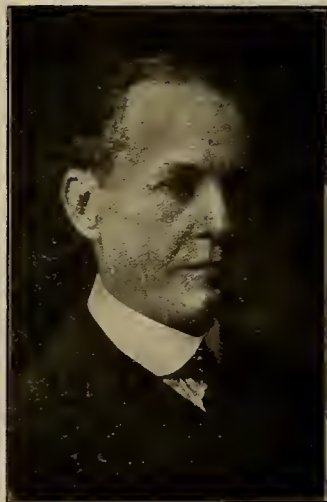
Andy at Yale, or The Great Quadrangle Mystery, by Ray Eliot Stokes, illus., \$1 net; Sully & Kleinteich.
Battlefields and Campfires, by Willis J. Abbot, \$2; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Battlefields of '61, by Willis J. Abbot, \$2; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bert Wilson at Panama, by J. W. Duffield, illus., 60 cents; Sully & Kleinteich.
Bert Wilson's Twin Cylinder Racer, by J. W. Duffield, illus., 60 cents; Sully & Kleinteich.
Benton's Venture, by Ralph Henry Barbour, illus. in color, \$1.30 net; D. Appleton & Co.
Bob Dashaway in the Frozen Sea, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, \$1.25; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bob Dashaway, Privatereisner, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, \$1.25; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bob Dashaway, Treasure Hunter, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, \$1.25; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bob Spencer the Life-Saver, or Guarding the Coast for Uncle Sam, by Taylor Armitage, illus., \$1 net; Sully & Kleinteich.

Fifty-two Story Talks to Boys and Girls, by Howard J. Chidley, \$1 net; George H. Doran Company.
Harper's Book for Young Gardeners, by Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, illus., \$1.50 net; Harper & Brothers.
Hilda and the Wishes, by Harry Thurston Peck, \$1; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Hiram the Young Farmer, or Making the Soil Pay, by Burbank L. Todd, illus., \$1 net; Sully & Kleinteich.
Humpty-Pumpty, by Anna Alice Chapin, \$1.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Indian Legends for Camp-Fire Girls, by Emelyn N. Partridge, illus., \$1.25 net; Sturgis & Walton Company.
John and Betty's Irish History Visit, by Margaret Williamson, illus., \$1.25 net; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
Kitty Love, by Anna Alice Chapin, \$1.25; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Naval History of the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, \$3.75; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Pitcher Pollock, by Christy Mathewson, illus., \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Stories from Northern Myths, by Emilie Kip Baker, revised and enlarged ed., \$1.50 net; Macmillan Company.



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The Adventures of Mabel, by Harry Thurston Peck, \$1; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Magic Fishbone, by Charles Dickens, 60 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Nowadays Fairy Book, by Anna Alice Chapin, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Bedtime Story-Books, by Thornton W. Burgess, new vols.: The Adventures of Peter Cottontail; The Adventures of Uncle Billy Possum; illus., per vol., 50 cents net; Little, Brown & Co.
The Boy's Camp Book, by Edward Cave, illus., 50 cents net; Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Boy Electrician, practical plans for electrical toys and apparatus, by Alfred P. Morgan, illus., \$2 net; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
The Children's Blue Bird, by Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck, \$2.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Guns of Bull Run, by Joseph A. Altscheler, illus., \$1.30 net; D. Appleton & Co.
The Guns of Shiloh, by Joseph A. Altscheler, illus., \$1.30 net; D. Appleton & Co.
The Owl and the Bobolink, by Emma C. Dowd, illus., \$1.10 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Princess and Curdie, simplified by Elizabeth Lewis, illus., 50 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.



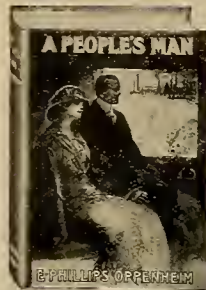
W. B. Maxwell, author of "The Devil's Garden." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Read Out Loud Books, by John Martin, 5 vols., \$3.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Red House Children's Vacation, by Amanda M. Douglas, illus., \$1 net; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
The Winning Hit, by Hawley Williams, illus. in color, \$1.25 net; D. Appleton & Co.
When I Was a Boy in Palestine, by Mousa J. Kaleel, illus., 60 cents net; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
When Max Came, by Edna A. Brown, illus., \$1.20 net; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.
Young Barbarians, by Ian Maclaren, \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bishop Among His Flock, by Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
A Guide to the West Indies and Panama, by Frederick A. Ober, \$2.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
A Guide to Florida, by Harrison Rhodes and Mary W. Dumont, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
All About Postage Stamps, by Fred J. Melville, illus., \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Bermuda Past and Present, by Walter B. Hayward, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bluebeard, a musical fantasy, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, with frontispiece, 50 cents net; Harper & Brothers.
Cakes and Ale, and The Flowing Bowl, by Edward Spencer, per vol., \$1 net; Duffield & Co.
Clay and Fire, by L. W. Crippen, \$1.25 net; Henry Holt & Co.

Comparative Latin Grammar, by Joseph Wright; Oxford University Press.
Debating for Boys, by W. H. Foster, \$1 net; Sturgis & Walton Company.
Down North and Up Along, a guide to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by Margaret Morley, \$1.50 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
English Domestic Clocks, by Herbert Cescinsky and Malcolm R. Webster, illus. from drawings and photographs by the authors, \$10 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.
Good Form for All Occasions, by Florence Howe Hall, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
Hausa Phrases, by A. C. Parsons; Oxford University Press.



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Help for the Deaf, what lip reading is, by E. F. Boulton, \$1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.
History of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., edited by Eba Anderson Lawton, \$2.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Home University Library, new vols.: Chaucer and His Time, by G. E. Hadow; Common Sense in Law, by P. Vinogradoff; Latin America, by William R. Shepherd; Unemployment, by A. C. Pigou; per vol., 50 cents net; Henry Holt & Co.
How to Prepare for Europe, by H. A. Guerber, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing, by E. P. Prentiss, \$1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries, by Esther Singleton, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
How to Visit the English Cathedrals, by Esther Singleton, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Modern Dancing, by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, illus., \$1.25 net; Harper & Brothers.



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More Strange Than True, by W. D. Howells, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
Novel Ways of Entertaining, by Florence Hull Winterburn, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
Planning and Furnishing the House, by Mary J. Quinn, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.
Practical Cinematography and Its Applications, by Frederick A. Talbot, illus., \$1 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
Prostitution in Europe, by Abraham Flexner, \$1.30 net; Century Company.
The American Woman Abroad, by Blanche McManus, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Deaf: Their Position in Society, by Harry Best, \$2 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
The European Tour, by Grant Allen, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Imperial Ottoman Penal Code, a trans. from the Turkish text, by J. A. S. Bucknill and H. A. S. Urdjian; Oxford University Press.
The Goldfish, the confessions of a successful man, anonymous, \$1.30 net; Century Company.



Cover Design from George H. Doran Company.

The Message of New Thought, by Abel Leighton Allen, \$1.25 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs, by G. Griffin Lewis, new ed., illus., \$5 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.
The Press Gang Afloat and Ashore, by J. R. Hutchinson, illus., \$3 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.
The Panama Canal, by Frederic J. Haskin, illus., \$1.35 net; Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Tourist's Russia, by Ruth Kedzie Wood, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Young Mother's Handbook, by Marianna Wheeler; Harper & Brothers.
Tourist's Spain and Portugal, by Ruth Kedzie Wood, \$1.25 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.
Waving Immunity, by Simeon Strunsky, \$1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Century Company has sent Kipling's "Jungle Book" to press for its thirty-third large printing. This is the standard edition, and so these figures show nothing of the demand for the book in other editions, of which there are several—the latest with illustrations in color by the English artists, Edward and Maurice Detmold.

The ten talks to girls which make up Dr. I. D. Steinhardt's book, "Ten Sex Talks to Girls—Fourteen Years and Older," were delivered in their original form before various societies, and won such unqualified praise that the lecture rooms were unable to hold all who came to hear them. First published in the *New York Medical Journal*, the demand for copies of the numbers containing the lectures at once outran the supply. Dr. Steinhardt revised them, and enlarged them somewhat before offering them in book form. The book is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Under the title of "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust" has just been published by the Putnams a new novel written by Humfrey Jordan, author of "The Joyous Wayfarer," "Patchwork Comedy," etc. In this novel, the setting of which is for the most part one of the colleges of Cambridge University, the author presents a friendly satire picture of the learned pomposity and intellectual snobishness so easily acquired by the individual who for years shuts himself within the seclusion of academic pursuits. Mr. Jordan is, himself, a Cambridge man, and his descriptions and characterizations are, therefore, those of an eye-witness. He has been a schoolmaster and a lecturer in a provincial university.

Louis Joseph Vance will be represented among the spring books by a novel entitled "The Lone Wolf," to be issued in May by Little, Brown & Co. "Lone Wolf" is a creature of the Paris slums who finally wins his way into the highest circles.

The Putnams have just published a new edition of the "Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson," for which have been utilized the notes and introduction by Paul L. Ford that find place in the "Writings of Jefferson," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and to which has been added a foreword especially written for the present edition by George Haven Putnam.

It has been given to few people in their lifetime to inspire as many books as has Dr. Maria Montessori. Henry Holt & Co., whose Mrs. Fisher's "A Montessori Mother" is already in its seventh printing, now announce for publication April 25, in conjunction with Constable & Co. of London, Dr. William Boyd's "From Locke to Montessori," in which he shows how she has developed some of the ideas of such noted earlier educators as Locke, Condillac, Itard, and Rousseau. And these are but two of the numerous Montessori books.

An amusing note came to the publishers of Eden Phillpotts's "Widcombe Fair." The old English names of this book's characters so appealed to one reader, evidently a stock-breeder, that he is naming a lot of registered Ayrshire calves after them. Thus Shillingford, Petronella, Sibley, Nicky Glubb, and the rest of them will go down to history in more ways than one and we may expect to read of their winning prizes and blue ribbons, or whatever they bestow at a stock beauty show.

Volumes V and VI of the Seven Seas edition of Rudyard Kipling's works, personally autographed by Mr. Kipling, will go out this month. The publishers are Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce the eighth printing of Emma C. Dowd's popular juvenile, "Polly of the Hospital Staff," "The Spare Room," Mrs. Romilly Fedden's sprightly story of a Capri honeymoon episode, is in its third printing.

"Roman Imperialism," by Tenney Frank, Ph. D., professor of Latin in Bryn Mawr College, was published on March 25. This volume undertakes to analyze the factors that worked for and against imperialism in ancient Rome, to discuss the experiments in governing its possessions and to estimate the consequences of these.

Ghosts are supposed to be particular adepts at vanishing, and certainly the big piles of DeMorgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost" at Henry Holt & Co.'s have been vanishing like the snows in early spring, so that the publishers already, within one month of publication, are having to send a third large edition to press.

On March 28 the John Lane Company, New York, brought out the following books: "With the Russians in Mongolia," a fresh comment on an extremely interesting situation where America's interests are at stake, by H. G. C. Perry-Ascoug and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry. "Napoleon at Bay," the first account in English of Napoleon's two months' war with the armies of Bohemia and Silesia in Champagne, after his disasters in Germany; this campaign, though against overwhelming

odds, was a wonderful effort of his genius. "The Tower of Mirrors," by Vernon Lee. A volume of essays in the series on the Spirit of Places. It is announced that Vernon Lee has just completed a novel to be published in the fall, the first venture of this remarkable essayist in fiction. "The Garden Patch," by Edward Du Bois Flint, combines amusement with information on planting, irrigation, and plant foods, artistically presented. "The Fortunate Youth," by William J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Simple Septimus."

The Author of the Prize Novel.

The \$10,000 prize novel, "Diane of the Green Van," published by the Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago, is the work of Miss Leona Dalrymple, who wrote it in a month and a half of forced draft, so to speak. She lives at Passaic, New York, and though this is her first novel—and it appears to be a big one—she has been writing from the age of eleven. However, she began writing as a serious business only about five years ago. In response to the offer of the Chicago publishing firm more than five hundred manuscripts were submitted, most of them impossible. How Miss Dalrymple came to write the story is best related in her own words: "I was reading a magazine one evening after a pleasant afternoon's walk," explains the successful contestant, "when I noticed the article telling of the ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best story. I had then but six weeks' time in which to write the book and to take the chance. I had to break my rule about night work because I was so pressed for time. I was at my desk at seven in the morning and sometimes worked until long past midnight." Miss Dalrymple is Scotch, as the name suggests, is not "temperamental," and possesses that rare accomplishment—the combination of practical business with a fine literary ability. Despite the impression gained by her description of the long road traveled by the green van, she herself has made no long journeys. Her father is a bookworm, and has long been gathering choice volumes. In this library Miss Dalrymple has revealed.

New Books Received.

TEN SEX TALKS TO GIRLS. By I. D. Steinhardt, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

Advice to girls fourteen years and older.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

How the Canal looked while it was building, and how the builders lived, played, and worked.

THE TRAINING OF A FORESTER. By Gifford Pinchot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

Some general information on forest duties and the career that they offer.

PENROD. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

EAT AND GROW THIN. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A collection of the hitherto unpublished Mahday menus and recipes.

THE WOMEN WE MARRY. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

COMMON SENSE IN LAW. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE STATE. By Franz Oppenheimer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Its history and development viewed sociologically.

BETTER RURAL SCHOOLS. By George Herbert Betts and Otis Earle Hall. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An attempt to interpret the rising tide of interest in the rural school and to offer whatever help it may in guiding the energy in fruitful lines.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM. By Tenney Frank. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

An analysis of the precise influences that urged the Roman republic toward territorial expansion.

INITIATION INTO LITERATURE. By Emile Faguet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon, Bart.

THROUGH OTHER EYES. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

UNEMPLOYMENT. By A. C. Pigou, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

WRITINGS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50 net.

Volume III, 1801-1810.

THE GREEN SEAL. By Charles Edmonds Walk. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SHEA OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE INSTINCT OF WORKMANSHIP AND THE STATE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An analysis of such correlation as is visible between industrial use and wont and those other

institutional facts that go to make up any given phase of civilization.

FOOL OF APRIL. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

CHANCE. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE. Simplified by Elizabeth Lewis. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company; 50 cents net.

Issued in George Macdonald's Stories for Little Folks.

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

MY GARDEN DOCTOR. By Frances Duncan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A story about a garden.

SALOON SONNETS. By Allen Norton. New York, East Fourteenth Street: Claire Marie; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

A SON OF THE AGES. By Stanley Waterloo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"The story of ourselves in the beginning."

THAT FARM. By Harrison Whittingham. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A story of how a successful merchant goes back to the land.

THE ANCIENT ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA AND THE DIFFUSION OF ROMAN AND ENGLISH LAW THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. By James Bryce. New York: Oxford University Press; \$1.90.

Two historical studies.

ENGLISH DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A history of the drama from 1642 to 1780.

BOTANY. By E. Brucker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Thresholds of Science Series.

THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN. By Bouck White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A call for a new religion and the true democracy of Christ.

ZOOLOGY. By E. Brucker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Thresholds of Science Series.

THE LOVES OF AMBROSE. By Margaret Vandercook. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MONGOLIA. By H. G. C. Perry-Ascoug, M. A., F. R. G. S., and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry, F. R. G. S. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

"This new volume supplies the public need of a really authoritative work upon this 'undiscovered'

country, and describes in attractive style the latest developments in the drama recently enacted in this far eastern corner of the world."

QUICK ACTION. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

CLEEK OF SCOTLAND YARD. By T. W. Hanshew. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE BLUE BUCKLE. By William Hamilton Osborne. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

LORD LONDON. By Koble Howard. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated by Anna Swanwick, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in Bohn's Classical Library.

Jay Hambidge raises the question of the age of cubism in the current issue of the *Century Magazine*, the Modern Art number. He says that Albrecht Durer, father of the German school of art, who died in 1528, left among his writings on painting and geometry several good Cubist pictures. An example of two heads by the great German artist appears in the April *Century*. Mr. Hambidge says that the method of blocking out, such as is shown by these curious Durer pictures, was taught for many years in some American art schools, and students will turn to it spontaneously. Some of the cubists claim that this is a new method, based on profound scientific studies, but Mr. Hambidge declares that, on the contrary, these medieval German cubist pictures prove that the modern cubists are simply claiming as a finished product a part of the age-old paraphernalia of artists and sculptors.

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United Railroads Magazine for the Company's Employees

The United Railroads are issuing a monthly magazine and recently issued the following notice to its employees:

To All Employees of the United Railroads:

The officials of the Company desire to get into closer touch with the other employees of the Company. They wish to know their needs, to be familiar with their lives and those of their families, to co-operate with them for their welfare and entertainment and for the welfare of the public and the Company.

To that end, and realizing how difficult it is to meet with so large a body of men in person, the Company proposes to publish and distribute among you a monthly magazine. You are all invited to send contributions to its columns telling of your doings, making recommendations for the improvement of the service and suggestions for your greater comfort and recreation. Anything will be welcome that will tend to make us better acquainted with each other.

It is hoped that the columns of the magazine will be filled principally by contributions from the men.

JESSE W. LILIENTHAL,

President.

Dated: March 10, 1914.



"THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS."

"The Honeymoon Express" is a very handsome and costly affair, and the merry progress of the entertainment is diversified with the work of several expensive specialists. Which is certainly doing the handsome thing, as Al Jolson is enough in himself to constitute an entire show of athletic drawing power. But they don't do things that way nowadays. Gorgeousness is let loose in "The Honeymoon Express"—gorgeousness, and girls, and fun artists, mechanical effects, dancers, and songists. Also the plot. The latter never seems to get caught, somehow, but remains roaming around in wild, free, untrammelled liberty during the entire show. This does not, however, interfere in the least with anybody's happiness, because the principal event we do absorb; and that is the pursuit of the "honeymoon express" to Paris by an automobile and its human contents.

There is always a tremendous attempt evident in each new musical comedy that comes along to capture an entirely original idea, some novelty that will tickle the laughing public a little more than ordinarily under the ribs and give it the bluest sensation of enjoying a new idea. And this they have triumphantly accomplished in "The Honeymoon Express."

To do this the aid of the moving picture had to be invoked, and through its agency we saw the pursuing automobile covering many miles of the chase. When it is added that the vivacious Mr. Jolson was a shaghaied chauffeur those who know him may dimly glean some faint idea of the antics of the car he drove. It swerved, it zigzagged, it wobbled, it leaped; it made s's on the magnificent French road represented in the pictures. It went backward—apparently—for several miles, and one paused in the midst of one's laughter to notice the excitement it stirred up along the way and to wonder if the other people in the picture who went whirling by in their cars hadn't trembled for their lives when they saw the caracolings of this four-wheeled Puck. Possibly the sight of a moving-picture apparatus which must have been in the car immediately ahead may have reassured them, but the series of pictures made a hugely comic divertimento.

Then came the grand effect, which, by the way, has been patented by the ingenious deviser. On the darkened perspective of the stage, which is set off with a few piercing electric lights so dazzling to the eyes of the audience as to make the rearward darkness still darker, we saw what appeared to be a lighted train, diminished by distance, descending a graded mountain road. It was a mere fiery serpent in the distance, but steadily growing larger as it approached. And like a faithful attendant a tiny automobile, its presence indicated only by its two lights, pursued the "honeymoon express." The audience caught on, and watched the pursuit breathless. Nearer and nearer drew pursuer and pursued. Finally we heard an approaching roar. Bells clanged, whistles sounded, lights grew and shifted, uniformed officials rushed forward, and there, head on, stood a locomotive with clanging bell, and beside it, dimly seen in the light-spangled darkness, its faithful follower, the automobile, which had successfully overtaken the "honeymoon express."

Al Jolson, to the joy of the audience, is very much in evidence during the entire programme. It is very plain that his work is as much fun to him as it is work, and that the time is still some distance off when he will become jaded, weary, and blasé, and offer himself to his audience in costly homeopathic triturations. I find it quite impossible to describe the comedian; it must be sufficient to say that he exudes fun. The men adore his humor, and sit in roaring rows, welcoming each new, spontaneous out-bubbling with fresh shouts of laughter. He is good for their health and surely lightens up by his bubbling fun the strain and cares of their workaday life. Mr. Jolson sings, dances, talks, burlesques, extemporizes, surprises, and becomes wild chums with the audience. He takes them into his confidence as he pauses to admire a grand operatic note which he has just let out, saying impressively, "I don't belong here." When "The Rosary" is voted for he becomes serious, really serious. In fact he says, "This is a serious matter with me," and it really was. But by this time he had only to point a finger and the audience was amused; somebody gurgled, and he promptly pointed it and said, "Leave my theatre!"

"He's a marvel, that fellow!" commented one of the men; and he is; a marvel in that he is a human geyser of effervescent fun. It isn't calculated. Of course he repeats effects; they all do. But each one of his must have effervesced up involuntarily when it was born, for he is that kind of a fun-maker. Funny as he is and must be to everybody, it is more particularly to men that he makes comical appeal. They love this winged humor of the hour that keeps them on the alert to catch the impalpable thing in its flight and roar their welcome.

Ada Lewis, who will never, probably, escape being bracketed as the ex-"tough girl," is a valuable member of the cast. Handsome, and handsomely costumed, she reinforces the effectiveness of her appearance with her natural dowry of humor and figures smartly in many exchanges of repartee. In one of these, an affair full of weberfeldian snap and crackle, Melville Ellis, the pianist, showed his versatility by playing a very good second.

Somebody—perhaps it is Mr. Ellis—is responsible for making a very happy choice of the dance music borrowed for use in "The Honeymoon Express," although the songs of the chorus bear the usual stamp, while Al Jolson's are many of them old favorites of his own revived.

DAVID BISPHAM AT THE ORPHEUM.

David Bispham made his San Francisco debut in vaudeville on Sunday at the Orpheum, and all who have heard him sing and who recall his well-known charm of manner will not be surprised to learn that he captured the entire house.

Mr. Bispham in his song recitals has always made it a practice to say a few words preliminary to each song which will put his audience *en rapport*. It is, with him, against all the convictions of a lifetime to sing anything at all, outside of an operatic rôle, without first making some effort to get his audience into the atmosphere. Naturally dowered with exquisite tact, the famous baritone never takes a tone of knowing it all; rather does he assume that this is his audience's prerogative, and pleasantly, genially, he includes himself with them in remembering certain details which he recalls to their memory. In this way the song, bracketed with illuminating memoranda, has some identity and meaning in their minds before he begins to sing it. Yielding, no doubt, to the general desire, he has selected from his repertory some of the ballads most identified with his name. Thus he sang "Danny Deever"; the prologue to "Pagliacci" served for a popular number; the third was Handel's exquisite "Where'er she walks," which has now become a concert classic, although only with the great singers who can fitly render it; and the fourth and last was a tender little love ditty in dark dialect.

Mr. Bispham having first expressed his ardent conviction that we speakers of English should have opera in our own tongue, just as the European nations do, gave the two operatic selections to demonstrate how beautiful the English language sounds in a suitable musical setting where it is allied with sentiments that are fine, or delicate, or dramatic. Mr. Bispham never fails you. He always seems to be in the mood, I suppose because of the ardor of his convictions and the artistic joy which he feels in giving them appropriate demonstration. Thus the big, manly music that dwells in his notes softened itself to the most exquisite delicacy of sentiment as he expressed in "Where'er she walks" the chaste fancies of an idealizing lover. "Danny Deever" made the contrast, and the white-haired singer made the pulses of his audience beat in unison with those of the awed young hearts of that far-away English regiment. It was wonderful to feel the familiar thrill of this song that Bispham always gives us revive in all its poignancy and to once more share with the English soldier lads the horror of that shameful death that the deed of their unworthy comrade had brought upon himself. The prologue was given with a sense of nobility inherent in this fine aria whose birth was of such casual nature, and in the final love lyric the singer poured even into the lessened notes of his ever-beautiful voice that matchless conveyance of the exact shade of emotion which dignified the caressing little ditty to a thing of art and beauty.

Next to Mr. Bispham's number in unusualness of interest was the acrobatic work of the "Marvelous Manchurians," five young Chinese in gorgeous Oriental robes whose accomplishment proved that they deserve their trade cognomen. Similar in some features to the work of our own or of Continental acrobats, yet there is a certain artistic element added to theirs by radical departures from custom, by the beauty of their costumes, a certain sense of picturesqueness in the symmetry of their acrobatic groupings, and by the fatalistic insensibility displayed on their calm, highly painted faces during their most thrilling feats.

The rest of the programme was of the usual nature: a couple of comic playlets, a fair and chic song comedienne, two graceful exponents of the modern ball-room art, and a string of

amusing song-and-dance specialists. Everything was well done and well received, as testified by the demonstrations of the usual huge audience.

"SHAMEEN DHU."

Rida Young, playwright, does not hitch her wagon to a star—unless it be a terrestrial twinkler in stageland—but she probably puts money in her purse. The new play, "Shameen Dhu," that she wrote for Chauncey Olcott, so hits off the histrionic resources of that actor that it went without saying in advance that he was sure to be well pleased with it. It is really more suitable for him than his last vehicle, as the gentleman's dress becomes his still handsome person much better than the wild peasant togs of the spalpeen in which we last beheld him.

"Shameen Dhu" is a clean, merry, sentimental, shallow little play, containing plenty of action, some political plotting, any amount of love-making, and a vast deal of repartee, most of it, as may be divined, from the ready lips of the star. The repartee has not, I should judge, greatly taxed the shrewd brains of the author, but it comes with considerable grace from Chauncey Olcott, whose stage brogue lends it wit and flavor. His brogue is just right; not too broad, quite musical, and backed by the supernally youthful twinkle in Mr. Olcott's born-merry eyes, it goes to a charm.

Mr. Olcott sings about half a dozen songs in his still agreeable voice, a voice that contains something of the light, bantering charm of the owner. He never strains it; it contains no shrill tones nor sharp edges; and the audience encores him every time. The majority of his songs are made to order and have a sort of commercial flavor lingering about them, but "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra-ly," by all odds the most melodious of the lot, was treated as the *pièce de résistance*, sung with particular *empressment*, and received special recognition.

Mr. Olcott's play has been staged and generally directed by Henry Miller, and there is every evidence about it that an informed intelligence has been moulding it into shape.

The company is good in the matter of men; it would be counted only fair as to the women were it not for the realistic brogue and the natural, unaffected simplicity of Mrs. Jennie Lamont's portrayal of Irish Betsy. If, now, the pretty girl who plays the rôle of Peggy could only get rid of her self-consciousness and borrow some of that simplicity and genuineness of tone and manner. However, under the strict tutelage of Henry Miller the piece has been well rehearsed and handsomely and tastefully mounted. The pipe-room of the Green Dragon Inn is a picture of old world charm, and Mrs. Farrell's Irish garden is about the prettiest thing in gardens I have ever seen on the stage. They have now applied to stage setting the idea that we have been seeing used in window advertisements by cutting out of stiff pasteboard the outlines of the plants and shrubs; and, as they probably have easel backs, they were arranged in regular perspective about the stage and so colored by the scene-painter's art that the garden seemed to be a mass of pink bloom. And when the curtain rose on this bowery garden, with its vistas, its flower-bordering paths of tall hlooms, its clipped hedges, its trellised arbors, and its roof of twisted boughs and green foliage, all serving as a verdant setting to a dear old time-mellowed brick mansion in the background; and, furthermore, when the audience saw three pretty Irish sympathizers hushily engaged in constructing a beautiful American flag for the spunky rebels across the sea—for the date of the action of the play is 1779—it is quite easy to imagine the warm applause that rose from a gratified audience.

Mrs. Young has shrewdly woven a good deal of American patriotism into her play, for "Shameen Dhu" is an Irish sympathizer of the American cause and plots against the king to send aid to the rebels. So Peggy, his

Irish-American sweetheart, sings American songs, constructs American flags, and throws many bouquets to the land of the coming free; and, as if to add to the American flavor of the play, the author boldly touches up her 1779 dialogue with many specimens of American slang coined during the last five or ten years.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

CURRENT VERSE.

Fortunate Islands.

Fortunate islands, dim on the far horizon,
Seen through mists of dream and of poignant longing,
Yours the port the ships of my hopes still sail to,
Dawning or dusk-fall!
I can hear the surf on your reefs of coral,
I can glimpse the fronds of your waving palm-trees,
I can catch the scent of the passionate attar
Borne from your blossoms!
And though never I tread your golden beaches,
Touch the luring lips of the waiting vision,
May you vanish not, but forever heckon,
Fortunate islands!
—Clinton Scollard, in the International Magazine.

The Mist That's Over Ireland.

There's a mist that's over Ireland where the black birds call,
And when you come it's risin' and when you go it falls.
It's made of green and silver and the rain and dew,
And the finest sun is over it you ever knew.
Och, sure it isn't mist at all, except a mist o' tears,
A haze of love and longin' for the happy years,
When myself that's old and fretted now and colder than the stone
Was young in golden Ireland with the friends long gone.
The mist is like a curtain that the wind'll blow
And lift a little wisp of it till you see below
The shiuuig country ever was of hills and streams,
And the people do be haunting you in lonesome dreams.

The people do be in the mist, their like's hard to find,
Their faces full of welcome and their smile soft and kind.
It was little I was thinkin' in the days that ran away
How I'd sit and break my heart for them one weary day.

It isn't fields and mountains and it isn't streams and trees,
Though all o' them is in the mist, nor hummin' of the bees,
Nor yet the thrush and blackbird could vex me as I stand
And look the way of Ireland with my head in my hand.

'Tis little that we value them, when we're gay and young;
We think we'll have them with us our whole lives long.
We never know the good we have till constant friends depart
And leave us just with half a life and half a heart.

There's a gold mist over Ireland that for me will never rise,
And some is walkin' in it was the light of my eyes.
They're never old and troubled now, and never sick and sad.
The days we had together were the best I had.

Please God, some day that's comin', when the dread of death 's past,
And I take the lonesome valley we all must take at last,
I'll sight the hills of Heaven and the people in white,
And you, and you, among them was my heart's delight.

The mist that's over Ireland will be blowin' in my face;
I'll reach the other side of it to the well-remembered place,
And I'll not be looking backward like a lonesome ghost
From the mist that's over Ireland and the friends I lost.
—From "Irish Poems," by Katharine Tynan.

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Owing to the arrival of large shipments purchased for the Spring Season at advantageous prices, we have decided to continue the Sale of our distinctive collection of Persian and Turkish Rugs at savings of

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Final Week of Chauncey Olcott.

Chauncey Olcott in his altogether delightful Irish romance, "Shameen Dhu," is a decided success at the Columbia Theatre, where he remains for a second and final week, commencing with this Sunday night. More than ever is Olcott welcome this season, for his play, from the pen of Rida Johnson Young, shows the actor and his splendid supporting company to fine advantage in a play that at once interests and entertains. "Shameen Dhu" has been staged under the direction of Henry Miller, whose master-hand is seen from the first curtain to the last, when the pair of lovers find their happiness and make ready to start on their journey to the land of the free. Olcott has a number of splendid song gems for this production, and as he is singing in better voice than he has for a number of seasons back the songs are received with great enthusiasm. The production is especially elaborate, and Olcott gives a fine interpretation of the stellar rôle. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Second Week of "The Honeymoon Express."

Al Jolson and the big New York Winter Garden show, "The Honeymoon Express," makes one of the happiest of combinations, and audiences that crowd the Cort Theatre at every performance are of the opinion that it is just the right proportioned mixture calculated to not only drive away dull care, but

also dispel the most persistent attack of the blues. It is in every meaning of the word a real Winter Garden show of care-free amusement, color, movement, and girls, aside from the genuine fun provided by its great cast of principals, which in addition to Al Jolson, also include Melville Ellis, Ada Lewis, Marie Rohson, Anna Wheaton, Marie Fenton, Sybil Sunday, Doyle and Dixon, Donald McDonald, Arthur Sunday, Jack Storey, and others.

On Sunday evening the second and last week of the stay of "The Honeymoon Express" will be inaugurated. As was the arrangement this week, with matinees on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, the same plan will be in force for the final week.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Next week will be the last of the famous American haritone, David Bispham, who will present an entirely new programme of songs.

A splendid new bill will also be presented. Harry Gilfoil will appear in his original and clever character impersonation, Baron Sands. Mr. Gilfoil has so popularized and succeeded in his impersonation of "the man about town" that he has come to be regarded as one of the foremost character actors. In his satire of gay old age Mr. Gilfoil has supposedly just returned from a circus, and much of the fun is derived from his imitations of the animals composing the menagerie.

Ed Blondell, assisted by Katherine Caine, will appear in the diverting skit, "The Lost Boy." Mr. Blondell has a most amusing personality.

Ruth Royle, "Princess of Ragtime," a handsome, dashing girl who sings well and has a keen appreciation of the meaning of the words she utters, will be heard in the newest ragtime songs.

Keno, Walsh, and Melrose, a trio of expert gymnasts and comedians, will in eccentric make-up perform a rapid routine of acrobatic and sensational feats.

Jack Ward and Eddie Weber, two exceptionally clever dancers, will find popularity in a unique act entitled "A Minstrel Boy's Conception of Art."

Kartelli will instance his ability by performing innumerable astounding feats on a thread of steel. In his particular line he is unequalled.

Next week will be the last of Ben Deely and company in "The New Bellboy," and Annette Woodman and Guy Livingstone in their hall-room dances.

"The Echo" at the Gaiety.

No selection could have been made by the Gaiety Theatre for a successor to "The Candy Shop" which could have been happier than "The Echo," which reopened the O'Farrell Street home of musical comedy last Sunday night and reintroduced William Rock and Maude Fulton in leading character and comedy rôles.

"The Echo," which has been rewritten by Addison Burkhardt, is brim full of fun. It is described on the programmes as a "musical revue with some rhyme and a little reason." As a matter of fact it has a great deal of "reason" for existence, the principal being that it is precisely that kind of entertainment which the public craves. It is a genial reverberation from Broadway, and William Rock, who staged the piece, has seen to it that there isn't a single slow moment in the entire production.

Neither should it be understood that Mr. Rock and Miss Fulton monopolize the comedy. There are others, and they include Will Philbrick, whose hellboy impersonation is even funnier than his detective in "The Candy Shop"; Oscar Ragland, whose voice and personality lend much attractiveness to the performance; Kitty Doner, who as one of the Alimony Sisters in "The Candy Shop" left a trail of good humor and laughter behind her; Mary Ambrose, Bessie Franklin, Frances White, and Estelle Baldwin, who, whether their rôles be large or small, accomplish success.

And then there is the chorus, which is as fine a dancing organization as has been seen on a local stage.

New Features at the Pantages Theatre.

Three standard headliners will feature the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Mile, Adgie, an intrepid young French lion tamer; Milton and Dolly Nohles, former legitimate stars, and the noted Howard Brothers, wizards of the hanjos, are the big trio which have been breaking house records along the circuit.

There are twelve jungle lions handled by Mile, Adgie. Four of them are big tawny-maned beasts, the rest being frolicsome young cubs which have been born in captivity. Adgie has wonderful control over the big beasts, and while putting them through their tricks she uses only a small whip to make them obey her commands.

Probably no names are better known in the professional world than the Nobles. Milton and Dolly Nohles this season have a delightful little play entitled, "The Auto Succession Club," which gives the couple a splendid chance to show their comedy accomplishment.

The Howard Brothers extract genuine music

from hanjos. They juggle and play as many as six hanjos at the same time while the instruments are flying through the air. They then go into an operatic revue, assisted by Kittie Ross, a beautiful young soprano. Excerpts from "Carmen," "I'Pagliacci," and "Faust" are rendered with special effect and scenery.

Phil La Toska, a talkative juggler; Arthur Rigby, a black-faced monologist; Frank Richards and Louise Montrose, a comedy duo of real class, and Herr Reittmeister, a violinist from Vienna, with exclusive motion pictures, will complete the balance of the bill.

"The Argyle Case" Coming to the Columbia.

Robert Hilliard appears at the Columbia Theatre for the two weeks commencing with Monday night, April 27, in his new success, "The Argyle Case," presented under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger. The mystery of "The Argyle Case" is a murder solved along the lines of modern criminal investigation suggested by William J. Burns, who has cooperated with Harriet Ford, successful playwright, and Harvey J. O'Higgins, popular magazine writer. There is nothing in the drama to arouse class prejudice or to offend the individual. The play is intensely interesting and grips an audience and holds it in thrilling suspense from the curtain's rise until its final fall.

Sixteenth Production by English Club.

On Friday evening, April 17, the English Club of the University of California will give its sixteenth production in the Greek Theatre. On this occasion two plays will be presented, Sudermann's "Teja," one of the series of one-act plays grouped under the general title "Morituri," and Yeats's "The Countess Cathleen." The excellence of the club's previous productions is guaranty that both will be presented in a worthy manner. For "The Countess Cathleen" Mr. E. G. Stricklen, assistant in music in the university, has written an overture and incidental music that will be rendered by the University of California Orchestra under the direction of the university, choragus, Mr. Paul Steindorff.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

"Holy City" at Greek Theatre Tomorrow.

For the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre tomorrow, April 19, at four o'clock, the musical and dramatic committee of the University of California announces an especial attraction. Gaul's oratorio, "Holy City," will be given in its entirety by the choir of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Oakland, of which Mr. E. D. Crandall is director. The soloists will be Mrs. Grace V. Neff, soprano; Miss Ulah Leavitt, contralto; Mr. E. H. McCandlish, tenor, and Mr. Fred G. Harrison, bass. The semi-chorus of women's voices will be Mrs. Grace V. Neff, Mrs. F. J. Collar, Mrs. R. E. Seavey, Mrs. G. B. Ayres, Mrs. J. H. Garrett, Mrs. Gus Roth, Miss Hattie Gray, Miss Ulah Leavitt, and Mrs. Blanche Young. Miss Bessie Beatty will be the pianist and Miss Irene Stratton the harpist. Last Sunday's audience numbered fully six thousand, and with good weather the "Holy City" should attract fully as many.

The Mischa Elman Concerts.

Next Wednesday morning the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's for the two concerts to be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, April 26 and May 3, by Mischa Elman, the young Russian violin virtuoso, who has been aptly called "The Caruso of the Violin."

At the first concert Elman will play the following beautiful programme, assisted by Percy Kahn, the eminent English pianist: "Sonata," Op. 12, for violin and piano, Beethoven; "Concerto," Op. 28, Goldmark; "Sonata" for violin, E major, Handel; "Nocturne," Chopin-Auer; "Prophet Bird," Schumann-Auer; "Gavotte," Grieg-Franko; and "Polonaise," A major, Wieniawski.

At the second concert the programme will include the "Sonata" for violin and piano, No. 10, Mozart; "Concerto" in B minor, Saint-Saëns; "Faust Fantasia," Wieniawski; and smaller works by Tchaikowsky, Brahms-Joachim, Couperin-Krcisler, and Paganini-Auer.

Mail orders may be addressed to Manager Will L. Greenbaum at either box-office.

Season Closes with Flonzaley Quartet.

Manager Greenbaum will close his season with the Flonzaley quartet, and is now busy arranging a splendid list for the exposition year. Many artists will be heard here next season for the first time in the West. Among the favorites who will return are John McCormack and Julia Culp.

On Sunday afternoons, May 10 and 17, and Thursday night, May 14, the world's greatest string quartet, "The Flonzaley," of Switzerland, will give three splendid and unique programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The first concert will be attended by a theatre party of some three hundred members of the Pacific Musical Society, and on this occasion the much discussed "Suite" for violin and

violinello by Emanuel Moor will be played for the first time in the West.

Mail orders for the Flonzaley concerts are now being accepted by Manager Greenbaum.

Berkeley Musical Association Concert.

The Berkeley Musical Association will give the fifth concert of its fourth season on the evening of Thursday, April 30, at 8:15 o'clock, in Harmon Gymnasium. The attraction will be the Flonzaley Quartet, composed as follows: Adolfo Betti, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Ugo Ara, viola; Iwan D'Archembeau, violinello. Members will be admitted only upon presentation of properly numbered coupon of the season ticket. There will be no reserved seats. The doors will open at 7:45 p. m., to avoid the long wait prior to the programme.

AMUSEMENTS



MISCHA ELMAN

The Russian Violinist

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Sunday aft. April 26, at 2:30

Sunday aft. May 3, at 2:30

Tickets \$1.50, \$2, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum. Steinway Piano.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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and her 12 Jungle Lions

Milton and Dolly Nobles

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5 OTHER BIG FEATURES

VANITY FAIR.

One of the old fables relates a quarrel between two flies who were unable to agree as to which had the more influence on the revolving wagon wheel. The fable seems appropriate to the prevailing discussion among college professors as to the cause and cure of the waning marriage rate.

Take, for example, the case of Professor Roswell Hill Johnson, whose distinguished picture in the newspaper emphasizes the fact that he "views with alarm" some of the present marital tendencies. Professor Johnson finds that the young people of today are not showing the same rabid desire to marry each other, and that this disinclination is particularly noticeable among "superior people." We must find a remedy for this, says the professor. We must bring public opinion to hear upon the recalcitrant, says the professor. We must brand as dishonorable the man who can not prove that he is a father, or at least that he has good reasons for not being a father. And as for the women, we must do a whole lot of things to bring them to a better state of mind, and among them we must combat the present "inappreciation of wifehood and motherhood by misguided feminists." And so perhaps the best thing that we can do at the moment is to introduce the professor to Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who has just published the following momentous opinion. "Little girls," says Mrs. Gilman, "should not be allowed to play with dolls and call them their babies. Whether it is done instinctively or in imitation of their own mothers, they should not play house and put their 'children' to bed, nor harbor any of the emotions or duties of a mother. It is not childish; it is abnormal. That love of little girls to 'mother' things is just another proof that with a woman her sex predominates." Now how would it do to confine the professor and Mrs. Gilman in a small room and leave them there behind locked doors until all sounds of strife had ceased? And if some one should surreptitiously turn on the coal gas the remedy would be still more affective and there would be a certain air of blessed finality about the proceedings that they might otherwise lack.

Now we also claim the right to "view with alarm" certain phenomena of our social life. And it seems to us that the most portentous thing now in sight is not a waning marriage rate, but the facility of mountchanks to advertise themselves. In any state of society characterized by sanity it would be impossible for Mrs. Gilman's dreary imbecilities ever to see the light of day. And the professor would be told to run away to the nursery, where his babbings would be innocuous to sensible people with something to do. The only hopeful theory is that all these driveling are printed as a sort of glorified rival to the colored Sunday supplement and in the charitable belief that they will make people laugh. Of course they do make people laugh.

Now if the professor wishes to know the cause of the waning birth rate we are most happy to be in a position to inform him on this point. When nature, for good and sufficient reasons of her own, wishes to exterminate a particular class of the community she accomplishes her end in precisely this way. For example, the Australian aborigines are disappearing under the force of what corresponds with them to a waning marriage rate. In other words they are becoming sterile. They have outlived their value, and nature intends to remove them from the scene, and we see the gentle and painless way in which she does it. But the Pacific islanders have no Mrs. Gilmans to point the way to euthanasia and no professors to prattle to them about the remedies. That is where these innocent savages are so fortunate.

The trouble with the professor is that his standard of values is all wrong. He thinks it is the "superior people" who are disappearing, and by "superior people" of course he means the people who are like himself. He tells us that he has been looking into the case of the college graduates and that their marriage statistics are of the most discouraging kind. Very few of them get married, and when they do get married they have very few children or no children at all. Now for fear that we may do the professor an injustice we will quote his words. He says: "There is only one mitigating circumstance, that these women have married superior men. Out of the last fifteen recently reported engagements which I noted seven are to college or university alumni, although college graduates make up about one per cent of the whole population. That college women are superior to the average woman is a safe inference. However, we may use another criterion of superiority. Eminence may be measured by space in collective biographies. Miss Castle's figures show a correlation of eminence with a very late age at marriage and a consequent decreased racial contribution."

So now we have the professor's standard of values. College women, he says, are superior to the average woman. Are they indeed? On the contrary, they seem to us to be distinctly inferior, and we view their prospective extinction with much equanimity.

But the professor's further estimate of values is more astounding still. Eminence, he tells us, may be measured by "space in collective biographies," and by eminence he means values to society. He might just as well tell us that social values are to be determined by success in getting one's picture into the newspapers, and doubtless that is precisely what he means. Boiled down into a few words, we are asked to lament the fact that the people who creep and crawl into "collective biographies" and who get their pictures into the newspapers are now producing very few children, but so far from lamenting we are disposed to give three cheers and to applaud the evident intention of nature to extinguish these people by the usual methods of sterility. Only we wish she would be a little quicker on the job. They can most of them be spared, and the idea that they were actually propagating their kind would be an intolerable one.

Now we would like to speak a word of truth and soberness to the professor who gets his own picture into the newspapers and who may therefore be excused for thinking that this is really a mark of social value. Let it then be suggested to him that the farmer's wife who went to the village school, who married in her own sphere and under natural impulses, and who is now in the habit of reading family prayers to half a dozen healthy children, has a greater value in the eyes of nature than a whole room full of college graduates who are so saturated with theories about the survival of the fit that they have become too utterly selfish to appreciate their own unfitness to survive at all. No mention of these women will be found in the "collective biographies." They are far too respectable for that. We see neither their names nor their faces in the newspapers. They are too dignified for that. But none the less it is these women whom nature intends to preserve. It is these women who are the "fit" and who constitute the true national wealth. Therefore let the professor make his mind easy. Let him try and see straight. Let him realize that this nation is in no danger so long as the God-fearing country woman keeps right on the job, and that if we want to find the really "superior people," the college and the collective biography are about the last places on earth that it would occur to us to look for them in. When nature has needed a truly "superior person" to do some supremely great work she has never yet gone to the college or to the collective biography to find him. And she never will. She seems to prefer the hackwoods. It was in the hackwoods that she found Abraham Lincoln, and it was in the hackwoods that she found Jeanne d'Arc. She found Napoleon on a Corsican farm and Oliver Cromwell in a butcher shop and Christ in a stable. And when she wants more great men and women she will not search for them in a collective biography nor even demand a college graduation certificate. So it's all right, professor. We like to see your picture in the newspapers and we like to read about you in the collective biographies. But if these "superior people" have really determined not to have babies we can hardly be expected to regard the loss as a national calamity. They never will be missed.

You may recall Robert Louis Stevenson's dictum on the subject now that the servant question is once more to the fore. He declared that the worst features of the British middle class are its fear of death and the way its women treat their domestic servants. To a man (says the *London Chronicle*) it is a matter of no importance whether the cook wears a cap or not, and he can sympathize with the housemaid being Eliza'd or Jane'd by every corner. Why should not one ask Miss Smith to bring in the coffee, just as at the office Miss Jones is told to ring up 0000 Central? But it is precisely on these points that the housewife shows her womanliness towards women. Why?

Few Americans who travel through Japan realize that many of the luscious apples, peaches, quinces, and other fruits they enjoy there were grown originally from American seedlings. Nor yet that the first agricultural college established by the imperial Japanese government in 1876 was modeled after the Massachusetts Agricultural College. When the Bureau of Colonization was established, says Mr. T. Philip Terry in his "Japanese Empire" (Houghton Mifflin Company), Count Kuroda engaged forty American experts to come out with ample supplies of barvesting machinery, seeds, trees, etc., to improve the island of Yezo, especially its future capital, Sapporo. A beautiful level plain with sufficient slope to insure drainage was selected, and avenues 160 feet wide with intersecting streets from 100 to 120 feet wide were laid out and flanked by sidewalks before a single house was built. Today no city in Japan is fairer, sweeter, or more attractive. Just outside the city is the big breeding farm (Makomania), a huge establishment much like a Kentucky horse-breeding farm, where foreign travelers see American horses, bred in Japan, led about by native jockeys and grooms.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known English hishop, as he was going about his diocese, stopped the porter of a lunatic asylum, and asked how a chaplain whom he, the hishop, had lately appointed was getting on. "Oh, my lord," said the man, "is preaching is most successful. The idiots henjoys it partikler."

An Englishman and an American were standing before the wonders of the Victorian Falls, in dark Africa, when the Englishman said: "Surely, you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls." "What?" replied the American; "compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why, man alive, they are a mere perspiration."

Old Zeh Hawkins sat on a log near the bridge one Sunday morning, casting anxious glances at an uncertain sky now and then. His willow fish-pole and a can of bait lay at his feet. Before he had quite decided on the weather the minister came by, having taken a short cut owing to the fear of a sudden shower. "Well, Brudder Zeh, is you gwine to chu'ch or is you gwine fishin'?" he asked. "Ah dunno yet," said Zeh. "Ah'm jest a-wrastlin' wif ma conscience."

An old man who looked like a countryman was walking along a London street playing a concertina that had seen better days. Noticing a brass plate with the words, "Doctor of Music," written under the name on it, he went up to the house and rang the bell. The door was answered by a servant, who asked his business. "Please, he th' doctor in?" he asked. "Yes. What is it you want?" said the servant. "Why, just 'e pop in an' ax un hoo much 'e'll charge t' mend t' auld concertina," was the reply.

At the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, a steamer was undergoing repairs. The chief engineer—a Scot, of course—requiring a hammer in a hurried moment, turned to a German mechanic, and in his momentary excitement lapsing into his native speech, said: "Gi'e us yer pelty, mon." "Vat?" asked the Teuton in surprise. "Yer pelty—pelty!" "It's yer hammer he wants," interpreted another Scot who was also working on the job. "Thank the Lord there's one mon among ye wha understands God's English," growled the chief engineer as he took the "pelty."

Ahner was haled to court to answer to a complaint that grew out of a broken hargain, and among the witnesses called to testify was Hiram Wilkins. "Mr. Wilkins," said the examining lawyer, "you know the defendant in this case, do you not?" "Oh, yes," answered Hiram. "Knowned him nigh onter forty years now." "What is his reputation for veracity?" asked the lawyer. "Is he regarded as a man who never tells the truth?" "Waal, I aint goin' that fur," answered Hiram, "hut I do know that if he wanted his hogs ter come ter dinner he'd have ter git somebody else ter call 'em."

A certain old citizen who had long been noted for his extreme penurious nature was called home suddenly by a telephone message that the cook had been found in an unconscious condition in the kitchen, having been stricken with heart failure. "And just think," said his wife, "she had been lying there for three hours before I returned home and found her. Two gas jets were open, and all that prevented her from being asphyxiated was the fact that she had left the door and a window open. Isn't it just awful?" "Awful!" he repeated; "I sh'uld say so. And think o' what he gas hill will be this month!"

A little town boasts a church whose pastor, besides being an eloquent preacher, is a man of stalwart proportions. A revival was started, and at one of the evening meetings he services were disturbed by two young men who audibly scoffed at everything they saw or heard. Finally the pastor remonstrated with them on their behavior, and asked them why they had attended the meeting. "We came to see miracles performed," imprudently replied one of the rascals. Leaving the pulpit and walking quietly down the aisle, the minister seized one after the other by the collar, and as they disappeared out of the door, remarked, "We don't perform miracles here, but we do cast out devils."

He had obtained a place in a real estate agent's office, and was doing everything he could for the interests of his employer. The other evening he was at a social gathering, and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward, he said: "I am glad you like the song. There's nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling homes on terms to suit everybody within forty minutes' ride of the city. Everybody ought

to have a home. If you don't want to live in one of these houses yourself, it's the chance of your life for an investment."

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crownshield in a New England seaport town adjoins the pasture of a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to get into the pasture and chase the farmer's cows. Finally, he went to Colonel Crownshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped. "How do you know it is my dog?" asked Colonel Crownshield, rather unsatisfactorily. "How do I know?" exclaimed the farmer, with rising indignation. "Why, I've seen him time and again!" "You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel coldly. "All right, sir," said the farmer, in no uncertain tone. "The next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof you want—in a wheelbarrow."

THE MERRY MUSE.

An Observation.

"If there's one thing that I dislike,"
A humorist it was who spoke
(His squib had been returned), "it is
A chap who will not take a joke!"
—Town Topics.

Like This, For Instance.

Instead of letters that we write
Extremely careful and polite,
Suppose we dipped our pen in ink
And wrote the thoughts we really think
Like this, for instance:

John Jones & Co.,
11th Floor, Skyscraper Building,
Baltimore.

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your account,
It's true it's little in amount,
But don't you think that long enough
We've waited for payment for the stuff?
Is your's a business, or a bluff?
It's making careless people pay
That eats our profits day by day.
So just a word we'll say to you:
Now come across—and P. D. Q.
Yours truly,
Mucilage & Glue.

A politician asks support;
Suppose that we should cut him short
Like this, for instance:

Bill Graftor,
City.
Up again
For office in the city hall?
Well, certainly you've got a gall!
I might rob banks or beat my wife,
But vote for you? Not on your life!
Here is one person who won't bite.
Yours truthfully,
A. Voter Wright.

And there's the pretty perfumed note;
Suppose the truth we really wrote,
Like this, for instance:

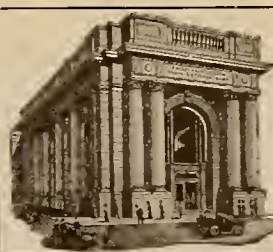
To Mrs. Climber,
Parvann Apartments,
City.
Madam:
You
Invite us both to come to dine
With both of you on April 9.
We write to say we can not come
For many reasons; here are some:
Your wine is bad, your cook a crime,
Your conversation waste of time;
For Climber's wit is either sad
Or, if it's clever, it is bad;
And, Mrs. Climber, you're too proud:
You dress too little and too loud
And, when you talk, you talk too much
About the cost of such-and-such.
So please excuse us, we implore,
Because your dinners are a bore.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Never-More.

When some one sought a loan from us
Suppose we wrote the fellow thus:
Like this, for instance:

Friend Bill:
Your note of even date
Received tonight requesting me
The goat for twenty-five to be.
I can not see why I should dig
To pay the fiddle while you jig.
I work for mine ten hours a day;
You loaf the same ten hours away.
You get a job and lose it quick
Because you'd rather loaf than stick.
It takes bone labor to make good,
A thing you never understood;
And when you're out of cash and chuck
You sit around and cuss your luck.
You come to some one, maybe me,
Expecting cash and sympathy.
I'll give you something better twice:
I'll give you, Bill, some good advice:
Quit making toneyless day by day
And go to work and pay your way.
I mean it, Bill,
Your friend,
R. A.

But it is easier a lot
To write the usual run of rot:
To jolly up the slow to pay,
To lie to hosts and stay away,
To tell the grafter vote you will,
To say that you are broke to Bill—
A lie is handiest on the shelf;
Who tells the truth? I don't myself.
—Douglas Malloch, in the American Lumberman.

"Is he making good?" "No. Just making money."—Detroit Free Press.

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American Boy and Argonaut.....\$4.30
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Capwell of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Phyllis Capwell, to Lieutenant Frederick Seydel, U. S. A. Miss Capwell is the sister of Miss Dorothy Capwell. Lieutenant Seydel is attached to the Coast Artillery Corps, having been until recently at Coronado on aviation duty. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

From Boston comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Kelly and Mr. Andrew Cassell. Mr. Cassell is the son of Mrs. John Cassell of this city and a brother of Mr. John F. Cassell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Stella Powers, to Mr. Desso Fried of Budapest, but now residing in this city. The wedding will take place Saturday, May 2, at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, to Mr. Harold Plummer. Miss Wilshire is the sister of Mrs. John Polhemus. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. Frank Woolsey has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Louise Woolsey, to Mr. Harold Carew Dodge of New York. Miss Woolsey is the sister of the Misses Ruth and Helen Woolsey and Mr. Albert Woolsey.

The wedding of Miss Constance Davis and Mr. Arthur Ford took place Tuesday afternoon at the residence in Berkeley of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis. Miss Margaret Belden and Mr. Sidney Ford were the only attendants. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ford will reside in Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Nell Hadley and Mr. Albert Luchsinger took place Wednesday afternoon at St. Luke's Church. The bridesmaids were the Misses Franc Pierce, Violet Cook, Dorothy Churchill, Janet Adams, Georgia Catts, Marie Omart, and Adeline Bogart. The chosen ushers were the Messrs. Joseph Hickey, Harold Maudrell, Harry Brunning, Gloucester Willis, George Shaner, Joseph Killian, and Lieutenant Faymonville. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Luchsinger will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Merrit Reid and Mr. Chapin Tubbs took place this noon at St. Matthew's Church in San Mateo. Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merrit J. Reid. The maids of honor were the Misses Emily Tubbs and Sara Cunningham, Miss Allajandra Macondray was the flower girl, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Ysabel Chase, Evelyn Barron, Marguerite Baron, and Lee Girvin. Mr. Charles Parsons of New York attended Mr. Tubbs as best man. The ushers were the Messrs. John Neville, Frank Kales, Alfred Oyster, George Bowles, and Joseph A. Donohue, Jr. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs will reside at Hillcrest in Napa County.

Mrs. McNutt Potter entertained a few friends informally at luncheon Saturday at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Jennie Stone gave a children's party Monday afternoon in the ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of her nephews, William, Andrew, Jr., and Egbert Stone, Jr.

Miss Marie Louise Black gave an informal dinner and bridge party Thursday evening at her home on Broadway.

Miss Mary Bates entertained a coterie of congenial friends at an informal bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at the residence on Washington Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained the Burlingame Bridge Club Wednesday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph Leroy Neilson was the complimented guest at a tea Monday afternoon given by Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr., at her home on Filbert Street. Mrs. Holbrook entertained a number of friends at luncheon Tuesday at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Ethel Gregg, whose

engagement to Mr. Dalton Mann has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Lee Girvin and her fiancé, Mr. Lloyd Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld entertained a number of friends at dinner at their residence, 1809 California Street, on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. William F. Peachey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at the Bohemian Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. Michael Jehson of Hongkong, who is here on a visit.

Miss Augusta Foute will entertain a coterie of friends this afternoon at the thé dansant at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon, April 28, at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. Hugh Porter entertained a number of friends over the week-end at the residence in Ross of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Porter.

Miss Josephine Johnson was hostess at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club Saturday evening. The affair was in honor of Miss Alice Warner, whose engagement to Dr. Herbert Law has recently been announced.

Mrs. George Gale has issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, April 24, at the California Club in honor of her daughter, Miss Galene Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Mr. David Bispham. Mrs. Samuel Boardman was hostess at an informal tea Thursday afternoon at her residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Walter Martin gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson gave a dinner at the Cliff House Thursday evening, preceding the dance given by the Dolce Far Niente Club.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis entertained the members of the Wednesday Sewing Club this week at their residence on Broadway.

Mr. Charles Felton was host Monday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel. Accompanied by his guests Mr. Felton later attended the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs gave a dinner Monday evening at their residence on Jackson Street in honor of their son, Mr. Chapin Tubbs, and his fiancée, Miss Merrit Reid. Wednesday evening Mr. Tubbs entertained his ushers at dinner at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her residence on Laguna Street.

Captain Philip Andrews, U. S. N., entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday on board the U. S. S. Maryland. The affair was in honor of Miss Genevieve Hailey of Portland, who is visiting Miss Priscilla Elliott at her home at Mare Island. Miss Elliott gave a dinner Thursday evening preceding the hop in honor of her house guest.

The wardroom officers of the U. S. S. Maryland were hosts at a dance Friday evening on board ship.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove was hostess Sunday at an informal tea at her home at Yerba Buena.

Mrs. Richmond Pearson Davis entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Monday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. William L. Sheep gave a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at the Letterman Hospital at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Edward H. Connors, U. S. N., and Mrs. Connors entertained a number of friends at tea recently on board the U. S. S. Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Frederick Day was hostess at a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home on Bush Street.

Captain William Gilmer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gilmer gave a luncheon Wednesday on board the U. S. S. Pittsburgh.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Henry T. Scott left Tuesday for a visit in

New York. During his absence Mrs. Scott will remain at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman, with her little son and Mr. Whitman's little son and daughter, arrived last week from New York and is settled in her home in Burlingame, where she expects to spend six months. Mr. Whitman will join his family here in a few weeks.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker left last Sunday for New York en route to Europe, where she will join Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Mrs. John S. Drum, with whom she will spend the next three months traveling. Mrs. Hooker was accompanied by her son, Master Osgood Hooker, and Master Russell Wilson, who returned to the Pomfret preparatory school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker are contemplating spending a few months in Europe, and will probably sail May 15 with Mrs. Crocker's mother, Mrs. William G. Irwin, who will spend the summer abroad.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby have arrived in New York from Europe and are expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Flora Miller, and Masters Cyril McNear and Robert Miller went to Monterey last week and remained for the Easter holidays.

Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin left Wednesday for England.

The Misses Elizabeth Bull, Madge Wilson, and Elsie Sherman will sail May 1 from Honolulu, where they have been for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their little son, Charles Crocker, sailed last Saturday for Europe. It is possible that they will spend the summer abroad instead of in Burlingame and be joined abroad later by Miss Helen Crocker, who is attending St. Timothy's School in Catonsville, and Mr. William W. Crocker, who is at Yale.

Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and her daughter, Miss Betsy Dibblee have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter in the East.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter have returned from Pleasanton, where they spent the week-end with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., have been spending the Easter holidays in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny, Miss Nina Blow, and Mr. Jack Bonny will leave next month for the Yellowstone en route East. They will sail June 27 for Europe, where they will join Mrs. Bonny's mother, Mrs. Eddy, with whom they will travel during the summer.

Miss Maud O'Connor has been visiting Mrs. George Harding in Philadelphia and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs in New York since her arrival two weeks ago from Europe.

Mr. George Pinckard has returned from Princeton and is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, in San Rafael. Mr. Pinckard underwent an operation a few weeks ago for appendicitis and has since not entirely recovered his health.

The Misses Gertrude Hopkins, Florence Bandman, Marie Louise Winslow, and Genevieve Pothin came up from Santa Barbara to spend their Eastern vacation and returned Monday to resume their studies at Miss Gamble's school.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clark and her daughters, Mrs. M. C. Porter and Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, have returned from a week's visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson left last week for New York en route to Europe, where they will travel during the next three months. They were accompanied by Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, who has but recently returned from a six months' visit abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and their daughter, Miss Phyllis de Young, left Sunday for New York for a month's visit.

Mrs. Musgrave has come from her home in Evanston, Illinois, to spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss are established in the home in Piedmont of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children have been spending the past week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeler and their children have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter in town.

Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin has returned from Fort Bragg, where she visited her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green have closed their town house and are established for the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Harry Hastings has returned to her home in San Mateo from the Lane Hospital, where she has been for the past month.

Mr. John Wilhoit arrived on the Sierra, from Honolulu, where he has been spending the past two months.

Mrs. Louis Parrott, who returned recently from abroad, will sail May 21 for Europe with Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who will join Mrs. Parrott in New York.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith to New York, from where she will sail for London to join her stepfather, Dr. W. B. McEnery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington have returned to New York after a visit at their home, Oak Knoll, in Pasadena.

Mr. Henry T. Scott left Tuesday for New York, where he will make a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper expect to leave for their ranch in Mendocino about May 1, when Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will take possession of the Cooper place in Burlingame, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson moved down to Burlingame Wednesday to spend the next six months in her country home. Her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader, will be her guests during the summer.

Mrs. Ferdinand Bain has arrived from New York and is planning to follow her usual custom of spending the summer in California. Her daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, who is at present in the East, will join her mother within a few weeks.

The Messrs. Robin Y. Hayne and Christian de Guigne, Jr., have returned from a visit in Butte County.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., has been elected as commandant of the California Veterans' Home in Yountville, succeeding on May 1 Brigadier-General C. A. Woodruff, U. S. A. (retired), who resigned the detail after six years of duty.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., commanding the Western Department of the army, has been spending the past week in Southern California, where he went on a tour of inspection. He was accompanied by his aid, Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A.

Mrs. A. T. Smith, wife of Captain Smith, left Wednesday for Richmond, Virginia, where she will visit relatives.

Lieutenant Joseph Leroy Nielson, U. S. N., and his bride, who was formerly Miss Helen Nicol, have been visiting Mrs. Nielson's mother, Mrs. Francis Nicol, at her home in Berkeley.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bitte has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Bitte was formerly Miss Ethel Stetson.

The Beethoven Concert

The programme for the Beethoven concert of the Hughes-Wismer-Riley trio will be as follows:

Trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3.....
Allegro con brio—Andante con Variazioni—Menuetto (Quasi Allegro)—Finale Prestissimo.
Sonata in D major for piano and cello.....
Scotch Songs with violin and cello obligato.....
"Faithful Johnnie," "Shepherd Song," "Highland Laddie."
Miss Fernanda Pratt
Violin Romances in G and F major.....
Hother Wismer
Quartet, Op. 16, in E flat.....
Grave—Allegro ma non troppo—Andante Cantabile—Rondo—Allegro ma non troppo.

Greek Theatre Secures Attraction.

For the past five years the music and dramatic committee of the faculty of the University of California has been arranging a special musical event for commencement week, and this year the Flonzaley Quartet has been secured as the attraction. A special programme will be given in the Greek Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, May 12, which will be attended by alumni from all parts of the state. Tickets will be on sale at the usual places in Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco.

In order to carry out the exact terms of a royal bequest the trustees of Paddington Charities have found that it would be necessary to throw to the poor from Paddington church steeple \$5000 worth of bread and cheese. Naturally this will not be done. The bequest dates from Tudor times and enjoins that the rent derived from a certain piece of land shall be distributed in this way. The rent at the time of the testator's death was only \$10 to \$15; now it is \$5000 a year. The bequest is said to have been made by the mother of Henry VIII.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Myron T. Herrick, United States ambassador to France, has been given a gold medal by the French Natural History Association for "international service in the protection of wild life."

Dr. Mary O'Malley, assistant senior physician at the government hospital for the insane, has under her care eight hundred women patients and directs the work of a staff of three hundred women nurses.

William Schwab, for more than fifteen years a conductor on the Southern Pacific Railroad, has received the bronze medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety to the employee "most conspicuous in the promotion of safety by suggestion and otherwise."

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake, who has been appointed acting dean of the London School of Medicine for Women, is one of the few women doctors practicing in general surgery. She is surgeon to the New Hospital for Women in Euston Road, and to the Medical Mission Hospital at Canning Town, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine.

Mrs. Belle Van Dorn Harbert of Denver, president of the International Congress of Farm Women, has been decorated with the Cross of the Order of Agriculture of Belgium. Mrs. Harbert is the first woman to receive the decoration. Mr. True of the United States Department of Agriculture is the only other American thus honored.

Mrs. Huxley, widow of the famous scientist, Thomas Henry Huxley, is ill in London. She is eighty-eight years of age. She is the daughter of Henry Heathorn, an English brewer, who emigrated to Sydney, Australia. There she met Huxley in 1847, when he was an assistant surgeon on the British warship *Rattlesnake*.

George W. Boschke, who while engaged in construction of the Southern Pacific lines in the Southwest accomplished the additional task of building the famous sea wall at Galveston after that city had been devastated by a tidal wave, has resigned as chief engineer of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, after twenty-nine years of service with the Harriman railroads.

General Sir Charles W. H. Douglas, who has been appointed to succeed Field Marshal Sir John French as chief of staff of the British army, served with the Gordon Highlanders in the Afghan war, 1879-80, and with the same regiment in the Boer war of 1880-81. In 1884 he served in the Suakim expedition, and next saw active service in the South African war, in the closing period of which he commanded a column of all arms.

Congressman John J. Whitacre, who recently caused considerable comment throughout the country by the statement that Con-

gress is no place for a man who is intellectually honest, began his career as a student in a law school, taking care of the office of a justice of the peace for a minimum wage at the same time. In time he became a successful lawyer, but finally engaged in the manufacturing business, and in this he has risen to fortune. He owns a large building tile plant and has paid little attention to law as a profession for years. In Congress he seldom makes a speech. It is said of him that he is one of the greatest readers in the House.

Sir Francis Bertie, British ambassador, who has been stationed at Paris since 1905, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the government service. In honor of the event his friends, associates, and subordinates presented him with some old Irish silver plate. He entered the Foreign Office in 1863 as private secretary to Hon. R. Bourke, afterwards Lord Connemara. He was ambassador at Rome in 1903. He has received the Coronation medals, 1902-11, and the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.

K. F. Shah, the new Chinese minister to the United States, will be the first minister under the new republic of China, recently recognized by the United States. Instead of the rich silken robes, which have been the traditional garb of Chinese ministers, Mr. Shah wears the usual frock coat of diplomacy. This is one of the first appearances of the Chinese minister in the conventional garb of the Western world. Mr. Shah and his family have spent much time in this country. For five years he has been consul-general at New York, from 1903 to 1908. Mr. Shah also found time to study at Columbia University.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Last Monday United States District Judge Van Fleet handed down an order denying the application of the Rate-Payers' Protective Association for leave to intervene in the pending suits of the Spring Valley Water Company against the City and County of San Francisco.

United Railroads workmen on Monday broke ground on Polk Street at Lombard for the extension of the Polk and Larkin Streets line, which will terminate at Bay Street within a short block of the Van Ness Avenue gate of the exposition grounds. This extension means another artery of connection between the heart of the city and the gates of the exposition. As the Polk and Larkin Streets line bisects the north and south sides of the city, passing along a practically level route, cars may be operated expeditiously and to good advantage over this system.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company was held on Tuesday. Gross earnings

were announced as \$15,869,006 for 1913, an increase of \$1,395,480 over the preceding year. The gain in gross earnings is extremely satisfactory, particularly when compared with the gain of only \$140,042 in 1912, as against 1911, and indicates the recovery during the past year from the voluntary rate reductions which adversely affected the 1912 results by more than \$1,000,000. The new business was well distributed over all departments, \$558,211 of the increase having come from sales of electricity; \$741,730 from sales of gas; \$25,725 from street railway operation, and \$69,814 from sales of water, etc. Miscellaneous income also increased \$62,205.

After an illness of only a day Justice of the Peace A. B. Treadwell, presiding justice of the city and county, passed away Tuesday morning at his home, 820 Devisadero Street. Heart trouble was the cause of his untimely death. He was a member of a number of fraternal societies. He was born in Stockton fifty-six years ago, and studied law under James Budd and Judge David Terry. The funeral was held on Friday.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company held on Tuesday William Sproul was again elected president. Other officers elected were; vice-president, William F. Herrin; second vice-president, W. R. Scott; third vice-president, E. O. McCormick; fourth vice-president, A. D. McDonald; treasurer, A. K. Van Deventer; assistant treasurer, H. A. Jones; secretary, G. L. King; assistant secretary, Hugh Neill; assistant secretary, W. F. Bull; assistant secretary, D. P. Ewing; controller, A. D. McDonald; auditor, T. O. Edwards; chief engineer, William Hood.

Mrs. Mary J. White, mother of Chief of Police D. A. White and widow of the late P. J. White, former sheriff and railroad commissioner, died the first of the week in her home, 2345 Bush Street, of heart failure. She was seventy-three years old. The funeral was held on Thursday.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh is preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the publication of John Napier's "Logarithmorum Canonis Mirifici Descriptio" by a congress which will be held in Edinburgh on Friday, July 24, and the following days. A general invitation has been sent out to mathematicians and others interested in this celebration throughout the world.

The rarest stamp in the world, issued in the colony of British Guiana in 1856, for provisional use pending the arrival of a fresh consignment of regular postage stamps, is now in the collection of M. Philippe de la Renotiere of Paris. It is of the denomination of one cent, but a value of \$10,000 at least is placed on it by experts.

Mrs. Harold McCormick, who has established in Rome a binomial prize of \$4000 for the best opera by some youthful composer, is the wife of the head of the board of directors of the Chicago Opera Company, and a daughter of John D. Rockefeller.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Democratic Party.

Professor Robinson's analysis (printed in another column) of the divisions of the Democratic party in Congress as marked by the recent vote on tolls exemption, is interesting but not conclusive. It takes account of facts important in their way, but ignores other facts of equal if not greater importance. To illustrate: In Professor Robinson's statement Speaker Clark counts for one member of Congress from Missouri, and Mr. Underwood counts for one member from Alabama. It makes no account of special circumstances, placements, and connections as related to these men. Professor Robinson's analysis makes definite what was already obvious, namely, that the divisions in the party are not organized or localized and therefore not definitely aligned and permanent. But the essential point of the matter is that after a year of working as a unit under strict discipline, practically subject to the President's will, there has arisen a situation in which a very considerable number of Democrats have asserted their independence of executive dictation, and that among this number are the two most distinguished and potent members of the congressional body—both of

them past, and probably future, candidates for the presidency, and each supported by a considerable faction in the House and throughout the country. Divisions in a party are not necessarily dependent upon organization, local affiliation, or other similar circumstances. And they are not fairly measurable by statistics. They stand quite as often in less tangible forms. In the immediate instance the significant fact is that a considerable number of Democrats in Congress, including its two foremost personages, have taken issue with the President, thereby publicly asserting their right of private judgment and throwing off the yoke of his authority. This is quite sufficient to sustain the Argonaut's suggestion that the Democratic party in Congress is no longer a unified and indivisible force.

Mexico.

Whether we accept the statement of Señor Rojas, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, or the presentment of President Wilson in his address to Congress, the incident of last week at Tampico appears a trivial affair. An unarmed boat's crew from the American ship *Dolphin* on a peaceful errand landed at the Iturbide bridge, Tampico, within a district under military jurisdiction. According to Rojas the boat carried no flag; according to Wilson it carried two flags, one at bow and another at stern. Whether Rojas or Wilson has the rights of this detail doesn't really matter at all. The members of the crew were arrested as intruders, and under custody of a minor officer were marched up one of the public streets of Tampico, when an officer of higher rank and larger discretion than the man immediately in charge ordered that they be returned to the landing. After a brief wait the arresting officer received orders from the commandant of Tampico to release them. The act of release was prompt and was followed by apologies from the commandant, and later by an expression of regret by President Huerta himself. Huerta explained that Tampico was under martial law and that orders had been issued prohibiting anybody from landing at the Iturbide bridge. The American naval commanders it appears had not been notified.

Admiral Mayo, in command of the *Dolphin*, did not consider the release of his men, the apology of the Tampico commandant, or even the expressed regrets of President Huerta as sufficient tribute to the wounded national dignity, therefore he demanded as an additional act of atonement a ceremonious salute by the commandant of the port to the American flag. The matter was referred by the commandant to President Huerta at the City of Mexico, who declared his willingness to salute the American flag if in return an American ship would salute the Mexican flag. This was practically agreed to, until somebody at Washington suggested that a return salute might be construed as formal recognition of the provisional government (Huerta's), whereupon the informal promise of a return salute was withdrawn. It was then put up to Huerta that he must salute the American flag without conditions. In other words, there was presented to the Mexican President a demand that he submit to a calculated humiliation. He was given a time limit to think the matter over and he allowed the period to expire without action.

What would have happened if the incident at Tampico had occurred, not in Mexico, but at Hamburg in Germany or Portsmouth in England, is a pertinent subject of speculation. This much is certain—we should have had nothing like the doings of the past three days. The American admiral, if a man of common discretion, would have accepted the apology of the German or British authorities as complete and satisfactory; and the Washington government would have regarded the subsequent assurances from Berlin or London as an act of special grace. The incident would

have been celebrated as illustrating a spirit of international good-will and it would have been made the toast of every patriotic occasion for a year to come. History would have recorded it—in very few lines, to be sure—as a mark of the advancing spirit of reasonableness and brotherhood among nations. If by any chance the American naval commander had failed to accept courteously an apology courteously and promptly offered, he would have been reprimanded in Secretary Josephus Daniels's severest manner and recalled from his command as a public reproof.

But Mexico is not Germany or England. She is a broken and defenseless country. Her desperate condition might naturally have made her the subject of a special charitableness on the part of a great and strong nation. But that which in noble minds appeals to sympathy and arouses the spirit of chivalry is ever a temptation and an opportunity to meanness of spirit. This bit of worn philosophy explains the thunder-and-lightning which was let off at Washington even before the expiration of the time when Huerta by a cringing acceptance of a calculated humiliation might, at least for the moment, have escaped serious consequences. The sensational press was stimulated to a lurid fury. The navy was ordered into action. The army was directed to make ready and a "commander in the field" was appointed. Admiral Dewey and other near-heroes were ostentatiously "conferred with" by way of implying their sanction of offensive operations. The President appeared in person before Congress and in melodramatic tones appealed for support. Support against what? Support in an aggressive movement against a stricken and suffering country unable to maintain peace within its own borders or to finance even in its own police operations. And for what? To insist that the Mexican president, already involved in overwhelming difficulties, should be brought to his knees—and held in that position helpless against his internal enemies, already strengthened by substantial marks of sympathy and good-will at the hands of the Washington government. Then declaring that under no conceivable circumstances would war be made upon Mexico, an overwhelming fleet was sent to the Mexican coast with orders to blockade its ports and to take possession of its cities.

We have the outcome of all this calculated bluster in reports of a battle at Vera Cruz on Tuesday. The Mexicans naturally resisted the occupation of their chief port. They were placed in a position where they must either fight or slink away. They chose to fight against hopeless odds, and if we may believe the stories told in this (Wednesday) morning's papers, some two hundred of them were shot down. By the Mexican fire four American marines were killed and some twenty or more wounded. It is a pitiful and a cruel story, the beginning we fear of a more pitiful and more cruel story. But "the heart of the nation" has been "fired." Congress in submissive spirit has "justified" the acts of the President, and the country is called upon to rally behind the President in a sanguinary movement upon a man and a faction in Mexico against whom for some inscrutable motive he has conceived a resentful and remorseless hatred.

There are rival revolutionary forces in Mexico, one representing one set of men and interests and another representing another set of men and interests. The methods of neither party have been calculated to command respect on the part of the judicious or the humane. But of the two, the methods of Carranza and Villa have been infinitely the worse. However this may be, President Wilson, against precedent and in defiance of counsel, has armed and practically reinforced the Carranza-Villa party, and he now turns not only the moral but the military forces of the United States against the Huerta party. In recent months he

overlooked a hundred forms of outrage, including the murder of American citizens, the violation of women, assaults upon children, the destruction of millions' worth of property on the part of the northern faction. An equanimity which was not disturbed by a hundred outrages on the part of Carranza and Villa is stirred to fury over a mere symbolic affront to the flag and which was condoned on the instant by reasonable explanations and apologies. And upon this basis a war of aggression has been entered upon.

It is not difficult to discover motives of executive action so hurried as not even to wait upon the consent of Congress. Huerta, whom President Wilson has chosen to regard as his enemy, and the Carranza-Villa party, whom he has chosen to regard as his friends, are in a hand-to-hand struggle. Huerta was about to be reinforced by supplies of guns and ammunition bought in Europe. A German ship carrying munitions was due to arrive at Vera Cruz yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon. Thus reinforced Huerta was in a fair way to be at least a match for the Carranza-Villa forces. It became therefore a point of policy with President Wilson to get in a blow before Huerta's supplies could be landed. The trick has duly been turned. American forces are in command of the eastern Mexican ports. The supplies which might have strengthened Huerta as against Carranza and Villa will now either be sequestered or returned to Europe. The forces of the United States have been thrown into the balance as between the Huerta party and the Carranza-Villa party. We have intervened, not for the promotion of peace, but in the spirit of a gross partisanship. We have tied the hands of Huerta and strengthened the hands of Carranza and Villa. We have done this, not openly and aboveboard, but under a cheap pretense of resenting an insult to the American flag—an insult which amounted to nothing in the act and which was condoned promptly and as fully as reason and courtesy could have demanded.

American forces have been landed upon Mexican soil and have waged successful battle there. We are now in command of the leading Mexican ports and we may do what we will in the matter of further aggressions. President Wilson still insists that this is not war. But if it be not war, then in heaven's name what is it? Now it will be claimed that having gotten so far we may not retire with honor. All the claptrap, all the "bunc," that we have seen in the public agitation of the past three days will be emphasized and redoubled in the days to come. The "heart of the country" will further be "fired." We shall never retire from Mexico. Step by step we shall proceed until the whole country is in our possession. Then, probably in partnership with that gang of ruffians and freebooters which go under the name of Constitutionalists, we shall proceed to reorganize the administration. To what lengths the President's malice will go as against Huerta we can only fear. But Huerta's days of authority are numbered, though what we have done may give to him (if he be allowed to live) an undying fame as a man of courage and of soldierly self-respect.

What has already been done serves to strengthen our obligations in the matter of Mexico before the world. We shall never be released from them. We may reorganize the country, but when reorganized it will still have to be supervised. We shall stand in Mexico for something more positive than the part we have played in Cuba. Ours will be the responsibility. We may nevermore evade an obligation which has been brought upon us by the whimsical conceptions, the stupid blundering, and the unwarranted conniving of a President who has permitted his personal feelings to overwhelm the dictates of judgment with all the obligations and standards of prudence.

There are two theories as to what further aggressive action in Mexico will imply. Ex-President Taft is convinced that conquest of the country in the sense of bringing it to submission to American authority will call first and last for a force of half a million men. This estimate, we think, is based upon conditions which perhaps existed once but exist no longer. There was a time—in the day of Mr. Taft's presidency—when Mexico might have risen as one man against any aggressive movement on the part of the United States and when the whole resource of the country would have been massed in support of defensive operations. But much water has passed under London bridge in two years. Neither the spirit nor the resource of Mexico

is what it was. We believe that a time has come when the conservative interests of Mexico, when the educated and property classes, will welcome an American guardianship. We believe that an American army large enough to give assurance of serious intent may land at Vera Cruz and march to the capital without difficulty. An all but exhausted country will hardly resent the coming of any force competent to enforce order and to save what remains to be saved. And with possession of the capital and reorganization of the administration, the rest will be easy. Detached groups here and there will no doubt rise like hornets in a hayfield. But it will call for police rather than for military operations, and pretty much all the fighting needed to be done may be committed to native forces organized under American authority. In brief we believe that the military occupation of Mexico will in the present situation of affairs be an easy and relatively bloodless task. The real seriousness of this Mexican enterprise will come, not with the conquest, but in the organization and administration of the country and in effects at home.

It is not pleasant to reflect what responsibility for the administration of Mexico, civil and military, will mean at home. Our government is strong only in the sense that it is sufficient for our domestic conditions. Distinctly it has not the kind of strength to hold and administer subordinate provinces. Our career in the Philippines, especially during the past year, sufficiently illustrates the fact. And, it is proper to add, no country subject like ours to automatic change in its administrative policies and agents, is or can ever be competent for extensive colonial and provincial operations. The history of every nation since the dawn of civilization, notably that of Rome, supplies analogies and proofs more than enough. Mexico must surely do for the United States what Gaul did for Rome.

The alternative is in plain view. To govern Mexico adequately will call for a radical recast of our domestic system. We shall have to substitute a continuing for an intermittent administrative authority. We shall have to increase our military forces and to give them more directly into the hand of the head of the government. We shall have to brace the system, which will mean a stronger executive head, a weaker legislative branch, and a distinct separation of power from what our demagogic friends style the people. In brief, if we are to possess Mexico to the extent of a general guardianship, including responsibility for her government in whatever form it may take, we shall have to throw over the system prescribed by the founders of the republic and put in its place another upon a more autocratic model. There will be those to say that this need not be. There will be those to say with fine emotion that the American system as it came to us from the fathers is good enough for any use or purpose to which we may choose to put it. But those who shall so say are those among us of least reflection, of least capacity for judgment.

The immediate effect of the Mexican war upon home politics will probably match the calculations of Mr. Bryan or whoever else may be effective in the President's counsels. The "patriotic heart" of the country will duly "react." Only the exceptionally intelligent and the morally restrained will see the trick. The band will play; hats will go into the air. The kind of enthusiasm which emotion, unchecked by serious reflection inspires, will go wide and soar high. An immediate effect will be to reduce Congress to subordination. The spell may last long enough to help the President to an endorsement in the coming congressional elections. No President, we believe, has ever failed in time of war, however unjust or futile, to command the support of the country; and probably Mr. Wilson's experience will sustain the tradition. But there must come a time when men of sense and judgment will look upon this Mexican movement precisely as men of sense and judgment now look upon our first Mexican war and upon our more recent war with Spain. Somewhere in his memoirs General Grant characterizes the Mexican war of the last mid-century as grossly and cruelly indefensible. In this instance the mills of the gods have had time to slowly grind forth the truth. History will repeat itself.

A very serious aspect of the case as it stands must be the effect of our present course upon Spanish-American sentiment in the countries beyond Mexico. Once they were friendly to us. The Panama incident

of 1903 made them hate and fear us. Fear and resentment are bound to be intensified by events which illustrate only too plainly the tendency of hypocrisy and demagoguery to overbear and overawe judgment and justice, and in emergencies to carry the United States forward upon enterprises of aggression out of accord with our professed principles. While the present generation lives, no Spanish-American country will ever look with a friendly, or with other than an apprehensive eye, upon the Colossus of the North. And as we shall subdue and practically annex Mexico, so we shall in turn subdue and annex certain countries further south. The middle of the century will see the power of the republic—if indeed it shall under stress of an authority so widespread still remain a republic—extend at least to that strip of stolen territory which we have named the Canal Zone. And in all the years to come we shall face a tradition of fixed hatred and fear on the part of our neighbors still farther to the south. It is not a pleasant picture, but it paints itself to the eye of judgment; and it is not one likely to be effaced, since the passion for aggrandizement always grows under the stimulus of fresh acquisitions and enlarged pretensions.

Proposed Canal Tolls Compromise

To be sure this is Mexico's week for front-page display, none the less the tolls issue continues to wear upon the subordinate emotions at Washington. Careful observers have come to the conclusion that somebody is fighting the devil with fire. But who is playing the part of devil remains a mystery. Several newspapers at Washington and elsewhere of none too high repute for virtue are firing page broadsides day by day against the President and his proposal for repeal. The country is scoured for dispatches against repeal. Another bunch of newspapers, likewise popularly regarded as no better than they should be, are arrayed on the other side. Then the White House is bombarded day by day with telegrams, representing every state in the Union, congratulating the President upon his stand. Obviously there is what in the language of the street is called a frame-up on both sides of the issue, and beyond question somebody is spending a lot of money on both sides. But who and for what purpose does not appear.

A possible outcome of the controversy is a compromise under which exemption of American coastwise ships shall be waived in connection with a definite reservation on the part of the United States declaring our right to discriminate in favor of coastwise ships whenever we choose to do so. Senator Newlands has put this suggestion in better form than anybody else. Speaking at Washington last week, he said:

I do not believe that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty involved the abandonment of our traditional policy regarding our waterways, which has made all expenditures for their development a charge upon the national treasury and not upon our national tonnage. I believe in an untrammelled and untaxed domestic transportation on our waterways. The Panama Canal is a domestic waterway charged with an international service, obligating us to treat all nations alike and not to put additional burdens upon the vessels of other nations to the extent that we exempt our own. We have discharged this obligation by fixing tolls which will tax vessels of other nations, whose tonnage amounts to nine-tenths of all tonnage, foreign and domestic, passing through the canal, only one-third of the upkeep and interest charge.

We are the benefactors of the world's commerce, and it would be unconscionable upon the part of England, the chief beneficiary, to insist that we should abandon a settled domestic policy in order to meet a strained construction of the treaty.

If there is any doubt about the treaty, it should be settled by diplomatic negotiations; and England, upon receiving assurances that, in paying tolls, foreign vessels will not be called upon in excess of their proportion of the upkeep and interest charge, would doubtless disclaim any intention of interfering with our domestic policy.

This is specious and artful and it points to a way out of the immediate controversy, leaving the principle at issue open to diplomatic negotiation. Therefore there are those at Washington—mostly timid souls anxious always to avoid issues—ready to accept and act upon the suggestion.

The *Argonaut* believes that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty means precisely what it says. It believes, therefore, that the President is right as to the main contention. But whichever way the matter may be determined now will leave it open to future discussion and therefore make it the basis of political agitation. If President Wilson wins or loses, the point is bound to become an "issue"—and one admirably suited to the agitator and the demagogue. This being inevitable if the matter

shall be left open, it becomes especially desirable that there should be an authoritative and final settlement of the question. This brings us directly to Mr. Taft's suggestion that interpretation of the treaty should be referred to The Hague Tribunal, thus taking it out of domestic politics. It would not be a bad policy to accept Senator Newlands's plan now if it may be done subject to an understanding that the treaty be referred to The Hague under assurances from all parties of cordial acceptance of the findings of that tribunal, whatever they may be.

Mexico at Washington.

The existence at Washington City of three embassies representing as many phases of Mexican character and ambition may be taken to illustrate the importance of the American capital—even before the developments of the past week—as a centre of interests vital to our southern neighbor in the present state of her affairs. The regular Mexican embassy now representing the Huerta régime has now for some months—ever since the breaking off of formal relations—been in the custody of Señor Algara, First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires. The position of Algara at Washington is not unlike that of the American Chargé O'Shaughnessy at the City of Mexico. Without formal official recognition, Algara is still an agent of international communication, although subject to constant embarrassment growing out of the wish of the Washington government to have as little to do with him as possible.

Personally Algara represents the aristocratic element of Mexican life. He is of pure Spanish descent, his paternal grandfather being a marquis and his maternal grandfather a duke. He was born to wealth, educated in a Jesuit college in Alabama and later in England. He entered the diplomatic service in 1907 under Diaz, and with the exception of a year's service as Chargé d'Affaires in Cuba, has been at Washington during the whole of the intervening period. Algara is a very fine and capable man and commands a high measure of personal respect both on the part of our government and of the diplomatic community. He looks upon the present troubles as not vital in the affairs of Mexico and has confidence not only in the ultimate defeat of the Constitutionalists but the passing of all that they stand for. His view—although he is very cautious about declaring it—is that the Científicos will hold the governing power and will regenerate Mexico. He has broad views as to the future. He believes Mexico should adopt compulsory military service, not merely as a defensive measure, but as a means of education. He would encourage immigration, particularly of Latin peoples, and would have the republic as a means towards an end of progress and civilization enter upon great irrigation works, encourage settlement and ultimate ownership of lands under such works by the existing lower classes. A bit vague and a bit dreamy are Señor Algara's ideas. But he talks eloquently and convincingly, and wherever he goes wins friendship for himself and for his cause. In truth his personality and his ideas are so winning that he has during the past months been something of a thorn in the side of the Washington government.

The next important Mexican embassy is that representative of the Constitutionalist movement, and of which Señor Pasquiera is the head. Pasquiera is a man of wealth, but something of a demagogue. He has, like the Constitutionalist leaders in general, a lot of American political notions in his head. He was in Congress under Madero, is an adroit politician and a capable organizer, and he makes no secret of great personal ambitions. He talks socialism like a Bull-Mooser, always of course calling it by some other name. Confiscation and division of landed estate is his programme for Mexico. Like Carranza and the rest of the Constitutionalists he admits that his party stands for the constitution, not as it is, but as they want to amend it.

The difference between Pasquiera's ideas of government and Algara's is strikingly illustrated by the contrast between the men personally. Algara is thirty-four years old; Pasquiera is twenty-nine. Algara, as we have seen, is a bred and born grandee; Pasquiera is a border-bred man, born in Sonora just across the Arizona line and brought up amid the conditions of the border country. The one represents the old régime, its power, its culture, its grace; the other represents the spirit which we call Western, profoundly tinged with influences growing out of contact with American life as it exists in our new southwestern states. In other words Pasquiera is a bit wild and woolly.

The third embassy is the personal affair of Felix Diaz, representing nobody knows what and financed nobody knows how or by whom. It is quartered in the New Willard Hotel is under the personal direction of Diaz, who plays the piano—badly—all day, each evening receiving visits from his well-paid agents, who of course assure him that his cause is making progress. Viewed from the outside, this embassy appears an amusing futility, but it takes itself seriously, Felix Diaz evidently regarding himself as a figure of high potentiality in exile awaiting the day when he shall be summoned as the savior of his country. He imagines, vainly to be sure but none the less ardently, that his residence in Washington is a mightily important matter as related to the future of Mexico.

But perhaps the most important man at Washington acting in behalf of Mexican affairs is no Mexican at all, but an American, who upon the basis of some years' experience as a Washington correspondent has become a professional agent of Spanish-American interests. The man is Sherby Hopkins, and he is commonly referred to at Washington as "the Attorney-General for Central America." There hasn't in many years been a revolution in any of the countries on this continent below our southern border in which Hopkins has not had a finger. He was mixed up in the *Itata* matter in Chile. He was one of the party who outfitted the *Nichteroy* in the Brazilian revolution. During the Spanish-American war he had a commission in the navy as reserve lieutenant. Revolutions in Nicaragua, Venezuela, Salvador, and Honduras have in turn had the benefit of his services. He was Madero's agent at Washington during the revolution which unhorsed Diaz, and it is a common report that the Waters-Pierce Oil Company paid his expenses during that period. Now Mr. Hopkins is with Carranza, and this is only another way of saying that he is in pretty close touch with the Washington government. He is the guiding authority behind Señor Pasquiera, who makes no move excepting by his advice. Apparently he has plenty of money to spend in the Carranza interest, and it is believed to be through him that recent heavy consignments of arms and munitions have recently passed over the American boundary to supply the forces of Carranza and Villa in the field.

Drudgery.

Miss Helen Cudahy, daughter of the millionaire meat packer, Patrick Cudahy, feels that her laudable ambitions to "aid suffering humanity" have been thwarted. Miss Cudahy's humanitarian zeal had led her in the direction of the nursing profession and she became a probationer in a Boston hospital. But her benevolent intentions have been foiled. She finds that three-fourths of her time is taken up in sweeping, dusting, and making beds, "just household drudgery," to use her own words. And so she will have no more of it. She will save the world in some other way. And doubtless we shall presently hear of her in connection with one of those forms of social uplift that are more compatible with clean hands and a distinctive public appearance. In the meantime we may hope that suffering humanity will not be left with unswept rooms and unmade beds and that some one will be found to perform this divinely beneficent drudgery after Miss Cudahy has betaken herself and her uselessness into other and more conspicuous spheres. Miss Cudahy is evidently a failure. Clearly enough she has been tried in the balance and found wanting.

But possibly Miss Cudahy will now find time to reflect upon the true nature of drudgery and so to become wholesomely ashamed of herself. The world would certainly become a sad and sorry place if the drudges should cease from drudging or if there were any general tendency to classify and grade the necessary work of the day. In the realm of essential labors there is of course no such thing as drudgery. Necessity knows neither caste nor rank nor distinction. It exalts all its tasks to the same level of dignity and nobility. There is no work that is capable of any higher discrimination or decoration than the label of necessity. Duty is no more than the prompt and competent performance of necessary work, and it has fortunately become the common agreement of mankind that duty is the premier among the virtues, in fact that there is no other virtue than duty. It is only a feeble mind that would classify duties into drudgeries and dignities.

The history of the world should surely be clear enough to disinfect drudgery from whatever malodor may have been attached to it by ignorance, since nowhere shall we find any worthy distinction that ever

grew from any other soil. Certainly humanity has never produced any really great man or woman except from the discipline of drudgery. Nowhere shall we find a statesman or a scholar, a soldier or a sailor, who won to any abiding glory except through the drill of small things done well by the force of self-compulsion. If we were to search for the one supreme essential to success we should find it here, and nowhere else. The competent and cheerful performance of drudgery is the one and only gateway to a legitimate fame, and no man ever reached such fame by any other route.

At a time when we are perhaps a little over fond of formulating recipes for success it would be well to pay all possible attention to the one test of human values that is imposed by nature, irrespective of mental abilities and capacities, and indifferent to them. Nature has fortunately provided drudgery in inexhaustible quantities. Here there is no one who can complain of lack of opportunity or of exclusion from a trial. Here no one need lament inadequate chances or insufficient training for the race. Nature gives her prizes to self-control. It is the one thing that she values above all else, the one thing that never remains unemployed. And her test of self-control is the power to drudge, to go on doing the same inconspicuous thing in the same inconspicuous way until something happens and the prize is awarded. Intelligence, skill, aptitude, are good things, but this is a better. It is the thing unto which all things are added. No illumination ever comes to the mind until it has been trained to concentrate itself upon the lowly task and to find delight in its performance. The light that is behind the mind and that is commonly called genius never shines upon the mind that is undisciplined, and there is no such discipline as drudgery or one so precisely attuned to the needs of a human being. And so there may be a very profound psychology as well as a very lofty religion in the injunction, more honored in the breach than in the observance, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Decent Journalistic Practice.

The *Evening Bulletin* of Providence, Rhode Island, in its issue of April 13 reports the execution at Sing Sing Prison of four men convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal in just fifty-four lines, in which were set forth every essential fact of, or related to, the incident. Preceding this report is a note by the editor:

Following its custom for several years past the *Evening Bulletin* gives to its readers only the essential facts of this last act in a tragedy of corruption and bloodshed. The details of an execution are always the same—always sordid, always disgusting, and never of any value for any moral purpose or any news interest.

It is refreshing to know that there is one editor in the country sufficiently clear-headed and decently inspired to know that a mass of sordid and sickening details of an execution is not "news." And it is further refreshing to find that one newspaper administered in consideration and respect of high standards finds acceptance in a characteristic American community. The Providence *Bulletin* is no starched organ of the "conservative classes," but a vital newspaper in all the phrase implies—essentially the "popular" journal of Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut. And it is under the policy as signally exemplified in the immediate instance that it has gained and sustained its prestige.

The editor of the *Argonaut* finds motives for a pride which he hopes is not unwarranted in the fact that the directing head of the Providence *Bulletin*, Mr. John R. Rathon, is a graduate of that school of journalism so long maintained at Portland, Oregon, by the late Harvey W. Scott and Mr. Henry L. Pittock, and in which he found the inspiration of his own professional life. He has yet to learn of any man brought up in the office of the Portland *Oregonian* who has contributed in any degree to the very general—we had almost said universal—degradation of journalism. Wherever they are—and they are scattered widely over the world—Mr. Scott's and Mr. Pittock's "boys" are carrying the standards of journalism with integrity and decency. They were taught to do their work that way.

Editorial Notes.

President Wilson descends from his habitual dignity of expression in characterizing as "pure guff" the suggestion that the new treaty with Colombia, the essential point of which is an agreement to pay over \$25,000,000 of conscience money for the "taking" of Panama, is the element of "apology." That depends a good

on how you look at it. The treaty contains no formal expression of regret; and it is upon this omission that the President rests his claim that no apology has been offered Colombia. From the *Argonaut's* point of view there was a very considerable element of "apology" in complete withdrawal of our original pretensions of innocence in the matter of the Panama "revolution," and further illustrated in an offer of \$10,000,000 indemnity. And there is a still further element of apology in advancing the figures under pressure from Colombia from ten millions to twenty-five millions. If upon the basis of this transaction the suggestion of "apology" is "pure guff," then what in heaven's name does the incident stand for?

It may be worth while to glance back briefly over the events which have led up to this payment of an indemnity by the United States even while it withholds any "expression of regret." In 1903, the United States having determined upon building a canal at the Isthmus and having bought the rights of the French company, sought a concession from the Republic of Colombia, within whose territories the Panama region lay. There were obstacles and delays both unnecessary and vexatious on the part of the Colombian officials. They could not or would not carry through any arrangement under which we could acquire rights essential to carrying forward the project. We formally offered ten millions of dollars, and would have made any arrangement within reason. But under one motive or another Colombia steadfastly refused. Then there came what was called a "spontaneous uprising" of the people of the Panama district in the interest of the proposed enterprise. It occurred at six o'clock on November 3, 1903. By an interesting coincidence the United States government had a very considerable fleet in and about the harbor of Panama. And on November 2, 1903, just twenty-four hours before the uprising—the American commanders were instructed from Washington as follows:

Maintain free and uninterrupted transit. If interruption is threatened by armed force occupy the line of the railroad. Prevent landing of any armed force with any hostile intent, either government or insurgent, at any point within fifty miles of Panama. Government force reported approaching the Isthmus in vessels. Prevent their landing if in your judgment the landing would precipitate a conflict.

Now it doesn't take much skill to piece these facts together. The United States was clearly a party to the Panama rebellion. The authorities at Washington knew when it was going to happen. They had a large force in Isthmian waters. Before the uprising the American commanders were under instructions to protect the rebels against their home government. The rebellion was in fact a trumpety affair, arranged with the aid of the United States, and it could not have been carried through without such aid. If Colombia had been permitted to move against the rebels the revolution would have been put down in three hours. But Colombia was not permitted to reclaim her own. Her ships stood in the way. Three days after the uprising—very quick work as international negotiations go—the United States through President Roosevelt formally recognized the Panama Republic and guaranteed it against its mother country Colombia. This is the story of President Roosevelt's taking of the Canal Zone. "I took the Isthmus," said Mr. Roosevelt subsequently, "and let Congress debate the matter afterward." On the basis of this history we are doing mighty well to get off with a payment of twenty-five millions of dollars. For this sum Colombia sponges off the charge against us. None the less self-respecting Americans do not reflect with pleasure upon the incident.

The last two or three years have marked an unprecedented activity in railway construction, not only in Kongo, but also in Angola and German East Africa, where lines are being rapidly pushed toward the centre of the continent to furnish Katanga shorter and quicker routes to the sea. The principal line in Kongo is the Matadi-Leopoldville railroad, 246 miles long, running parallel with the unnavigable portion of the lower Kongo River and connecting the vast interior of the country with its port—Matadi. This small narrow-gauge railway is one of the richest in the world. Every person and every ton of freight bound for the interior must pass over it. It carried 59,886 passengers in 1912, and 67,854 tons of freight. This tonnage includes the greater part of all importations and exportations of Upper Kongo, as well as the interior of French Equatorial Africa and the southern part of Kamerun.

Most of the 20,000,000 pounds of figs imported into this country annually come from a strip of land near Smyrna about ninety miles long and less than one mile wide, this being the world's chief dried-fig district.

THE SINS OF THE PUBLISHER.

Every now and then something happens that greatly elates the world of young writers whose merits are consistently overlooked by the stupidity of publishers. I remember one such incident that occurred some years ago and that produced a veritable cackle of delight among the neglected scribes. One of their number copied out the whole of Milton's "Samson Agonistes," named it "Like a Giant Refreshed," and sent it out as his own work to the publishers. It was refused by all of them, and also it was unrecognized by all of them. A publisher of world-wide fame said that the work was good, but that there was already too much of that sort of thing on the market. Another well-known firm said that the poem showed some merit and that if its author persisted he might one day produce something worthy of publication. All of them had some good reason for returning the manuscript. Not one among them held out any hope of its acceptance, and not one among them detected the true authorship. Of course this was all very delightful for the young authors, who knew already that publishers were asses, but who were glad to find their opinions thus confirmed. At about the same time a somewhat similar hoax was perpetrated upon a number of celebrated physicians. They were visited successively by the same individual, who described identical symptoms to all of them and then published their advice and their prescriptions. Of course there was no resemblance between any two of them, and so the head of the expert was once more laid in the dust and the cynics uttered their usual wharwhoop of exultation. Weak human nature finds something peculiarly gratifying in humbling the arrogance of the expert, and perhaps the expert is fair game. A certain amount of malevolence toward a man who professes to know more than we do is only to be expected, and when the expert has the power to subject us to certain pains and penalties on the ground of his superior wisdom of course our malevolence becomes venomous.

All this may serve as a prelude to the experience of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison as lately made known in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Every one knows Mr. Harrison, or at least every one ought to. He wrote "Queed," and to have written "Queed" is about as much distinction as any one man ought to have in a democratic country, where all men are equal or even more so. Now Mr. Harrison was once a newspaper reporter, and having amassed a large sum of money, as is the habit of newspaper reporters, he decided to devote himself to the writing of stories. It seemed to be easier than newspaper reporting and much less dangerous to the immortality of the soul. But Mr. Harrison found that while it was easy to write stories it was by no means easy to sell them. The publishers seemed to be unaware of their merits, or indifferent to them. They returned the stories to their author with the familiar printed slips expressive of agonized regrets and lacerated feelings. But they returned them, and by means of the stamps obligingly enclosed for that purpose. "Speaking in the large," says Mr. Harrison, "I could not sell my stories: few seemed to find them meritorious at all." In the course of six months he sent out eleven stories, and only three were accepted, and one of them by a second-rate magazine. And this happened at a time when the publishers were lamenting the scarcity of short stories and talking somewhat largely about a fiction famine.

And then came "Queed." The hook was published on May 6, 1911. Five days later came a missive from a distinguished editor in New York congratulating the young author upon his triumph and asking to know if he did not have some stories on hand. He had. He had five stories that had been just submitted to this very editor and declined by him with the usual expressions of a desolating regret. So Mr. Harrison replied to the effect that while he hoped to live and learn and to improve each shining hour like the little busy bee, he could not believe that he had improved very materially during the course of a single week, and it was just a week since one of his best stories had been rejected by this same editor. Mr. Harrison did not express himself with quite such devastating sarcasm as this, but he did the best he could. But the editor wrote again, and even a third time. He asked to be allowed another sight of these stories. "So that he might determine whether or not he had a joke on his (anonymous) assistants." But Mr. Harrison could not see, nor was the editor able to tell him, why, assuming that success had given his stories a sudden new merit, he should share those fruits of success with one who had so consistently declined to help him make it. So they parted in a friendly way.

There were other editors who were equally anxious to hail the rising sun. Among them was one who had accepted one of Mr. Harrison's earlier stories and had very much underpaid him for it after a delay of two months. So Mr. Harrison now sent him three more and they were duly published, the editor describing them as "tremendously successful." Yet one of these same stories had been rejected by this same editor together with several others just as good, and so Mr. Harrison allows himself justifiably to wonder why these stories would not have been "tremendously successful" when they were first offered. In fact he put this question to the editor in his search for enlightenment, and he received a reply in the following words: "I think I can tell you why editors so frequently reject the earlier and often the best work of writers; it is because any new writer who sends in first-class work sends in work that is very different from what editors are used to. That is the reason Kipling's work was rejected by the —s when he brought his great body of hooks from India." Mr. Harrison modestly disclaims any conception of himself as a writer of such bold and original genius that his merits went singing high over the editorial heads, but he felt that he was laying his hands upon a pertinent truth. Editors are afraid of originality. They like the beaten track.

They are inclined to believe that as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Mr. Harrison's case is not, of course, a peculiar one. There are a dozen such. At this moment there is a young woman in the East who for years has been making a somewhat meagre living by writing short stories, stenography, and a few other odds and ends of the kind, but the odds and ends paid her better than the short stories. Then she wrote a novel that won a prize of \$10,000, and at once all the magazine editors fell over each other in their anxiety to get the very stories that they all rejected previously. We know that most of the greatest first stories that the world has known were rejected again and again until the quest for a publisher seemed almost hopeless. We know that John Milton received a grudging \$25 for "Paradise Lost," and that many and many a masterpiece got itself finally into print only by the skin of its teeth, so to speak. And so we may reasonably wonder how many dog-eared manuscripts of masterpieces are now on the weary round of the publishers' offices, despised and rejected of men, and with nothing but the waste-paper basket ahead of them. I am personally acquainted with a young California writer who has a letter from a large publishing firm to the effect that they would gladly publish his story but for the fear that it might offend a certain section of religious opinion. They had even gone so far as to submit it to a clergyman of that particular faith, who had said that it was quite unobjectionable, although there might be some tender lay consciences who would look askance at it. It seems hard, but it is a part of the price that we pay for the commercialization of everything from hell to heaven.

But to what extent are the publishers to blame? Of course Mr. Harrison makes out a strong plea for the instant hanging, drawing, and quartering of all publishers without benefit of clergy, but perhaps there may be a valid plea in stay of execution. Now the publisher does not profess to be *arbitrator elegantiarum*. He makes no claim to be a censor of literary and artistic excellences. That is not at all his business. He might recognize that a manuscript had all the excellences of "Ivanhoe," and yet unhesitatingly reject it, and if he knew his business he would reject it, since a second "Ivanhoe" would have about as much chance today as the proverbial snowball in the proverbial hades. It is the business of the publisher, who does not wish to be a bankrupt, to buy what he believes the public to want, not what supermen would want, but what ordinary men want. And if there is any human being who knows what the public wants, then he knows a good deal more than the public itself knows, for certainly the public does not know what it wants. Why, after all, should we look upon the publisher as a sort of earthly providence whose chief pride it is to recognize virtue and to reward it, and to offer to the public at his own expense whatever he believes that the public ought to want, but is sure that the public does not want. Now we may say if we like that the publisher often makes mistakes in his estimate of what the public wants. There is no discredit in that. But it is distinctly unfair to charge the publisher with a lack of artistic perception when it is not art that he is primarily looking for, but popularity. It would be as intelligent to blame the grocer for refusing to stock a particular brand of cheese merely because it is excellent cheese. If he believes that the public prefers inferior cheese on the ground that it usually has preferred inferior cheese he would be a mighty poor tradesman to stock anything else. And if he should then discover by chance that after all the public does want some special kind of superior cheese he would naturally give his order for it, even though he had refused to order it a dozen times before. Therefore we may cheerfully admit that the publisher often misreads what the public calls its mind, but we have no right to accuse him of a lack of literary recognition, seeing that it is not literature that he professes to deal in. He sells books.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Human ingenuity has been baffled for thirty years by fire in the great coal mines in Perry County, Ohio. In 1884 when the veins began to burn all vents were closed in an effort to smother the fire, but without avail. The nearness to the surface of coal deposits, topped by a rocky cap, permitted air to filter in and feed the dull blaze. It is estimated that millions of tons of fine coal have been destroyed, and there appears to be small chance of ever reopening the mines. For many years breaks have been occurring in the hillsides where the roof would cave in and the ground drop. In each case after such an occurrence the smoke would increase in volume, the gas discharge would be very noticeable all over the community and the fire would greatly increase. Now the gases generated have invaded other mines and made parts of them unworkable. A large section of the Martin & Roan mine on the same vein has been blocked off and development stopped because the gases coming through the fissures made work in the mines exceedingly hazardous. Three other mines nearby, including the old Straitsville mine, now known as No. 33, have also been walled off and development work toward the burning field entirely stopped.

The Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company has thrown across the Mississippi River at New Orleans the largest cable so far laid in the United States, and probably the largest telephone cable in the world. It cost \$30,000 and weighs thirty tons. It will replace a number of small cables which have been used.

The so-called English walnut is almost exclusively the product of France, whence this country imports from fifteen to twenty-five million pounds annually.

ANARCHISTS IN NEW YORK.

"Flaneur" Writes About the Trouble Between the I. W. W. and the Militant Anarchists.

The New York police seem at last to have learned how to deal with the threat of social disorder. The process of instruction has been a painful one, but then it usually is painful to learn useful things. Three weeks ago when the unemployed found sudden employment in raiding Fifth Avenue the police did nothing at all. A week later they did a great deal too much, presumably by way of compensation for their previous inactivity. Last Saturday in Union Square they did neither too much nor too little. They made a display of force that showed what they could do if they would, and with the natural result that there was no disturbance at all. And it need hardly be said that the anarchist mob was intensely disappointed at being thus deprived of a grievance. To be attacked by an overwhelming police force was exactly what they were praying for. They wanted the advertisement of martyrdom, and the new policy of the police denied them the one thing that they craved. It has taken us a long time to learn that agitation can not be bludgeoned out of sight but that it can be starved.

No doubt there are a great many people who will resent the implication that these "unemployed" agitators are anarchists. If we may judge from some of the mushy and gushy letters that are finding their way into the newspapers there are plenty of citizens who are disposed to look upon these demonstrators as the victims of natural calamity, like sufferers from earthquake or fire. Now there can be no doubt that a great many people are now out of work in New York just as elsewhere, and no help can be too cordial or too prompt for those who have momentarily gone to the wall under the squeeze of economic conditions. But there is no reason to suppose that these unfortunates have constituted the crowds in Union Square. The man who is genuinely out of work is usually to be found looking for work, and not making or listening to incendiary speeches in public places. Even the average intelligence, which is low enough in all conscience, can hardly suppose that demonstrations will conduce to employment or that a single human being can legitimately benefit by harangues or riots. When you find a large number of men who are vociferously applauding incitements to plunder and crime you may legitimately argue that those men are plunderers and criminals, and that is exactly what they are. One of the orators declared that "employers have no rights which workmen are bound to respect," and the men who say that sort of thing and the men who applaud that sort of thing can hardly be considered as candidates for toil. Another demonstrator who helped to raid a Fifth Avenue church was found to have \$750 in his pocket, and therefore he could scarcely be regarded as belonging to the submerged. The highest estimate of the number of unemployed in New York—and a rather absurd estimate it is—places the figure at 325,000. Now Governor Glyn says that there are 200,000 jobs available, but he is quite unable to fill those jobs. Carloads of men have been sent up the state in order to work on farms, but apparently all they want is a free railroad ride. Confessedly without any experience, they promptly demand wages at least twice as high as those paid to regular farm hands, and when these are refused they sink back gracefully and gratefully into the ranks of the "unemployed." Two girls supposed to be in desperate straits declined to take easy places on farms because the farms were a mile apart, and so they, too, became "unemployed." A broken-down tailor offered to do farm work for \$50 a month, although he did not know the difference between a hen and a hoe, and when he was told that experienced men earned only \$25 a month he, too, lapsed into the more comfortable status of a social problem. And this particular tailor demanded to be paid for his farm services in advance. And so it goes. The mayor is still looking for men to fill his 200,000 jobs.

And in this connection we may reasonably study the confessions of Frank Miller as made to the New York *Sun*. Miller is the ally of Frank Tannenbaum, who led the raid upon the churches, but he is now anxious to wash his hands of the whole business. He says that the movement has passed into the hands of the anarchists and that they are not only criminals, but mean and dirty criminals to boot, who are determined to make trouble because of the opportunities to steal. "The whole movement has been distorted," says Miller, "from what Tannenbaum and I intended. Tannenbaum, who was absolutely on the level and was sincere in his ideals and principles, planned the scheme on purely socialistic principles. He wanted to go out and demand food, clothing, and shelter. Now under the anarchists that plan has been changed to one of charity and begging and personal gain for the leaders." Whatever money has been collected is taken by the executive committee and is never heard of again. The members of the committee, says Miller, live high. They pay 75 cents to a dollar for their meals and they have beds to sleep in. They spend the day in collecting money for the unemployed and they spend the night in having a good time with that same money. The unemployed see not a cent of it. And these collections amount to about \$40 a day. A Mrs. Mabel Dodge gave \$100 and there was an anonymous communication of \$60. So far from helping the unemployed the committee take care that no one shall have a cent except their own creatures, and as for

the headquarters on Grand Street that is supposed to be a benevolent venture for the relief of the needy, it is no more than a thieves' kitchen in which no honest working man would care to show his face. Emma Goldman and Berkman knew that there would be trouble and they were careful to keep out of the way. You don't see them around, said Miller, when the police are using their clubs, and "you should have seen Tresca speed it across the square last Saturday so he wouldn't come near the cops." And so Miller has given up the whole thing as a bad job, and immediately after making his statement to the *Sun* he left the city for fear that he would be murdered by the gentle creatures who are championing the cause of the downtrodden and the oppressed.

Probably we have not heard the last of the present agitation. Just now the metropolis has a bad attack of nerves, and the anarchists know it and are quite prepared to take advantage of it. Extra guards have been placed around the Metropolitan Museum, and so for the present we can hardly afford to laugh at the English authorities for being kept awake at night by the militants. Probably New York would gladly change her Goldmans and Berkman and Trescas for their weight in militant suffragettes.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1914.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Divisions in the Democracy.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, April 12, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your editorial on a Divided Democracy led me to examine in detail the composition of the Democratic opposition to the repeal of the Canal tolls exemption. As was pointed out there were Democratic representatives who voted against a limitation of debate as well as against the repeal. Who were these Democrats who "risked presidential disfavor" in order to uphold freedom of debate as well as platform pledges?

There were forty-one Democrats who were "insurgents" on both votes. The list included Speaker Clark and Representatives Underwood and Fitzgerald. Most of the names mean little or nothing to the average reader. They are, however, distributed as follows:

Twelve from New York.
Four each from Massachusetts and Illinois.
Three each from Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

Two from Missouri.
One each from Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Michigan, and California.

Eleven come from Greater New York and three from Chicago. The balance are widely scattered. There are no solid state delegations and each section of the country is represented: twenty-two from the East, ten from the West, and nine from the South.

Altogether the "opposition" is too scattered to indicate a serious breach in the party. With the exception of Representatives Underwood and Fitzgerald, the chairmen of all important committees supported the President. New York City and Chicago furnished one-third of the opposition. Seven members of this group were in the House of Representatives in 1909 when the "rules fight" was brought on by Republican insurgents. These seven at that time comprised one-half of a group of Democrats that saved the Cannon regime in the passage of the Fitzgerald resolution. These seven last week voted for freedom of debate. They constitute the only group among the members who opposed the programme of the President. The continued opposition of this group can but strengthen the President "for the enemies that he has made."

What may prove to be a more serious division was revealed in the Senate during the past week. In the vote on the President's appointment of Commissioner Daniels ten Democrats opposed the confirmation. These negative votes came from New York and New Hampshire in the East, Mississippi in the South, and Arizona, Oregon, Nebraska, Kansas, and Montana in the West. With the exception of Senator O'Gorman of New York all are known as Progressive Democrats. Their permanent disagreement with the President on the question of government control of business would be a serious blow to the administration. The group is well led and possesses solidarity.

Moreover these Western Democrats were joined in their protest by nine Republicans from Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Idaho, Washington, North Dakota, and Minnesota. These groups within the two parties express similar sentiments and truly represent a widely held view of the relation of business and the government.

If there is to be a divided Democracy, as commentators of late have ceased somewhat to predict, it may well come about on apparently so small an issue as an Interstate Commerce Commissioner's views of physical valuation of railway properties. The group of Republican senators mentioned above split the Republican party during the Taft administration. It was not President Taft's reciprocity agreement that lost him control of the party, although there was much opposition to the Canadian treaty. It was the disagreement between the President and this group of Western senators in regard to government control of business. In the present administration President Wilson's Canal policy has been met with some opposition within his party, but a serious division in the Democracy, if it comes, will find its natural cause in the "insurgent" doctrines of Western Democracy.

If the Western Democracy, or a portion of its leaders, should become permanently estranged from the Wilson administration, the divided Democracy would be again revealed. Unless, in that event, President Wilson should succeed in doing what ex-President Roosevelt tried and failed to do—that is, in uniting the two wings of the party in support of a compromise programme.

EDGAR EUGENE ROBINSON,
Professor of American History.

Two small isthmian railways—the Panama Railway, forty miles in length, and the Tehuantepec Railway, 190 miles long—carried in 1913 \$130,500,000 worth of merchandise, brought to their termini by vessels from the United States to be reloaded at the opposite termini and shipped to other ports of the United States and to foreign countries.

Ghent, Belgium, furnishes practically all of the potted specimens of the symmetrical Araucaria, or Norfolk Island pine, used as an ornamental foliage house plant in Europe and America. The United States imports at least 250,000 of these plants in small pots each year.

A BALD-HEADED BABY.

The Man Makes Some Ever-New Discoveries.

Briefly: The woman I loved was unquestionably pre-ordained to be my wife, but it took me six months to convince her of it, and even then the arguments were confidential, and carried on in spite of fathers, mothers, aunts, and sisters, on both sides of the secret alliance.

Finally I carried her off suddenly, married her hurriedly, and we tumbled hastily into a flat to consider it slowly.

I remember I held her in my arms for an hour or two in the dark—she laughing and crying, and I playing the mixed part of the bravo and the consoler, but afraid to get up and light the gas for fear I should dissipate some part of the illusion.

I had won her by a hair, so I squeezed her tight to make sure it was the prize I had been after.

Oh, you fellows who court a girl four or five years have no idea of the luxury, the ecstatic enjoyment, of such a *coup de main*! Long before you have married your woman you have grown accustomed to your right of proprietorship. Everybody has tacitly acknowledged it by keeping out of your way. The edge of possession has been dulled by slow familiarity. You have talked over all the prosaic details of the important event, fixing even the color of the chair-linings; and the bridal ceremony is only an incident in a series of circumstances that you have arranged with the dull formality of an undertaker. You dissipate all the illusion of the sex by sitting up with your intended till twelve o'clock discussing rents and servants. You stalk prosaically into the mysteries of womanhood, and you know all about the washing bills, the price of nursing-bottles, and the reputation of the nearest doctor long before the crisis arrives.

This is your rational-humor wooer.

Give me the brute that I was, if the thing is to be rehearsed. Let me leap out of the purgatory of doubts into the paradise of possession. Let me find myself, after years of luxuriant imaginings, voluptuous fancies, strange doubts and misgivings, and a rude simplicity that heightened and exaggerated all the mysteries of the sex—let me suddenly find myself with my arms full of the mystery; its whelming bodice throbbing against my coat; its white arms around my neck; the whole world on the other side of the door saying: "By heavens, it shall not be," and I idiotically kissing the part in her hair, and saying: "By heavens, it is!"

Now you know who the baby of this story is.

The manly brute who, so to speak, bursts into matrimony in this burglarious manner undergoes several very curious transformations.

For the first six months he swells about with the air of a conqueror, and speaks of "my wife" as if she were a banner wrung from the enemy.

His chief concern is to keep himself from finding out how soft and sentimental he is. His great blindness will not let him see that marrying knocked some of the brutality out of him, and that now he is developing into a responsible human being.

During the next six months he grows a little restless. He remembers the peculiar and sharp pleasure of capture, and steady possession does not renew it.

This is the last flare of the original brute in him. In his reckless moments of contemplation he wonders if, after all, the polygamous nations were not right, and if, from a purely physiological point of view, it would not be better if a man married every year.

At the end of twelve months I found by actual experiment that the dark-brown hair did not send the same electric shock through me when it swept over my forehead.

The truth is I don't think she frizzed it so exquisitely.

But be that as it may, she noticed, with a woman's keen sense, all that was passing in my mind. Once or twice I thought she said, as if in tender admonition: "Do not love me for my hair alone," but it was only my imagination. I could swear that she had little crying spells, for her eyes were red, and the inflamed look contrasted rather oddly with her forced gaiety.

Well you know, fellow-brutes, how it was. She got pale, took to wrappers, sat about languidly, and her air of invalidism repelled me. I was afraid of hurting her with my old boisterous and lusty affection.

Then one day I made a fresh discovery. It flashed upon me suddenly that she might die. I hadn't thought of this before. What business had my property to die? I turned about and ran home as fast as I could, for I thought I'd stop the dying nonsense, as a husband should.

When I got to my door and rang the bell an old woman came to the door, opened it cautiously, put her finger to her lip, and beckoned to me mysteriously. I followed her into an unoccupied room.

"She's been took," said the old woman.

"Took!" I shouted. "Merciful heavens!—took where?"

She blinked at me. "She's took to bed!"

"Sick!" I gasped. Then my premonition was right. She was going to die!

"You must stay here," she said. "I'll go up and see. Wait a moment."

I think I was about to jump over her head, when

turned round with an awful official severity and said:

"Do you want to kill her?"

"No!" I answered, submissively.

"Then sit down and make yourself comfortable. I've sent for the doctor!"

Somewhat stunned. I believe I obeyed.

All at once I got a new view of myself. I, who had begun to think I was a little weary of married life, was maddened at the mere possibility of losing her.

The fact is, as passion had withered, a tender regard, a holy, reverential love, had been, unobserved, growing up in its place.

There are two occasions in a household when the head thereof feels his utter insignificance. On both of these occasions a dread foreign element stalks grimly into his sanctuary, lays its old bonnet on the hall stand, hangs its reticule upon the hat-rack, looks at him icily, and takes silent possession of the place. Protests are vain in the presence of that dire minister. Authority is of no avail, for it has the insignia of the invincible necessity under its wrinkled forehead; and calmly flourishes the most potent of all authority, that of precedent.

A man instinctively knows when this methodical monster assumes control of his house that one of two dread events is about to follow—life or death.

But if he is—as I was—just out of the animal kingdom, and hardly yet a full-fledged man, he will be very apt to mistake one event for the other.

He only knows that he is in dreadful suspense. That the house is hushed, that somebody is moving about in the next room on tiptoe, that a subtle odor of drugs pervades the air. A fantastic dread takes possession of him that these unusual and significant circumstances are only the preliminaries of others in the same chain. That presently a dead hush will fall over anything; that he will meet the doctor and shake hands with him solemnly, and that personage will go away hurriedly, and another more dread will come. Then there will be a pungent smell of varnish in the house and a shuffle of feet. Then the windows will be open and the blinds pulled down—and—what then?

Does not the very strenuousness of life breed this dread in the brain? Do others not flash through the mind—that picture of a group, black and silent, over the grave, and horrible lowering of all that one loves into the clay, with the attendant miseries of desolation and unutterable solitude—as those friends walk away homeward, talking of their life affairs, that have not been disturbed by this blast that has withered your heart forever?

For the first time in his life, and just as his soul has stretched out and taken root, comes to the man this dead phantom of the possible, and he lifts his fist to heaven, and his undisciplined nature rebels.

I called this a new view of myself. It was. For the first time I saw clearly how dear my wife was to me. For the first time I became aware of my own capacity for suffering.

I remember that the nurse appeared suddenly and softly in the room, like a wraith, and with an unchanged expression of solemnity, jerked her head and said, "I could see her now."

To me it was as if she had said: "All is over, wretch; not even your presence can hurt her."

I believe I rushed headlong to know the worst. The air that I breathed seemed to have crape in it. The passages were dark. I stumbled, and must have made a great deal of noise. All at once I was in a lighted room, white curtains, white walls, snowy counterpanes, and a white face, with a new pensive beauty on it and a new joy in it.

I fell down by the bedside and got my arms around her. My voracious love seemed to please her. I pressed her dear face close to mine, and in spite of me a drop rolled down from my eye upon her cheek. As it touched her she kissed me and said in a thin voice, but full of the deep music of joy:

"You do love me, don't you?"

I don't know what I said, but I believe it was half apologetic—about my not knowing, and making a mistake. But now that there was a baby, of course—

She interrupted me. "There always was," said she.

"Always was?" I repeated.

"Yes; now there's two of 'em."

I saw something very red, with a frizzy head. That was one.

"Two? You don't say so! Where is the other?"

"Here," said she, pulling me down with one arm, and kissing me again on the cheek.

That squeeze pressed the last vestige of the brute out of me.

The greatest lesson of life comes to us through a woman.

For even maternity touches the borders of morality; and we first learn from her that the greatest duties only bear the blessings when they are watered with suffering.

Steelyard, coral, bay water, saffron, blue ribbon.

One of the first things I discovered now was that a baby is a bridge.

For a whole year my family altar had been surrounded by an impassable chasm. I had two sets of relations in the world, and I believe they had come to the edge of the abyss in the dark and scowled across at me and mine.

Now, to my amazement, I found that the little pink creature I had at home could stretch its tiny arms

across, and that mothers-in-law and aunts could walk over on them.

I forgot to say that it was a girl. There was no evidence of the fact to my senses, but I accepted the word of experts.

When a baby comes into such a household it draws off about one-third of the mother's consideration. The first one to notice it is the father.

Consequently one of the immediate results of a baby is a sort of inhuman jealousy, of which he is heartily ashamed and tries to hide, but which his wife unerringly detects and good-naturedly forgives. It's so natural, she says, for one baby to be jealous of another. Still it is impossible to hate it.

I tried my best for a long time to despise it. I endeavored to believe that it broke my rest. That it exacted too much attention. That it was a nuisance. And I tried to dream at night of boarding it out in the country where there were fine cows and wet nurses on the thousand hills, and no diphtheria. But instead I dreamed that somebody was pelting me with ripe, warm peaches out of the sun and woke up to find its fists in my face!

I think it reigned a year or so. Then it began to change into SHE. I first noticed this in a strong tendency to nurse the brass-headed poker, and to put the prayer-book to bed in the cradle of my cigar-box. Further evidence was furnished by the discovery of a growing confidence between the mother and daughter upon matters of which I was profoundly ignorant. Being mysterious, I knew she must be a girl.

Now let me run rapidly over the events of the next fifteen years, for I am chiefly anxious to show you how love, to put it plainly, brings a man first under subjection by means of selfishness, and how marriage stamps it all out of him.

He first wins a woman. Then she and circumstances conquer him. One of the early and peculiar amusements of the married pair is to set HER up and trace out themselves in the picture. Father and mother usually get mixed up in the most absurd manner in the young veins. First a drop of brute, then a corpuscle of angel. Eyebrows—him to a hair; tips of the ears—hers. "Turns her left toe in like you do, my dear, and then that lock on the right temple—"

The fun of it is nobody else can see these things at all.

For the goodness of connubiality presents to her votaries a magic pair of spectacles, warranted to see ourselves as no others see us.

Well, I spent fifteen years in assiduously winding myself about that girl. She was my pupil, my companion, my alter ego. She got so that she could understand me before I spoke. In her were the few strong points of my character, all softened, sharpened, refined by the mother's influence.

A man can do a great deal of winding in fifteen years. He thinks he fastens his joys securely when, spider-like, he enmeshes this golden cocoon.

But one day it bursts open, and something flies away. It takes your whole fifteen years with it like a week. There is no use guarding your sanctuary night and day.

Paternal vigilance is only the price of liberty. When you have sentinelled, locked, barricaded, walled up the jewel, somebody who never spent ten minutes in guarding it, who has no knowledge of its priceless value, who is utterly unlike it in every respect, will come in like a conqueror and snatch it from you.

Then, when you rise in your wrath, you will find that all the bonds of fifteen years are on your own limbs. All you have done to keep your angel near your heart is to give it wings.

And its mother will look at your demurely, and tell you that all this grand protecting spirit is—

What?

Selfishness.

And that women cease to be babies when they cease to be infants.

In short, to be a man, you must let somebody else have his way.

A man has to go through all these crises in order to learn the moral lesson of life. A woman carries the divine tablets in her system.

She knows at twelve that she is set apart to bear and forbear.

If she is a thoroughbred woman, she does both to the end with a smile on her face, that does not leave her even when we have laid her out, but which mocks even the chisel of death with a beauty that belongs not to life so much as to immortality.

One day a dapper fellow came to me and formally asked permission to rob me.

The thief had the effrontery to look me squarely in the face. He had taken a hasty inventory of my riches, he said, and found them worth carrying off.

Now mark what a change is wrought in a man by sixteen or eighteen years of marriedness. Indignation was seething in my soul. But I was now a humanized father. So I smiled and pusillanimously told him to take all I had and do what he liked with it, and he needn't think of giving me any security that he wouldn't abuse it.

I believe my wife got as much solid comfort out of this bereavement as she formerly got out of the début.

The preparations for the event that was to leave us stranded forever went on with a sort of premature chime of marriage bells.

As for me, I felt myself to be a superfluous old nuisance. My own daughter now had moments—moments? hours!—when my presence would have been an impertinence. He who had never contributed one thought to the erection of this temple took sole possession of it, and he proposed to put his sign across its fair portico.

Well, the time came. One morning the thing was done. A coach drove up. I stood in the hall and saw him plunder me. I took my accumulated wealth down the front steps—the last flash of my jewel reached me just before he slammed the carriage-door. It seemed preternaturally radiant, but I suppose it was the water in my eyes. There was a sound of wheels growing less and less. Then a new silence and a vacancy forever.

I went in and sat down before the grate fire. There was the brass-headed poker that she had nursed. There was the very hook where her little stocking had hung on the Christmas Eves. I felt lonesome.

Then somebody sat down beside me in the old way, and said woefully:

"It reminds you of your young and vigorous days, John?"

"No," I said; "it reminds me of my helpless old lunacy."

"Don't," she continued, sweetly; "you're not old." Here she got her arm around me and patted me lovingly on the head. "You're not old. Babies never get old."

"Don't call me a baby," I said gruffly, "because I have a human being's weakness."

"Oh, I don't," said she. "It wasn't the weakness that reminded me of a baby. It was the top of your head. Look in the glass, dear, and see for yourself."—*From "Nym Crinkle's Twice-Told Tales."*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Blood Horse.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Siney strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins;
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the hoasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourhon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Gueph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was horn,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet, he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin.
He lived, (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balch amidst the desert stands.
—Bryan Waller Procter.

The Barring o' the Door.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our gudewife got puddings to make,
And she hoiled them in the pan.

The wind sae could hlew east and north,
It hlew unto the floor,
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife:
"Gae out and har the door!"

"My hand is in my huswife's kap,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
An' it should nae be harred this hundred year,
It's no he harred for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae'er should speak
Should rise and har the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night;
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel'
Yet ne'er a word she spak'.

Then said the one unto the other:
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife—
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's heard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the puddin' hroo
That hoils into the pan?"

Oh, up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
An' scaud me wi' puddin' hree?"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word—
Get up and har the door!" —Anon.

"MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH."

Dr. George Haven Putnam Gives Us an Autobiographical Volume Covering the Early Years of His Life.

There are not many men whose lives have been so full that they can write a substantial autobiographical volume of 447 pages with the promise of a subsequent narrative of the succeeding half-century. Dr. George Haven Putnam's "Memories of My Youth" covers a period from 1844 to 1865, and therefore it excludes the whole of his career as a publisher. He has already given us a memoir of his father, and he now reminds us that Mr. George Palmer Putnam had established a book-selling business in England and that he himself was born in England. An arrangement had just been made between the American and British governments by which a son born in London whose parents were American citizens could make decision on arriving at the age of twenty-one whether he would select citizenship in Great Britain or in the United States, and a similar privilege was accorded to a child of English parents born in the United States. Under this agreement there was no need for the author's naturalization, and as a matter of fact on his twenty-first birthday he was busy in North Carolina assisting General Sherman to secure the surrender of the last army of the Confederacy.

Among the author's early recollections was a meeting with Washington Irving. The Irving home was near Yonkers, and the Putnam family occasionally visited their neighbors. Dr. Putnam tells us he remembers one Sunday afternoon when his father was busy arranging some of Mr. Irving's papers the old gentleman took the pains to give him some word about his own childhood:

His mother told him some years later, when he was old enough to be interested in historical events and personages, that when he was a year old, the nurse, taking him out in his baby-carriage, saw at the corner of Broadway General Washington passing by on horseback. The nurse, holding up the little boy, called out to the general that here was a boy that had been named after him, and she hoped that the general would be willing to give the boy his blessing. Little Washingtons were not so plenty in 1784 as they became in later years, and the general was quite ready to delay his ride for the purpose of giving a greeting to his little namesake. He took the boy up on the saddle and placing his hand upon the little one's head gave him a formal blessing. I looked up with interest at the head that had been touched by Washington, and then found myself perplexed at Mr. Irving's word that I should not see the spot on which the general's hand had rested. I spoke to my father afterwards about the incident, and he said, "Why, you stupid, don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?"

The author had left England when he was about four years of age and he returned to Europe in 1860. He was in Paris in 1861, and the March of that year he went to Berlin in order to consult a German oculist. Fortunately he had a friend there, Henry Rose Hinckley of Northampton, Massachusetts, whom he describes as a cheery and light-hearted youngster:

I remember a characteristic picture of my long-legged friend balancing himself on one leg of a chair in my room, with his feet gracefully poised on the mantelpiece. The mantelpiece was so far out of the reach of my own toes that I could not but look on with admiration. The appreciation was not so keen on the part of our landlord who happened to come in at the moment and evidently was troubled for the safety of his chair. Hinckley bowed gracefully, without disturbing his pivot. "Will you let me know, Mr. Hinckley," said the professor, "what, according to your understanding, the other three legs of the chair are made for?" "Oh, certainly, sir," said Hinckley; "they are to support the chair when nobody is sitting on it."

Dr. Putnam's stay in Germany was a long one. He joined the University of Göttingen and participated in the student life in spite of some difficulties with the language. The duel in those days was a great institution, as indeed it is still, and we have a good deal of curious information about these combats:

One of the duels that I witnessed had a little more sharpness of antagonism than belonged to most of the series. I had spoken of the fighting Normannen. It appears that the other Korps felt some irritation at the intrusion of this new society and had determined to fight it out of existence. The challenges had been poured in upon the small group of Normannen to such an extent that each "Norman" had his hands full from week to week. I believe that a term or two later the plucky little group was so far exhausted that it was obliged to decline further challenges for the year, and probably, thereafter, the society went out of existence. In the fight that I witnessed, the Norman was a thick-set chap below the average height and was opposed to a long-legged "Hanoverian" who must have overtopped him by six or eight inches. The Hanoverian from the vantage point of his height, and with the muscular strength of his arm, rained blows upon the guard of the Norman with the idea of breaking this down by main force. For the guard in use against the upper cut, the schläger is held above the head a few inches and almost at right angles to the arm. The Norman's schläger remained unshaken by the fierce series of blows, and the instant the Hanoverian arm had weakened a little, the Norman sword dropped and with a beautiful downward and upward sweep came in and up under the guard of his antagonist, ripping open the whole side of the face with so serious a cut that the Hanoverian had to be *abgeführt*. The victory for the day rested with the Normans.

News of the Civil War was naturally awaited eagerly by the young student, but news was not easy to obtain. His German friends, he tells us, were much surprised to find that the battle of Bull Run was not the end of the conflict, as was confidently assumed, and indeed the ignorance of the situation seems to have been almost incredible:

The impression in Germany (as far as I was able to judge from my rather restricted view) of the nature of the issue and of the character of the combatants was at best hazy and confused. I remember the instance of one scholarly professor whose years had been devoted to some special Oriental subject, but who found himself interested, in connection with

some telegram to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in securing further information concerning this special group of happenings in the Far West. He tackled me at the entrance of one of the lecture halls (I had met him at some afternoon *Kaffe*) with the inquiry: "Now tell me, Herr Putnam,—he was, of course, speaking in German,—I want to know about this curious American matter. I do not understand how there is room in the territory for this long march that has been described." "Room?" I said. "Why, what do you mean, professor? There's all the continent."

"Ah!" he said, "you do not see the point of my question. I mean room in the particular territory where the fighting is going on. I see in this telegram from London that the army of the North has made a march to the westward of two hundred and forty miles. Now," he went on, "the place is only ninety miles across."

I found myself as perplexed as the Orientalist himself. Fortunately, in an adjoining lecture-room there was a wall map showing the two American continents. The professor, steering me to the map, placed his finger triumphantly on the Isthmus of Panama. "There," he said, "are your American forces. It is there, as I understand the matter, that the North Americans and the South Americans are fighting out this contest. Now how could one of the armies march two hundred and forty miles east to west?"

July, 1862, saw the author homeward bound in company with a number of other Americans returning, like himself, partly to share in the duties of the war and partly because their resources were exhausted. He enlisted in the One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth New York Volunteers, which was presently assigned to the expedition that was to take possession of New Orleans. His division was quartered at Brashear City, and he tells us that on the morning of the 23d of June he was aroused by the sound of a round shot coming over from the rebel side of the bayou. A second shot showed that his own tent was the mark:

The gunner got the range so that the second shot came through the upper part of the tent, breaking the tent pole and bringing down the canvas in a confused tangle. I tumbled out of the rear end, completing my toilet behind the nearest tree, and then reported to headquarters for orders. It seemed quite possible that the little bombardment had been undertaken merely on the general principle of worrying the other fellow. It was evidently only a field battery with which we had to contend, the guns being probably ten-pounders. We got up a couple of our own batteries, and under the direction of Major Anthony made such vigorous reply to our Texas friends that their fire gradually slackened, no serious mischief being done on either side. Then, not a little to our surprise, a couple of long rows of butternut uniforms came down to the edge of the bayou and began peppering across with their rifles. Our surprise was due chiefly to the fact that the rifle shots barely carried over the intervening water and the balls that did reach our tent lines were for the most part spent. We hammered back with our four fieldpieces and really did a little mischief.

In the ensuing engagement young Putnam was taken prisoner. Volunteering to aid in the hospital, he was placed under the direction of Dr. Willets of Brooklyn, himself a prisoner, but he soon succumbed to the horrors of hospital life, which seem to have been a good deal worse than those of the battlefield itself:

I remember that while lying there in a kind of half stupor, I saw the colored men who had taken wrapped up in a blanket to the plantation cemetery the body of a chap who had passed away during the night, bringing their burden back to the piazza. The Texan surgeon, a little less drunk than usual, happened to be sitting at the front door and asked pretty roughly what the men were doing with that thing.

"Why, massa! We done see him kick."

"Well, put him down where you stand. He'll be ready for you before night."

It was probable that the kicking was at the worst but an unconscious motion, but I imagine that this was but one of similar instances when death was hastened by premature burial.

On the retreat of the Southern forces the author found himself overlooked in the hurried arrangements for the disposition of prisoners. In 1863 his regiment was reorganized and he enlisted once more on a basis of three years' service and as adjutant. He took part in the fight at Mansura and gives us an energetic description of a mistake that he made due to a misunderstanding of orders and of its fortunate results:

On this day our brigade had had the advance. We therefore went into bivouac by the bayou. I had barely got my own men together when I was ordered to brigade headquarters. The old Maine colonel, who was sitting on a stump which for the time represented headquarters, and the brigade adjutant, one of the captains of his own regiment, were looking about for some material with which to make a couch. As I approached the adjutant stopped and went for me rather sharply.

"Well, adjutant," he said, "what in h— were you doing on the left of your line just before the tomfoolery of that advance?" I began to explain that I had mistaken the order as passed to me, but I was so faint with the effect of what was practically a sunstroke that I found it difficult to get my words into shape. The old colonel, seeing that I was not in shape to defend myself, said, "Never mind, adjutant, we got there all the same," and he held out a very welcome flask. I drank and touched my cap. It was one of the chances that do sometimes come up in campaigns. If the line had been broken I might myself have been broken for disregard of orders. As the result of my blunder was, however, the capture of guns and a decided feather in the cap of the brigade commander, there was no reason why he should be particularly dissatisfied. As a fact he shortly afterwards secured his brigadier's star, which was in part at least due to the pretty little victory at Mansura.

The author's active service in Louisiana came to an end through the exhaustion induced by the campaign and the recurrence of swamp fever. He was taken to New Orleans on a hospital boat, and this reminds him of an incident of his sojourn on the Mississippi:

The hospital boat on its way down the river touched for a moment one morning at that point, not to take on sick (it was already full), but to leave an orderly with dispatches. My major took the opportunity of jumping on board the boat during the few minutes of its stay and, with an expenditure of five dollars, of corrupting a hospital steward to let him have a small chunk of ice. The ice was brought back to our shelter tent in a small tin pail that had been included in the purchase and in which it clinked deliciously. The major and myself were gloating over the clink and delaying the final satisfaction of drinking the cool water. At this moment the colonel commanding the brigade came in for a morning call and the

small adjutant recognized that his chance of sharing in that cupful of ice-water was lessened. "Have you anything to drink, major?" said the colonel; "this damp hot weather makes one thirsty."

"Sorry, colonel," said the major, "I am just out of the real thing, but I can give you some water," and he held out the tin can. The colonel grimaced a little at the word water, but as he lifted the cool tin to his lips his disapproval disappeared. "Ice-water?" he said, "where in thunder did you get that?"

One of the incidental advantages of a retreating campaign, we are told, is the opportunity given to officers to straighten out their obligations for various articles of regimental property for which they are responsible:

Hans Breitmann speaks of the convenience of being on the road (he was even recommending for the purpose the desirability of making a trip to church); "Gott only knows what dings we might pick up on day." The wise officer who "picks up dings upon day" retains these in what might be called a reserve fund. He knows that other articles will disappear later and that it will be a convenience to have something with which to offset his account. On the other hand, if articles disappear without vouchers, the commander, who has already had similar experience, makes a practice of carrying them as on hand until his command is involved in anything that could be called a fight. After such fight is over the articles will be duly disposed of in form 41 as "lost or destroyed in action."

When my regiment landed in Louisiana the quartermaster and the company commanders were alike responsible for quite an accumulation of articles which had been duly utilized for the benefit of the United States, but for which they had no proper vouchers on file. The first fight (a mere swamp skirmish) was, on this ground, hailed with delight. I remember going up to the post commander (I think it was at La Fourche Crossing) with a long list of property that had been "used up" in this very serious combat. The colonel looked at the paper rather quizzically. "Quartermaster," he said, "I see in this list seventeen boxes of hatchet heads. The fight must have been very fierce indeed if the boys were under the necessity of throwing hatchets at the enemy." But he certified to the paper and I was, therefore, not called upon to make payment for those hatchet heads.

The author was taken prisoner for the second time at the battle of Cedar Creek. Foreseeing the inevitable he had taken the cylinder from his revolver and thrown it away, and he also hid his sword among the rocks:

Within a very few minutes after the cessation of the fire the second line of the enemy ran over us. We were promptly disarmed, and were relieved not only of weapons but of certain portions of our equipment which the Rebels thought we could spare and which doubtless they needed, such as overcoats, rubber blankets, and the contents of our pockets, particularly greenbacks. The first man who ran up to me put his hand upon the pistol. It was of course proper enough that I should be disarmed and pistols had value for the Confederacy. He drew the pistol from the holster and as long as he held it frontwards, looked satisfied enough with his acquisition. In turning it sideways, however, he saw the hole where the cylinder ought to have been and then he was a very mad "Reb" indeed. Bringing up his musket with a well-emphasized threat, he told the "damned Yankee" to find that cylinder that he might lose his "damned Yankee brains." I could not have found the cylinder if I had wanted to, and naturally I did not want to very much. The man had evidently captured some whisky before he got hold of me and he was drunk enough to be dangerous. Fortunately for me, one of his officers was within reach. The musket was promptly struck down and its owner sent to the front where he belonged, and I was put into line with some five or six hundred other prisoners who had been gathered in mainly from the commands of the scattered Eighth Corps.

Life in Libby Prison has been so often described that the author passes over a painful period with some rapidity. The prisoners who came into Libby comprised only the commissioned officers, the privates and non-commissioned officers having been separated on entering the town and sent to other prisons:

We reported ourselves to the senior officer among our prisoners and our names were duly recorded by the adjutant appointed for the purpose. I was relieved to find that military organization was maintained even within the prison walls. Imprisonment is bad enough in itself, but if it is accompanied by a lack of discipline there results a discomfort and a brutality which produces a kind of pandemonium rule. Pains were taken by the adjutant to secure floor spaces for us as far as practicable according to our own preference for companionship. My friend Vander Weyde and myself were soon stretched out in a corner, not far from the front windows, which served our purpose as well as any other. On the brick against which my head rested as I lay were already scratched the name of several previous tenants. I asked about the man whose name came last in the line and was told that he had been comfortably buried the week before. I added my own name with an old nail borrowed for the purpose and I then controlled as tenant (I hoped it was not to be for a very long leasehold) the space of floor extending from the brick towards the centre of the room. I could not in fact actually occupy the full six-foot length to which I was entitled.

Later on the author was transferred to Danville, where conditions were fully as bad as at Libby:

The fact that a number of the guards were more or less half-witted brought occasional trouble that would not have occurred with veteran soldiers. I remember one day when a man whose position was next to me on the floor was washing a "in cup of which he was the fortunate possessor; the window was open or the pane was broken, and to avoid wetting the floor he held the cup out of the window. Through pure accident some of the dripping water fell on the sentry below. The sentry turned and without a moment's warning fired up at the window. The ball missed the delinquent, but shattered the arm of a man sitting next, and in this case the wounded chap, in feeble health and with no proper surgical treatment, lost his life. Those of us who had witnessed the shooting put a statement in shape which was delivered to Colonel Smith through the prison adjutant, in which we demanded the punishment of the guard. He was withdrawn for a time, as we supposed for trial and for punishment, but he returned a week later in triumph, carrying the chevrons of a sergeant. In place of being punished he had been promoted.

The author concludes his memoirs with his registration as a voter in 1865. He tells us that he felt that he had fully earned his citizenship, and with that opinion there will be no disinclination to agree. And now we may reasonably look forward to another volume as interesting but more peaceful than the present one.

MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH. By George Haven Putnam, Litt. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 32

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Shea.

We can always rely upon Mr. Randall Parrish for a story of vigorous adventures that makes, thank heaven, no great demands upon psychological insight or pathological lore. And so here we have a story of a fighting Irishman, Lieutenant Shea, who finds nothing very pressing to do at home, or good reasons why it can not be done, and who has enlisted in the French Irish brigade, the Royal Irlandais, during the wars of Louis XV against England and the continental powers. Shea is so unfortunate as to kill an aristocratic comrade in a duel, and so he leaves the camp and presently finds himself hiding in the loft of an inn that seemed to be deserted while a party of English soldiers are holding revel below. The soldiers have a prisoner, a young French girl whom they seem likely to insult, and so Shea intervenes to aid heavily in distress, and so links his fortunes with a young woman whom he presently finds to his consternation to be the sister of the man with whom he fought the duel. Escaping from the inn, they soon find themselves in trouble that is even worse. They are captured by brigands whose haunt is an ancient and historic castle, and then we find that we are in the midst of some very ugly plottings that are foiled only by strenuous fighting of the old-fashioned and chivalrous kind. Shea deserves all the good things that come to him, and we are not without reason for believing that they are very good indeed.

SHEA OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

The Countess de Cambrun need make no apology for this competent analysis of the Shakespearean sonnets. She reminds us that the best works on the subject, those by Gerald Massey and Professor Tyler, are practically unobtainable, and that Rowe's "Life" is even scarcer. The latter is therefore reproduced in full in this volume, and it constitutes by no means the greatest of its attractions.

Nor need the countess defend herself because she has rearranged the Sonnets. No authority attaches to the current arrangements, since their first publisher only claimed to give the public a large number of Shakespeare's minor poems as they reached his hands, probably from three distinct sources. Doubtless he himself used his own judgment in their sequence, and certainly those who come after him have a similar freedom in the matter. We have now a grouping into three series, the first being to Southampton, the second to the Dark Lady, and the third to Southampton, and the author's explanation of this arrangement may be considered as adequate. The Sonnets thus grouped are given in extenso, and these are followed by appendices devoted to "Rowe's Life of Shakespeare (reprinted)," "Extract from Stowe's Annals," "Extract from Rowland Whyte's Letters (Sidney Papers and Memorials of State)," and "Notes on Shakespeare's Deer Stealing—John Aubrey, John Florio, Samuel Daniel, Ben Johnson, Anthony Wood, William Fulman, and William d'Avenant." The main chapters of the work are devoted to "Shakespeare and His Early Poems," "The Fair Youth," "The Dark Lady," "Shakespeare and the Rival Poets," "Shakespeare as Seen Through the Sonnets," and "Descriptive Analysis of the Sonnets."

THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By the Countess of Cambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

Boycotts.

Mr. Laidler's elaborate history and defense of the boycott in labor disputes has doubtless a distinct value from the legal point of view if only for its summary of cases and precedents. But it would have been better if the author had confined himself to the legal position and had refrained from attempting the rôle of the apologist. For in his plea for the boycott he seems to lose his sense of the value of evidence, doubtless a serious thing to say of a lawyer, but one that appears to be true. In dealing with the abuse of the boycott, for example, he says: "Most of the labor leaders interviewed, however, refused to acknowledge that they knew of any individual cases of abuse." Of course they refused to acknowledge this. Did the author expect them to admit it? Then we have the citation of various opinions by Secretary of Labor Wilson and by Mr. Gompers, and these seem to be advanced, not merely as contributions to a debate, but as final and conclusive arguments. And yet affirmations and denials by Mr. Gompers are not usually supposed to facilitate the search for truth. It is equally surprising to find the author sustaining the opinion that because the individual has the right to take his custom where he pleases and to threaten to withdraw and to transfer it he has the right to do this same thing collectively, that it makes no difference whether you threaten one man or a hundred men or whether it is one man or a collection of men from whom the threats emanate. But surely the publication of a threat or the fact of a conspiracy to threaten are factors that the law must recognize. It may be said, moreover,

that even if the author is logical in such a contention—and of course he is not—it will not serve to remove the general impression that the boycott is one of those forces that may easily make civil government an impossibility, and in such an event the "logical plea" has no efficacy whatever. Precisely the same arguments might be used against the Sherman Act. From the legal point of view Mr. Laidler has written a valuable book, but as a plea for the recognition of the boycott his work is impaired by what can only be described as credulity in the examination of evidence.

BOYCOTTS AND THE LABOR STRUGGLE. By Harry W. Laidler. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Five Years to Find Out.

Mr. I. A. R. Wylie has given us several capital stories, and now here is another, and with a delightful moral to it. Cecilia Hamilton marries Heathcote St. John, not because she loves him, but because he is in receipt of a large income from a wealthy uncle on the other side of the world. Leading the society life to the full, they become gradually estranged to the point of bare toleration, and then comes the calamity. St. John receives a curt announcement that his uncle has failed and that supplies must henceforth cease, and so for the first time in his life he discovers what it is not only to be poor but to be penniless. Cecilia goes home to the hated country vicarage to escape which she sold herself, and Heathcote finds that he has neither the ability nor the experience to earn \$10 a week. And it is under the stress of such circumstances as these that the husband discovers that after all he is a man and the wife discovers that after all she is a woman, discoveries that were quite incompatible with affluence. The reader is allowed to know at a very early stage that the failure of the uncle is a sort of redemptive deception and designed to the very end that it accomplishes. But it may be said that the aristocratic Heathcote St. John never shows to such advantage as when he is driving a cab nor Cecilia to such advantage as when she decides to defy fate by the side of her husband. It is a capital little story and an artistic delight from cover to cover.

FIVE YEARS TO FIND OUT. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

The Anglo-French Entente.

Mr. Bastide devotes himself, not to the entente that is supposed now to prevail between the ancient and hereditary enemies on either side of the English Channel, but to another entente that existed during the seventeenth century. But it was not a political entente, but rather one of manners and of thought. No matter what conflicts there might be by sea and by land there was a monthly messenger carrying the latest French fashions from France to England, and there was also a constant communication between the religious and philosophical thinkers of the two countries. The Huguenots recognized an unbreakable fraternity between themselves and their co-religionists in England, while during the English civil war there was a warm sympathy between the radicals of the two countries and much personal interchange of opinions and plans. Inspired by the English example, the Protestants of Bordeaux demanded a parliament, the freedom of thought, and the abolition of privilege. They announced the principle of human equality and asserted that "the king's son is not born with a crown on his head any more than the peasant's son with wooden shoes on his feet." It is to such pictures as these that the book owes its charm, and that the author has thus ventured into hitherto unexplored fields gives his book the interest that it unquestionably possesses.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Charles Bastide. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

A Friend of the People.

There is no reason why Mr. Theodore Bonnet, the editor of the San Francisco *Town Talk*, should apologize for writing a political play. On the contrary he should apologize for not having done so earlier, and he should condone his offense by doing so again. A failure to turn to dramatic account the present political situation would be to neglect a volume of material peculiarly rich in comedy and in tragedy and in that mingling of the two of which the competent playwright is ever in search. The stage has a certain penetrative power upon public opinion that seems now to be lost alike by oratory and literature, and there is no reason why so potent a weapon should be allowed to rust. If the theatre may be used to exploit a whole host of social evils that have no real existence there is surely no reason why its batteries should not be turned upon political evils that do exist.

There is no ambiguity about the motives of "A Friend of the People." The scene is laid in the capital of the state, and there are quite a number of states where all the persons of the play may be found. There is the governor who has been carried into office by a wave of political "uplift" and by the votes of masses of stupidly sincere people. Governor Hopkins knows all the formulas of

progressivism, its slogans, and its watchwords, and he uses them to hide his emptiness of principle, and intelligence, and conscience. There is the governor's secretary and his publicity promoter, and there is Fred Dunstan, the newspaper correspondent, who has his doubts about the whole programme of pretense and dishonesty, as newspaper correspondents usually have, although they may not always say so. The feminine element is supplied mainly by Rosalie Colton, who belongs to the League of Justice and who is resolved to help the good governor to "redeem the great and beautiful state I was born in." We all know Rosalie Colton and her emotions, and we all wish that she might be otherwise employed.

Mr. Bonnet explains why he has found it necessary to give his play an "unhappy ending." But we are not sure that it is an unhappy ending. Real tragedy is to be found in undetected villainy and successful hypocrisy, and this is the sort of tragedy to which we are accustomed in real life. Governors such as Hopkins usually succeed in "getting away with the goods," but in this case we have the exposure and the ruin of a hypocrite, and a political Nemesis that we may hope will not always be confined to the stage. And it may be said in conclusion that Mr. Bonnet has not forgotten the dramatic proprieties in his pursuit of an ethical ideal. His situations are admirably contrived and his dialogue is terse and vigorous. His play ought to be as good to witness as it is to read.

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE. A Play in Four Acts. By Theodore Bonnet. San Francisco: Pacific Publication Company.

Brief Reviews.

From Charles Scribner's Sons come two choices little cook books, both by Linda Hull Larned. The first is entitled "One Hundred Salads" and the second "One Hundred Cold Desserts." The recipes seem to be precise and practical, and there is a competent index. Price, 50 cents each.

"The Confessions of an Inconstant Man," by an unnamed writer, describes a series of love adventures of the lightest and most ephemeral kind, a game in which kisses seem to be the largest stake. Some of these narratives are quite amusing, but one is inclined to wonder why they were written. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1 net.

Harper & Brothers have published "Principles of Correct Dress," by Florence Hull Winterburn, with chapters by Jean Worth and Paul Poiret. It is in no sense a fashion book, but a presentation of the permanent principles of artistic individual dress based on the first law of individual dressing that every woman should study herself and dress to suit her own style. Price, \$1 net.

Any book for boys published by the Century Company is thereby sufficiently recommended, but "William and Bill," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Wood Morrison, seems to be particularly worthy of note. The boys are real boys, and they speak and think like real boys. Indeed the sense of reality is so strong that we are inclined to wonder how the authors found it all out. The price is \$1.25 net.

"In the High Valley," by Susan Coolidge, is the latest addition to the Katy Did Series and is intended for girls of ten and upwards. It is ingeniously written, but the colloquy does not sound very natural or childlike, while the "patriotic" conversations between the American and English children suggest a certain cattishness and even spitefulness that might have been advantageously avoided. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co. Price; \$1.50.

A finely written allegory of life comes from E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title of "A Way-faring Soul," by Walter Raymond. It shows the slow process of disillusionment that comes to those who suppose that wealth, and power, and love, and ambition, are realities or that anything exists or can exist except life eternally refashioning matter into new forms. Wisdom consists in recognizing the reality and turning away from the illusions. There seems to be something lacking in the author's philosophy, perhaps a provision for the continuity of individual consciousness, but none the less he has given us a fine piece of poetic imagery. The price is \$1 net.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle in the preface to their "Modern Dancing," just published by Harper & Brothers (\$1.25 net), say that their book in the first place aims to explain in a clear and simple manner the fundamentals of modern dancing and in the second place it shows that dancing, properly executed, is neither vulgar nor immodest, but, on the contrary, the personification of refinement, grace, and modesty. The text does all that can be done by text in the way of explanation, but perhaps the chief practical value will be found in the illustrations. These are derived partly from moving pictures and partly from special photographs, the work of photographic experts.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a little volume on "Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett, valuable not only as an epitomized biog-

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raphy but as a keen and sympathetic survey of Tolstoy's character. The charge of inconsistency is the cheap weapon of cheap minds, and the author brushes it away with contempt. There must always be inconsistency between the higher and the lower natures of a human being, and so there must be inconsistencies in actions that gravitate sometimes to one and sometimes to the other. Tolstoy's mission was to arouse conscience, and certainly no man of his age did this more effectively. The price of the little volume is 75 cents.

Dr. E. B. Lowry in her new book, "Teaching Sex Hygiene in the Public Schools" (Forbes & Co.; 50 cents net), advocates the use of the public schools for this purpose, but only after parents have been persuaded of its necessity and after teachers have been trained to impart the instruction. We are not told how the teachers are to be trained or why the parents who are thus to be educated into compliance can not themselves do whatever is needful. There is no doubt that the author writes sincerely, but certainly she writes nothing to alter our previous conviction that sex teaching in the schools, no matter by whom imparted, would be a hideous mistake. Nor is our respect for the author's opinions in any way increased by noting her extraordinary credulity in the matter of "white slavery."

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GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Randall Parrish's new romance, "Shea of the Irish Brigade," is issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. The scenes are of Marshal Saxe's campaign before the victory of Fontenoy, in the country ravished by the English, Dutch, and Austrian allies, leagued against Louis XV of France.

Doris Egerton Jones, the author of "Peter Piper," a novel soon to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co., was the first woman admitted to the bar of the Australian Supreme Court. This gifted young woman at the age of twenty-one graduated from the Adelaide University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, later taking up law.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announced the following publications on Saturday, April 11: "Confederate Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart," by Frank A. Mumby; "South Africa," by A. Wyatt Tilby; "A Life of Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett; Poems by Walter Conrad Arensberg; and "The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871," by Harry Edwin Smith.

Joseph Conrad says "Chance," his new book, is his quickest piece of work. This is what he writes: "I have finished my long novel on the 25th, the last words being written at 3:10 a. m., just as my working lamp began to burn dimly and the fire in the grate to turn black. It's my quickest piece of work. About 140,000 words in nine months and twenty-three days. I went out and walked in the drive for half an hour. It was raining and the night was still very black." Arithmeticians will note that what Conrad refers to as his "quickest work" averaged only a little more than 450 words a day.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that Percy MacKaye's "Masque of St. Louis," which will be performed at the St. Louis celebration at the end of May, will be published by them in book form early in that month. The book title will be "Saint Louis—a Civic Masque."

Dr. George Van Schaick, author of "Sweetapple Cove," was born in New York, educated in France and Scotland and England and New York and Heidelberg and, more than anywhere else, he says, in the great wilds of Canada. He is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1884, and practices medicine eleven months of the year in order to play in the woods the twelfth. This book, representing the writer's first effort at a long story, has something of a story of its own. First planned in 1900 or 1901, it was begun in 1905, and finished at length, in a version, three years later. Through the two years succeeding it underwent various adventures, including, if memory serves, two complete overhauls. It is published by Small, Maynard & Co.

On April 18 the John Lane Company published the following books: "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art for 1914"; "On the Left of a Throne," by Mrs. Evan Nepean; "The Comic Kingdom," by Rudolf Pickthall; "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham, author of "The Coil of Carne" and "Queen of the Guarded Mounts"; "Oh, Mr. Bidgood!" by Peter Blundell, author of "The Finger of Mr. Blee"; "The Year Book of American Etching."

The seventy-seventh birthday of John Burroughs is marked in his career as a writer by the third printing of his latest book, "The Summit of the Years."

Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, author of "Harper's Book for Young Gardeners"—just published—tells of his own youthful experiences in cultivating a city yard. It seemed a hopeless task, he and his brother thought, to transform the waste of weeds into a respectable garden. Nevertheless by hard work, which was watched with interest by their boy friends, their venture proved a great success. Though they planted only the commonest varieties of seeds and with only a crude knowledge of gardening, they raised enough vegetables to support a large family, selling the surplus to pay for seeds and fertilizers and to furnish spending money for several months.

The publication of a book by Newell Dwight Hillis is a significant event in literary circles. New volumes with his name on the title-page are issued only very rarely. This fact the many admirers of "The Quest of Happiness," "The Quest of John Chapman," "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life," have deeply regretted in the past, and this regret will be even more poignant after a reading of "The Story of Phædrus" (published April 8). This little work with its many attractive decorations in colors is perhaps the most important of all of Dr. Hillis's writings. Coming after a number of years of silence, it represents the very best of his thought and expression. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Church, the People, and the Age," by 105 distinguished theologians, preachers, teachers, writers, and scientists of America and Europe, edited by Robert Scott and

George W. Gilmore, with an analysis and summary by Clarence Augustine Beckwith, is issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. It seeks to answer three questions: Why are so many people indifferent to the claims of the church? Should membership in the church be contingent upon subscription to a creed which may be controversial? What should be the basis and direction of a theology fundamental to the church? These 105 eminent contributors to this work do not agree concerning the cause of indifference, though admitting it. The motif of this remarkable book is found in reasons given by Abraham Lincoln why he was not a church member.

Who wrote "Overland Red" is still an unsolved riddle, but of his ability there is no doubt.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Ballad of Old-Time Captains.

Who speaketh now of Tamerlane,
That emperor of Tartary?
Who speaketh now of Prester John,
Monarch of old-time Muscovy?
Cuchulain of the Irishry—
King Arthur of the grievous fray—
Great God! Who heareth word of them?
The winds have blown their dust away.

Never a word of those valiant ones,
The warrior captains of long ago;
Roland, the mighty paladin,
Who wrought the havoc of Roncevaux;
Duke Hannibal, or Scipio:
The Roman Julius, crowned with bay;
Pepin le Bref, or Courtmantel;
The winds have blown their dust away.

Never a word of the Lion Heart,
Who won the proud Castilian dame.
Never a word in a minstrel's mouth
Of the Grecian Alexander's fame.
Never the Trojan Hector's name
Is heard in ballad or vielay.
And Coriolanus, where is he?
The winds have blown their dust away.

L'ENVOI.

The old Ecclesiast hath said
That all is vain, but well-a-day!
'Tis pity of those mighty ones—
The winds have blown their dust away.
—Donn Byrne, in *Smart Set*.

The Gardener.

"I plucked your flower, O world!
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked.
When the day waned and it darkened, I found
That the flower had faded, but the pain remained.

"More flowers will come to you with perfume and
pride, O world!
But my time for flower-gathering is over, and
through the dark night I have not my rose,
only the pain remains."
—From "The Gardener," by Rabindranath Tagore.

At the Ch'en Gate.

At dusk, as wild geese winged their airy way
Upon the sunset over proud Peking,
To where, darker than jade, the mountains lay,
Set in the misty gold of dying day,
I stood upon the mighty Tartar wall,
By the great-towered gate, the Ch'en, and felt
The yellow myriads move to it and melt,
As in some opiate sleep's imagining.
And slowly through there came a caravan
Of swaying camels out of far Tibet,
Upon their tawny flanks the foam silt wet,
And in their eyes the desert's ancient span.
What dreams they bore to me I now forget,
But through me rang the name of Kublai Khan.
—Cale Young Rice, in *Century Magazine*.

A Lay o' the Day.

Oh, I'm homesick for the old days, the slow days,
the days that used to be,
When the stage-coach held the highway, and the
frigate ruled the sea.
We go scuttling over land,
Skyrocketing through air,
On our spit-fire devil-wagons,
Getting—where?

Give us back the long days, the calm days, the
days when men could dream,
When the town was still a village, and there wasn't
any steam.

Though we carry round on wires
The live Promethean Spark,
We are rather more than ever
In the dark.

Though truly these be live days, and brave days,
days when strong men grind
On the flints of circumstance cutting-edges to the
mind;

Yet the stroke that whets a hatchet,
Turns a razor edge:
Lest we blunt the finer spirit,
Better hedge.

Better give ourselves an off day, a whole day, a
day to size up things,
To weigh the fact that after all the soul was born
with wings.

And might, had we the courage left
To break its prison-hairs,
Outsoar these aeroplanes, and float
Among the stars.

If ever dawns a new day, the true day, the day
when we are through
With this rag-time tango living—oh, I know what
I shall do:

I'll sit me on the quiet grass
Under a quiet tree—
I'll sit, and very like I'll whistle—
Quietly.

—Jefferson B. Fletcher, in the *Nation*.

New Books Received.

TEACHING SEX HYGIENE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents net.

A consideration of the methods of teaching children personal purity.

CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

Biographical sketches of Johnston, Stuart, Longstreet, Beauregard, Benjamin, Stephens, Toombs, and Semmes.

THE UNITED STATES FEDERAL INTERNAL TAX HISTORY FROM 1861 TO 1871. By Harry Edwin Smith, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays.

TOLSTOY. By Edward Garnett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

Issued in Modern Biographies.

MODERN DANCING. By Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

With many illustrations from photographs and moving pictures of the newest dances for which the authors posed.

PRINCIPLES OF CORRECT DRESS. By Florence Hull Winterburn. Including chapters by Jean Worth and Paul Poirer. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

The fashion of the moment and the permanent rules of artistic individual dress.

UNOER HANDICAP. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

HARPER'S BOOK FOR YOUNG GARDENERS. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

How to make the best use of a little land.

LITTLE LOST SISTER. By Virginia Brooks. Chicago: Gazzolo & Ricksen; \$1.35 net.

A "white slave" novel.

THE CLUB WOMAN'S HANDBOOK OF PROGRAMS AND CLUB MANAGEMENT. By Kate Louise Roberts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents net.

A book of general advice on club management.

THE GARDEN PATCH. By Edward Du Bois Flint. New York: John Lane Company; 50 cents net.

A little book of information about gardening.

ONE HUNDRED COLO DESSERTS. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A cook book.

ONE HUNDRED SALADS. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A cook book.

THE REAL SOUTH AFRICA. By Ambrose Pratt. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.50 net.

A survey of the country and conditions from a new point of view.

FROM AN ISLAND OUTPOST. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A volume of extracts from journals and notebooks.

THE POST-OFFICE. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A dialogue.

LOOKING WESTWARD. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

The philosophy of a long life.

WAYFARERS. By Virginia Corry. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

STORIES OF RED HANNAHAN, THE SECRET ROSE, ROSA ALCHEMICA. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Some Irish legends retold.

MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some chapters of autobiography.

SHALLOW SOIL. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

RUNG HO. By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS. By Alfred M. Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$3.50 net.

Summing up the essence of what is known about Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic architecture.

THE CAUSE OF BUSINESS DEPRESSION. By Hugo Bilgram, in collaboration with Louis Edward Levy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

"The authors have made a thorough investiga-

tion of economic conditions and in this eminently scientific yet popular work they show conclusively the cause of business depression and its cure."

THE CHURCH, THE PEOPLE, AND THE AGE. Edited by Robert Scott and George William Gilmore. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$3 net.

An inquiry into the status of the church and the remedy for it.

VAIN OBOLATIONS. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A volume of short stories.

A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET. By Gottfried Keller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Translated by A. C. Bahlmann. With an introduction by Edith Wharton.

THE AMERICAN JAPANESE PROBLEM. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

A study of the racial relations of the East and the West.

The adhesive postage stamp had its origin in England seventy-four years ago as a direct outcome of the postal reforms introduced by Sir Rowland Hill, whose master-mind created not only the inestimable boon of penny postage, but the means by which it was carried into effect—the adhesive postage stamp (says the current issue of the *Strand Magazine*). At the time of the passing of the Uniform Penny Postage Act in 1839 all postal charges were paid in cash (usually on delivery), involving an enormous amount of bookkeeping on the part of the postoffice, which would have been increased a hundred-fold when the reduced rates of postage came into force but for the suggestion of the great postal reformer, for "a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp and coated at the back with a glutinous wash," being subsequently embodied in the famous one-penny black postage label and its consort, the twopence blue, which made their debut in May, 1840, and were the progenitors of all adhesive postage stamps. For three short years Great Britain enjoyed a monopoly of this novel and handy method of collecting postages, until in July, 1843, the enlightened Empire of Brazil followed suit with a series of unprepossessing adhesive labels of native manufacture adorned with large numerals of value in place of a design. In 1847 the United States entered the field with two beautifully engraved portraits of Franklin and Washington, while the head of Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, found place on the first stamps of the French republic, engraved by the elder Barré, which made their debut on January 1, 1849.

In the May *Century* appears another story by Miss Mena, called "The Birth of the God of War."

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"THE ECHO" AT THE GAIETY.

There was a capital article in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* in which the writer made some exceedingly pertinent remarks about the modern brand of musical comedy. Among the many true comments made was one which indicated the real weakness of this popular form of entertainment: that is, its tendency to run toward vaudeville by cramming a little bit of everything in what purports to be, in some sort at least, a play. This departure from unity of idea, the writer said, weakens the impression the piece makes on the public; hence the greater success of such comedies as "The Merry Widow," "Adele," and so forth.

My mind reverted, or tried to revert, to the innumerable musical comedies I have forgotten, while each one that I remembered proved the truth of the writer's contention. "The Echo," at the Gaiety, is one of these vaudevillized comedies that the public receives with such good nature and applause as to convince the managers that they fill a need. When the curtain falls and the lights are out the audiences trail out with a pleasant memory of having seen a satisfyingly large number of competent stage specialists do a lot of clever and amusing things, and that's the end of it. Yet these same people, or those of the group who are comedians, could have made thrice the impression with matter worthy of their steel. For the company at the Gaiety forms almost a complete collection of exceptionally clever musical-comedysites, each department, except that of leading tenor and soprano, being well represented. There is, first in the qualities that draw the public, Maude Fulton, a talented comedienne, gifted with that curious elusive magnetism that rivets every eye to her face and every ear to her speech while she is on the stage; a specialist in nonsense ditties, in dancing, in burlesque, in farcical comedy. There is William Rock, eccentric dancer, burlesque actor, and all-round light comedian. Bessie Franklin is a valuable utility comedienne, and can show a particularly neat shape when occasion calls for figure display.

Oscar Ragland and Mary Ambrose make a capital pair of "heavies." Will Philbrick, who for the time displaced Rock as chief comedian, gets his laugh every time. Frances White, although I should judge rather new at the game, is a pretty, dimpled little ingénue whose miniature charms tickle the susceptibilities of the public. Kittie Doner, although in her present embryonic condition rather an alarming young whirlwind when she gets a-going, is a live wire that just needs tempering. She should be looking for a partner, an act, and an engagement on a vaudeville circuit. Fred Santley is an engaging juvenile, with an attractive, boyish countenance and a full and pleasant singing voice. There are others, but in the incoherent whirl of events which make up "The Echo" I confess to having lost their special identity.

To add to this galaxy there is the chorus, a group—and a very big group—of young and shapely girls, many of them pretty and all of them full of zip.

There is no doubt that "The Echo" pleased. There were many comical hits, a lot of popular songs, side issues of clever dancing by Rock, Fulton, Doner, and two young men whose names are hurried in the ample cast; and there was a whirl of some sort of action going on every moment of the time that a song, a dance, or a scrap of comic dialogue was not in order.

It is significant, however, of the general shapelessness of "The Echo" that its story ended abruptly when the evening was about two-thirds through and the "dress rehearsal" began. This much anticipated event had no connection that I could discover with the rest of "The Echo" beyond the fact that there were two stranded actors stopping at the hotel whose name constitutes the title of the piece. However, the costumer made it an excuse to dress the company up to the nines à la the middle ages, and they plunged into a brief burlesque of a costume-melodrama, in which there were nothing specially rememberable or coherent, but much that was agreeably titivating to one's sense of humor. Maude Fulton, as usual, came out ahead. She looked like a little prince of the tower in her black tights and small-clothes, her plumed velvet cap, and her flow of blonde hair. Philbrick was very funny as a literal king. Oscar Ragland, with his tremendous height set off with

plush upholstery and mediæval headgear, was suggestive of a good-natured Mourzouk, and, in fact, the general effect was that of a human crazy quilt.

Now if all these bright people were cast in a—but what's the use? Time will have to bring along its own reforms.

FOR A NATIONAL STOCK COMPANY.

The marked success which, after a rather discouraging beginning, finally attended the recent engagement of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players at the Columbia Theatre in this city contains an element of the unexpected which theatre managers might do well to heed. The fact of the matter is that that success was due to causes which no longer are allowed to count in the theatre business. The first-class stock company, which in past times has been the fruitful source of many high and pure enthusiasms, has practically passed out of existence. This is the reign of the two-year run and the consequent suppression of native talent.

While Shakespeare is never wholly out of vogue, many people who were confirmed theatre-goers in the past thought they had grown indifferent to his plays. Since they contain no element of the unexpected, the chief pleasure they convey must lie in the revival of atmosphere and in bearing the loved passages given the charm of spoken music. For this the modern player is utterly unfitted by the deadly monotony of his entirely superficial training. In fact the average actor of this generation is so much the unfinished product of his time that the public is becoming, if not resigned, at least accustomed to players who can not even render the colloquialisms of an everyday conversation with actual intelligibility. There is much complaint on this subject among steady theatre-goers, and, what is worse, there is a great loss of patronage. Thousands of people who naturally have a real love for the theatre have totally given it up. They consider that they get too poor a return for their money, since superficiality and the exploitation of untrained charm has displaced the play of trained and developed abilities.

While we must remember that the Stratford-upon-Avon Players have taken upon themselves, in a way, a sacred charge, and confine themselves to representing the plays of Shakespeare, yet their general mastery of all the arts of histrionic representation assures us that similar results could be accomplished in the United States, a country preëminently devoted to the pleasures of the theatre.

There is opportunity now, and indeed at all times, for a great leader to come forward and found a sort of nationally representative stock company, if not upon similar lines, at least with equally lofty ideals as the association of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players. True, such a work takes time, and the results would, perhaps, be slow in declaring themselves. It has taken more than a third of a century for that association to make its artistic value recognized.

Thirty-nine years ago, to be exact, there was formed an association, the purpose of which was to perpetuate the memory of Shakespeare and the appreciation of his works by keeping before the public as ideal representations as possible of all his actable plays. In spite of the ridicule and jeers of the press of London the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was built five years later. At that early epoch the little theatre kept its doors open during the memorial celebrations for a few days only, and that to very small houses. A third of a century has passed, and with little outside aid or encouragement and with very limited financial resources, the association has steadily advanced in importance. Today the Memorial Theatre is open for seven weeks in the year, the performances drawing travelers from all over the world during the months of April and August, when the two annual memorial festivals are in progress.

The association is ruled by a board of governors, with Mr. F. R. Benson as the art director, and its company of players is steadily recruited from a traveling dramatic school, the students of which pay their fees for the privilege of accompanying the troupe on its tours through the English provinces and learning the art as well as the more advanced principles of acting. These students, by acting as supernumeraries and playing the smaller rôles, witness the practical development of the work and soon learn how to conduct themselves on the stage. The players proper are paid regular salaries, but all profits, over expenses, are turned into the treasury of the theatre. In case of deficits several affluent members of the association who are full of public-spirited enthusiasm have repeatedly come forward and made good the loss.

The recent trip to Canada and America was a pioneer tour, undertaken partly with the idea of spreading the sacred fire and partly to strengthen the financial thews and sinews of the association. For Great Britain as a theatrical circuit is rather a small place for such a large organization to rely on for profits.

There is at present another company of

Stratford-upon-Avon Players traveling in Africa, and also one in England.

This association may now be said to be furnishing the English-speaking races with Shakespearean players, and so warmly does the theatrical element in London regard it that in the absence of the present company from this year's memorial festival a dozen great London stars at once volunteered their services gratis; among them Sir Herbert Tree, Miss Irene Vahugh, Sir Arthur Bourchier, Harry Irving, and the two Terrys.

The association has no idea of trying to make unwilling converts to its doctrines, and the fact that the board of governors ruled New York out of the itinerary of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players would seem to indicate a dubiety as to whether the land of musical-comedians would make them welcome. This omission evidently caused some mental soreness in the city of the Great White Way, as evidenced by the resentfully sarcastic nature of numerous press comments. Indeed Charles Frohman came out in a lengthy article in which he alluded to the "comic idea" of a memorial theatre and disparagingly referred to the Stratford-upon-Avon Players as "a traveling provincial company" and "amateurs." This may be business rivalry, or possibly the well-known manager honestly believes that the feeling of scornful superiority thus expressed is justified.

But in the interim the name and fame of these players have steadily increased as they covered their itinerary, and already our more appreciative theatre-goers are promised a return in the year of the exposition of another company of Stratford players, or possibly the same one. For the trail has been blazed on this trip and probably even greater success is assured in 1915.

In the meantime the superior artistic results in the way of fine ensemble work which Americans have witnessed on this tour has started people to thinking. There have been many references of late to the famous stock companies of the past, and perhaps unreasonable hopes that the system might be revived in the future. For there is ample material. There are men in New York today who, no longer actively in the fray, would do well in a business directorship. There are scholarly or practical men interested in the improvement of the drama, such as Brander Matthews, Augustus Thomas, William Winter, William Gillette, Percy Mackaye, James K. Hackett, Professor Robert Herrick, and many others, some of them young and modern in their tastes, some old and unchanged in their ideas, who might possibly feel honored to serve on a board of directors, and who would doubtless try to reconcile the ideals of the past and the future.

The two Frohmans and David Belasco are probably too busy to take a hand, but there are always, in the theatric world, people of ability who could serve in various capacities. There are mature or aged players whose time of active work is nearly over but who would eagerly pass on the flame of inspiration to light the torches of their young successors.

As to the business side of it, since this is a dream, why not make it as gratifying a one as possible? What is to prevent such great managers and producers as would favor the idea from joining in one blended enterprise and making this association a great national stock company and dramatic school in one, from which all could draw a perpetual procession of trained players?

Such an institution would serve as a general repository for the best stage traditions. The almost lost art of the culture of the speaking voice and clean-cut speech could be revived. In the department devoted to modern drama our promising young Thespians could be taught to reconcile intelligibility with realism. Our players could be trained to express themselves in an ideal language which should not copy the provincialisms or mannerisms of the English; for to us, as well as to them, the English language is a glorious heritage, and our share in fostering its better parts should not be despised or disregarded. In a country like this which serves as a great crucible for many nationalities it is terribly misused, and it would be a valuable aid to set the standards of this school so high as to make each of its pupils a disseminator of English pure and undefiled. Nor would it take a third of a century to gain results. And if the shy and elusive public that clings to its evening fireside could eventually be assured of having grounds for greater confidence in the quality of our actors and could have the pleasure of seeing well-trained, highly organized stock companies in repertory, whether in old or modern drama, it would begin to pour to the theatre in unguessed thousands. The numerical proportion of the public unreached by our theatres would probably amaze managers if they could guess its extent. But it could be reached under such conditions, for the whole world, gentle and simple, loves drama by instinct, and needs it almost as much as it does religion.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"Damaged Goods," with Richard Bennett and the entire New York company, will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

Exhibition of Etchings.

An exhibition of etchings in color and black and white by George Elbert Burr will open in the art gallery of Paul Elder & Co. on April 27, to continue for two weeks. The art of etching in color is one of quite recent origin, and this exhibition will show some work of unusual ability.

A Year's Business

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has enjoyed a prosperous year. At the recent annual meeting of the stockholders a comparative statement of earnings and expenses for the years 1912 and 1913 was presented, showing that the gross earnings of 1913 were \$15,869,006, compared with \$14,473,526 of 1912, an increase of \$1,395,480.

Maintenance, operating, and general expenses and taxes for 1913 amounted to \$9,331,207, against \$8,431,562 of 1912.

A profit on merchandise sales and miscellaneous amounted to \$333,331, compared with \$271,126 of the year preceding. Deductions for interest on funded and floating debt amounting to \$3,902,045 were made in 1913, compared with \$3,568,943 in 1912.

The deduction for the proportion of bond discount and expenses on bonds and gold notes was \$246,041, whereas in 1912 it was \$127,871.

The gain in gross earnings of \$1,395,480 is considered by the management as extremely satisfactory, particularly when compared with the gain of only \$140,042 in 1912 as against 1911, and indicates the recovery during the last year from the voluntary rate reductions, which adversely affected the 1912 results by more than \$1,000,000.

New business was well distributed over all departments, \$558,211 of the increase having come from sales of electricity; \$741,730 from sales of gas; \$25,725 from street railway operation, and \$69,814 from sales of water, etc. Miscellaneous income also increased \$62,205.

The total net income increased \$558,040, notwithstanding increased taxes of \$53,194 and the inclusion in operating expenses of the extraordinary expenditures incurred by reason of the strike which began in May and hampered the company's operations for several months.

During the year the company invested \$10,247,889 in plant additions, a large portion of which was absorbed in the new hydro-electric developments on the South Yuba and Bear rivers, the first unit of which, comprising 33,333 horsepower, was brought into operation toward the close of the year and which it is anticipated will enable the company to make a substantial addition to its net revenues in 1914.

From January 1, 1906, to December 31, 1913, a period of eight years, the company has made a cash investment of \$37,477,931 in plant additions.

It is estimated there are 17,000 owners of the company's securities, and the company has now 349,417 consumers, a gain during the year of 28,325.

Sales of gas increased 739,000,000 cubic feet, making the total sales for the year 7,430,000,000 cubic feet. The total length of the company's electric transmission and distribution system was 5,090 miles, and its gas distribution system comprised 2374 miles of mains.

The company's gross revenue comprised 36 per cent of the gross revenue of all gas and electric utilities operating in the State of California. The aggregate of the company's pay-rolls in California in 1913 was \$6,955,817 as against \$6,157,528 in 1912; and the average annual compensation per employee in 1913 was \$1026 as against \$1008 in 1912.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Argyle Case" Monday at Columbia.

Robert Hilliard comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, April 27, for a two weeks' engagement under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger, in "The Argyle Case," a detective play—not a "crook" drama—which holds fascinating elements of mystery and suspense.

It does not glorify the criminal nor idealize the detective. It emphasizes the absolute futility of offenses against the person and society. A murderer is brought to justice. The detective, who listens, the Roneophone that reproduces human voices, and the finger-print process are demonstrated. A band of skillful counterfeiters is broken up. The prime mover in this work is Asche Kayton, a private investigator, who solves his problems by common-sense methods such as employed by the detective, William J. Burns. The latter has cooperated with Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, and the result is what has been pronounced the best detective drama since "Sherlock Holmes."

Mr. Hilliard has the rôle of Detective Asche Kayton, clean-cut, incisive, and perfectly poised—the man of brains, manners, and dominant force, who is human and red-blooded. The seven months' run of "The Argyle Case" in New York last season is theatrical history. The cast is the same, including Gustav von Seyffertitz, Edwin Holland, Harvey Clark, Edwin Redding, John J. Pierson, Bert Walter, Robert Newcombe, W. T. Clark, Ralph Theodore, Olive Oliver, Stella Archer, Agnes Everett, Dorothy Tareak, and Elizabeth Eyre. There is no other company presenting this play.

Orpheum Presents a Great Bill

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the greatest bills in its history. "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues," an aquatic illusion designed on a scale never before attempted on the vaudeville stage, will be one of the headline attractions. William S. Morrell, its producer, has carefully constructed through a number of stage illusions a scene which for rare magnificence and appeal is without a rival. Posing in Neptune's garden of silence, a number of Nereids await the sound of the human voice which will break the enchantment which binds them as marble statues and restore them to their native element. The scene is of exquisite beauty, and released from the spell by the voice of Don Martinez, an adventurer, the mermaids gracefully dive to the depths of the placid pool at their feet. Prominent in it will be Carlo Casetta and Lillian Lestona in their weird and startling "La Danse Dementia." The spectacle will also include twenty dancers, models, water nymphs, and pantomimists.

The "Monita Five," consisting of three women and two men, are vocalists and instrumentalists of extraordinary ability. They play at least a dozen instruments, and each one is a good singer. They style their act "Harmony at Home."

Van Hoven, the "Dippy Mad Magician," through his efforts as a comedian, prevents his illusions from being completed. He goes to extraordinary pains to prepare a trick and labors over its presentation until the proper pitch of expectancy is reached, when adroitly a humorous turn is taken and an absurd and laughable climax ensues.

The Randals, a man and woman dressed respectively as a cowboy and an Indian Squaw, are unsurpassed as sharpshooters. They excel with the rifle and revolver.

That lively pair, Rosa Crouch and George Welch, will introduce a novel and entertaining turn consisting of singing, dancing, comedy, and acrobatics.

Another star-line act will be Alice Eis and Bert French in the sensation which made them famous in Europe and the East, "Le Rouge et Noir," or "The Dance of Fortune." It was originally presented in Europe, where it played for three consecutive years.

The only holdovers will be Ruth Royce and Harry Gilfoil.

Gaiety's New Show Opens Tuesday.

The last lively reverberations of "The Echo" at the Gaiety Theatre will be heard this afternoon, tonight, tomorrow afternoon, and tomorrow night, then "The Echo" will be taken to Los Angeles, and from the southern metropolis will come another fine Gaiety production, "The Girl Behind the Counter," which has been touring the state with great success for many weeks and which Los Angeles newspapers claim is the Gaiety's highest and gayest hit. It will be given for the first time in San Francisco April 28.

An all-star cast will be seen at the head of the singing and dancing organization. Al Shean, whose impersonation of the tailor in "The Candy Shop" was enjoyed for more than two months in this city, will have the leading rôle—that of an humble German citizen who suddenly finds himself possessed of a limitless fortune. The rôle of the wife, Mrs. Schniff, will be assumed by Maude Beatty, another "Candy Shop" favorite, while a trio of youth and beauty will be seen and heard in the persons of dainty Daphne Pollard, Myrtle Dingwall, and melodious Ann Tasker,

late star of "Madame Sherry." Others in the long cast who will be largely responsible for the gaiety at the Gaiety are Arthur Clough, a sweet tenor, Clarence Lydston, Orral Humphries, Jack Pollard, Bobby Roberts, Marian Rochester, Blanche Savoy, and a host of others.

There are many novel chorus ensembles, not the least of which is the pretty little ponies in their juvenile garb.

There will be no performance at the Gaiety Monday night preceding the new piece.

"Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort.

In order to take care of that important and illimitable territory called "the road," Oliver Morosco, the producer of "Peg o' My Heart," found it necessary to organize five touring companies. The company that will appear at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday night, April 26, is the important transcontinental one that covers the larger cities between New York and San Francisco.

The central figure in "Peg o' My Heart" is a wild, mischievous girl, who has been reared amidst poverty in New York, but nevertheless has preserved a flower-like fragrance of nature born in the wildwood. Loyalty to her father, to her father's country, Ireland, and to the memory of an aristocratic mother is the watchword of her nature. The scenes of this charming play are laid in a small town in England, the home of the Chichesters. They are a proud, unnatural family, and have accepted the responsibility of educating Peg, an unknown niece, for no other reason than the urgent income that is offered.

Peg is a real person, taken from a sad, humdrum world and placed in an environment where her humanity stands out with the sham, the hypocrisy, and the shallowness of those who consider themselves her betters. And in little Peg's struggle to get into harmony with her surroundings she has the audience ever with her. To follow her, now laughing joyously, now suddenly serious, as she tells of her home life across the seas, or her father in New York, is said to be a rare pleasure.

Miss Peggy O'Neil impersonates the title rôle. She is a young woman of personality, pulchritude, and charm, and her acting is said to be of more than usual intelligence. She makes Peg the lovable, hoydenish character that J. Hartley Manners, the author, has so cleverly and lightly drawn.

New Bill at the Pantages Theatre.

Harry Bulger, one of the best-known comedians on the American stage, and for many years the comedy half of Matthews and Bulger, will be the topline attraction on the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday. Bulger was last seen here with the "Woodland" company about a year ago and created a big success. He has an eccentric style of delivering his witticisms which marks him as one of the best liked funmakers in vaudeville.

Miss Jessie Shirley, for many years a favorite stock actress in the Northwest, will be the added attraction with her own version of Ouida's gripping tale, "Under Two Flags." Miss Shirley has condensed the production into a wonderful playlet beautiful in stage coloring and thrilling with dramatic climaxes. The part of Cigarette, the laughing "child of the army," will be enacted by Miss Shirley, who will be assisted by a cast of ten people.

Tom and Stacia Moore, who bill themselves as the "Irish Minstrel and His Lassie," have a delightful singing specialty with Moore rendering a number of old-time ballads.

Vera Berliner, the "violinist with a soul"; Bruce and Keane in a farce playlet called "Cupid, M. D."; the whirlwind Terry troupe of Australian acrobats; the Juggling Wagners, and exclusive motion pictures complete the rest of the bill.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Mischa Elman Concerts.

Mischa Elman, one of the few great violinists now before the public and a superb musician and interpretative artist, will give the first of two concerts at the Columbia Theatre this coming Sunday afternoon, April 26, at 2:30, assisted by the eminent English pianist, Mr. Percy Kahn.

On this occasion Mr. Elman and Mr. Kahn will play the exquisite "Sonata" for violin and piano in D major by Beethoven, and Elman's solo numbers will include the "Concerto," Op. 28, by Goldmark, which has seldom been heard here; "Sonata" in E major, by Handel, and works by Wieniawski, Gretry-Franko, Schumann-Auer, etc.

The second event will take place Sunday afternoon, May 3, when works by Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Wieniawski, Kreisler, Tschaiakowsky, and other great composers will receive most artistic performances.

Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Columbia Theatre. Elman will not play in Oakland this season.

Special Greek Theatre Concert.

Professor William Dallam Armes, chairman of the musical and dramatic committee of the

University of California, announces that there will be just one more professional musical event offered in the Greek Theatre this season and that will be the annual commencement week concert, when the Flonzaley Quartet has been secured to present the programme. The Flonzaleys will give a special programme on this occasion, including one of the beautiful quartets of Antonin Dvorak. Tickets will be on sale at the usual places in Oakland, Berkeley, and San Francisco, and on account of the enormous seating capacity of the auditorium the general admission to this one concert will be 50 cents.

A NEW STAGE DETECTIVE.

The detective in fiction and drama is as familiar as the wronged heroine or the dark, designing villain. To the playgoer there is nothing more fascinating than dramatic conflict between the enemy of society and the relentless sleuth keen upon his trail, whom he usually baffles with easy, irritating nonchalance. It is a sad commentary upon average morality that most theatre-goers are secretly delighted when the gentlemanly criminal in correct evening clothes, and with a seductive charm of manner that captivates all the ladies, poses negligently in the spotlight while the curtain falls upon the discomfiture of his adversary.

The stage detective has become a conspicuous figure in the drama of all nations—rarely plausible, often picturesque, and occasionally absurd. How old-timers used to weep over the woes of the harassed hero in Tom Taylor's "Ticket of Leave Man"! How ridiculous were the devices of his persecutor, who was continually throwing off some transparent disguise that wouldn't deceive a six-year-old child and melodramatically exclaiming that he was "Hawksbaw, the detective!"

The detective of French drama, even in such recent products as "The Thief" and "Arsène Lupin," are loquacious and grandiloquent persons who do not carry conviction. They are as artificial as the rose on milady's hat or the bloom upon her cheek. They talk too much and become tedious and tiresome.

As for the detectives in modern English drama, from "Jim the Penman" and "Captain Swift" to "Raffles," they are mostly run in the same mould—laquid dwellers in dinner coats with the bored, blasé air of the Grenadier Guards. They draw and drop their monocles, and when they wish to be particularly dramatic, they tug at long military moustaches and ejaculate "Fawney!"

After a long line of these tiresome gentry came Sherlock Holmes, a fantastic theorist, who could tell at one quick glance that a suspect had crumbled animal crackers in his soup while dining with an auburn-haired lady in a pink, low-cut evening gown, who accompanied him to a French restaurant in a four-wheeler drawn by a white horse blind in the right eye and slightly lame in the left hind leg. We all liked Sherlock for a time because he was so distinctly different.

The stage has swarmed with detectives in American dramas of criminology and the underworld, but they have been either the square-toed plain-clothes men or the truculent hullyng inspector from headquarters.

Asche Kayton, the stage detective who clears up the Argyle mystery, is not a policeman. He is the scientific investigator of crime whose manner and dress do not proclaim his calling four blocks away. He is the rare type who enjoys the confidence of big men of affairs and works only in big cases—one who has to match wits with the great geniuses in the criminal world.

Archdeacon Stuck in his account of his climb to the summit of Mt. McKinley, "The Ascent of Denali" (Scribner's), gives this description of his impressions upon reaching it: "Immediately before us, in the direction in which we had climbed, lay—nothing: a void, a sheer gulf many thousands of feet deep, and one shrank back instinctively from the little parapet of snow basin when one had glanced at the awful profundity. Across the gulf, about three thousand feet beneath us and fifteen or twenty miles away, sprang most splendidly into view the great mass of Denali's Wife, or Mt. Foraker, as some white men misname her, filling majestically all the middle distance. . . . And never was nobler sight displayed to man than that great isolated mountain, spread out completely, with all its spurs and ridges, its cliffs and its glaciers, lofty and mighty, and yet far beneath us. . . . Beyond stretched, blue and vague to the southwest, the wide valley of the Kuskokwim, with an end of all mountains. . . . It was, however, to the south and the east that the most marvelous prospect opened before us.

Arrangements have been made by the Columbia Theatre management for the presentation in the near future of the entire twelve reels of Hon. Dean C. Worcester's pictures entitled "Native Life in the Philippines." The pictures will be given in two programmes of six reels each under the heading of "The Headhunters" and "From Savages to Civilization."

Lecture on "Mexico and the Revolution."

Tomorrow night, April 26, at the Columbia Theatre, the noted artist, explorer, and lecturer, Frederick Monsen, will offer his timely illustrated lecture entitled, "Mexico and the Revolution." After months of careful compilation of data and pictures Mr. Monsen has arranged a lecture which is sure to prove one of the most interesting to which the public has ever been invited. The complications now on between the United States and Mexico will serve to heighten interest in the Monsen lecture, which will be given at 25 cents and 50 cents. The talks possess the charm of novelty. They are delivered by a man who has secured his information and pictures at first hand. His pictures are marvelous, perfect in technic, and the composition and coloring are such as only an artist of Mr. Monsen's standing could produce.

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6 OTHER ACTS

VANITY FAIR.

The Salvation Army in Philadelphia thinks that marriage ought to be made easier, which just shows how our instinctive pieties may lead us in diametrically opposite directions. Personally we think that marriage is already a great deal too easy, and that it ought to be discouraged like drug-taking and cigarettes. When one thinks of the aggregate of misfortunes that have followed this fatal habit of matrimony it is hard to understand why our comrades in Philadelphia should seek to promote it. They must recognize that every argument that has ever been brought against alcohol, for example, could be advanced with tenfold force against marriage, instead of which they go out of their way to aid and abet it.

And how cunning they are about it. How cleverly they bait the hook. All you have to do is to hand the sum of \$100 to any Salvation Army official and you will then be furnished with a license, a minister—who may be returned—a two weeks' honeymoon in the country, \$40 worth of furniture, and a four-room flat with bath and with the rent paid for the first month. In the first flush of our enthusiasm we thought of ordering half a dozen or so, but we were informed coldly that customers were allowed to purchase only a single article, just as they advertise at the big clearance sale after they have added twenty per cent to original prices. And it is just as well that we received this check, for you will notice that there is nothing said in the announcement about a wife. That is where they get you. That is how they conceal the powder in the jam. You exult over the prospective possession of the furniture and the bath and the minister and all the other dry goods, and then you suddenly realize that you must have a wife, too, and there you are. So we sadly put back the \$100 in our vest pocket and drifted downtown to a place where there are no strings on commercial enterprise.

Now we could suggest some improvements upon this Salvation Army plan. Come to think of it \$100 is real money, and it can provide a lot of engrossing occupation while it lasts. Now how would it do to place this scheme on a dollar-down-dollar-a-week foundation, so that you could renounce the whole cargo of hardware without undue loss on either side? You see it takes a business head to put through a deal like this so that it shall catch on. And how would it do to make some alternative prices? For example, there may be some people who would be willing to dispense with the minister or even the license. Indeed it seems quite likely, and in such cases there ought to be a reduced estimate, however small. Then again there might be some "money back" plan inserted in the contract as a guarantee of good faith. In fact there are endless possibilities in this scheme. Why not make a flat rate including the wife or without a eugenic certificate? Why not make any part of the consignment—bath, wife, flat, or furniture—returnable or exchangeable, with full credit on a higher-priced article? Space in this column does not permit of a full development of the project, but it is quite easy to see its capabilities, and we might even be willing to undertake the local agency. Perhaps our Philadelphia brethren will communicate.

Says Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman: "Through all the ages of the world women have had to change their living bodies to suit men's arbitrary ideals of beauty. If they did not please they starved."

Now you are wrong there, Charlotte dear. They may have intended to please, but they often failed, and yet the men handed out the coffee and doughnuts just the same. Where is the man with soul so dead who would stint the commissariat department merely because he disapproved of some rearrangement of geographical areas. He may have laughed in an irritating way as he observed the map changing before his very eyes, but it never even occurred to him to limit the dietary scale. Men strongly disapproved when women decided to abolish their hips, although what they did with them goodness only knows, but there was no marked increase in feminine destitution upon that account. Meals were served just the same as before, and not even a single ice-cream was abated. Mrs. Gilman is distinctly unfair to organized labor when she tries to make us responsible for the astonishing redistribution of hills and valleys of which we have been the interested but uninterfering spectators. So far from desiring those changes, still less demanding them, we have been filled with profound amazement at the skill and agility with which they have been accomplished. "To please men," says Mrs. Gilman, "women have taken all sorts of forms." Yes, and men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. Women have indeed taken all sorts of forms, but if they intended to please men they have lain hideously failed. Some of these forms we have seen heaped upon the bargain counters, and we have doubtless even paid for them unbeknownst. They may be other forms that men have never seen at all except by

their architectural results, although we may well doubt if there is anything in this line that may not be seen illustrated in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and with appropriate hygienic ecstasies. We have gazed contemplatively at these same illustrations in the street-cars and have thought unutterable things. But they have not pleased us. Far from it. We have remonstrated and implored, but fruitlessly. But it has never occurred to us to diminish the rations upon that account. And we never will.

Last week a man was brought before a New York magistrate on the charge of annoying a married woman on a ferryboat. The married woman said that she had been annoyed, and after her husband had committed the customary assault and battery upon the luckless wretch he was given in charge and subjected to the usual police treatment that need not be otherwise specified. In court the aggrieved lady said that "all the men tried to flirt with her," and after some further evidence of a like kind the accused man was discharged and the husband of the aggrieved beauty was requested to pay a fine for the assault and battery.

A day or two after another man was accused of embracing a woman in a subway car. A month ago he would probably have been lynched on the spot, but public opinion has somewhat cooled since the worst phases of the needle-prick hysteria, and so he was only given in charge with speculations as to the date of his execution. When he was brought into court he produced a large number of witnesses to character. A number of persons, including the police, also testified to the lady's character, although not at her request, so he also was discharged, although he will probably not soon forget the ignominy and horror of his arrest and the proceedings at the jail. And so it goes on day after day. In this connection the *New York Sun* says: "At present such charges may be expected in unusual number because of the filth that has been spread before the public under the label of 'sex education.' It has produced a most unwholesome condition in the minds of weak and easily influenced persons. This being the case, it is well to remember that even a man accused of 'mashing' is entitled to the withholding of sentence until the evidence against him has been examined."

The Paris correspondent of the *London Daily Express* says: "Slit skirts, low corsets, high heels, colored wigs, and all the extravagances of modern Paris fashions have evoked the disgust of all but the ultra-smart set and those who are paid by the dress-makers to parade the racecourses in the latest 'creations.'"

"For some time past it has been felt that Paris, which claims to set the fashions for the world, has been held up as a city where decadent dresses are made. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, protested some time ago against the freak fashions, and this protest has now inspired the League of Patriotic Frenchwomen to issue a denunciatory manifesto."

"It is signed by six of the most aristocratic and exclusive women in Paris society. They are: The Vicomtesse de Velard, the Marquise de Montaigu, the Marquise de Juigné, Mme. Delacourt, the Marquise de Moustier, the Comtesse de Villèle, and the Duchess de Maillé."

"Their names are historic and noble names in France. They carry the same weight here as a manifesto of a similar character in England would do were it signed by the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Duchess of Sutherland. The manifesto says:

"We appeal to all society women to protest against the fashions that are being forced on us. We ask all young and elegant women who give the tone to fashion not only to abstain from following the prevailing fashion, but to fight it by setting an example."

"We ask them to think of the responsibility they incur, for other women of humbler condition who are looking up to them will not fail to imitate them."

"We also ask them not to forget that we must consider France's good renown for elegance and taste, which has hitherto been one of her great qualities."

"All women are asked to sign this manifesto at the headquarters of the league in Paris, in the Rue St. Honoré, and when I went there today I found that already hundreds had signed."

"We are not attacking any particular fashion, nor any particular dressmaker," Mlle. Frossard, the secretary of the league, told me in an interview. "We wish to create a revulsion of feeling against the present eccentric fashions among people of good taste. Women are apt to follow each other too much in the matter of fashion, accepting blindly any innovation, no matter how audacious."

"We want to consider some definite form of action to take against the principal dress-makers and shops, in order to stop these excesses in dress, and the fantastic extravagances that are against our best feelings of decency and good taste."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

She had picked up a few French phrases which she worked into her talk on every possible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day she inquired if he had any "bon-vivant." "Bonned what, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled. "Bon-vivant," she repeated. "That's the French for good liver, you know."

Duncan Macpherson was a hard-headed old Scot, one of the unusual kind who loved neither the kirk nor the minister. On the icy pavement he slipped and fell, and as he sat there gathering his wits the minister, who chanced to pass, said: "Macpherson, the sinner stands on slippery ground." "Aye," said Duncan, dryly, "I see ye."

He was poorly clad and dirty—a tramp in appearance—and his companion was of the same stamp. His companion was reading a piece of newspaper, and now and then leaned forward to comment on the news. "What do you think of this? Feller drowned in a beer vat in Milwaukee yesterday!" The other rolled his eyes and said: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

An Irish maid in the service of a Washington family recently sought permission of her mistress to take an afternoon off for the purpose of consulting a dentist. Upon her return the mistress said: "Well, Rosalie, did you have the tooth filled?" "I did, mum." "And what did the dentist fill it with—gold or amalgam?" "I don't know just what it was, mum; but from the way it felt I should think it was with thunder and lightning, mum."

One day Barrymore, the actor, was walking in the street when Sidney Rosenfeld the playwright, rushed up to him all excitement. "Oh, Maurice," he wailed, "have you heard of my misfortunes?" "No; is there illness in your family?" "Not that," said Rosenfeld, "but almost as bad. My little boy, five years of age, got hold of my new play and tore it to tatters." "I didn't know the child could read," said Barrymore—and continued his walk.

A lady in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."

Two newsboys sat in a theatre gallery the while "Hamlet" was being played. It was the first time they had seen a play, and they were quivering with excitement. In the last scene, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the king, the queen had died of poison, and the "Moody Dane" of a poisoned wound, the younger of the lads could contain himself no longer. Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said: "Gee, Bill, what a time for selling speshuls!"

The Dublin tram began to glide away. The crossing-sweeper observed a woman frantically bent on catching it. He yelled at the conductor and the train hesitated and stopped. The woman couldn't run. Her ankles were securely hound together—by the fetters of Dame Fashion—and she hobbled as only the hobble-skirted can. "Shlick to it!" urged the crossing-sweeper, encouragingly. The lady gasped. She made a vain effort to reach the tram in a series of spasmodic lurches. Then the conductor's patience gave out, and he pulled the cord. Turning to the agonized woman Pat cried: "Thry it in lapes, miss; thry it in lapes!"

The scene was a Lancashire railway station, the actors a newspaper boy on the platform and two young Scotch soldiers en route for Liverpool. The soldiers were leaning out of the window conducting an animated football conversation with the paper-boy. One gathered that the local club which enjoyed the support of the paper-boy had recently defeated the Scotch club supported by the soldiers, and young Lancashire was "rubbing it in." "Warrabout three goals to nowt?" he cried, derisively, hacking away with a triumphant grin, and for the moment they were without a convenient reply. Finally one of the Scotch youths put his head farther through the window and used his lungs. "Hoo about Bannockhurn?"

A stranger was hunting quail in the mountains of Georgia, where, by reason of the wild peas, they are very numerous. One day his dog flushed a flock of wild turkeys, to the rage of a native youth who had been creeping toward them. The boy promptly brought his old-fashioned six-foot rifle to his shoulder and the bullet cut up the dirt under the dog's feet. The next instant the boy

disappeared in the brush. Later in the day the hunter came across a mountain cabin and saw the same boy in the yard with a man whom he took to be his father. He hailed the man and angrily gave an account of the morning's incident. "He wasn't forty yards away when he shot at my dog. I think he should have a good thrashing," he continued. "Misses a dawg at forty yards?" the mountaineer asked in astonishment. "Yo' needn't worry 'bout that lickin', stranger; he sho' will git one all right."

Albert E. Pillsbury, formerly attorney-general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley, in Amherst, New Hampshire, noticed there was no placard to inform the public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the house a card which read: "This is the birthplace of Horace Greeley." While he was engaged at this task a passing native paused to read the card, and turning to Mr. Pillsbury he remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sick'nin'. What do you suppose folks here care whether you was born on this farm or some other old farm? Them's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forget it."

A deaf old fisherman was out rowing in his boat one day when a motor-boat near him sprang a leak and almost immediately sank. To the great indignation of the unfortunate occupants of the motor-boat, the old man took not the slightest notice of their plight, but rowed calmly along, puffing serenely at his clay pipe. They shouted, but he was too deaf to hear. Finally they managed to swim to his boat and scramble on board. He seemed surprised to see them, and was still more taken aback when one of them yelled indignantly at him: "Confound you! Why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?" "Lor' bless yer!" he gasped in reply. "I saw yer right enough; but I thought you was one o' them new-fangled submarines!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Farewell to Navy Grog.

What makes the navy lads so glum from morn to set of sun?
Is it because the day has passed when glory may be won?
No think it not for glory still awaits the lads at sea
But how, oh, how, can they rejoice o'er lemonade or tea?

The wine mess, too, is doomed, and yet, how bravely bear the men
Who wear the braid, though well they know such days ne'er come again.
Josephus hath decreed it so. The demon rum must go,
The humble beer, the goodly Scotch, the wine that bubbles so—

All these must bid a long farewell to manly hearts and strong;
Old friends must part—come let us sip a cup of cool oolong;
That is the grog for navy lads, the timid it makes bold,
It cheers the hearts of elder dames, 'tis relished by the old:

At boarding-school or cricket games it is the thing, you know,
And vets-oh many drawing-rooms—these heroes love it so,
Hence tea and cakes at four o'clock the navy may be served,
With jam of plum or else of peach—mayhap of quince preserved.

Each Jack will wear a ribbon pale and say his prayers at night,
A Band of Hope on ev'ry ship—oh, wondrous day and sight!
The captains then will greet the caps from other nations' ships
With goblets full of water white—how tempting to the lips!

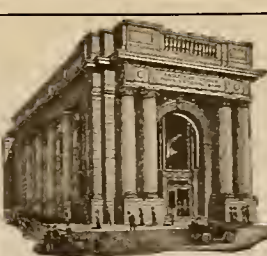
And Jack ashore will shun the place whose artful sign reads thus:
"Gamhrinus here. Free lunch inside." "No more," says Jack, "for us,
For we are temperance sailors now, to water we adhere—
Especially for bathing—and we face it without fear.

"We don't object to water, mind, it's fine within its place—
For culinary uses it's a blessing to the race:
For oceans, lakes, and rivers, and for irrigating, too.
It's necessary, and also for making foamy brew."

Then come the thoughts of Yuletide and the feasting and the cheer,
When sailors meet and sailors sing, "We're here, because we're here,"
And each will quaff the cheery cup, and quaff it once again—
The joy of drinking water can't be told by tongue or pen.

"But, still," says Jack, "worse could befall, for which our praises be:
Suppose Bill Bryan were our chief, it's plain to you and me
That grape juice—sick, insipid stuff—would surely be our fate,
And rather than be grape-juice tars, we'll stick to water straight."

—MATTHEW HAMILTON.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wallach have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Louise Wallach, to Mr. Ernest Mailliard. Miss Wallach is the sister of Miss Helen Wallach, a debutante of last winter. Mr. Mailliard is the son of Mr. Joseph Mailliard and a nephew of Miss Louise Mailliard and Mr. John Mailliard of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Through the medium of notes to her friends Miss Cora Smedberg announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Felton, Jr. Miss Smedberg is the daughter of Mrs. William R. Smedberg and the late Colonel Smedberg, U. S. A., and a sister of Mrs. George W. McIvor and Captain William R. Smedberg, U. S. A. Mr. Felton is the son of Mr. Charles N. Felton of Menlo Park and a brother of Mrs. William Delaware Nielson of Philadelphia. The wedding, which will take place in July, will be followed by a honeymoon abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hogan have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Hogan, to Mr. Grant Doremer. Mr. and Mrs. Hogan and Miss Hogan reside in New York, but have spent the winter in this city. Mr. Doremer is a graduate of the University of California. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. Louis Schultz has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Hattie Schultz, to Lieutenant Richard Keiran, U. S. N. Miss Schultz is a cousin of Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and Mrs. Harold Law. Lieutenant Keiran, who is a graduate of Annapolis, is at present stationed at Mare Island. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Gormley and Mr. Warner Walter Cope took place Wednesday evening at the home on Edgewood Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gray Gormley. Miss Doris Bradford and Mr. Sidney Livingston were the only attendants. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Cope will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Maundrell and Mr. Edward Ashbrooke Lowe took place Tuesday evening in Trinity Church. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Maundrell. Miss Mildred Maundrell was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Zeta Mendell, Hazel Maundrell, Katherine Mathias, and Caroline Gherini. Dr. Marcom Goddard attended Mr. Lowe as best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Harold Maundrell, Russell Lowe, William Quinn, and Malcolm Maundrell. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lowe will reside on Sixteenth Avenue, where they have leased a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore gave an elaborate dinner Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Colonel William Hutchinson of Canada and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund C. Cluston of New Zealand. Colonel Hutchinson and Mr. Cluston are here as representatives of their governments to arrange their exhibitions at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Miss Margaret Nichols entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Wednesday evening at her home on Webster Street.

Miss Jean Wheeler entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Beatrice Nickel was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browne gave a dinner

Thursday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

The members of the Marin County Country Club gave a dance Friday evening at their club house in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain entertained a number of friends at an informal dance Thursday evening in the red room at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Jackson Street.

Dr. James W. Keeney and Mrs. Keeney gave a dinner Monday evening at their home on Buchanan Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, who will leave May 1 for their home in Cleveland, Ohio.

The club of Roving Bachelors, a coterie of young men, entertained the members of the Neighbors' Club at a dance Tuesday evening in Assembly Hall. Among the hosts were the Messrs. William Bowers, Alfred Holmes, John M. Young, Philip Paschel, William Goldshorough, and Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck.

Miss Lucille Johns was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Gretchen Hendricks.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue Wednesday, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Welbore Stewart Burnett entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, who were the complimented guests again later in the evening at a dance given by Mr. John Hooper at his residence on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Sewell Dolliver was hostess at a bridge-tee Friday afternoon at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Toy, who will leave this week for Los Gatos, where she will open her home for the summer.

Mrs. Philip Bliss entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at the Hotel Oakland in honor of the Misses Phyllis Capwell, Pearl Caston, and Grace Ewing, who have all recently announced their engagements.

Miss Ethel Gregg was the complimented guest at a luncheon Thursday given by Mrs. G. K. Bainbridge.

Miss Fanny Danforth entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at her residence on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Miss Doris Wilshire, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Plummer has recently been announced.

Miss Cora Smith was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her residence on California Street in honor of Miss Mary Gayley, who with her parents, Professor Charles Gayley and Mrs. Gayley, will leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained a coterie of congenial friends at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Walton Thorne was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club.

Miss Augusta Foute entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at the the dansant at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Frederick G. Knahenshue and Mrs. Knahenshue gave an elaborate supper party at their home on Wednesday evening after the hop. The affair was in honor of the officers of the Twentieth Infantry, who left the following day on a practice march of six weeks.

Mrs. Alfred Hickox was hostess at a bridge-tee Tuesday afternoon in the reception room of the officers' mess at the Presidio.

Mrs. Frederick Day entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home on Bush Street.

General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain Charles Lull, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lull gave a bridge party Thursday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Mrs. William Powell was hostess at a bridge-tee Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. William Wood Forsythe.

Colonel William P. Kendall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kendall gave a theatre party Wednesday evening at the Columbia Theatre. They later entertained their guests at supper at the Hotel St. Francis.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis left last week for New York en route to Europe, where she will take a month's cure at one of the spas in Germany. She was accompanied by her son, Mr. Lansing Tevis. They spent a few days with Mr. Gordon Tevis, who is in New Haven preparing for Yale. He will join them on their homeward trip the latter part of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have given up their apartment on Jones Street and are established at the Hotel Monaco.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore have returned to their home in Ross after a visit in New York with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, who formerly resided in this city.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham, have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their country home in Woodside. They are anticipating a visit from Mrs. Murray Sargent (formerly Miss Mary Cunningham), who will be accompanied by her infant son, Murray Sargent, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro will dismantle their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis May 1, when they will go to Piedmont for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire are again occupying their town house, which was rented during the winter to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Hohart of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll were among the guests who spent the weekend in Monterey, where a polo match was played by the San Mateo and First Cavalry teams.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their country home in Woodside.

Miss Maud O'Connor is expecting to arrive tomorrow from the East, where she has been visiting Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. George Harding since her return a few weeks ago from Europe. Miss O'Connor will reside at the Hotel Cecil with her sisters, the Misses Cecilia and Cornelia O'Connor.

Mrs. Emma Rutherford Kearney left recently for Santa Barbara to superintend the renovation of her home at Goleta, where she and her two children will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois arrived Wednesday in New York from Europe and expect to return home by May 1.

Mrs. Kendall, Miss Elizabeth Kendall, and Miss Ruth Perkins are en route to Europe, where they will spend a year in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip K. Gordon have rented the home on Divisadero Street of Dr. Florence Ward, who will leave shortly for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. George Bates and his sister, Miss Laura Bates, are contemplating leaving early in May for Honolulu.

Miss Marian Zeile spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley and Mrs. Gayley and their daughters, the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Gayley, will leave soon for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Sidney A. Ashe has gone East to spend the summer with relatives.

Colonel Samuel Parker, who arrived two weeks ago from Washington, D. C., has been recuperating at Paso Robles from his recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King have returned from Monterey, where they spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and Miss Hazel King.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga and their children are established for the summer at their ranch in Contra Costa County.

Miss Cora Smedberg and her fiancé, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington have rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, who are planning to spend a part of the summer in Monterey.

Mrs. Mason and her daughter, Miss Winnifred Mason, have gone to San Rafael, where they will occupy their hangar during the summer.

Judge Marcel Cerf, Mrs. Cerf, and their two little daughters will spend the summer in Santa Cruz. Judge Cerf will accompany his family May 1 to the seashore and will spend the week-ends with them.

Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, are making their plans to spend the summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and their little sons, Russell and Orville Pratt, Jr., are settled at their ranch near Chico, where they will remain until June 1, when they will join Mrs. Russell J. Wilson in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have closed their town house and are occupying their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne left Saturday for Europe to spend several months. Their trip, which they intended taking immediately after their wedding, was postponed as Mrs. Payne was obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett accompanied Mrs. Henry T. Scott to Paso Robles, where they will spend two or three weeks.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall have moved from Oakland, where they have been spending the winter, and are established in the Elliott

McAllister house on Pacific Avenue. During the past six months the house has been entirely remodeled for its new occupants, who will reside permanently in this city.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick and her son, Mr. Bowie-Detrick, will leave town May 1 and will spend the summer in Belvedere, where they have rented the cottage of Mr. Frederick Greenwood. Miss Helen Bowie has joined her mother, Mrs. Hamilton Bowie, who is permanently established in a home in this city.

Mrs. Truxton Beale is expected home next month from Washington, D. C., where she has been spending the winter. She will spend the summer in her San Rafael home, which has been occupied during her absence by her mother, Mrs. Oge, and her sister, Miss Alice Oge. Mr. Beale will remain East several weeks longer with his son.

Mr. Marshall Madison is rapidly recovering from a severe illness that has confined him to his home in San Rafael during the past month.

Mr. Sol Siebenhauer leaves early next month for an extended tour of Europe. He expects to be absent about four months, and during that time will visit England, France, and Germany.

Lieutenant James A. Parker, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker (formerly Miss Julia Langhorne), will soon leave Annapolis, where they have resided since their marriage, and will go to their new station in Portsmouth.

Lieutenant W. P. Gaddis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gaddis have rented for the summer the home on Green Street of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear. Mrs. McNear is planning to visit her family in the East, where she will be joined by her son, Mr. Barroll McNear at the close of the present term of St. Paul's School.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Wolff was formerly Miss Sydney Davis.

It is a long time since James Lane Allen has appeared before the world as a writer of fiction. He has written a long story which the *Century Magazine* will print complete in the May number. It is said that this story by the author of the idyllic "Kentucky Cardinal" is an idyl of New York City. The scene is laid in and near the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights; and the Art School of the National Academy and St. Luke's Hospital are both included in the setting. George Moore, the author of "Esther Waters," contributes to the May *Century* an article comparing Shakespeare with Balzac. This was originally written in the French language as an address which he gave before a French audience, and he has translated and rewritten it for the *Century*. Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, author of "Daddy-Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles," has just finished a long story for the same issue of the *Century*.

Wanted

Companion and chaperone for a girl fifteen years old, who will spend the college vacation (about three months) with her father in Southern California. Applicant should be a young lady. Address "J. H. A.," care Argonaut Publishing Company.

Furnished House to Let.

Period of 12 to 15 months; \$200; furnished house, library; 2 blocks from university; 13 rooms, sleeping-porch, 4 baths, laundry, furnace; corner 100 by 140; garden, fruit trees. Prof. Gayley, 2328 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N. (retired), the Arctic explorer, has just been awarded by the Geographic Society of France its grand gold medal, the highest honor it can give.

Baron Fernand de Turckheim recently celebrated his one hundred and third birthday at Montreux by playing to his relatives and friends two unpublished nocturnes of Chopin on the piano.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn composer, now in her ninety-fourth year, has been left a pension of \$500 a year by the terms of the will of the late Mrs. Eliza A. Henry of Warren, Pennsylvania.

Emperor Nicholas of Russia has the distinction of being the first ruler to establish a government department of sports. It bears the name of the Department of Physical Culture, and is under the direction of a cabinet minister.

Sir Charles Wyndham, the veteran actor-manager, who is seventy-seven, is still hale and hearty, and has no intention of retiring yet. He is now preparing to bring out a new play. Before going on the stage he served as an army surgeon in the American Civil War.

Dr. Karl Paul Huebscher, who has been added to the staff of the Swiss legation at Washington, is a diplomat of wide experience. He has been stationed in the Argentine for some time. Dr. Huebscher is a linguist of unusual ability, speaking nine modern languages. He is likely to be in charge of the legation when Minister Ritter makes his annual trip to Europe.

George Shiras III, who has just arrived in Panama to assist Colonel Goethals in making the Canal Zone a large and safe haven for birds and animals, is the originator of night photography of wild animals and a pioneer hunter with the camera. When in Congress he was the author of the original bill putting migratory fish and birds under Federal control, the bill pertaining to birds becoming a law last year.

Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, who this week landed marines and sailors, taking Vera Cruz, was born in Iowa in 1855. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1875, and the following year was given the rank of ensign. He was promoted through the various grades to the rank of rear-admiral in 1911. Aside from his ability as a commander, he is well known in naval circles as the inventor of the Fletcher breech mechanism and gun mounts.

Sir Arthur Paget, who has been brought so much before the world recently owing to the Ulster affair, is in appearance a typical, almost conventional, military man; good looking, iron gray, tall, erect, with keen eyes and firm, well-cut features. His manner is terse

and abrupt. Before he became a sexagenarian he rejoiced in all kinds of sport and athletics, and is still interested in racing. He has been a big game hunter in his time, and the floors of his town house in Belgrave Square are covered with wild animals' heads and skins, all of which have fallen to his gun.

Dr. John Fryer, who for the past eighteen years has been Agassiz professor of Oriental languages and literature in the University of California, has just been retired from active service. He is now seventy-five years of age. Dr. Fryer is a native of England, and early in life was identified with educational work in the Anglo-Chinese School in Shanghai, Tung Wau College, Peking, and in St. Paul's College, Hongkong. One of his important accomplishments in the Orient was the establishment of the Chinese Scientific Book Depot in Shanghai. For a number of years prior to coming to California he was attached to the Chinese government as translator of scientific works, for which he was awarded many honors and decorations by the Chinese. It was through the translations of Dr. Fryer that a vast range of modern scientific, technical, and engineering knowledge was made available to the Chinese.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Arthur McKee Rankin, famous character actor, who was known as "the discoverer" of Nance O'Neil, died on Friday of last week at the Continental Hotel. He was seventy-two years old and had suffered from functional disorders. Rankin was born at Sandwich, Ontario, in 1842, the son of a member of Parliament. He was of the old school of hold versatility, and made many fortunes during his career, but lost them in theatrical ventures. His daughter, Mrs. Davenport, left with the body for New York, where it will be interred.

The Railroad Commission has approved the application of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad to issue \$5,534,000 in bonds of the 4½ per cent denomination, and the proceeds are to be applied to construction and to the purchase of equipment. To complete the line from Willits to Shively there is set apart \$1,800,000. This means that the gap between San Francisco and Eureka will be closed. A large quantity of rolling stock is also authorized.

The first damage suit against the Geary Street municipal carline was brought to trial before a jury in Judge Hunt's court on Monday. The plaintiffs in the case, Contractors A. J. and J. J. Granfield, are seeking to recover \$5000 for damages to a motor truck alleged to have been caused by a Geary Street car, which, they say, ran away down a grade and struck the truck.

Under the direction of the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, the

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famous Miller & Lux herd of 400 elk is to be distributed throughout the state. The herd has been placed at the disposal of the Academy and that organization has sent letters to park commissioners and Elk lodges in forty-eight cities of California, offering free any number of animals desired, placing the maximum at twelve.

A test case concerning the use of the union label on city printing was arranged for Monday, when the election commission refused to sign a contract which had been awarded to the Neal Publishing Company because the company would not accept the union label requirement. The election commission, on receiving bids lately, reserved the right to insert a union label provision in the contract. The Neal Company, which is not using the label, presented a bid much lower than the others. A case involving the union label question with respect to city printing was taken to the district court of appeal last year, but the court sidestepped this question, basing its decision on another point.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company the following board of directors were elected: Frank B. Anderson, Henry E. Bothin, John A. Britton, W. H. Crocker, F. G. Drum, John S. Drum, F. T. Elsey, D. H. Foote, A. F. Hockenheimer, John D. McKee, C. O. G. Miller, George K. Weeks, all of San Francisco; William G. Henshaw, Oakland; J. E. Gladstone, New York; Samuel Insull, Chicago. The following officers were re-elected: F. G. Drum, president; John A. Britton, first vice-president and general manager; A. F. Hockenheimer, second vice-president and treasurer; J. E. Gladstone, third vice-president; D. H. Foote, secretary and assistant treasurer; Joseph C. Levy, assistant treasurer; Charles L. Barrett, assistant secretary; M. R. Parker, New York, assistant secretary.

The funeral of the late Dr. Samuel O. L. Potter, former president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, who died last Sunday, was held on Tuesday from the Presidio chapel.

The celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth began Monday, April 20, at Stratford-upon-Avon. The quaint old town was filled with visitors from many parts of the world. There was considerable disappointment when it was announced that Sir Herbert Beerhohn Tree had canceled the engagement of his company to open the celebration with the production of "Othello" in the afternoon. The inauguration of the celebration was postponed until the evening, when Arthur Boucher and his company gave a gala performance of "The Merchant of Venice."

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Yet you leave valuable treasures there—heirlooms, jewelry, keepsakes—which money could never replace; you leave important papers there—insurance policies, securities, receipts—the loss of which would cost you large sums of money.

Did it ever occur to you that there is absolutely no safety for your valuables in your home or office?

You do not need to be reminded of fire dangers and the uncertainty and havoc of them, but you may not realize what an intricate, scientific, almost infallible profession burglary is! Home and office locks and safes are slight obstacles in the way of a professional thief.

Your turn may not have come yet, but that does not mean that it never will.

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LONDON---PARIS---BREMEN

*Kaiser Wilhelm II.....May 5
aGrosser Kurfurst.....May 7
Qsedyitz.....May 9
*Kronprinz Wilhelm.....May 12
*George Washington.....May 16
*Kronprinzessin Cecilie.....May 19
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THE MEDITERRANEAN
Princess Irene.....May 5
König Albert.....May 23

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Father, what is the Prussian Diet?" "Rye bread and beer. Be quiet now, will you?"—*Buffalo Express.*

"That fellow certainly can make a great speech." "That so? Then why doesn't he?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Look here, old chap, I'll dance twice with your ugly little sister if you'll take my mater down to grub."—*London Punch.*

Mrs. A—You seem rather hoarse this morning. Mrs. B—Well, my husband came home very late last night.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Edwidge, if you will marry me I will take out five hundred thousand francs of life insurance; if I die, you will be safe from want." "Yes, but what if you don't die?"—*Le Rire.*

He (in their new home)—Do you know, I can hardly believe that we are really and truly married. She—Glance over these bills, dear, and you'll have no doubt whatever.—*Judge.*

Cholly—When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded. Miss Keen—Ah, and you still smoke.—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Grammercy—I thought your divorce case was coming up this month? Mrs. Park—I had my lawyers get a postponement because my new gowns wouldn't be finished in time.—*Judge.*

Ford—Has Suburbs a well-appointed house? Shaw—He must have. Since he moved out of Lonelyhurst his neighbors never think of going anywhere else when they want to borrow anything.—*Judge.*

"Isn't it awful about poor Mr. Jones's trouble?" "I didn't hear about it." "Didn't you?" Mrs. Gaddy told me just now that his son has turned out to be a criminal lawyer."—*Baltimore American.*

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Old Fogey. "What's so funny in that paper." "It says that a hundred persons have left New York to engage in missionary work," said the Grouch.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"What good deed did you perform today?" said the lady to a smart little Liverpool Boy Scout. Said the young hero: "Mother had only enough castor oil for one dose, so I let my sister take it."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Goodheart—I've got you down for a couple of tickets; we're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood. Jockley—None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him.—*Christian Register.*

"Why don't you marry, old chap?" "Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on \$1800 a year?" "Of course, but not the luxuries." "Well, I haven't decided yet whether a wife is a necessity of a luxury."—*Dallas News.*

Crawford—Is he really so rich? Crabshaw—There's no doubt of it. When he sued his wife for divorce the papers in the case were withheld from public scrutiny, and when there was a suicide in the family the coroner's office decided it was an accident.—*Puck.*

"Sam, I understand there's a schism in your church," said the jocular man to his colored man-of-all-work. "Kaint be, 'less'n somebody done made us a present of it, 'cause we done spent all ouah money foh a new ohgan."—*Livingston Lance.*

Mrs. Wayback—Here's a letter from Hiram at college. He says he finished the hundred in ten seconds. Mr. Wayback—Great Scott! I'll wire him to come right home. If he's spending at that rate it'll cost me about four million dollars a month to send him there.—*Puck.*

"I do not love you," said the young woman, who knew her own mind. "But," persisted the wrong man, "couldn't you learn to love me?" "No," she replied; "I have learned a good many difficult things, but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I see," said the sad young man, "that Ermitrude has a new automobile." "Yes, her papa gave her a dandy," burbled the joyful youth. "And how does she like it?" "She says she is madly in love with it." "Another case where man is displaced by machinery."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

First Charity Visitor—How did you find poor Mrs. Holcomb? Second Charity Visitor—Nearly frozen. First Charity Visitor—Nearly frozen? I thought St. Andrew's Helping Hand Society sent her a lot of clothes? Second Charity Visitor—It did; and she had them all on—seven peckaboo waists and four slit skirts.—*Life.*

First Business Man—Some college girls went over my factory yesterday trying to learn some practical facts. Second Business Man—Didn't they know any practical facts? First Business Man—I should say they didn't. Why, they couldn't have been much more hopelessly ignorant if they had been a committee from Congress.—*Life.*

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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Experience of Los Angeles.

Seven years ago there was started at Los Angeles a movement looking to the creation of a pipe line and conduit to bring in water from beyond the Sierras. Advocates of the project worked it out brilliantly in detail. Every probable—or possible, according to the estimates—item of expense was considered, and in the final summing up it was represented that \$23,000,000 would cover the whole cost. It would be quite useless now to review this all-but-forgotten agitation with the cajoleries by which the movement was promoted. But by one device or another the Los Angeles public was convinced. The plan was brought to command public approval and by a vote of ten to one authority was given to issue bonds in the sum of \$23,000,000, this sum being pledged to cover all the elements of cost.

The Los Angeles *Graphic* recalls these facts by way of emphasizing the difference between promise and performance. Reckoning under eight heads the several items of cost, it finds that to date the Owens River project has cost the people of Los Angeles \$34,595,625.55. Now there is a proposal for additions to the main project calling for \$6,500,000 more, and the city

will vote on this proposal on May 8th. If this additional plan is accepted Los Angeles will have in the project forty-three millions of dollars, or nearly double the original estimate.

Let no one believe, adds the *Graphic*, that this will complete the enterprise. On top of the forty-three million dollars already expended or proposed, the city authorities want ten million dollars more to develop the scheme in connection with its possibilities as a source of electrical power. Then, continues the *Graphic*, behind and beyond this proposal lurks the menace of tainted water. It is suggested that to avoid any possibility of impurity through the influence of alkali the intake ought to be carried sixty miles farther north, which would involve not only the extension of the conduit, but the buying of prior rights of certain side streams—to cost some seventeen millions of dollars, making a grand total of seventy millions.

All this is interesting in itself. But it has a special interest for San Francisco in connection with our Hetch Hetchy project. The Los Angeles scheme now stands to cost three times the estimate for the original project. We now venture the prophecy that before one gallon of Hetch Hetchy water is given to any consumer in San Francisco the project will cost four times the estimate of those who have urged it.

The Mexican Mess.

The situation in Mexico does not tend to patriotic exhilaration. As we write on Wednesday morning things are about in this shape: We have dispatched a dozen warships to Mexican shores and have taken possession of two Mexican ports nominally in resentment of the fact that the Mexican government will not, after having made apology for an accidental and trivial affront, salute our flag upon humiliating terms. Incidentally, in possessing ourselves of Vera Cruz we have killed some two hundred or more Mexicans and have lost about twenty "clear-eyed American boys," not to mention a considerable list of wounded on both sides. We are today landing an army of five thousand men at Vera Cruz under command of General Funston (who though always forgotten when there is opportunity for promotion is unfailingly remembered when hot work is to be done) under orders to sit around and wait upon events. At the northern border (El Paso) we have sent another army into camp on our side of the line and with orders to wait until something happens. So much for the physical aspects of the situation. As to what we intend to do further—even as to what we want to do—there is no suggestion from Washington and apparently no idea on the part of the administration. So far as administrative policy is concerned, we are weakly waiting.

On the diplomatic side there has come a situation in which the United States among the parties involved is the only one without definite purpose or the liberty of initiative. General Carranza, the nominal "Constitutionalist" chief, having first in a communication to President Wilson declared his resentment against our course at Vera Cruz, is now hesitating between a policy of coöperation with the Huerta party and one of sympathy with the United States. Without doubt he would prefer the latter if he finds that he can play an anti-patriotic game without sacrificing the allegiance and support of his army. The vital personality in the Constitutionalist party appears to be, not Carranza, but the bandit-soldier Villa, whose utterances are distinctly friendlier to the American side than those of Carranza, and who as a matter of course would like to use the Vera Cruz situation as an aid to his own revolutionary projects. Washington is holding its breath while this professional robber and assassin reckons up the conditions which immediately affect him and takes time to make up his savage mind. Incidentally under pressure from officers of the army the presidential order of two

months ago permitting Carranza and Villa to bring in supplies of arms and ammunition over the American border has been rescinded; and with General Pershing now in command at El Paso there is no question that the embargo will be strictly enforced for the first time within a year.

Another and even more significant phase of the diplomatic situation is the entrance of South America upon the arena, through the initiative of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. These countries through their representatives at Washington have offered to "mediate" the matters at issue between the United States and the provisional or Huertan government of Mexico. The United States has accepted the offer unreservedly, and Huerta in behalf of Mexico has accepted it "in principle"—whatever that may mean. And so while our ships go forward, while one American army sits idle at Vera Cruz and another at El Paso, while Carranza hedges and Villa plots, while Huerta patches up his defenses and laughs in his sleeve, while the United States government in nervous trepidation weakly waits, the whole affair has been taken over by three black-and-tan diplomats who are chewing it over at their leisure—with no declared purpose and as yet even without a plan of procedure.

There are obvious humiliations for President Wilson in a situation uncertain at every point excepting as it demonstrates his own paralysis of purpose. By a stubborn insistence he has narrowed down the matter at issue to a demand for a ceremonial salute to the American flag. He has abandoned his own authority of initiative by accepting a tender of mediation without reservation, while Huerta has accepted it only "in principle," which pledges him (Huerta) to nothing at all. He has, vowing he would ne'er consent, consented in the matter of recognizing Huerta as the *de facto* authority in Mexico; for now he says that however "unworthy" Huerta may be we must "recognize the fact" that he is "master" in Mexico. He has, having vowed he would not sacrifice "one clear-eyed American boy" to gain the whole of Mexico, in fact sacrificed a score or more, not to mention some two hundred dead Mexicans, on a trivial point of ceremonial punctilio. He has, after declaring that we would not under any circumstances take one foot of Mexican soil, captured and possessed one Mexican city and its adjacent country. He has gulped back his foolish and criminal order permitting Carranza and Villa to reëquip themselves from American sources of supply. He has, after earnest assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, permitted three South American governments acting in unison to take over whatever authority may in the immediate case attach to the United States under that doctrine. He has invaded Mexico on an officially-defined personal issue, and therefore estopped the United States from urging its really vital grievances. While invading Mexico with armed forces, he proclaims that we have no grievance against Mexico. While taking possession of a Mexican city and shooting down its defenders by hundreds and while sacrificing the lives of a score of Americans, he declares there is no war. And now in the midst of all this furious hubbub, possessing under his own command forces fifty times over that of all the other parties in the controversy, he has under his accepted engagements gotten himself in a fix where he can neither go forward with honor nor backward with dignity—in short, into a position where he must wait upon the initiative and dance to the piping of Carranza and Villa, and the combination of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, acting singly or together. In brief Mr. Wilson has made a mess of things in Mexico.

He has nobody to blame but himself. All his troubles grow out of his own folly and ineptitude. All that he needed to do at the beginning was to follow the example of his predecessor in conformity with established international practice. He

advised to recognize the Huertan government, as had already been done by England, Germany, and France, not indeed in the sense of giving it a clean bill of moral health, but as the *de facto* authority in the country. But declaring he would have nothing to do with Huerta he proceeded to lay down rules for his (Huerta's) course of action. Convicting Huerta out of hand as a "murderer," upon an unadjudicated charge, he then proceeded to get himself into sympathetic relations with the revolutionists, Carranza and Villa, open and confessed murderers. From that time on until now President Wilson's enmity to Huerta, conceived in resentment of his failure to "get out" upon the order from Washington, has dominated the Wilson policy. It was not friendship for Carranza and Villa, but hatred of Huerta, that led to the sending of a confidential envoy of the President to friendly conferences with the revolutionary chiefs. Again it was not friendship to these precious outlaws, but a deeply cherished enmity to Huerta, that led the President to permit them to supply themselves from American sources. It was a sustained enmity to Huerta which led the President to adroitly destroy his credit in the European money markets. Still again it was his enmity to Huerta that led President Wilson after the Tampico incident to narrow the Mexican issue to a personal grievance instead of broadening the charge as Senators Lodge, Root, and others attempted to do when the matter came before Congress. It was his hot-footed hatred of Huerta which led the President two weeks ago to dispatch naval forces to Mexican waters; and still again it was malice towards Huerta that chose Vera Cruz as the point of armed attack, involving stoppage of a shipload of arms for the provisional government on the point of being landed. If only the alleged insult at Tampico had been in the President's mind the assault would have been, not upon Vera Cruz, but at Tampico, the point of irritation. So as we retrace the course of events through the past year we find that they all rest upon a whimsical and foolish intrusion upon Mexican domestic affairs expressed in the order to Huerta to "get out" and followed by one false step after another growing out of resentment on Mr. Wilson's part because Huerta declined to accept marching orders.

There is now one course, and only one, by which the President might extricate himself from the hole to which his own folly has thrust him. If he had the insight of a statesman—if he had the nerve of a true leader of men—he would so far retrace his steps as to decline the mediation of the South American states, justifying the act by citing the indefiniteness and limitation involved in Huerta's note of acceptance "in principle." He would still further retrace his steps by adopting the broad basis of offense against Mexico as defined in the Lodge resolution of ten days ago and substituting it for the narrow charge drawn by himself and whipped through Congress by the forces at his command. Then he would roll up his sleeves in Jacksonian fashion, put the whole military forces of the country in instant motion, march one column from El Paso to the City of Mexico and another from Vera Cruz to the same point, overpowering all opposition and possessing Mexico in a military sense. All this being done, he would make such arrangements and exact such terms for the future as the changed situation would justify. So doing he would put his blunders behind him, rouse the spirit of the country, and command for himself the approval which is always given to action and achievement in a national cause. This, we repeat, is Mr. Wilson's one chance to pull out of a humiliating and demoralizing situation and to reestablish himself in the consideration of the country. But it is a course open only to resolution and fortitude. It is no school-man's job. It calls for a stout heart and a strong hand. It can not be done by a man who quibbles and fribbles, who means one thing while he says another, and who says one thing while he does another, and permits himself one moment to be dominated by his resentments, the next by his sentiments, and then by his fears. Mr. Wilson will not do it. He will weakly wait, and in so doing he will wreck his administration so far as American regard and the respect of the world is concerned, and will put upon the country a humiliation which will not be wiped out until some stronger hand in the presidential office shall restore national authority and prestige.

The entrance of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile into

the diplomacy of the western hemisphere, and in an authoritative rôle, is the fact of largest significance in current events. It is indeed the most important fact as related to the western world since our Civil War. Permitted and accepted, it knocks our Monroe Doctrine into a cocked hat. It reduces us from our traditional position as the predominant nationality in our half of the world, to the position of one—and not the most prompt, rational, or effective—among a group of nationalities. Acceptance of the mediation of these countries at a time when our forces are on Mexican soil and ready to march to the Mexican capital is in effect a surrender both physical and moral to forces which in past times we have regarded if not exactly with contempt at least with indifference. It may be that all this is destiny. It may be that it rests upon new conditions in the southern world and that it reflects a broad and sound equity. All the same it is a come-down from traditional pretensions. It marks a reduced American prestige in the western world and it cuts something from our national dignity as it has been maintained in times hitherto.

Washington Gossip.

A rumor started at Washington last week but quickly and emphatically denied, to the effect that Secretary Bryan was about to quit the administration and to accept service with the Carnegie Peace Foundation, has developed the fact that President Wilson is ambitious to break all records by going through his presidency without a change in the cabinet. This idea has gotten an almost superstitious hold upon his mind, so we have it from an assured source, and he will put up with almost anything rather than consent to a change. Thus some weeks ago Mr. Mitchell Palmer, who had taken it upon himself to make a Democratic slate in Pennsylvania, called upon the President and asked him to coöperate in the setting up of Mr. W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, as a senatorial candidate. The President listened attentively to Mr. Palmer's plan. "But," he said, "Mr. Wilson does not wish to leave the cabinet." Mr. Palmer, who had some authoritative information to the contrary, expressed surprise. "Well," said the President, hedging, "I don't want him to leave the cabinet." Then came out the declaration of his earnest wish to keep his cabinet intact for the term of four years. He urged Mr. Palmer himself to be a candidate for the Senate—and this explains why the name of Mitchell Palmer now stands at the head of the administration slate in Pennsylvania.

A story is current at Washington to the effect that Secretary Lane finds himself unpleasantly at odds with the President with respect to the matter of Canal tolls, and that this is only one of several points of administrative policy where there is difference between the two men. In several ways prior to the President's urgency in the tolls matter Mr. Lane made his views public. During the campaign for free tolls he gave aid to Mr. Wheeler, traffic manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, in his efforts to secure exemption for American vessels in the coastwise trade. Again during the hearings of the bill in 1912 he appeared before a congressional committee and among other things said, "We have a policy of our own as to the protection of our coastwise business, and we ought to apply that principle of protection to our American ships." Washington gossip has it that Mr. Lane has not changed his mind and that he has made the fact plain to the President. This has led to a further story that Mr. Lane has had it in mind to resign. The report is denied both at the White House and at the Interior Department; nevertheless there are those who believe it, and who support their faith by citing the denials made in the case of John Bassett Moore, who nevertheless did resign his post in the State Department. If Mr. Lane really wishes to resign the times afford him excellent opportunity. For there is hardly a doubt that if he should quit the cabinet and return to California he could have the Democratic nomination for the governorship almost without the asking, with practical assurance of an election.

Once upon a time within the memory of the not very young, nor yet of the very old, there was a member of the President's cabinet at Washington who used a landaulet belonging to his department—the Department of Justice—in a way which was construed by his critics as personal and domestic. He—if we remember correctly—and his wife rode about Washington in his

official carriage to make social calls. Jealousy and partisanship magnified the incident into a scandal, and so a man of eminent character, of great ability, and of high record for public service was literally driven from public life. But times are altered. Now every department head has his nominally official but in effect private automobile or carriage, while many of the bureau heads roll about Washington on all sorts of errands, the most serious being in connection with the golf links, at the charge of the government. It would be interesting to know how much money Uncle Sam spends for the purchase, operation, and upkeep of motor-cars; but nobody will ever know, so deftly involved are the accounts which cover these items of public expense. The Secretary of State is one of the few public officials who sticks to the old and more formal means of locomotion. Mr. Bryan does not maintain an automobile. He prefers, as did his recent predecessors, the style of a carriage-and-pair, and there is none smarter in the capital city than that which bears the arms of the Department of State. And, we write it with hesitation, there are two men on the box—one to drive and the other to pass up visiting cards and open the carriage door. No Vere de Vere or Coal-Oil Johnny of them all does the thing in any better style than our friend from Nebraska, though it is whispered that his prairie hat does not match other points of the equipment. We have noted one man to drive and another to pass up the pasteboards and open our fine gentleman's carriage door, both men being carried on the rolls of the State Department, not as "coachman" and "footman," but as "messengers." With a scrupulousness truly worthy Mr. Bryan—we have his own word for it—has carefully kept tab of the "time" of the "messenger" who does the work of a footman and has charged it up to his personal account. But lecture receipts have been slow lately and he has grievously felt the pinch of this special demand. Now he has gone before the House committee in charge of such matters and made personal appeal for the regular employment of a "second man"—God forbid that he should name the name "footman." Even though he has not yet seen his way to wholly discard the prairie hat, he has got so far within the realm of conventionalism as to feel the necessity of a regulation "second man" on his carriage box. Shades of "Landaulet Williams"! Not even the Mexican war crisis, absorbing though it be, has served to thrust aside the melodramatic suggestions of this matter. Washington, even amid these stirring days, gurgles over the Bryan demand for a flunkey.

Once upon a more recent time, when the Honorable Woodrow Wilson came into the presidency of the United States, he made sundry remarks in derogation of the habit of former Presidents respecting the use of the yacht *Mayflower*. The *Mayflower* is a small naval ship, officered by officers of the navy and manned by enlisted men, maintained since time out of mind for the personal service of the President, his family, and his guests. The country was told by Mr. Wilson that the use of government vessels for private purposes was wrong. There was to be nothing of the sort in his administration. But we read in a New Bedford, Massachusetts, dispatch of April 18th that:

William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, and his fiancée, Miss Eleanor R. Wilson, spent the most of today house-hunting in Mattapoisett. They arrived in Buzzards Bay this morning on the revenue cutter *Onondaga*, accompanied by David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Mrs. Houston, Mr. McAdoo's son, and Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Hamlin was the party's guide, and he arranged the excursion to several available houses in Mattapoisett and Marion, one of which may be selected by the Secretary of the Treasury as a summer home. * * * The cutter sailed to the westward, bound for New York, at 4:30 o'clock.

Again we read in the *Washington Post* of last week that:

With Commissioners Newman and Siddons and Auditor Donovan of the District of Columbia aboard, the U. S. S. *Sylva*, the practice vessel of the Naval Battalion of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, steamed down the river for a short cruise yesterday. The vessel left her dock at the foot of Water and O Streets southwest promptly at ten o'clock and returned shortly after six o'clock. * * * The return trip was made in faster time than the voyage down and the commissioners declared to Commander Dempf that they were very much pleased with the trip.

All of which is very trivial, indeed not worth the mentioning but for that which went before. The performance is hardly up to the brag.

One day last week in a liberal spirit Congress appro-

priated the tidy sum of fifty millions of dollars to be expended in the discretion of the President for the national defense. The wording of the resolution and the sum provided precisely followed a precedent of 1898 at the beginning of the Spanish war. President McKinley was given fifty millions of dollars and there was never any accounting—at least never any precise publicity—as to the manner in which the money was spent. One tale current at Washington is that Roosevelt found a large part of it on hand when he took office, most of the war expenses having been provided for out of regular appropriations. And the story further goes that Mr. Roosevelt used this money in framing up the Panama revolution, and in other questionable enterprises, some of which might be explained by our own Francis J. Heney, he of the spasmodic temper and of the variant blood pressure, now by the grace of his own soaring ambitions a candidate for a United States senatorship from California.

Preparation for War.

The regular military force of the United States is small, a little less than 100,000 officers and men all told. And, due to the necessities of our Island service, it is stationed into widely detached groups—all the way from the North Atlantic coast to the Philippine Islands. Yet we are better prepared for active service than in any former time in the history of the country, excepting of course such time as we have been actually at war or immediately thereafter.

Explanation lies in the quiet but diligent labors during recent years which have been carried on by leading officers of the army from the base of the War College at Washington. President Taft before he came to his larger responsibilities had been Secretary of War. He had seen service both in the Philippine Islands and in Cuba. Likewise he had witnessed the confusions and losses of the early months of our war with Spain. It became therefore a prime object with him to lick our little army into shape for any service which it might be called upon suddenly to do. He found an enthusiasm matching his own in certain leading army officers, notably Generals Wood and Wotherspoon, and through them and in connection with the War College there was instituted a system which has worked out even better than anybody expected.

Full plans have been laid out for wars with a dozen or more countries—among them Mexico. For that country every order essential in case of war was written and ready to send more than a year ago. Camping places for our men in a possible invasion of Mexico have been surveyed and there is full information on hand as to available water and wood supplies. Corrected up to within a month are statistics as to livestock and forage available on the projected line of march of half a dozen columns. Assuming that retreating Mexicans would destroy bridges, plans have been prepared down to the last nail to replace every one of them. The War College knows where and how to get equipment quickly and to rush it in to replace whatever may be destroyed.

Not less detailed are the preparations made by the medical corps. Statistics are on hand as to every hospital in the area to be invaded, the names of all qualified physicians residing in that area, the names of all nurses, the location of all drug stores, together with estimates as to the size and character of drug stocks. All is ready for use. Any column marching from any Mexican port or along any line of travel will be provided in advance with the fullest possible information.

As an indication of the manner in which the War College and the general staff have been using their sources of information recently there is in the General Staff offices a curious and interesting document. It consists of a map with notes exhibiting the location and extent of all foreign investments in Mexico in stock ranches, mines, oil wells, and financial institutions, together with Mexican investments in these four classes of property. It is an interesting fact that American investments predominate. It is a further interesting fact that a little while back Secretary Bryan thought it might be advisable to establish American guards about all Mexican properties under foreign ownership. He asked the War Department how many men would be required for this service. The map with notes gave the answer. It showed that no less than 527,000 men would be needed adequately to guard the properties. Mr. Bryan did not pursue the matter further.

In recent months the idea of war with Mexico has

been more or less in the minds of leading officers of the army and they have shaped their policy accordingly. Within the past month General Pershing, in command at San Francisco, has been drilling his forces in marching and camping. General Funston has been especially active for many weeks past exercising his force of 10,000 men on the border, with special attention to teaching them how to march light. With our soldiers, as with all others, the tendency is to carry too much both in bulk and weight. At Washington a few days back General Wotherspoon remarked, "Funston is getting them down to a pair of socks and a toothbrush."

Another fact illustrating the method of the War College is its portrait files, wherein are to be found not only photographs, but character studies of some 20,000 military officers of countries with which we may some time go to war. This data has been collected upon the theory that it may be desirable to know something of the character of the men who are opposing you, or in special instances, of the particular man. With respect to Mexico the files are fairly complete as to every officer of important rank in either the Huerta or Carranza-Villa forces.

If Generals Wood and Wotherspoon have not indeed done for the American army what Von Moltke did for the German army, they have at least done wonderful things with the limited resources at their command and have succeeded in advancing the system and the discipline of the American army far beyond any mark of efficiency hitherto made in time of peace.

The country has not forgotten nor is it likely to forget the circumstances through which General Wood came to his present rank. Yet it is but fair to say that the capacity and industry of this really fine officer have served to condone if not to justify the irregularity of his promotion. He is an able and an untiring man, grown intelligent by careful study of military affairs the world over. He has the spirit and the tact suited to his post. Of course, since he is human, General Wood must know what a brilliant career even in a little Mexican war might do for him. But it is the evidence of the closest critics that he is diligently minding his business, keeping his mouth shut, laying no wires; that he is concentrating his energies on military rather than on political matters—in other words, that he is attending to his duties, leaving the future to take care of itself.

Labor and the Sherman Act.

Congress, it seems, is perplexed as to the disposition to be made of the various anti-trust bills that are now in committee. Among these bills is the measure exempting labor unions from the operations of the Sherman Act, and it is this particular measure that is exciting apprehension and perplexity. Every member of the committee, every member of the lower house with the exception of a few fanatics, is well aware that this bill ought not to pass, that it ought not even to be presented. But the crack of the labor-union whip is loud and menacing. If this bill is excluded from the report there will certainly be an amendment reinstating it, and those instrumental in its exclusion will be punished—or at least they are afraid that they will be punished.

It is this fear that accounts for the present efforts to postpone all trust bills until next session, that is to say until after the elections. But the President is determined to pass them during the present session, and if he persist in his resolve it will be necessary to resort to a subterfuge. It is a subterfuge creditable neither to intelligence nor to honesty. In the event of the President proving himself to be inexorable in the matter the House leaders have concluded to pass the labor exemption clauses for campaign effect and to leave their ultimate fate to the Senate, but with a clear foresight of what that fate will be. In this way members of the lower house will be able to go to their constituents with "clean hands," while at the same time relying covertly upon the Senate to nullify the mischief that they themselves have pretended to do. They will be able to point to their good intentions, but with a secret certainty, and even with a positive understanding, that those good intentions are to be frustrated by the Senate.

What a spectacle of legislative incompetence and chicanery! What an example of cowardice and futility! Small wonder that Congress should be so plainly on the down grade, first to public aversion, and then to public derision. The old rules of patriotism and statesmanship seem to have permanently given place to a

kind of stealthy jugglery that pretends always to do one thing and that actually does another. It is the quickness of the hand that is relied upon to deceive the eye, but there must be a limit even to such discreditable stratagems as this. And the limit will be reached when public opinion records every such trick and avenges it at the polls.

In Justice to Mr. Kent.

Some weeks ago there appeared in one of the daily papers a paragraph to the effect that the United States Circuit Court of Appeals had confirmed a judgment of the United States District Court of Nevada by which Congressman William Kent of California has been adjudged guilty of so constructing fences in certain Nevada range lands as to command for himself a practical monopoly of the grazing privileges of certain government lands. Accepting this statement without investigation, the *Argonaut* in its issue of April 18th printed a paragraph to the effect that "It has been decided on appeal that Congressman Kent is a poacher on the public domain in that he has so built his range fences as to take to himself certain tracts of government lands." It now appears that this statement was directly contrary to the facts of the case. The charge was not against Congressman Kent, his name not being mentioned in connection with it, but against the Golconda Cattle Company, in which Mr. Kent is largely interested. The fences in question were not built by Mr. Kent, but by the foreman of the Golconda Company, and, as the decision of the court declares, do not enclose or obstruct access to any public land, and were not built with that intention. The court (opinion by Judge Ross) held that the fences were entirely within the law and not intended for any improper purpose, but were intended to enclose the company's own lands, which it was reclaiming from the desert range and converting into alfalfa fields. The court's finding squarely sustained the testimony of the ranch foreman that at no time did he disobey Mr. Kent's general instructions as to all fences, to construct them well within the company's lines, so that no question could be raised as to enclosing any government land. We are at pains to make this statement in accordance with the facts and as complete as justice to Mr. Kent requires, since the *Argonaut* wishes to correct as far as practicable its own errors. Especially are we solicitous that differences of political opinion between Mr. Kent, or anybody else, and the editor of the *Argonaut* shall not either in fact or in appearance be reflected in statements published in these columns.

Colorado.

The information now available in connection with the disturbances in Colorado—a war more real than any existing in Mexico—is so far adequate as to justify some tentative conclusions. For many months past the struggle has been of a most desperate kind and hardly distinguishable from actual military operations against a foreign foe. There have been battles, sieges, raids, and martial law, and now it seems that Federal troops are to be sent into the troubled regions in order to put an end to a state of affairs that is practically a challenge to civilization. Doubtless we shall presently know still more as to the rights and wrongs of the situation, but in the meantime we have a definite statement from Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., that is so detailed and emphatic as to compel a provisional attention from all except those feeble-minded fanatics whose judgments depend upon personal antipathies.

Mr. Rockefeller enumerates the causes of dispute between the company and the men. He says that his enumeration is complete and inclusive, and no one has denied that it is so. The demands of the men as originally formulated from time to time embrace most of the usual grounds of dispute—wages, hours of work, conditions of work, and recognition of the union. Dealing with these items seriatim he says that one and all have been adjusted, and that all grievances have been removed. The company has even recognized the union, but with the one proviso that no man shall be discriminated for or against because of his union affiliations. Now there may be an answer to all this, but Mr. Rockefeller made his statement many days ago and so far no answer has been forthcoming. Nor does it seem likely that such nation-wide publicity would be asked for a plea that is demonstrably incorrect or misleading.

The one point at issue, says Mr. Rockefeller, is the demand of the union that no man shall be employed

by the company, unless he can produce a union card. Nothing else stands in the way of an agreement, but on this point the company is inexorable. It will neither compromise nor arbitrate. Ninety per cent of the company's men do not belong to any union and do not wish to belong to any union. The price of peace from the union standpoint is the discharge or coercion of ninety per cent of the workers at the bidding of ten per cent:

In addition to the above the only matter which has been raised by the union is the unionizing of the company's camp. On this question of the open shop, namely, the right of every American citizen to work on terms satisfactory to himself, without securing the consent of the union, I reiterated to Dr. Foster what I said in my examination before the Committee on Mines and Mining in Washington a few weeks ago—that we regarded this as a matter of principle, which could not be arbitrated.

Therefore in the absence of any contradiction of Mr. Rockefeller's statement, now many days old, the issue between the company and the men is a clear one. The company asserts that any suitable man is at liberty to work for them or not to work for them, just as he pleases. The unions demand that no man shall be allowed to work—that is to say to live—unless and until he has bought a license to work and to live from the union. The position of the company is therefore unassailable. The principle that it enunciates is the only principle compatible with the existence of the nation.

We have now to see the attitude of the Federal troops. If they conceive their mission as the establishment of order and the protection of every orderly person, well and good. Indeed it is hard to suppose that they will extend their operations beyond this point. But who knows? The President has already given his official adhesion to the principle that labor unionists are not amenable to the law of the land and that we have two kinds of government, one of them applicable to labor unionists and the other to mere Americans. It is almost inconceivable that this principle will be extended so far as to use the military forces of the country for the punishment of non-unionists, and yet almost anything seems to be possible in the light of what has already been done. At least the situation and its developments will repay all the careful attention that can be given to them.

Among the Buriats and Yakuts of Eastern Siberia the almost general rule of decline and decay has failed to make good. While practically all other far northern tribes are dying out, here are two which, since 1857, have increased steadily. The coming of white men has been a benefit to them, and in numerous cases they have abandoned their nomadic mode of existence and have taken kindly to agriculture, while at the same time they have begun to adopt many Russian customs as regards food, furniture, and dress. Similarly the Yakuts, under Russian influence, have developed very considerable agricultural interests; they are the owners of big herds of cattle and engage in hay-making. They favor Russian dress and frequently construct their dwellings in the Russian style. Both the Yakuts and the Buriats are quick to learn, and in the Yakutsk province Yakut scholars often constitute quite half of the total in the schools, while some of them qualify for higher education.

Recently the foundation-stone of the new School of Tropical Medicine at Calcutta was laid by the governor of Bengal. The government of India provided \$195,000 for the site and laboratory and is to contribute for the upkeep of the school. The institution is unique in the tropics. The special work of the laboratory will be to investigate on practical lines the causes of tropical diseases in the Calcutta hospitals, with a view to finding more accurate methods of diagnosis and improved treatment. Tropical diseases cause over one-third of the deaths in Calcutta, and at least a large proportion in India as a whole, and the possibilities of carrying out practically important investigations of such diseases will be limited only by the amount of financial support afforded the new institution. The institute will accept students from all over the world.

Arrangements have just been made for the sale of 40,000,000 feet of timber on the Tongass national forest in Alaska. This forest is cut up by bays and inlets, some of which give an opportunity for taking the timber from the mill to the decks of ocean-going steamers. The Tongass forest is now self-supporting, its lumber product being used largely in local industries, much going into boxes for canned salmon.

From a Hudson Bay trading post with a population of 15 in 1870, Winnipeg has grown to be a first-class city with a population approximating 276,177. The city has exceptionally wide asphalted streets and pavements, several public parks, good buildings, street-car system, and is modern and up to date. The winters are exceptionally long and rigorous, the thermometer going at times as low as 55 degrees below zero.

"WILL THE EMPIRE LIVE?"

Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his recent writings asks if the British empire will live. He seems to think that it will not, that its continuance demands the exercise of faculties that Englishmen do not possess. The empire, suggests Mr. Wells, was mainly created by abnormal Englishmen, by the rovers, wasters, and adventurers, by the men for whom their own country had no particular use. Having thus been created by abnormal Englishmen it was handed over to the government of normal Englishmen, of stupid and unimaginative Englishmen whose idea of "imperialism" is to evade taxation and to distrust education, who go "shootin'" in the correct season and return to London to take part in the idiocies of Parliament. They believe that the empire is something created and sustained by God for the emulation of the human race, and they have a vague idea that Winnipeg is inhabited by Maories. The imperialist is entirely satisfied with things as they are. His patriotism is a stolid effort to keep things as they are. Any attempt to change anything is regarded by him as disloyalty, since he is vaguely and uncomfortably aware that there is nothing on earth that so seriously needs to be changed as himself. Now this sort of thing was all very well until the British dependencies had found their feet, so long as they were willing to regard themselves as children under tutelage. But races, like individuals, reach their adulthood and then they demand an accounting. They want to know what they get out of the arrangement. And so we are reminded of Mr. Chesterton's question: "In a world that is filled with the wrecks of systems I should like to know what there is particularly immortal about yours." Therefore it seems unlikely that the British empire will live. It seems unlikely that anything will live if it comes to that. At a time when we are hearing a good deal about "manifest destiny"—a peculiarly hateful form of cant—there is no distinctly visible destiny for anything except eventual disintegration and extinction. The only question is how long.

The process of disintegration seems likely to be furthered by the various immigration problems that are now worrying the British administration. The world has suddenly become very much smaller, thanks to improved transportation, and *pari passu* with the process of diminution has come the high cost of living and the consequent desire to emigrate. Here in California we know something of what it means to be invaded by a swarm of aliens of another race who are not only foreigners, but foreigners of a special foreignness. We know something also of the difficulty of staying the flood. But let us suppose that the Japanese were American citizens, proudly displaying the American flag, and claiming all the rights of equals under that flag. Let us suppose, for instance, that the Igorottes of the Philippines should suddenly decide to come to America in large numbers, and, to make the parallel exact, let us suppose that the Igorottes were not head-hunting savages, but highly intelligent natives fully aware of their rights, fully determined to assert them, and of such numbers as to make their action formidable. That is almost exactly the position of the British government, now called upon to mediate between the people of India and the people of the colonies, the former determined to emigrate and the latter equally determined to close their doors in the face of the unwelcome invasion. The Hindus are British subjects. They have a right to shout the *civis Romanus sum* with the best of them. They are entitled to equality of treatment with peer and peasant. They may make their home wherever the British flag is floating, or at least they may do so theoretically. Actually and practically they are treated by their fellow-subjects much more strenuously than the Japanese have been treated in California. As a matter of fact no Japanese has ever been expelled from California. But the Hindus have been expelled from British Columbia, and they have as much right to be in British Columbia as in Bengal. It will be remembered that a large party of Hindus have just announced that they will leave the country, and in their telegram to the premier of Canada they said, "We intend to return to India, but we go back with flames in our hearts." Of course they do. Probably their message exactly describes their feelings. Their citizenship availed them nothing against racial antipathies. They were denied the rights that the British flag, that every national flag, is supposed to guarantee. They might just as well have been Chinamen. The protection of the empire was not for them, and it is to be remembered that these Hindus do not feel themselves to be of an inferior race. Quite the contrary. They hold all white men in a lofty disdain, and they concede nothing of superiority to their conquerors except the superiority of material armaments.

But the situation in South Africa is very much worse than this. A very large number of Indians have emigrated to South Africa under the full conviction that they might go where they wished under the British flag. Now these people belong to a great many Indian groups, and it is to be remembered that these groups are as distinct from one another as Frenchmen are distinct from Germans. The emigrants include Moslems, Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, and Christians. A great many of them wear the military medals won on battlefields fought in defense of England. They are veterans. They expected at least toleration and certainly protection. Most of them are educated and all of them are proud and dignified. Now they have not been expelled from South Africa. They have merely been so ill-treated as to make them wish that they had never come. The status of dogs has been conferred upon them, and this has been done, not by an ignorant populace, but by a policy deliberately adopted in the hope that the country will become intolerable to them. It is hard to blame the white man very severely. He believes, and probably he is right, that the white man and the Indian can not exist side by side, and what does he care for a vague imperialism when it becomes a question of self-

preservation? He is willing enough to talk about "our glorious Indian empire," but he prefers it at a distance. He will prate with pride about "our dusky fellow-citizens," but he prefers to confine their duskiness to the patriotic pages of Kipling. He does not like the customs of the Indian. He disapproves of the wages for which he works. He resents his costume, and he can not understand his religions. Now the case would not be so grave if it merely involved some hardships upon a few thousand emigrants. But it involves much more than this. Every one knows that there is a murmur of disaffection throughout India, although those who know it best are the most disinclined to speak of it because it suggests such unutterably awful things. And these Indians communicate with their friends at home. They tell them that British citizenship is meaningless, that the flag does not protect them, that they are treated like jackals, and that the government itself is the chief offender. These people come from all over India and they represent the best of their race. They say that there are no remedies for their wrongs, and when they talk in this way they are heard by 250,000,000 of people who are just beginning to ask themselves why they should be afraid of a few thousand white soldiers.

The grievances of the Hindus in South Africa seem to be of the most substantial kind. They have recently been summarized by Saint Nihal Singh in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. He says that the registration of the Indian emigrants is conducted in the spirit and manner in which the records of criminals are kept; that they are compelled to reside in reservations outside the pale of civilization and in unhealthy quarters and without educational facilities for their children; that no matter how high their rank or culture they are compelled to ride in cars reserved for "niggers"; that it is made difficult for them to acquire property and to secure licenses for trade; that readmission after a trip to India is refused to them; that their wives and children are not allowed to join them; that their marriage ceremonies are not recognized and that their children are considered illegitimate; that their religion is interfered with by the exclusion of their priests and preceptors; that the right of appeal to the courts for remedies against the immigration authorities is restricted. These are among their chief complaints, but there are very many others, and the interference with religion is the gravest of them all. The Indian is exceptionally sensitive about his religion, a peculiarity that white men can not always appreciate, having no religion of their own. Even in India the government is extraordinarily careful to see to it that the native faiths are never tampered with and that the priests and temples are protected. In fact it would be far safer from the legal standpoint to commit an outrage upon a Christian church than upon a native temple. Nothing would so quickly arouse the people to fury as the slightest insult toward their religion. But in South Africa the Indian is in a minority. It is quite safe to insult him and to hudgeon him into compliance with the formulas of Christianity, and probably orthodoxy is nowhere quite so dense and bigoted and generally hateful as in a British colony. This sort of persecution has not only aroused the Indian man to fury, but it has stirred the Indian woman, who, curiously enough, does not like to be told officially that she is living in concubinage and that her children are bastards merely for the lack of the orthodox incantations. Some of the women have refused to register themselves at all because they so dreaded the inevitable questions as to their marriage, and then these women have been imprisoned with hard labor. It all seems incredible, but it appears to be true. Still more incredible is it that Indians from Goa have been admitted without question on their plea that they were not British but Portuguese subjects, while natives from other parts of India have been refused admission on the ground that they are British subjects.

Therefore we see already a rift in the lute of imperial unity, and it is a large rift. The Indian knows nothing about parliaments and representative institutions, and if he did know anything about them he would abhor them, just as the Chinaman does. But he does understand kings and about men who must be obeyed. And so we find representations being made to the Viceroy of India, who represents the king. He is asked to protect the Indians who are in British Columbia and in South Africa, and because the Viceroy knows very well that he is sitting upon a powder magazine he hastens to comply so far as he is able to do so. It is of no use for him to explain that British Columbia and South Africa are self-governing communities and that they can do as they like. The Indian does not understand a government that is not a government. He does not understand a king who can not command and be obeyed. And the Indian government does not wish that he should understand such subversive things. They would be injurious to the cause of order, to put it mildly. For if the Indian should perceive that royalty is only a symbol, that royalty must acquiesce perforce in brutality and cruelty and injustice, it might have some serious consequences for royalty so far as Hindustan is concerned. England maintains her hold upon India not so much by arms as by the strength of an idea, and when that idea disappears there will be much to disappear with it. The empire itself, for example.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The Pilgrim laundry of Brooklyn, the largest steam laundry in the world, is non-union, all attempts to unionize it having met with defeat. There is a factory committee, a weekly paper called *Pilgrim's Progress*, a spacious dining-room and cafeteria where lunch is served at a nominal price, and a mutual aid society for the benefit of sick members.

A Pennsylvania gun company is using the waste pieces of black and Circassian walnut left after veneer cutting for gun stocks.

THE THING IN THE SWAMP.

The Master Waits for Old Mo to Come Out.

This is the story of Old Mo and the slavery days. Cyril Venner owned the plantation, and he hated the old black, whom he never tired of mistreating. At last Old Mo decided to run away. Venner was away at the time, and the other slaves helped Mo to get off, filling his bag with food and a bottle with molasses for his little grandson, Dollar, whom Old Mo decided to take with him. When Venner came back he was furious. He had a bloodhound out, but it was no use, for the scent was dead long ago. So he turned on the dog to strike it, but it sprang at him, and Venner had to empty his six-shooter into its head to save himself, and this sent him nearly mad with rage. He promised any slave his freedom who would find Mo and the child, and though none of them believed him, they had to go straight away from the plantation in gangs. On the second day one of the gangs came up to the Blood Swamp, and there, right out in the middle of it, on a heap of snags and water-roots, with his bag beside him, was little Dollar sitting. But no sign of Old Mo. And they began shouting to the child, but, though it lifted its head up as if it heard them, it gave no other sign of life, but went on staring into the swamp in front of it. It was close on night and the mist was creeping up over the slime, so they lit fires and sent back word that the runaways were found.

Before daylight Venner was there with his other bloodhound, and he looked as cruel as sin. As the fog lifted they saw little Dollar sitting just where he was the night before, with his face set toward the very same spot in the swamp. It was no use for Venner to curse and shout. The child would just lift up his head for a moment and then resume his watch on the swamp. So Venner told a slave to wade in. The man started, sinking deeper and deeper as he went, and then all of a sudden, just when the black stuff was about up to his armpits, he gave a kind of cry and turned to come back. And if you could only have seen his face! It was like a man's who had gone mad with sudden fright. The same instant the swamp seemed to heave up close behind him. There was no splash; but the slave went under without a sound. They waited for him to come up, but the thick ooze leveled again over the spot, the great black bubbles burst one by one, and in a few minutes there was not a trace of the spot where the slave had gone down.

"There's a hole there," said Venner, quietly, and he looked round the gang.

The men all seemed scared except Shucks, the brother of the drowned man. He was looking straight ahead at the place where the man sank.

"Go in, Shucks," said Venner, "and keep clear of that hole, mind you, or I'll put a bullet into you."

But Shucks, without a word, stepped into the swamp. And his face, they say, was dreadful to look at, and he waded, step for step, exactly where the other had gone before him.

"Turn to one side," shouted Venner, as he saw him going straight to his death. "Keep out of that hole," he screamed, pouring out oaths and stamping in his helpless fury.

And the infection of the excitement took them all as the slave neared the fatal spot, and every voice was raised in warning. The horrible fascination of suicide was upon him. And Venner kept his word, for just as Shucks reached the spot he drew his revolver and fired, and that instant Shucks went down.

A swell passed slowly over the swamp, the snags heaved up and sank again with a thick, gurgling noise, then all was quiet.

And there, exactly where he was before, sat little Dollar, staring straight in front of him into the horrid slime. But Venner was not to be beaten so easily. Two good slaves, it is true, were gone, but there were plenty more. So he went along the edge of the swamp for half a mile or so till he came to where a long drift of deadwood and water stuff had made a kind of jetty, and the end of it was not a hundred yards off the snag-heap that Dollar was sitting on, and he called an old slave, whom he sometimes treated a little better than the rest, and told him to go across and fetch the boy. The old man walked along the drift as far as it would bear him, and then, feeling bottom with his feet, began to wade.

They watched him breathlessly. Even Venner was silent.

Nearer and nearer the old man got, every step as cautious as if he were going to surprise some sleeping thing, and at every step sinking deeper into the ooze. At last he was almost within reach of the child.

It had now shifted its gaze and was staring with eyes of blank, mad terror at the approaching man. Those who were watching saw the slave reach out his arm and throw it over a log. Then he dragged one leg up out of the rotting ooze, and they saw him get his knee upon the log and begin to pull himself up. And then—all of a sudden—the log seemed to slip round under him, and the old slave fell backward, right in front of the child. He did not sink at once, but struggled a little and grasped at the air. And then, just as before, it looked as if the swamp humped up. A thick ripple rolled toward the spot. The snag-heap on which Dollar was sitting lifted a little and then gently sank again. The drift heaved perceptibly all down its length, but nothing more.

Venner stood with his eyes fixed on the black bubbles that marked the slave's dying struggle, and his face was as grim as face could be; but he suddenly roused himself, and, turning to an overseer, ordered the gang to begin collecting driftwood at once.

"I'll make a bridge right across," he said, "and go and bring back the devil myself, or else, by —, it shall have me, too!"

The slaves worked as slaves do, and as the jetty lengthened foot by foot Venner tried his weight upon it and looked grimly across the lessening gap at the child. Dollar watched them coming nearer and nearer without any change of expression. The child was feeding itself from the bag beside it, but never moving its eyes from the slaves at work. And then evening began to close in and the heavy fog to rise from the swamp. But Venner would not stop work. A large dark-lantern was sent for, and the slaves, looking like demons as they passed into the streak of light and out of it, went on with their task, and foot by foot Venner found the causeway firm beneath him. The light thrown along the causeway fell upon the snag-heap, and on Dollar sitting there, with his head hanging down in sleep. But the work went on.

"Mo is under those snags," said Venner, "and I'll have him out if I have to pull him out with my teeth."

And then came a check in the work; there was no bottom to be found. Load after load of roots and branches were thrown in, but let the slaves tread them as they would, no footing could be made. The sodden logs were rolled in, score after score, but always with the same result; the quagmire seemed bottomless. It was now midnight, but Venner would not halt in his revenge. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"So long as the light is on the heap Mo won't come out," he said; "if we turn it off and keep quiet the darned possum 'll think we're gone and come out for food, and as soon as we hear him we'll turn the light on to him again, and then, by —, I'll shoot him like a rat." So a dry platform was made for the master and a log placed for a seat, and there, when the bloodhound had lain down and the canteen of whisky been put by him, Venner sat down, turned off the lantern, and waited. Lest they should make any noise during the vigil all the rest were sent off the jetty, and, lying down under the trees at the edge of the swamp, were soon asleep. Only one man—Harley, the overseer of the women—remained with him, sitting close behind. And there Venner waited for the old slave to creep out from his hiding-place to shoot him, as he said, like a rat. The night-mists thickened round them and there was utter silence. Harley had fallen asleep, but he woke up suddenly, hearing a branch snap. His master whispered something to him, but he could not hear what. But there was the sound of something stirring on the snag-heap, and a stealthy motion of the water as if something were creeping in the swamp, for the water lapped among the snags and the jetty softly swayed. The bloodhound heard it and was up. Again the snapping of wood. A heavy foot was evidently upon the snags; and again came the dull plashing of the ooze.

"Mo's coming out," whispered Venner, and without a sound he flashed the light of the lantern on to the heap.

"And then," said Harley, as he told the story, "there was no Mo there. But I saw the Thing as plain as I see you now. It looked like a huge, hairy Something; and it was leaning on its elbows—just as a tarantula does—and its shoulders seemed like a monster man's, only hairy. I could not see its head. It seemed to be eating Dollar. But this was all in a second, for Mr. Venner jumped up and cried out something. And then he fired—and the dog gave a roar and a dash past him, and he must have struck the master as he sprang, for I saw Mr. Venner reel and fall right across the lantern-light into the swamp. And the Thing, sir, had left the heap then, and was turned around in the water and had got the dog. I leaned over to reach out my hand to Mr. Venner; but instead of stretching out his hand to me, I saw him hitting out with his revolver, and for half a minute there was an awful struggle—the man, the bloodhound, and the Thing; and then all the swamp seemed to hunch up, as it were—it was the Thing getting on top of Mr. Venner and the dog, I suppose—and then they all sank down together. The jetty swung so with the swell that I was afraid it would part, and I turned and ran."

And that was the end of Cyril Venner.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE LIFE OF THE TOWN.

Jean Goes to Paris for His Sweetheart.

Jean Feret's face shone with pleasure as he took his place in a third-class carriage of the Paris train. He was in his Sunday best: his blue blouse was stiff and clean, his leather belt was brightly polished, he wore shoes. The occasion was too great for sabots. He was going to Paris.

He waved a cheery "good-by" to the bent old peasant, his father, who stood on the platform.

"God keep you, my son," murmured the old man, as the train moved off.

Jean sighed happily, for in three short hours he would be in Paris. And Paris to Jean meant seeing his beloved Suzette, who had gone there two years before to be a milliner's apprentice.

Suzette and Jean were betrothed. She had gone to Paris to earn some money of her own to go toward the home which was to be theirs as soon as Jean made money enough to build a cottage on his little plot of ground. He had worked hard and been very saving. Now the house was in readiness. He was going to fetch Suzette. How delighted she would be with the pretty thatched cottage that was to be all their own, thought Jean; and how glad she would be to leave the bustling, crowded city for the pure, clean air of the country.

Jean smiled dreamily as he thought how she looked two years ago when they had said "good-by."

"It will not be for long, you know," she had whispered, seeing his eyes fill with tears.

Jean raised the paper from a pot of field violets he held carefully on his knee. Suzette loved the violet above all flowers, and he wanted these to be fresh for her as a present.

At Rouen he got off to sprinkle them with cool water.

Just before the train rolled into the Gare St. Lazare Jean opened his wallet and took from it a map of Paris. Then with a straw he carefully traced over it the way to Suzette's house.

The noise and confusion of the great streets were so bewildering to Jean, in Paris for the first time, that he was forced to consult his map several times before he reached the Rue Bleue.

Suzette was not in, and he was told she would not be at home until six.

Jean stood staring stupidly at the concierge who gave him this information. Surely there was some mistake. He had written he would come.

"Mademoiselle will not be home till six," repeated the woman.

Jean turned away. His heart was heavy. Such a disappointment! Suzette had not received his letter; else she certainly would have been there to receive him. And now he must wait so long!—for it was barely eleven o'clock.

He wandered aimlessly about. The gay streets and the many shops did not attract him.

At one o'clock he sat down on a bench in the Champs-Élysées and ate a roll he had bought at one of the booths. He was very tired. The gendarmes had pushed him roughly across the streets. Doubtless he had been awkward to get in the way of the carriages; but everything was so confusing.

He thought once more of the peaceful little home shaded by the poplar-trees. How nice it would be to go back to it. And with Suzette!

A man on the next seat went away and left his newspaper. Jean picked it up. It was open at the amusement column. What a lot of theatres there were in Paris, thought Jean, as he read over the long list.

Finally he read something which interested him: the announcement of the Salon. The Salon—he knew about that, for an artist had come to St. Valéry once, when Jean was a little boy, and had painted his picture and told him it would be put in the Salon. Jean had always been sorry he had been barefoot that morning; for the painter wouldn't give him time to run home for his shoes.

He took out his map and studied the way to the Salon, which he found to be unaccountably short. If he went to see the pictures, the time of waiting would not seem so long. That was a comfort.

The beautiful rooms, lined with pictures, took his breath away. He had never seen anything so wonderful. He forgot Suzette—he forgot everything. He met many old friends. Here was the old Château Silléron, with the gardens, to the life. There was the beach at St. Aubin. And when he came upon the church at Sotteville, it looked so natural Jean bowed his head and made the sign of the cross.

Then there were some horrid pictures of surgical operations, the details rendered with an exactitude that made Jean shudder.

He went into one room, where a group of men were excitedly discussing one of the pictures. He caught scraps of their conversation.

"It is she in the flesh!"

"Ah, you know her that way, old man?"

"Marvelous! Look at those eyes, that arm, that coloring! Superb! Marcelin's fortune is made. All the swell cocottes will want him to paint them now."

Jean pushed nearer. He wanted to see this wonderful picture. Suddenly he stopped, his face colorless, his eyes riveted on the canvas from which Suzette looked out at him.

Her golden hair was piled on top of her head and caught by a diamond arrow; her black eyes were half-closed; her red lips were parted. She leaned against an azure velvet curtain—an excellent setting for the slender form and wonderful white skin. In her hand was a violet satin mask. At her feet lay a fading bouquet of Russian violets. Such was the picture which made Marcelin famous throughout Europe.

Jean stood like a statue, his eyes fastened on her who had been his Suzette. Two smartly dressed men who saw him nudged each other and grinned.

At last Jean turned away. He went out into the noisy, glittering streets.

That evening, when the St. Valéry train left the Gare St. Lazare, Jean sat in one of the third-class carriages. His head was bent forward on his breast. On his knee he still held the pot of violets. The light faded. But what did it matter now?—Adapted for the French for the Argonaut by Richard Burdett.

G. B. S. AGAIN.

An Ancient Legend with a Modern Moral.

If George Bernard Shaw moved in nonconformist circles he would long ere this have heard an anecdote of a famous preacher which he might take to heart with advantage. The preacher in question had the unusual distinction of delivering short sermons, a form of heresy much to the dislike of those of his deacons who thought they were not getting their money's worth. At last, on a Sunday when the discourse was even briefer than usual, the deacons plucked up courage to protest that their spiritual guide ought to give them ampler measure, only to elicit the retort, "What! would you have me go on after I have finished?" Such is the story which may be commended to Mr. Shaw in view of his newest play, the "Pygmalion" which entertained London holiday folk during the interval between Good Friday's solemnity and Easter Sunday's exultation. For, to be candid, Mr. Shaw did go on after he had finished.

"Pygmalion," indeed, is another example of how a half or two-thirds may be greater than the whole. Like the curate's egg, it is excellent in parts. In other words, three of the five acts are as brilliant as the most Shavian of its author's triumphs; the other two are unnecessary. But much may be forgiven the playwright in view of the delightful satire with which he handles some of his own pet theories and doctrines. And never has he displayed so much skill in setting his stage as in his superb first act.

Lovers of Hogarth are familiar with the portico of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, under the shelter of which we were introduced to the principal characters of "Pygmalion." A heavy shower of rain, most realistically produced, had driven to that haven Eliza Doolittle, a flower-girl, Professor Henry Higgins, a student of human accents, Colonel Pickering, fresh from India with a knowledge of alien dialects, and several other subsidiary personages. Eliza talks at large in the lingo of London's mean streets, greatly to the fascination of the phonetic Higgins, who promptly takes out his note-book to jot down some of her flowers of speech. His action in so doing creates suspicion that he may be a "copper's nark," otherwise a detective, and he only saves his skin by explaining his real object. He informs his angry audience, indeed, that he can tell where they live within a couple of blocks merely by their accent, a claim which he makes good in a triumphant manner. This attracts the attention of Colonel Pickering, as well as that of Eliza, and the two kindred souls become so interested in each other that ere the shower is over Higgins has made Pickering a bet that if he cared to take Eliza in hand he could in a few months so transform her manners and speech that she might pass for a duchess. Such was the first act, played in excellent speed all within the space of some fifteen minutes.

Act the second was equally effective and rich in comic situations. Its scene was laid in the Phonetic Laboratory of Professor Higgins, where the colonel and the professor are discussing dialects and accents with much zest when Eliza Doolittle is announced. She had been so impressed with the portico incident that she had resolved to take lessons from the professor, whom she was willing to pay "a bob an hour." She did not want to "talk grammar," she explained, but only to converse "like a lidy." Higgins is reluctant to undertake the task, but Pickering reminds him of his bet and a compact is made. Nay, Eliza is to be adopted for a few months pending her transformation into a replica of a real duchess. So she is handed over to the professor's housekeeper, who is instructed to take her away and "clean her." As soon as the men resume their phonetic discussion they are interrupted once more, this time by Alfred Doolittle, the putative father of Eliza, who belongs to the "undeserving pore" and is a dustman by profession. His chief mission in life is to "touch" other people for unearned increment, and all the rest of his morality is in keeping therewith. His views of marriage, for example, are so lax that he is not duly wedded to Eliza's mother, though he admits that regular marriage has its advantages in that a married husband is not obliged to be polite to his wife. But his object in visiting the professor of phonetics is to "touch" him for a "fivever." The professor is a bachelor; a less suspicious father of a fine girl like Eliza would demand at least fifty pounds; he, however, is so sure the professor's intentions are strictly honorable that he will be content with five. Alfred is so refreshing a character that his departure to "blow" the "fivever" in drink is a source of real regret.

But Eliza has to be shaped into a duchess; consequently the third act enables her to take the centre of the stage once more, which she does by attending an "at home" of the professor's mother at her Chelsea flat. It is quite a new Eliza who figures in this incident, an Eliza clothed and in her right mind. Her manners are impeccable, her accent perfect, her gown in the latest fashion. The professor sits in the background admiring his own work, conscious that he has won his bet. Ere the scene ends, however, Eliza reverts to type once more. As she is shown to the door she is asked whether she intends walking home. "Walk?" she answers; "me walk? Not bloody likely." There is a consensus of opinion that G. B. S. is the first playwright to use that sanguinary adjective on the English

stage, though it figures constantly in the dialogue of London's mean streets. The "at home" party was horrified at the outburst, but the audience was electrified into laughter and applause. Strangely enough, however, Mr. Shaw was not content with that single touch of cockney nature; anticipating the effect of the stroke he made one of his smart young ladies repeat the ugly word a little later, to be rewarded justly by a shudder of resentment through the audience.

With a little readjustment an adroit playwright would have ended on that climax. Yet there were two more acts. This is where Mr. Shaw has gone on after he had finished. For really the fourth and fifth acts leave the farce as incomplete as the third. The scene of the fourth act is laid in the professor's chambers at the end of a day which has finally tested his handiwork. He and Pickering and Eliza have spent the day in a round of fashionable pleasures, including a garden party and a box at the opera. At every function Eliza has acted consistently with her new rôle; she has posed as a duchess and not been found out. Hence the exhaustion of the professor's and the colonel's interest. They have tried their experiment; the clay of London's mean streets has been transformed; and now, instead of Pygmalion yearning for his Galatea, the creator of the new duchess leaves the impression of a child wearied with a new toy. But Eliza has no desire to end the experiment here. "You have given me a soul," she says to Higgins, "what are you going to do with me?" Her creator would fain get rid of her like a now useless vivisectioned carcass, even though he had given her a ring. The bet has been won and lost, and the two gamblers are tired of the excitement. Eliza tears off her ring and hurls it into the fireplace, but when she is left in the room alone she gropes among the ashes to recover what is at least to her a symbol of a new affection. Here again was another ending of the play; if the curtain had fallen on that incident there would have been scope for imagination.

But Mr. Shaw still went on. So there was a final act in which Higgins and Eliza have a furious quarrel in the home of the hero's mother, the one redeeming feature of which is that it provides an opportunity for the reentry of dustman Doolittle. During his absence from the story he has been left a fortune of £3000 a year, a change of circumstance which convinces him that he must now be married in the orthodox style and live a regular life. But another sorrow has befallen the late dustman; from "touching" others he has passed to the condition of being one of the "touched." He leaves en route for his wedding ceremony, and as the curtain at last falls for the last time Higgins grasps a handful of flowers and throws them out of the window to Eliza. Mr. Shaw is not great at sentiment, but that may be his hint that after all Pygmalion is softening towards his Galatea. Unless that be the case the whole thing is a huge joke. For why re-create the Elizas of London's mean streets if you don't know what to do with them when they are transformed, or why make dustmen wealthy if they are to spend the rest of their days in being "touched" for a "fivever"? Perhaps, however, Mr. Shaw is well content to have had a play produced at His Majesty's Theatre and persuaded Sir Herbert Tree to assume the title-rôle. Certainly Sir Herbert's Professor Higgins was a triumph of characterization, while as Eliza of Covent Garden Mrs. Patrick Campbell adjusted her accents and manners to this new Galatea's amazing changes. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, April 14, 1914.

Many a Mississippi River steamboat, it is now declared was blown up in the old days when, in order to win a race, the barrels of resin in the cargo were broached to feed the fires. Resins add heat value, not only to the woods that contains them, but also to the coals. Being more resistant to decay under water than the wood cells and other tissues of the plants and trees from which the peats of bogs and coal-forming swamps are produced, the resin lumps and particles are generally left to be buried in the peat deposits, even when most of the surrounding wood has rotted away and disappeared. A careful examination of most brown lignites and sub-bituminous coal will generally reveal lumps of resin that are visible to the naked eye. The coals mined in some localities contain abundant large lumps of resin, some as large as walnuts. In places the glistening amber-like resin forms a large part of the coal. Beautiful samples of this sort are found in some of the coal beds in the Philippine Islands.

London still retains its picturesque ancient rights and privileges, and as an instance it may be mentioned that whenever the ruling monarch pays a formal, or state, visit to the city it is customary for the lord mayor and sheriffs to meet the sovereign at the boundary of the ancient city, where he will enter. A sword is extended to the king (implying that permission to enter is given), who touches it and returns it to the mayor. By ancient right, upon the decease of the sovereign and until the proclamation of the new monarch, the lord mayor is nominal head of the state, with full authority and powers.

In the vicinity of Tzfas, Palestine, a tract of land has been purchased for the purpose of forming a Jewish colony, which will cultivate the land along general lines and serve to demonstrate what can be done if the country eventually returns to the Jewish people.

OLD FAVORITES.

Song: On May Morning.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, hounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—John Milton.

A Spring Lilt.

Through the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!
"What in all the world, in all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as May?"
"June! June! June!"
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover.
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"
Repeat
The robins, nested over. —Unknown.

A May Burden.

Through meadow-ways as I did tread,
The corn grew in great lusthead,
And hey! the heeches hurgeoned.
By Goddès fay, hy Goddès fay!
It is the month, the jolly month,
It is the jolly month of May.

God ripe the wines and corn, I say,
And wenches for the marriage-day,
And hoys to teach love's comely play.
By Goddès fay, hy Goddès fay!
It is the month, the jolly month,
It is the jolly month of May.

As I went down by lane and lea,
The daisies reddened so, pardie!
"Blushets!" I said, "I well do see,
By Goddès fay, hy Goddès fay!
The thing ye think of in this month,
Heigho! this jolly month of May."

As down I went by rye and oats,
The blossoms smelt of kisses; throats
Of birds turned kisses into notes;
By Goddès fay, hy Goddès fay!
The kiss it is a growing flower,
I trow, this jolly month of May.

God send a mouth to every kiss,
Seeing the blossom of this bliss
By gathering doth grow, certes!
By Goddès fay, hy Goddès fay!
Thy hrow-garland pushed all aslant
Tells—but I tell not, wanton May!
—Francis Thompson.

To a Mountain Daisy.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou honny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neiher sweet,
The honny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, hiltie, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld hlew the hither-hitting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random hield
O' clod, or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uprears thy hed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple hard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven;
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

—Robert Burns.

Fatal Alpine mountain accidents during the year 1913 numbered 118, as compared with 119 in 1912 and 146 in 1911.

"CHANCE."

Joseph Conrad Tells a Story That May Leave Us in Some Doubt as to the Real Meaning of Chance.

Those who want a distinctive novel by a distinctive writer would do well to acquaint themselves with "Chance," by Joseph Conrad. Of course Mr. Conrad is already known, just as Chesterton and Shaw are known, and perhaps he is credited with certain sterling values that his famous contemporaries have not. For no one smiles at the mention of Conrad's name. No one questions the sincerity of his work. No one supposes him to be a poser or a dealer in literary fireworks. He has that enviable proof of quality that consists of universal assent as well as of universal admiration for a writer who knew not a word of English when he was twenty years old and who now writes it with a subtle fluency that is almost unsurpassed.

Like so many other of Mr. Conrad's novels the element of chance plays a large part in this one, and, in fact, gives to it its name. Small things happen fortuitously and then great things follow them. He has studied his own career and he finds that this is how things occur. But we feel that Mr. Conrad attaches some special and undeclared meaning to the word chance. Perhaps he feels that what we call chance is only uncomprehended law, and that life is actually a vast mechanism of cause and effect of which only the salient parts are visible. If we could look into the heart of things we should see that what we call chance is actually a part of law or that it is used by law to bring about the foreordained.

The story is told by Marlow, whom we know already. Practically the whole book of nearly five hundred pages is spoken by him, but with such exquisite skill that every character is stamped with individuality and moves us irresistibly to laughter or tears or the benevolent contempt that lies between. There is the portentously absurd "little Fyne" and his amazing wife with her many "girl friends," and among them the heroine, Flora de Barral, the daughter of a swindler who at last finds himself in a well-deserved prison. Poor Flora is overwhelmed by the disgrace of it all and by the sudden loss of her fortune, and just when her reason seem to be forsaking her she is rescued by Captain Anthony, who can not live without her, although it seems for a time that he can not live with her. But if young Powell, second mate on Captain Anthony's ship, had not chanced to oversee something that went on in the cabin it would have been quite a different story for every one. And that, Mr. Conrad seems to say, is the way it goes. No important thing ever happened to any of us that did not take its rise in what we call chance.

Flora's father may be said to be the fundamental cause of all that happened. Mr. de Barral was a great financier, and perhaps his methods may still be found in successful operation:

One remembers his first modest advertisements headed with the magic word Thrift, Thrift, Thrift, thrice repeated promising 10 per cent on all deposits and giving the address of the Thrift and Independence Aid Association in Vauxhall Bridge Road. Apparently nothing more was necessary. He didn't even explain what he meant to do with the money he asked the public to pour into his lap. Of course he meant to lend it out at high rates of interest. He did so—but he did it without system, plan, foresight, or judgment. And as he frittered away the sums that flowed in, he advertised for more—and got it. During a period of general business prosperity he set up the Orb Bank and the Sceptre Trust, simply, it seems, for advertising purposes. They were mere names. He was totally unable to organize anything, to promote any sort of enterprise if it were only for the purpose of juggling with the shares. At that time he could have had for the asking any number of dukes, retired generals, active M. P.'s, ambassadors and so on as directors to sit at the wildest boards of his invention. But he never tried. He had no real imagination. All he could do was to publish more advertisements and open more branch offices of the Thrift and Independence, of the Orb, of the Sceptre, for the receipt of deposits; first in this town, then in that town, north and south—everywhere he could find suitable premises at a moderate rent. For this was the great characteristic of the management. Modesty, moderation, simplicity. Neither the Orb nor the Sceptre nor yet their parent the Thrift and Independence had built for themselves the usual palaces. For abstention they were praised in silly public prints as illustrating in their management the principle of Thrift for which they were founded. The fact is that De Barral simply didn't think of it. Of course he had soon moved from Vauxhall Bridge Road. He knew enough for that. What he got hold of next was an old, enormous, rat-infested brick house in a small street off the Strand. Strangers were taken in front of the meanest possible, begrimed, yellow, flat brick wall, with two rows of unadorned window-holes one above the other, and were exhorted with bated breath to behold and admire the simplicity of the headquarters of the financial force of the day. The word THRIFT perched right up on the roof in gilt letters, and two enormous shield-like brass-plates curved round the corners on each side of the doorway were the only shining spots in De Barral's business outfit. Nobody knew what operations were carried on inside except this—that if you walked in and tendered your money over the counter it would be calmly taken from you by somebody who would give you a printed receipt. That and no more. It appears that such knowledge is irresistible. People went in and tendered; and once it was taken from their hands their money was more irretrievably gone from them than if they had thrown it into the sea. This, then, and nothing else was being carried on in there.

The Fynes are sketched with the same inimitable touch. When Flora announces that she has gone to London in order to marry Captain Anthony as the only way out of her terrible position there is a consultation between the Fynes and Marlow. Mrs. Fyne says that something must be done, and that so ill-advised a match must be frustrated:

And this was nature! As they say of an artist's work: this

was a perfect Fyne. Compassion—judiciousness—something correctly measured. None of your disheveled sentiment. And right! You must confess that nothing could have been more right. I had a mind to shout "Brava! Brava!" but I did not do that. I took a piece of cake and went out to bribe the Fyne dog into some sort of self-control. His sharp, comical yapping was unbearable, like stabs through one's brain, and Fyne's deeply modulated remonstrances abashed the vivacious animal no more than the deep, patient murmur of the sea abashes a nigger minstrel on a popular beach. Fyne was beginning to swear at him in low, sepulchral tones when I appeared. The dog became at once wildly demonstrative, half-strangling himself in his collar, his eyes and tongue hanging out in the excess of his uncomprehensible affection for me. This was before he caught sight of the cake in my hand. A series of vertical springs high up in the air followed, and then, when he got the cake, he instantly lost his interest in everything else.

Fyne was slightly vexed with me. As kind a master as any dog could wish to have, he yet did not approve of cake being given to dogs. The Fyne dog was supposed to lead a Spartan existence on a diet of repulsive biscuits, with an occasional dry, hygienic bone thrown in. Fyne looked down gloomily at the appeased animal, I, too, looked at that fool-dog; and (you know how one's memory gets suddenly stimulated) I was reminded visually, with an almost painful distinctness, of the ghostly white face of the girl I saw last accompanied by that dog—deserted by that dog. I almost heard her distressed voice as if on the verge of resentful tears calling to the dog, the unsympathetic dog. Perhaps she had not the power of evoking sympathy, that personal gift of direct appeal to the feelings. I said to Fyne, mistrusting the supine attitude of the dog:

"Why don't you let him come inside?"

Oh, dear no! He couldn't think of it! I might indeed have saved my breath. I knew it was one of the Fynes' rules of life, part of their solemnity and responsibility, one of those things that were part of their unassertive but ever-present superiority, that their dog must not be allowed in. It was most improper to intrude the dog into the houses of the people they were calling on—if it were only a careless bachelor in farmhouse lodgings and a personal friend of the dog. It was out of the question. But they would let him bark one's sanity away outside one's window. They were strangely consistent in their lack of imaginative sympathy. I didn't insist, but simply led the way back to the parlor, hoping that no wayfarer would happen along the lane for the next hour or so to disturb the dog's composure.

Poor Flora in her poverty and her unloveliness is unable to believe that Captain Anthony really loves her. She has taken another name since her father's disgrace, and now she tries to tell him of her history. He says: "You are not a princess in disguise, and that's all I care for. You had better understand that I am not blind and not a fool. And then it's plain for even a fool to see that things have been going hard with you. You are on a lee shore and eating your heart out with worry!"

"Whatever your troubles," he said, "I am the man to take you away from them; that is, if you are not afraid. You told me you had no friends. Neither have I. Nobody ever cared for me as far as I can remember. Perhaps you could. Yes, I live on the sea. But who would you be parting from? No one. You have no one belonging to you."

At this point she broke away from him and ran. He did not pursue her. The tall hedges tossing in the wind, the wide fields, the clouds driving over the sky, and the sky itself wheeled about her in masses of green and white and blue as if the world were breaking up silently in a whirl, and her feet at the next step were bound to find the void. She reached the gate all right, got out, and, once on the road, discovered that she had not the courage to look back. The rest of that day she spent with the Fyne girls, who gave her to understand that she was a slow and unprofitable person. Long after tea, nearly at dusk, Captain Anthony (the son of the poet) appeared suddenly before her in the little garden in front of the cottage. They were alone for the moment. The wind had dropped. In the calm evening air the voices of Mrs. Fyne and the girls strolling aimlessly on the road could be heard. He said to her severely:

"You have understood?"

She looked at him in silence.

"That I love you," he finished.

She shook her head the least bit.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked in a low, infuriated voice.

"Nobody would love me," she answered in a very quiet tone. "Nobody could."

He was dumb for a time, astonished beyond measure, as he well might have been. He doubted his ears. He was outraged.

"Eh? What? Can't love you? What do you know about it? It's my affair, isn't it? You dare say that to a man who has just told you! You must be mad!"

"Very nearly," she said with the accent of pent-up sincerity, and even relieved because she was able to say something which she felt was true. For the last few days she had felt herself several times near that madness which is but an intolerable lucidity of apprehension.

Mr. Conrad is faithful to the sea. This can hardly be said to be a sea story, but it has a sort of pervasive atmosphere of the sea. Captain Anthony takes his wife with him on the *Ferndale*, but we are allowed to understand that it is a marriage only in name. Here is the account of the threatened collision when young Powell on summoning the captain finds that he is not using the room allotted to his wife:

He saw the catastrophe happening and at the same moment, before he could open his mouth or stir a limb to ward off the vision, a voice very near his ear, the measured voice of Captain Anthony, said: "Wouldn't light—eh? Throw it down! Jump for the flare-up."

The spring of activity in Mr. Powell was released with great force. He jumped. The flare-up was kept inside the companion with a box of matches ready to hand. Almost before he knew he had moved he was diving under the companion slide. He got hold of the can in the dark and tried to strike a light. But he had to press the flare-holder to his breast with one arm, his fingers were damp and stiff, his hands trembled a little. One match broke. Another went out. In its flame he saw the colorless face of Mrs. Anthony a little below him, standing on the cabin stairs. Her eyes, which were very close to his (he was in a crouching posture on the top step), seemed to burn darkly in the vanishing light. On deck the captain's voice was heard sudden and unexpectedly sardonic: "You had better look sharp, if you want to be in time."

"Let me have the box," said Mrs. Anthony in a hurried and familiar whisper which sounded amused as if they had been a couple of children up to some lark behind a wall. He was glad of the offer, which seemed to him very natural, and without ceremony:

"Here you are. Catch hold."

Their hands touched in the dark and she took the box while he held the paraffin-soaked torch in its iron holder. He thought of warning her: "Look out for yourself." But before he had time to finish the sentence the flare blazed up violently between them and he saw her throw herself back with an arm across her face. "Hallo," he exclaimed: only he could not stop a moment to ask if she was hurt. He bolted out of the companion straight into his captain, who took the flare from him and held it high above his head.

The fierce flame fluttered like a silk flag, throwing an angry swaying glare mingled with moving shadows over the poop, lighting up the concave surfaces of the sails, gleaming on the wet pat of the white rails. And young Powell turned his eyes to windward with a catch in his breath.

The strange ship, a darker shape in the night, did not seem to be moving onward but only to grow more distinct right ahead, staring at the *Ferndale* with one green and one red eye which swayed and tossed as if they belonged to the restless head of some invisible monster amushed in the night amongst the waves. A moment, long like eternity, elapsed, and suddenly the monster, which seemed to take to itself the shape of a mountain, shut its green eye without as much as a preparatory wink.

Mr. Powell drew a free breath. "All right now," said Captain Anthony in a quiet undertone. He gave the blazing flare to Powell and walked aft to watch the passing of that menace of destruction coming blindly with its parti-colored stare out of a blind night on the wings of a sweeping wind. Her very form could be distinguished now black and elongated amongst the hissing patches of foam bursting along her path.

As is always the case with a ship running before wind and sea she did not seem to an onlooker to move very fast, but to be progressing indolently in long, leisurely bounds and pauses in the midst of the overtaking waves. It was only when actually passing the stern within easy hail of the *Ferndale* that her headlong speed became apparent to the eye. With the red light shut off and soaring like an immense shadow on the crest of a wave she was lost to view in one great, forward swing, melting into the lightless space.

"Close shave," said Captain Anthony in an indifferent voice just raised enough to be heard in the wind. "A blind lot on board that ship. Put out the flare now."

When De Barral is released from prison his daughter meets him in order to take him to her husband's ship, where under an assumed name he may lose his identity after a voyage or two. But Flora finds to her horror that the old rogue resents her marriage to a mere sea captain and is filled with rage at the idea of such a mésalliance:

She believed it, she affirmed it. He understood thoroughly at last, and at once the interior of that cab, of an aspect so pacific in the eyes of the people on the pavements, became the scene of a great agitation. The generosity of Roderick Anthony—the son of the poet—affected the ex-financier De Barral in a manner which must have brought home to Flora de Barral the extreme arduousness of the business of being a woman. Being a woman is a terribly difficult trade, since it consists principally of dealings with men. This man—the man inside the cab—cast off his stiff placidity and behaved like an animal. I don't mean it in an offensive sense. What he did was to give way to an instinctive panic. Like some wild creature scared by the first touch of a net falling on its back, old De Barral began to struggle, lank and angular, against the empty air—as much of it as there was in the cab—with staring eyes and gasping mouth, from which his daughter shrunk as far as she could in the confined space.

"Stop the cab. Stop him, I tell you. Let me get out!" were the strangled exclamations she heard. Why? What for? To do what? He would hear nothing. She cried to him, "Papa! Papa! What do you want to do?" And all she got from him was: "Stop. I must get out. I want to think. I must get out and think."

It was a mercy that he didn't attempt to open the door at once. He only stuck his head and shoulders out of the window, crying to the cabman. She saw the consequences, the cab stopping, a crowd collecting around a raving old gentleman. . . . In this terrible business of being a woman so full of fine shades, of delicate perplexities (and very small rewards) you can never know what rough work you may have to do, at any moment. Without hesitation Flora seized her father round the body and pulled back—being astonished at the ease with which she managed to make him drop into his seat again. She kept him there resolutely with one hand pressed against his breast, and leaning across him, she in her turn put her head and shoulders out of the window. By then the cab had drawn up to the curbstone and was stopped. "No! I've changed my mind. Go on please where you were told first. To the docks."

That Mr. Conrad should be able to tell such a story in such a way is something of a marvel. That he should be able to hold his reader's attention to the end and still be able to provide something unexpected is still more so.

CHANCE. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The making of maple syrup and sugar in Canada in most of the older and more settled parts is gradually on the wane, as most of the "sugar bushes" give way to cultivated farms. From 1850 to 1890 the production of maple sugar, together with its equivalent in syrup, increased year by year, but since that time it has steadily fallen. The industry is confined in Canada to Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. It is estimated that this industry, representing an annual valuation of almost \$2,000,000, is carried on by about 55,000 growers. While many of these operate their larger or smaller wood lots preserved upon their good farms, a vastly larger number take their sap from rough and stony areas that would have comparatively little value if the trees were removed. The increasing value of maple wood and the comparatively low price of maple sugar and syrup, due to unfair competition from cheap, adulterated products, has led in recent years to the removal of many fine sugar orchards that had produced crops of deliciousness yearly for most of a century.

Europe is the principal customer for all exported fruits from this country except oranges, lemons, and raisins. Germany takes about one-half of the dried apples and the United Kingdom a like proportion of the green apples exported. Nearly one-half of the peaches went last year to France, Germany, and the Netherlands, while the United Kingdom alone took one-third of the total.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Green Seal.

Mr. Charles Edmonds Walk, who has already given us some tales of mystery and imagination, now once more exerts his talents to good effect. His hero is Mr. Ferris of Los Angeles, who comes into possession of a curious Oriental ring with a mechanism that stabs and poisons any one who handles it unwarily. We might never have heard any more of the ring but for the mysterious receipt by Mr. Ferris of an enormous diamond, and also of the engagement by him of a stenographer called Miss Lois Fox. The connection between the fatal ring, the diamond, and Miss Fox forms the substance of the story, and before we get half way through we find ourselves in a delightful and mysterious tangle of crime, criminals, detectives, and all the other factors that make a story really worth while. And as Miss Fox is a very charming girl there need be no hesitation in turning furtively to the last page of the story, where we read that, "My desk has been described as a wide one; but by resting our hands upon it—somewhere about the centre—with mine enclosing hers, and by leaning toward each other, we discovered that we could kiss across its top without the least discomfort." Ordinarily speaking, it is illegitimate to disclose the end of a story, but in this case it can hardly be described as a revelation. We know the end of Miss Fox as soon as we are introduced to her.

THE GREEN SEAL. By Charles Edmonds Walk. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Business Depressions.

Even so weighty a treatise as this is not likely definitely to settle the vexed question whether financial crises are due to psychological causes, to a collapse of small credits originating in personal extravagances, to the violation of certain definite economic laws, or to a combination of all of these. The fact remains that at just such times when the country ought to be most prosperous, when there is an enormous increase in the facilities of production, there are nevertheless recurrent intervals of industrial depression preceded by paroxysms known as crises. The authors devote some five hundred pages of close reasoning to a demonstration that these periods are due to the arbitrary limitation of the volume of the currency and that every successive feature of the industrial disturbance is clearly and unmistakably traceable to that one prime cause.

There are many other evils that are due, so we are told, to the same condition. The most grievous of these is the power whereby the owner of money is enabled to "make money" without producing anything, whereby money becomes the subject of an impersonal monopoly. And to this same cause is due the discontent of the industrial classes, who are suffering, not from the greed of individuals, but from injustices inherent in the system itself. The remedy is to be found in the reform of currency laws in the direction of permitting the volume of the currency to be determined by the exigencies of business instead of through arbitrary legal limitation or other obstruction.

Into the authors' argument it would be impossible here to enter. Suffice it to say that it is close, logical, and sustained. They devote the first part of their book to a statement of Fundamental Concepts and a clear definition of terms. The second section is devoted to the Distribution of Wealth and a consideration of labor and wages, land and rent, and money and money interest. Then comes a section devoted to Restraints on Industry, and finally we have a general summary and conclusion, followed by copious appendices and plates. Probably no such treatment as this can be wholly adequate and inclusive, but at least we must recognize that we have here a collection of facts and deductions from those facts that no economist can afford to overlook. It is a thoroughly creditable and useful piece of work.

THE CAUSE OF BUSINESS DEPRESSION. By Hugo Bilgram, in collaboration with Louis Edward Levy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Shakespeare.

Dr. Stalker's book is avowedly written for those who otherwise might never read Shakespeare at all, but we may have our doubts if these recalcitrant ones will be persuaded thereby into literary and poetic paths. None the less we may express our hearty if somewhat amused agreement with the author when he says that Shakespeare "is so great an asset of the English-speaking world that none possessed of intellectual tastes and aspirations can pass him by." Furthermore the author explains his intention to show that Shakespeare may be palatable even to "Christian people" whose "pure minds" may be repelled by the occasional grossnesses of the poet. But are there really Christian people outside the backwoods who refrain from Shakespeare through a fear that their "pure minds" may be sullied?

But in spite of an unfortunate preface the author has written a book not without merits. Avoiding a too critical analysis, he shows the accustomed reader what he should look for

and admire in the plays, and it may be said that his judgment is usually good and that he writes as a genuine Shakespeare lover.

HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE. By James Stalker. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

Somebody's Luggage.

Mr. Alfred Hopper, returning to England from an economical pleasure trip to France, is the witness of a suicide from the Channel steamer, and then through a mistake of the baggage people he finds himself in possession of the suicide's trunk. The same mistake causes the authorities to identify the suicide as Mr. Alfred Hopper himself, and when Mr. Hopper subsequently discovers that the suicide was the heir to a snug fortune in England and was on his way home to claim it the chances of substitution become so tempting as to be irresistible. It is an old idea, but in this case the author works it out in a somewhat novel way. The story is quite a readable one, but it is slightly marred by a certain element of farce, at which we are expected to laugh, but at which we laugh with difficulty.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By F. J. Randall. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Brierley Reviews.

Those who have small gardens and are anxious for guidance in their disposition would do well to procure "The Garden Patch," by Edward Du Bois Flint (John Lane Company; 50 cents net). The author deals with most of the useful things, vegetables and the like, that are said to be grown in gardens, and tells us just how to do it.

A late addition to the Thresholds of Science Series is "Zoölogy," by E. Brucker (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net). The series is described as consisting of short, simply written monographs, dealing with every branch of science. They are well illustrated, clearly printed, and concise. If we may judge of the series from the present volume it should be of high value and interest.

It is well that George MacDonald's Stories for Little Folks should again be popularized by such an addition as that now in course of issue by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The latest volume in the series is "The Princess and Curdie," simplified by Elizabeth Lewis, with six full-page illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk. The work of simplification has been well done, the type is bold and legible, and the pictures are just what they should be.

The scope of Marion Harland's "Looking Westward" (Charles Scribner's Sons), is perhaps best indicated by the prefatory extract from the writings of Dr. D. C. Gilman: "If I were to draw a map of life I should mark the age of seventy as the Cape of Good Hope, and for the cheer of those who were doubling this cape I would show that it leads to a Pacific Sea within whose bounds are the Fortunate Isles." The author's little book is marked by a very fine dignity that is consonant with her useful and beneficent life.

"Eat and Grow Thin," by Vance Thompson (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net), is described as "a collection of the hitherto unpublished Mahdah menus and recipes for which Americans have been paying fifty-guinea fees to fashionable physicians in order to escape the tragedy of growing fat. Under the Mahdah method of reduction one continues to live really well, gains in health and strength, yet will lose twenty-five to thirty pounds in a few weeks without producing a wrinkle. Every one tells a fat friend what *not* to eat; this book shows what he *can* eat—and grow thin." Well, there is the book.

New Books Received.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE NETHERLANDS. By Charles Pears. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A voyage in the waterways of Zealand and down the Belgian coast.

DEMOCRACY AND RACE FRICTION. By John Moffat Mecklin, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A study in social ethics.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS. By Constance Lytton and Jane Warton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

Some personal experiences.

THE SHRINE AND THE PRESENCE. By the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D. D., Bishop of Edinburgh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Some religious reflections.

THE TEMPLE. By the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A book of prayers.

THESE SHIFTING SCENES. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

The history of the formative period in a great journalistic career.

THE HOOSIER VOLUNTEER. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE COLONIZING ACTIVITIES OF THE ENGLISH PURITANS. By Arthur Percival Newton. New York: Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

The colonizing projects and activities of a group of English Puritans, led by the Earl of Warwick, John Pym, and others, during the years

1630 to 1641. The central theme is the founding of the colony of Providence in the Caribbean in 1630.

BANKING. By William A. Scott. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

The principles of banking and its problems.

DAYS IN ATTICA. By Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Greek sketches.

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE. By A. Furtwangler and H. L. Ulrichs. Translated by Horace Taylor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A new and enlarged edition.

THE LAST SHOT. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE COMING HAWAII. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the World Today Series.

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING. By Julia Darrow Cowles. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

How to tell stories for all kinds of purposes, with nearly fifty examples.

RIGHT LIVING. Edited by Homer H. Cooper, A. M. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Messages to youth from men who have achieved.

TAXATION. By C. B. Fillebrown. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the National Social Science Series.

DRUM'S HOUSE. By Ida Wild. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WOMEN WORKERS IN SEVEN PROFESSIONS. By Edith J. Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A survey of economic conditions and prospects. Edited for the studies committee of the Fabian Women's Group.

HOW TO ARGUE SUCCESSFULLY. By William Macpherson, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

An exposition of the principles and methods of argument.

THE DIALOGUES OF PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS. With a translation by William Peterson, Honorary Doctor of Letters in the University of Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE STORY OF PHEDRUS. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A chapter of early Christian history and fiction.

SACRED POEMS. By Henry Vaughan. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in Bohn's Popular Library.

IDLE WIVES. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

PLATO. Euthyphro. Apology. Crito. Phaedo, and Phaedrus. With an English translation by H. N. Fowler. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. Barlaam and Ioasaph. With an English translation by Rev. G. R. Woodward, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Roland Greene Usher. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

A philosophical interpretation of American history and life, the place of the United States in universal history, states' rights, the birth of nationality, and economic and national development.

BEDESMAN 4. By Mary J. H. Skrine. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A story.

THE "GOLDFISH." New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A revelation of the daily living of a New York family of wealth and social position.

THE REFORM OF THE CALENDAR. By Alexander Philip, M. A., LL. B., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A plea for a changed calendar.

JOHN AND BETTY'S IRISH HISTORY VISIT. By Margaret Williamson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

The story of an Irish visit.

FRENCH CIVILIZATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Professor A. L. Guérard. New York: The Century Company; \$3 net.

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CHARLIE AND ARABELLA CHICK. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

Issued in Bedtime Stories.

A TEXT-BOOK OF MAGIC. By Elbiquet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Introduction to the art of conjuring.

GRANDMA'S GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Henrietta N. Rose. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents.

Bedtime Rhymes.

CHESSMEN IN ACTION. By W. P. Turnbull. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

A little book about chess.

BOB SPENCER THE LIFE-SAVER. By Captain Taylor Armitage. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1 net.

Issued in Uncle Sam's Service Series.

HIRAM THE YOUNG FARMER. By Burbank L. Todd. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1 net.

Issued in Back to the Soil Series.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WHEN MAX CAME. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.20 net.

A story for children.

WHEN I WAS IN PALESTINE. By Mousa J. Kalleel. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$6 net.

The story of some one in America who has lived the native child life described.

ANDY AT YALE. By Roy Eliot Stokes. New York: Sully & Kleinteich; \$1 net.

Issued in the University Series.

OH, MR. BIGGOOD. By Peter Blundell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE RED HOUSE CHILDREN'S VACATION. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for children.

CHALLENGE. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF NUTRITION. By Graham Lusk. New York: Yale University Press; 50 cents net.

A scientific calculation of the food or fuel demanded by the human machine.

THE FOREST MAIDEN. By Lee Robinet. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

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POEMS. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Rung Ho.

On the accuracy of this exceptionally fine story of the days of the Indian Mutiny it is not for the reviewer to comment. Accuracy is largely a matter of the point of view, and perhaps it may be confessed regretfully that accuracy does not very much matter nowadays, when the main thing is to be amused. The story relates the coming to India of young Cunningham, whose father was there before him, winning great renown for himself among the natives as a mighty fighter and as a man whom it was good to follow. Cunningham is met on his arrival by some of the Rajput chieftains, anxious to know if the great qualities of the father had been transmitted to the son and eager to place themselves under his orders if their hopes were realized. Young Cunningham comports himself as a leader of men should do. He secures the enthusiastic loyalty of the Rajputs and is thus able to bring the needed aid to General Byng at the moment when he is about to be exterminated by the rebel sepoys.

Of course there is a lady in the case. There always is. She is the daughter of a missionary isolated in Howrah, and waging useless war against the practice of suttee and some of the other horrors of native rule. The description of Howrah is perhaps the best part of the story and one that bears every mark of accuracy. As to Cunningham himself, we are inclined to wonder if any young man new to India could be quite so fortunate in his appeal to the native mind, but then who can account for heredity or limit its powers? At least it may be said that the story is fascinatingly interesting, in fact one of the best of its kind that has been written.

RUNG HO. By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Book White Again.

Mr. White's book will probably sell largely all over the country, which is a reflection on the country rather than a recommendation of the book. Mr. White tries to show that Jesus was a sort of Emma Goldman and that the possession of a bank-book must be fatal to salvation. The Twelve Apostles may be compared with the I. W. W., and those who have compunctions about sabotage and violence will find them removed if they will but take the trouble to read the New Testament. Dynamite was, of course, unknown in Judea. It is hard to imagine that Mr. White believes what he writes. Indeed it would be almost insulting to do so, although why one should write such repulsive nonsense must still remain open to question.

THE CARPENTER AND THE RICH MAN. By Bouck White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Initiation into Literature.

The would-be student of literature who wishes to take a rapid survey of the ground before making his selection of a starting point could hardly do better than avail himself of this competent little book by Emile Faguet of the French Academy. Beginning with prehistoric literature the author gives us a rapid review of the march of facts and of ideas so far as they have been reflected in literature, not so much from the critical as from the narrative standpoint, and therefore with little or none of the self-interpretation common among those who essay the history of literature. Some additions have been specially written for the present issue, and the translation from the French has been performed with marked success by Sir Home Gordon.

INITIATION INTO LITERATURE. By Emile Faguet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A new novel, "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham, author of "The Coil of Carne" and "Queen of the Guarded Mounts," is issued by the John Lane Company. "Red Wrath" deals with life in the curious little Isles of Chausey and in Paris during and after the Franco-Prussian War.

"The Minimum Wage and Syndicalism," by Hon. James Boyle, formerly secretary to William McKinley, subsequently consul of the United States at Liverpool, England, is published by the Stewart & Kidd Company.

An important addition to historical literature is made by the publication of Volume I of W. B. Bryan's "A History of the National Capital." Up to this time there has been no accurate and comprehensive account of the rise and development of the District of Columbia, a fact deeply regretted by students, research workers, and readers generally. The present volume covers the years between 1790 and 1814. The work is issued by the Macmillan Company.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the English scientist now so prominently before the public with his new book on "The Progress of Eugenics," is a young man to have achieved such a commanding position as he concededly holds. But he comes of scientific stock. His father founded the Mount Lebanon Schools, in Palestine; and his grandfather was a famous alienist who published, as far back as 1856, a

treatise on "Criminal Responsibility of the Insane." Dr. Saleeby graduated in 1901 from Edinburgh University, and has been writing and lecturing on eugenics since 1902, when he went to London.

The second volume of "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," which has been in preparation for some months, was published on the 29th of April by the Macmillan Company. This is brought out under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America. The editor is James Curtis Ballagh.

In a recent issue of the *New York Times's* *Review of Books* editorial reference was made to "the growing interest in plays in book form." This interest has been recognized by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, which has issued a volume of more than four hundred pages containing all the plays of Tolstoy, including those that were posthumous.

Sidney L. Gulick, author of "The American Japanese Problem" (Scribner's) has three generations of missionaries behind him. He was born in the Island of Micronesia, in the South Seas, and educated in California. But most of his life has been spent in Japan and he has become a recognized eminent authority on Japanese matters.

Mrs. Mary J. H. Skrine, author of "Bedesman 4," is the wife of the rector of St. Peter in the East, Oxford, which is reputed to be the second oldest church in England. She has written all her life.

H. G. C. Perry-Ascough (pronounced Askew), co-author of "With the Russians in Mongolia," was an athlete at Cambridge, a soldier in West Africa and the South African war, and retired as a captain of Fusiliers. He then became a miner in the Transvaal, and joined the Chinese postal service under the late Sir Robert Hart, Bart., in 1906. The co-author, Captain R. B. Otter-Barry, has seen service in India, Crete, Malta, and China. At Peking he was in command as military attaché during the Chinese revolution. His report on the situation was published in book form by order of both houses of Parliament.

The most important hook of fiction on the Stokes spring list was published on April 17. "World's End" is the first long novel from the pen of Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetsky). The scene is laid largely on a fine old Southern estate, World's End.

Professor A. L. Guerard, author of "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," while now an American citizen, is a Frenchman by birth. Professor Guerard was connected with Leland Stanford University for six years. He has been lecturing this winter at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, on the subject of his book.

The following books will be published May 9 by the Houghton Mifflin Company: "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," by Bret Harte; "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys," by Henry A. Shute; "Before Vassar Opened," by James Monroe Taylor; "They Who Knock at Our Gates," by Mary Antin; "The New Politics," by William Garrott Brown, and "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni Visconti Venosta. An English edition of "Memoirs of Youth" will be brought out by Constable & Co. of London.

"Matthew Ferguson," by Margaret Blake, author of "The Greater Joy" and "The Voice of the Heart," is the story of a brilliant New York lawyer who sets out to seek the great and wonderful gifts most prized by men—success, fame, and fortune, and last, but not least, the supreme love of a good woman. It is published by the G. W. Dillingham Company.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that they have just published biographical booklets about Joseph Conrad and Booth Tarkington which they will be glad to send free to those interested in these authors.

"The Loves of Ambrose," Margaret Vandercook's delicate little story of Kentucky, is said to be founded on fact. At any rate in a quiet little graveyard at Anchorage, Kentucky, is a moss-grown headstone carved with the name of Ambrose O'Bannon, who is said to have been the prototype of Mrs. Vandercook's quaint hero.

William R. Thayer's "The Life and Times of Cavour" has sold, relatively, better than any novel of the past two years. To statesmen it has, of course, peculiar interest.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announce the second printing of Professor Richard Burton's "The New American Drama," the seventh printing of Dr. Charles E. Jefferson's "Character of Jesus," also the seventh printing of O. S. Marden's "The Optimistic Life." The same publisher has just issued a new and revised edition of "How to Play Baseball," with new illustrations of Mathewson, McGraw, Speaker, Baker, and others in characteristic attitudes.

William J. Locke, whose career was really made by "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" in 1905, is apparently achieving his most complete success so far with "The Fortunate Youth."

CURRENT VERSE.

Præterita.

I was a poet once. Today
How faint the rose within the gray.
Something has changed me, something cold
Has mingled with my blood, the old
Rapturous urge toward loveliness
Has quieted. I tremble less
When the reluctant sun has made
For passion's feet a purple glade,
A glade of quivering purple fire
On to the ramparts of desire.
No longer is my heart oppressed
By the sea's saturnine unrest;
My pulse no longer doubles when
The lurking moon leaps forth again
And with intenser magic fills
Some lonely winding of the hills;
Nor am I shaken inexplicably
By the unyielding mystery
Of shrouded houses and dark doors
When through a village street there pours
Night's laggard legion blind with rain.

Oh, utter joy to feel again
The ache of swift imaginings!
The spirit tumult of mounting wings
Beating a tenuous ether far
Too bright and light to float this star,
This earthly star low hung and deep
Below the vast where poets sweep
Flame-feathered pinions! Joy to feel
Once more the doubly winged heel
Spurn back the sullen weight of time!
Joy to be young again! To rhyme
The ringing changes of the heart!
Joy long past over. Now with art
I strain to half remember these
Once vivid pangs, brave ecstasies
Sacred to youth and love and song!

Ye blessed ones who wildly throng
Life's glowing portals, radiant, free,
Press not too swiftly inward! We
Who mount the stairs of memory
Yearn down upon you with regret.
Envy us not that we are set
Above you in life's temple. Wait,
Unwearied ones, by the rose hung gate
While song's ineffable grace yet clings
To the bright soft plumage of your wings.
Wings ye must fold ere ye advance
Down the strait aisles of circumstance;
Wings ye must shed, alas, ere ye
Cumber the stairs of memory.

—Lee Wilson Dodd, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

War.

War
I abhor!
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchering without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright treat
Of beady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching feet,
For yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous, grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the things they loathe;
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this,
Ob, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

—Richard Le Gallienne.

Aladdin and the Jinn.

"Bring me soft song," said Aladdin;
"This tailor-shop sings not at all.
Chant me a word of the twilight,
Of roses that mourn in the fall.
Bring me a song like hashish
That will comfort the stale and the sad,
For I would be mending my spirit,
Forgetting these days that are bad:
Forgetting companions too shallow,
Their quarrels and arguments thin;
Forgetting the shouting muezlin."
"I am your slave," said the Jinn.

"Bring me old wines," said Aladdin,
"I have been a starved pauper too long.
Serve them in vessels of jade and of shell,
Serve them with fruit and with song:
Wines of pre-Adamite Sultans
Dipped from beneath the black seas,
New-gathered dew from the heavens
Dripped down from Heaven's sweet trees,
Cups from the angels' pale tables
That will make me both handsome and wise;
For I have beheld her, the Princess—
Firelight and starlight her eyes!
Pauper I am—I would woo her.
And . . . let me drink wine to begin,
Though the Koran expressly forbids it."
"I am your slave," said the Jinn.

—Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, in *Poetry*.

The Author of "Home."

George Chamberlain, who it is now announced is the author of that much discussed novel, "Home," has traveled the world over; he knows intimately the great cities, New York, London, Paris; he knows the desert places of the Southwestern United States; he knows South America; he has hunted big game in the wildest part of South Africa. For ten years he has been connected with the consular department of the United States, at first in Brazil and now at Delagoa Bay in Portuguese East Africa, where he has been since 1908. He lived for more than a

year as a cowboy on a ranch in New Mexico, on horseback every day, branding cattle, sleeping under the stars and getting close to nature. A character in "Home" is the result of that experience. As a boy he twice crossed the Atlantic, tending cattle on a cattle-ship. He has walked all over Spain, as well as pretty much all over New England. When he was eighteen years of age he lived for a summer in one of the three houses on what he calls Red Hill in "Home," an actual New England hill in Litchfield County, Connecticut. The life of the hill, its people, and its peace took hold of him and that hill has always been "home" to him, a home to come to when he was able to get away from his duties in distant lands.

Louis Untermeyer, author of "Challenge," is a manufacturing jeweler and one of the editors of *The Masses*. Tennis and the piano are his recreations, but writing poetry is to him the serious business of life.

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"PEG O' MY HEART."

Mr. J. Hartley Manners has "caught on" in "Peg o' My Heart," which he very aptly classifies as a "comedy of youth." However, a confirmed theatre-goer without illusions would have no difficulty whatever in classifying the piece in advance by its title alone. "Peg o' My Heart" speaks right out loud and says in no uncertain tones, "I am sentimentality, I am comediality, I am stage Irish." It would also be entirely appropriate to add, "And I address myself to youth." The title tells that as well.

As things are at present on the American stage it is youth that largely makes up our audiences, and therefore "Peg o' My Heart" has had an unequalled success. I wouldn't wish a dramatic author a greater joy than to hear, as I did on Monday night, the spontaneous outpouring of delighted response from a quartet of young people that sat directly behind me. They felt in every fibre as the author intended they should. They delighted in Peg's departure from stereotype, they were indignant over the slights administered her, they despised her haughty relatives, they shrieked in unison over her unconventionalities, and laughter leaped from them in a series of ecstatic explosions over her sharp, shrewd retorts. Happy young things! They were really enviable. They were typical of the attitude of the young public that has given the play its present vogue. There are some older, too, who, still youthful in their tastes, enjoy it, more sedately it is true, but still with a sort of fresh-heartedness of response. The haldheads do not slap their knees with such risible abandon as the undergraduates.

Mr. Manners has undoubtedly caught the public on its old-fashioned side, the side that likes comfortable old conventionalities of humor and sentiment set off in new surroundings. Youth has inherited many of these old stage-and-fiction conventions from its forebears, and in fact they have a charm of their own about them. No child needs to be taught to revel in the romantic wrongs and sorrows of Cinderella, the golden-haired kitchen beauty who was destined to triumph over her disdainful step-sisters and adorn a throne. Well, Peg is a Cinderella; a far from meek one, it is true, as her acquaintance with kitchen-cinders was only of ten minutes' duration. To lend spice and variety to her Cinderella state she is made to be a sort of parlor tomboy, and as the play is really founded on an entirely artificial basis, she is further endowed with the gift of unnaturally shrewd insight and quick repartee. Indeed, Mr. Manners puts into his engaging little heroine's mouth observations that would more justly emanate from the brains of age and experience.

There are any quantity of conditions in the play that are founded on exploded conventionalities of the drama: a will that makes remorseful restitution by lifting a disowned grandchild from poverty to affluence, separating her from her own people, and placing her in an aristocratic family by whom she is despised and regarded as an interloper. Cinderella's proud sisters are represented by the haughty cousin, her cruel step-mother by the cold-hearted aunt, and Peg is kept in ignorance of her wealth, a state of things that never could have been compassed in life with that knowing young thing. Jerry will do to represent Cinderella's prince. Jerry is a habitué of the house, who falls in love with Peg and subsequently turns out to be her guardian; quite a well-established tradition of old-fashioned romance. He also has a title, an agreeable accessory to Jerry's other qualifications of head and heart which is not made known to us until the last act.

Mrs. Chichester, the cold-hearted aunt, is a very naughty and arrogant dame who likes things to be well regulated. Nevertheless in the living-room of her Scarborough villa a door stands fortuitously open morning, noon, and all night. In and out of this door are contrived a number of unexpected entrances and exits, and to put a final fresh, green touch upon hoary tradition, Peg, to prevent her naughty cousin from flight with a married man, takes it upon herself to save this disagreeable young lady from discovery by assuming her street wrappings—when they are discovered at midnight by this same convenient door and acknowledging her intention of flight with her cousin's bag of jewels.

From this brief sketch one may easily see

that the stern logician will have little use for "Peg o' My Heart." But it is Peg o' the public's heart, which is more to the purpose. The piece is put on in good style, the players having been selected for their rôles on account of some natural fitness of appearance or manner.

Peggy O'Neil was caught rapturously to the bosom of her appreciative audience. She is an appropriately impish-looking little creature, with Peggy's wild red curls clustering around her knowing little phiz, and rejoices in the possession of a real, not a stage brogue; a very fine article, marked "sterling." Besides she has personality, and a carrying voice that very neatly accompanies a carrying art.

Miss Jane Meredith has a rather taxing rôle to play as Ethel, the haughty cousin, as she is obliged to sit around in a state of sustained and silent disdain for long minutes at a stretch and to make herself thoroughly unacceptable and execrated by Peg's fervent admirers. This Miss Meredith succeeded in doing, while at the same time presenting the appearance of a young lady of style and distinction calculated to attract the masculine eye. She also holds her own very well in the campaign of bitter, epigrammatic verbal warfare which Ethel the enigmatic carried on for a brief season against her married admirer before she resigned herself to succumbing to his fascinations.

Mr. Roland Hogue gave a neatly executed impersonation of the "silly ass" type of son, and Miss Maggie Holloway Fisher a traditionally faithful portrait of the coldly conventional aunt.

Mr. Joseph Yanner was also well placed in the rôle of the married dangle, as was Mr. Martin Sabine as Jerry. This lover of Peggy's was one of those specimens of a dramatic "feeder" to the heroine that makes it difficult to locate in him any special individuality. The other and minor characters were likewise suitably hestowed, the play in general being produced with a style and finish appropriate to its great vogue.

"THE ARGYLE CASE."

Yes, we love our melodrama! That is, when it is duly presented in realistic style. And that is what Robert Hilliard is doing at the Columbia this week with "The Argyle Case." This play, as stated in the theatre bill, is by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, but to really "visualize" it, as the saying is, imagine a Katherine Green mystery, one of the best of them, a real detective thriller, cast into play form, with the inspirational work of a celebrated sleuth reinforced by the latest mechanical devices, and there you have it.

The play begins appropriately enough with the curtain rising on a dark room, its gloom pierced by one unrevealing ray of sunlight. It is the chamber of mystery and horror, the room in which the Argyle of the "case" was found murdered by an unknown hand.

Into this place of gloom and mystery enters "Never Sleep Kayton," the celebrated sleuth, who has come to unravel the enigma. One by one the various members of the family are brought before him in the now aired and lighted room. And as we see each one appear before the inquisitor, trembling under his keen eye and making sudden, unintended revelations under the thrust and probe of his razor tongue, we on the other side of the footlights divine the fascination of the life of the man who was born for it. We perceive that he is a sort of sovereign, attended by his prime minister, and by quick-witted and admiring satellites, who ask no greater boon than to deftly execute his orders. The people whom he questions and examines are his humble and trembling subjects, and in them he sees the workings of human nature on the raw. Sometimes he enjoys the exhilaration of matching his wits against others equally keen; at other times the satisfaction of disdainfully tasting the savor of his own superiority. And always he has the challenge and the lure of some mystery to solve.

We all know in advance, when we go to see "The Argyle Case," that we are going to enjoy ourselves hugely, and our intense interest is a-quiver immediately. For, as à la Katherine Green, one by one the members of a highly nervous household enter the inquisitorial chamber, we perceive that the servants and all of the members of the immediate family, except a comedy-old woman who never sees anything but her own sensations, are under the influence of some hidden dread, which seems to centre around the as yet unseen form of Miss Mary, the adopted daughter and heiress of the dead man. And the stage having been well prepared in advance, finally enter Miss Mary; and a most effective entrance it is. When an entrance has been so carefully prepared in advance it is a horrid come-down if the as yet unknown character fails to measure up to the expectations of an audience. We had learned that the servants adored Miss Mary, and that the dead man, having devised to her his whole estate, must have had a great affection for her, which was so thoroughly shared by the disinherited son that he bore her no ill-will for having displaced him in his father's regard. So we are cast into a proper condition

of eager anticipation and suspended judgment about this young lady that all seem to unite in shielding from some hidden danger.

Mr. Robert Hilliard certainly has a pretty taste in leading ladies, for the Miss Mary who finally entered was fair to see, the very picture of a mystery-heroine, of refined, interesting appearance and with that most delightful gift for the stage of a low-pitched, musical, magnetic voice. Miss Mary was in a high state of nervous tension, of mental agony, indeed, and the slender and lovely girl who entered fairly writhed under the torture of the detective's interrogations. Having already seen a neat-handed Phyllis break down in a fit of hysterics for fear of having made some damaging revelation concerning her young mistress, we now see Miss Mary, after abandoning herself to an agony of apprehensions for somebody else, break down similarly. We are thoroughly perplexed and our eager suspicions foiled, more especially as the son in his turn shows reserve and secrecy, and later the detective seems to regard the apparently candid lawyer of the dead man with considerable suspicion. In fact we all had a perfectly beautiful time, shifting our suspicions from one to the other and trying to seize the clue; and, by the way, let me pause here and give a friendly recipe to the confirmed theatre-goer for keeping his interest in the play on the alert. Never read the press agent's résumé of the play to the end. Begin it, find out what all the pother is about, get yourself slightly acquainted with the characters—and stop short. By following this prescription you will be in that state of mind desired by the playwright, who wishes his plot, or his mystery, or the outcome of the character-conflict, to break upon you by degrees. Thus was I, unknowing of the outcome, held in the hollow of the player's hand.

True, the first act was, in a sense, the best, or at least the most interesting, probably because we were joining with the detective in taking up the scent, and also because of a greater sense of reality in this act. And also, perhaps, because of the feeling of sympathy aroused by the sight of a lovely and interesting woman in distress. But there were quantities of thrills to come in the third act, which followed after a revelation of the business workings of Mr. Kayton's detective agency.

The third act is located in the counterfeiter's den, with the dictagraph in full working operation in an adjoining chamber, catching and with the aid of the grafonola recording the incriminating conversation of its occupants. This is telling no secrets, this information being set forth in the programme. The authors had the happy thought of giving a sympathetic presentation of the head of the counterfeiting gang and his wife, so sympathetic that we tremble for their safety all the time that the scene in which they are present is in progress. Mr. Gustav von Seyffertitz, whom we have seen here before acting in "L'Aiglon" with Bernhardt, gives a striking, strongly individual portrait of this lonely anarchist, whose temperament impels him to a life of peril and whose unusual abilities in one line have made him a counterfeiter.

Mr. Hilliard's excellent representation of Kayton, he it said, is not made to shine in planetary solitude. The star is surrounded by an excellent company, chief of which, next to himself, is this Gustav von Seyffertitz, a man of striking presence and appearance, and, as I have already intimated, of pronounced individuality.

Miss Stella Archer, the attractive and interesting leading lady, had no great opportunities after the first act, and with Miss Mary's terrors calmed by the omnipotent detective, settled down into a normal, love-inspiring young lady of the usual aspect. Perhaps, however, she is not the leading lady, as Olive Oliver as the wife of Kreisler, the counterfeiter, has a highly emotional rôle, and figures with intensely dramatic effect in several thrilling situations. Miss Oliver is supposed to be the mother of Mary, and so carefully selected is the cast that the resemblance between the two women, in type at least, was very noticeable. The lady also has an excellent stage presence, and as Kreisler's wife a bearing that is charged with repressed meanings and the suggestion of dangerous secrets.

The play runs on well-oiled wheels, but the standard of the acting is so strict that, in spite of its New York run, there is not a sign of that glissness without thought, that meaningless rattle which players often sink into, poor things, after these soul-drying runs. There is an alert guiding intelligence behind what we see—probably Mr. von Seyffertitz's, as I notice that he is the stage director—which is aware of the value of the pause. There were many pauses in the play, full, significant, ominous, charged with the value of suspense, pauses which invoked and evoked the thrill. For the repetition of the thrill is the life of plays such as "The Argyle Case."

It is unusual to see such excellent work done by young people with names unknown to fame; and there again I divine the careful tutoring of the stage director of European traditions. Dorothy Tureak, for instance; how well she indicated the uneasiness, the secret terror of Mary's maid, and how real seemed her attack of hysterics.

Mr. Charles Morrell's impersonation of the

beetle-browed accomplice of the counterfeiter, the pallid little man who confessed to being "as nervous as a rabbit," and who bore upon his countenance the stamp of crime; that also was a piece of work, both in make-up and manner, that deserves special comment; partly, also, because of a perception of there being more initiative in this brief portrait.

Mr. Edwin Holland's assumption of the lawyer rôle was aptly characterized by an air of ostentatious candor, and Miss Agnes Everett's fidgety and loquacious old lady, a far from easy impersonation, gave the relief of comedy to tense situations.

Mr. Robert Hilliard, the star, has, in the character of Kayton, a rôle to which his keen-eyed, clear-featured face lends itself with particular appropriateness. Mr. Hilliard makes his detective as unmelodramatic as the play is the reverse; a quiet, courteous, but remorseless inquisitor, with a terrifying voice and manner which leaps out like a weapon when the examinee quibbles or evades; a manner which is very suggestive of that steely purpose which makes other wills as water. His Kayton is, nevertheless, a very human and even humane individual; a man who loves his little joke, which gleams out occasionally in a quick word or a merry glance between him and his subordinates and gives us an idea of how these delvers into the dark depths of human nature know how to snatch a little daily sunshine as they descend.

In fact, although there are some few ends left loose—say, for instance, that little matter of the son's disinheritance—"The Argyle Case" is capital entertainment; a good, healthy, absorbing, instructive, thrilling, sympathy-inducing, melodramatic but realistic and thoroughly up-to-date play, acceptable to the tastes of men, women, boys, and girls.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Tina Lerner Engaged for November.

Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, is authority for the statement that Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, now having a series of triumphs in Europe, will appear here in November. With the exception of two appearances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Miss Lerner's first American appearances will be in San Francisco.

Since her last appearance in America only a season ago Miss Lerner enjoyed artistic triumphs throughout Russia, Germany, England, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and she is easily reckoned among the first women pianists of international fame. Not the least successful appearances she made included the engagements with the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner and Chessin, in St. Petersburg under Siloti, and with the London Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Hans Richter, Sir Edward Elgar, Willem Mengelberg, and others. She also played this season with the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra under Alexander Birnbaum and with the Riga Symphony under Andre Schneevogt. Miss Lerner will remain in Europe until November, 1914.

The Play and the Public.

Otis Skinner, who is meeting with very marked success in "Kismet" through the South, was recently asked this question by an interviewer: "What sort of plays does the public demand?" Mr. Skinner glanced nervously about the hotel lobby where the interview occurred, and taking the newspaper man by the arm led him to a secluded corner, where he whispered this reply: "The public does not demand any kind of plays at all." After order had been restored Mr. Skinner went on to explain that the public nine times out of ten liberally supported worthy, deserving plays. The trouble is, as the actor viewed it, the playwright has not been putting his best foot forward in this country. Vicious red-light dramas or nice little themes of the dissecting-room have been filling the stage. Happily the end of this sort of stuff is in sight. The public is wearied. "The clean play will prevail," said Mr. Skinner. "Romantic plays have never gone out. It has been a pleasure to appear in 'Kismet,' yet I must confess that, like all actors, I welcome a change. I have had three successive years of romanticism and next year I am to appear in a modern drama." He is right—the public is weary of filth.

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"The Girl Behind the Counter."

For its fifth production the Gaiety Theatre presented last Tuesday night at the O'Farrell Street playhouse "The Girl Behind the Counter." It has been en tour and has just completed an engagement in Los Angeles, where it was declared to be the finest, funniest, and most fashionable of all the Gaiety offerings. San Francisco has enthusiastically endorsed the Los Angeles critics, who styled the piece "the fashion show of 1914 and a pageant of youth and beauty."

It bubbles with the spirit of youth and is gorgeous with the latest examples of fashion's whims as interpreted, designed, and made by Keeler of New York.

It is screamingly funny, for its plot is a broad satire on the follies of the newly rich, as expressed in the extraordinary adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Schniff, who have just acquired a fortune so great that their limited skill at figures can not compute it. Al Shean is Mr. Schniff. Maud Beatty is Mrs. Schniff. Between them they manage to extract more fun from the parts than their creators knew was there.

Daphne Pollard is a sprite of a thing that scatters laughter and mirth as a flower yields

perfume. Ann Tasker continues the delightful impression she made when she was the star of "Madame Sherry," and Myrtle Dingwall has retaken all of her former popularity with local audiences. Arthur Clough makes a great hit with his song, "The Cherry in the Glass," and the dainty maids of the chorus, in their juvenile frocks, are a lot of mirth-makers.

Musically the piece is crammed with melody and is directed by J. A. Raynes.

Robert Hilliard Continues Another Week

Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case" will continue at the Columbia Theatre for a second and final week, commencing with tomorrow night. The star is rousing capacity houses to enthusiasm while solving the ingenious complications of a thrilling mystery, in which real up-to-the-minute detective methods are illustrated, and the dictograph, Roneophone, and finger-print processes are graphically demonstrated. There are episodes of buoyant comedy adroitly blended with tense dramatic situations in this detective mystery worked out to a sane and logical conclusion. Mr. Hilliard as Asche Kayton, the detective who looks and acts like a gentleman, plays with authority and distinction. He is a sincere and natural actor who is equally good in episodes of comedy and tensely dramatic suspense. The elements of graft, political intrigue, and eugenic conditions do not enter into the story of this play that entertains everybody without offending any one. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

"Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort.

Beginning next Sunday night, May 3, Oliver Morosco's production of "Peg o' My Heart," undoubtedly the most successful comedy-drama that has been at the Cort Theatre for a number of seasons, will enter upon its final week. This delightful play with its excellent cast and elaborate scenic setting has completely captivated the theatre-goers of San Francisco and proves conclusively that amusement lovers will attend and applaud a performance that is free from social evils and the everlasting sex problems. For "Peg o' My Heart" is as dewy sweet as an April morning in Killarney, with no suspicion of the unclean or sensational.

Mr. Morosco, in selecting Peggy O'Neil for the title-role, made a ten-strike, for it is hard to imagine a young actress more capable or better fitted for the part of the little red-headed Irish heroine. Brimful of wit, which flows from her rosy lips as the crystal water from a spring, "Peg" tells a story that makes the staid and blasé forget the more sensational attractions for this beautiful and refreshing story.

A capable supporting cast has been engaged by Manager Morosco. Martin Sabine, Jane Meredith, Frazer Coulter, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Roland Hogue, and Olin Field have all contributed excellent work.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for the week beginning this Sunday matinee a record-breaking bill with six new acts, including four of the most celebrated headliners in vaudeville.

Roshanara, who is generally conceded to be the only authentic exponent of the dances of the Far East, will introduce three distinct novelties. Her first number is the Incense Dance, in which she portrays the action of a young widow dedicating herself to a temple by bathing herself in the purifying incense. The second number is the Village Dance, and is in a much lighter vein. The Snake Dance with which Roshanara concludes her performance is, however, her masterpiece. Drab curtains are drawn and from between their centre folds there appears a snow-white hand with henna-tipped fingers held to represent the head of a serpent, the illusion being intensified by two rings to represent the eyes of the reptile. The second hand follows in the same attitude and then comes the sinuous dancer dressed in Eastern garb of purple and gold.

That versatile American character actor, Theodore Roberts, who has been too long absent, will divide the headline honors, and appear in the title-role of "The Sheriff of Shasta," an idyl of California in the early days. He will be supported by Florence Smythe and a specially selected company.

McDevitt, Kelly, and Lucey, capital entertainers, will bid for popular favor in the laughable skit, "The Piano Movers and the Actress."

Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall, comedians of versatility, ability, and popularity, will appear in their new comedy sketch, "The Substitute," which abounds in laughable complications.

Charles D. Weber, the eccentric juggler, has no superior, if any equal, as a controller of the intricacies of equilibrium, and his feats with all sorts of small commonplace articles are simply wonderful.

Johnnie Small and the Small Sisters are aptly named. Although small in stature they put over a really great act in which they offer different songs and unusual dances.

Next week will be the last of those im-

mense sensations, "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues" and Alice Eis and Bert French in "Le Rouge et Noir," or "The Dance of Fortune."

Strong Attraction at Pantages Theatre.

Alisky's greater Hawaiians, presenting "Night in Hawaii," a gorgeous singing production, is heading the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday. Although seen here before the act has been augmented with a new sextette of sweet singers and the pretty native dancer is still a feature with her sinuous "hula" glides. The magnificent tropical setting and plaintive songs, closing with the realistic eruption of a volcano, marks Alisky's "Night in Hawaii" one of vaudeville's most pretentious offerings.

Charlie Reiley, a prime favorite on both sides of the bay, will offer for the first time on any stage his beautiful story of the Emerald Isle entitled "The Irish Emigrant." Reiley will be assisted by eight principals and a singing chorus. He will render several Irish ballads in his own inimitable style.

Herr Bohlke, a German scientist, will present his puzzling and wierd creation called "Creo." From "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair" Herr Bohlke materializes a beautiful woman in full view of the audience with all lights full up.

Danny Simmons, "the military hobo," is known as the master of absurdities. Larry Comer and Grace Sloane, ex-stars of "Miss Nobody in Starland," have a dainty and refined act consisting of smart patter and ballroom dances. Togan and Geneva, an acrobatic wire duo, will among other bits indulge in the tango on the slack wire. Comedy and exclusive "movies" will round out the bill.

Great Motion Pictures at the Columbia

The management of the Columbia Theatre has made arrangements to show the Honorable Dean C. Worcester's twelve thousand feet of film depicting "Native Life in the Philippines," before and after the occupation by this country. There are two programmes of six reels each, and both contain many pictures that can never again be reproduced, as the government has done away with many of the ceremonies and habits of the natives. One of these incidents caught by the government photographer was the last hunt of the ferocious Bontoc Igorot headhunters, and shows the wild, excited savages running their victims to earth, the feats, the wild weird dances and strange, almost unbelievable scenes of the long past head-hunt. The programme for the first week, commencing Monday night, May 11, will be "The Headhunters" in six reels. Matinees will be given daily.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Elman's Farewell Concert.

Tomorrow afternoon, May 3, at the Columbia Theatre, Mischa Elman, "the Caruso of the Violin," will give his farewell concert assisted by the eminent pianist, Percy Kahn. This will be the last opportunity of hearing this genius for a number of years. He sails next week for Australia, the first lap of a journey around the world.

The programme will be a most attractive one. With Mr. Kahn the star will play the exquisite "Sonata" No. 10, by Mozart, and his solo numbers will include the "Concerto" in B minor, by Saint-Saëns; the "Fantasie on Airs from Gounod's Faust," by Wieniawski; "Serenade Melancholique," Tschaikowsky; "Hungarian Dance, No. 7," Brahms-Joachim; "Aubade Provencale," Couperin-Kreisler; and "Etude Caprice," Paganini-Auer.

Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and the Columbia Theatre. Box-office at theatre on Sunday after ten o'clock.

The Flonzaley Quartet Next Week.

For his closing attraction of the season Manager Will L. Greenbaum will offer the world's greatest string quartet, "The Flonzaley Quartet," of Switzerland. This is the only organization in the world the members of which devote their entire time to ensemble playing, refusing all offers to play in orchestras, appear as soloists, or even teach. The quartet was founded by E. J. de Coppet, the Swiss banker, and for seven years played only for this music lover and his friends.

The Flonzaleys will give a series of three concerts, the dates and programmes being as follows:

Sunday afternoon, May 10—"Quartet" in D minor (posthumous), Schubert; Suite for violoncello and violin by the Slavonian composer, Emmanuel Moor, played by Alfred Pochon and Iwan d'Archambeau; "Quartet," D major, Haydn.

Thursday night, May 14, at 8:15—"Adagio and Fugue," Mozart; the futuristic "Quartet" in D minor, by Arnold Schoenberg; and the "Quartet" in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven.

Sunday afternoon, May 17, at 2:30—"Quartet" in E minor, Op. 59, Beethoven (one of the famous Rasoumowsky series); "Suite" for violoncello solo, Bach, played by M. d'Archambeau, and the exquisite "Quartet" in D major by Tschaikowsky.

The concert will be given at Scottish Rite

Auditorium and a special platform will be erected in front of the regular stage so that every nuance and shading will be thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The Pacific Musical Society will attend the first concert in a body.

Season tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates and the box-offices will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Mme. Olga Petrova, the Polish actress, who has made a decided success in Monckton Hoffe's new play, "Panthea," in New York, was, two years ago, practically unknown to New York theatre-goers. In March, 1912, however, she became a vaudeville star overnight, and since that time Mme. Petrova's vivid moods of comedy and tragedy, her versatile voice, and her lithe, almost tigerish grace and action, have established her as an emotional actress. During her early stage training Mme. Petrova appeared in many different parts of the world—Africa, Australia, India, South America, and Europe. Naturally she has acquired a splendid education, with a wealth of narration and description that is replete with human interest touches from start to finish.

Cyril Maude, who is having such success in "Grumpy" in this country, is a good painter as well.

AMUSEMENTS

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day

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ROSHANARA, the Only Authentic Exponent of Dances of the Far East; THEODORE ROBERTS, supported by Florence Smyth and Company, in "The Sheriff of Shasta"; McDEVITT, KELLY and LUCEY, "The Piano Movers and the Actress"; HILDA THOMAS and LOU HALL in "The Substitute"; CHARLES D. WEBER, "Eccentric Juggler"; JOHNNIE SMALL and THE SMALL SISTERS, Different Songs and Dances; "FUN BENEATH THE OCEAN." Shown by Motion Pictures; Last Week, "NEPTUNE'S GARDEN OF LIVING STATUES" and ALICE EIS and BERT FRENCH in "LE ROUGE ET NOIR."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Nightly, Including Sunday

Second Week Begins Monday, May 4

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Klaw and Erlanger present

ROBERT HILLIARD

In the Wholesome, Fascinating Detective Play

"THE ARGYLE CASE"

By Harriet Ford, Harvey J. O'Higgins, and the famous detective, William J. Burns

Monday, May 11—Wonderful motion pictures of "NATIVE LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES."

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Second and Last Week Starts Sunday Night

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The Irresistible Comedy of Youth

"PEG O' MY HEART"

By J. Hartley Manners

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And a Brilliant Cast and Production
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2; Wed. mat., \$1

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Everybody Loves Her!

"The Girl Behind the Counter"

with

AL SHEAN

and DAPHNE POLLARD

Leading a great cast, including Ann Tasker, Myrtle Dingwall, Maud Beatty, Arthur Clough, Clarence Lydston, Jack Pollard, Bobby Roberts, Marion Rochester, Blanche Savoy and an ENSEMBLE OF 60

Evening prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Sat. and Sun. mats., 25c, 50c, 75c. Thurs. "POP" mat., 25c, 50c.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason

Alluring Vaudeville

CHARLIE REILEY and Company in "The Irish Emigrant"; ALISKY'S GREATER HAWAIIANS, Sweet Singers from Southern Seas; CREO; the Woman of Mystery; DANNY SIMMONS, "the Military Hobo"; LARRY COMER and GRACE SLOANE, the Blue Ribbon Couple; TOGAN and GENEVA, the Wire Walkers; Comedy and Exclusive "Movies."

Considering the Employee

Cordelia sub-station is one of the big features of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. It shares with the new Drum power-house the distinction of having the first 100,000-volt apparatus installed on the company's system. All of the 100,000 and 60,000-volt switches were designed by the company's engineers and manufactured in the company's shops at Sacramento.

The principal purpose of Cordelia sub-station is to transform from 100,000 volts to 60,000 volts the power generated by the Drum power-house and transmitted to Cordelia over the Drum-Cordelia line. The transformed power is fed into the company's 60,000-volt lines, of which seven radiate from Cordelia. Provision is also made for local service at 11,000 volts and space is provided for motor generator sets should they ever be required for inter-urban railway service.

Safety and service were the foremost considerations in planning the arrangement of the electrical equipment. Every passageway which may be used by the attendants in the operation of the station is covered wherever crossed by any high voltage wires. There are no "blind alleys." Every place a man may go has at least two ways out. The apparatus controlling any one line or bank of transformers is completely separated by barriers from the apparatus belonging to the adjacent lines or transformers. All the 100,000-volt apparatus is kept on one side of the main transformers and all of the 60,000-volt apparatus is kept on the other side.

The control of the entire station is centred in the main switchboard in the centre of the building. This switchboard is the benchmark type. A diagram of the station is outlined on the bench by strips of polished copper. Every main switch is represented by a small control-switch. If the main switch is closed a small red lamp burns above the control-switch; if the main switch is open a small green lamp burns below the control-switch. On the vertical above the bench are located the instruments which indicate the amount of power flowing in the various lines, also the voltage and the frequency. The operator thus has complete control of every part of the station from the board; he can open or close any oil switch, he can put power on any line or take it off, he can see at a glance where the power coming in from Drum is going and if the voltage and frequency are normal. Architecturally the centre of the building is made the principal feature, and it is fitting that this should be so, as it contains the switchboard in which is centred the control of the entire station.

The building stands on the side of a hill, with hills rising at either side and a higher range in the background. On the slope in front a number of oak trees grow, a little below and to either side of the entrance. A pond for cooling the transformer water, and the pump-house with its tiled roof and buff-colored walls, a necessary adjunct to the plant, are also adjacent. Utilizing these natural features as a setting, some very fine landscape effects are possible. For instance, with Boston ivy softening the severity of the walls, red-flowering plants at the base, the slope in front dropping away in terraces and planted to natural grass, the graceful oaks standing out alone and clumps of shrubbery here and there to mark out paths and roads, with grasses and willows around the pond and shrubs about the pump-house, with the roads leading to the main highway laid on symmetrical lines and the buildings of permanent quarters for the operators on the grounds designed in keeping with the style of the building, the whole will present a striking and handsome appearance.

Woodland and San Mateo sub-stations, already constructed, and also power-houses Nos. 4 and 5 of the projected extension of the South Yuba-Bear River development are four other buildings designed in the same style.

VANITY FAIR.

It seems that a serious difficulty has arisen in the dancing world. In spite of the best efforts of all of us to learn the new steps, it is becoming quite difficult to find any two persons who have learned them in the same way. A difference is almost sure to disclose itself somewhere with disastrous results, and so a careful comparison of notes before taking the floor is becoming increasingly necessary. Sooner or later there will have to be some sort of congress to straighten this matter out, and as all difficulties nowadays are international difficulties perhaps it would be well to take the hull by the horns and submit the whole thing to The Hague Tribunal. That extraordinary assembly has never yet succeeded in doing anything worth doing, but it might find a task of this kind not wholly beyond its powers. Perhaps some of the hardwood floors in Mr. Carnegie's new Palace of Peace at the Dutch capital would be found well suited to the taking of evidence and to practical demonstration. And what fun it would be for the concert of Europe about which we have heard so much.

Miss Flora Voorhees of New York says that the confusion of steps is due to the new teachers, who have ousted the regular instructors and who are anxious to introduce their own innovations and inventions. But the lady speaks so well that she ought to be quoted in full. She says:

I have been interested only recently in the social dances. My work is more along æsthetic lines and opera dances, but one can't help looking into the psychology of the art as people are taking it up now. But I have found as people have come to me from different cities, from Pittsburgh, from Chicago, or New York, saying they danced one thing or another that, though called by the same names, the dances have been quite different. A New York man dancing with a Pittsburgh girl would have some difficulty at first. It has come from the exploiting of individual work by different people who call themselves professionals.

And meantime the regular dancing teachers, who have studied with experts and have always had more work than they could do, are complaining that with every one dancing and taking dancing lessons they are idle.

"What can we do?" they say. "We are not willing to go into caharets and tea houses and exploit ourselves, and that seems to be the one way to make one's self desirable as a teacher."

That is about what it is, and these people who exploit themselves invent any steps they please and teach them under the names of any of the modern dances. The dances should be standardized.

The new dances, the tango and the turkey trot, from which have been evolved the one-step and hesitation waltz, are probably here to remain. The minuet was in harmony with the stately manner of Colonial days as the old-fashioned six-step waltz was in keeping with the hoop skirt and the ante-hellum costumes. The new dances are typical of today because they are so emphatically of the spirit and expression of the time. The tango, hesitation, and one-step have come to stay at least through our generation. They are not transient fads, but an expression of our life.

We rush in business, we ride in the subway and in taxicabs and we telegraph and we telephone. It is an age of frenzy, but reduced to a formula. The new dances are in harmony with all we do. They are quicksteps in regular time, executed with studied abandon, but they must be standardized before they become the expression of the age.

There is nothing objectionable to any of these dances. As performed by malicious or ignorant people they do have objectionable features, but the same could be said of the old-fashioned dances performed by the same people. The steps and motions that have met with disapproval do not belong to the dances as they are technically arranged. Last year the dances were not in as good form as this. Through evolution many of the inartistic features have been eliminated.

So by all means let The Hague Tribunal get to work upon this matter at once. It seems to be about the only thing that absurd assembly is fit for.

The French marriage, like the French Sunday, has come in for a good deal of undeserved criticism, although most of it is actuated by the deep-seated conviction that customs different from our own must necessarily be immoral. That French marriages are usually happy and that our own are often unhappy makes no difference at all to our judgments. We are satisfied that some special virtue exists in the fact of a spontaneous falling in love, whatever that may be, and that we are all being divinely guided in some mysterious way whenever we are attracted by a pretty face or a fascinating manner. And even when our marriages are frankly mercenary we still suppose that they are superior to those domestic treaties popular in France and that are arranged in the family conclaves to which every one is admitted and in which every one has a voice except the young people themselves, who are content to abide by the judgment of their elders.

And now comes Mme. Washington, the English wife of a distinguished Frenchman, with a word of defense for the French way of doing things. She says:

I think, on the whole, the arranged mar-

riages turn out as well as any others. They are generally made by people of the same monde, accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes are nearly alike as possible. Everything is calculated. The young couple usually spend the summer with parents or parents-in-law in the château, and I know some cases where there are curious details about the number of lamps that can be lighted in the rooms of the young people, and the use of the carriage on certain days. I am speaking, of course, of purely French marriages.

The whole matter resolves itself into the simple question whether it is better to fall in love before marriage or after marriage, and which of the two is likely to be the more permanent. Personally our vote is vociferously and unanimously and enthusiastically for the latter course. Those mysterious selective affinities that lend themselves so admirably to the purposes of sentimental poetry probably have no existence at all. All too often they are merely the preliminaries to the divorce court. We may doubt if genuine love ever comes before marriage. If it come at all it will be after marriage. There can be no falling in love without propinquity, but propinquity will nearly always produce love if circumstances are fairly favorable. The couple that have married according to French procedure are far more likely to fall really in love with each other than the couple that have imagined themselves to be in love before marriage and to whom propinquity is only too likely to bring disillusion. We have not yet fully decided to make the French system compulsory here, but the matter is under consideration.

The difference between the man's method and the woman's method of striking a match (writes a correspondent of the London *Chronicle*) seems fairly simple of explanation. I fancy tobacco is at the bottom of it. Up to comparatively recently women struck matches to light fires or candles or gas, and naturally struck away from them. Men, having acquired the tobacco habit, naturally struck towards them, both for the sake of convenience and sheltering the flame in the hand from wind. You will notice that a good many women who smoke have now adopted the man's method of striking. I don't think the psychology of the matter goes any deeper than this, unless you are disposed to accept a Victorian definition of woman as "a creature who can't argue and pokes the fire from the top."

Dr. Frank Crane in the New York *Globe* says: "Before leaving for Corfu on his vacation the Kaiser issued two commands, directing society people how to behave themselves at their own dinner-tables.

"The first order was that they should not sit at dinner more than forty-five minutes; the second, that the gentlemen, instead of lingering for a while alone to smoke and tell man stories, should rise when the ladies retire from the board, and go with them into the drawing-room. It is added that fashionable society is going meekly to obey.

"It is getting to be a nice, fine world, thanks to the zeal of the regulators. Pretty soon the only place where a man can go to commit a crime in any sort of comfort will be out in the barn or down in the furnace-room.

"Indianapolis has a dance censor, a lady who hangs around whenever a dance is given and sees to it that a visiting card can be inserted between the tangoers.

"It is as much as a man's reputation is worth to ride in a crowded street-car. Some pure-minded vestibule virgin is liable to have him arrested for standing too near, or for not standing near enough.

"When you hear a woman scream you'd better make off as fast as you can run. The fact that you have been a church member for forty years and are old, bald, and reputable can not save you from being arrested as a poison-needer. Beat it!"

The discovery of a hatching establishment of the time of Hadrian by archaeologists in Asia Minor has made it plain that there was very little difference between such establishments then and now. One of the notices on the walls reads: "The management will not be responsible for the loss of money or jewels unless these are given to the porter."

Said to have been lost for one hundred and eighty-seven years, the tribe of Indians in the Province of Quebec, Canada, has been found, and Professor Frank Speck of the University of Pennsylvania, their discoverer, is preparing a report on it. The tribe, claim is made, was once known as the Wawenock, once one of the strong tribes of New England. Five families are all that remain. A guide whom Professor Speck employed to direct him in his research trips in the Indian country told him of a people he called Walinkiak, meaning "People of the Bay," living on the Beconour River, near Pierreville. Taking the guide with him, Professor Speck visited the tribe. He found only one old man, Neptune, who spoke the original language of the tribe.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words "love, honor, and obey," the bridegroom interrupted and said: "Read that again, sah! Read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married hefo'."

A wealthy Jew on his vacation was fond of horseback riding. He had been hiring a fine horse, and decided to buy it, if he could make arrangements to have it kept on the hotel grounds. He spoke to the manager, who smiled and named a ridiculously high rate. "Excuse me," said the son of Abraham, with a twinkle in his eyes, "hut I don't mind if you sting me for my board—I'm a Jew—but the horse aint a Jew too, is it?"

While on his vacation a railroad manager had his attention unexpectedly called to a matter requiring the expenditure of a large sum of money. A letter was necessary, and he found, after considerable trouble, that the little town possessed a stenographer. The magnate blamed the road's financial expenditure on the Interstate Commerce Commission. "The fault," he dictated to his pains-taking stenographer, "is entirely due to the I. C. C." When the letter was finished this is what he read: "The fault is entirely due to the icy sea."

The professor of economics was discoursing eloquently on the need of leadership in all things, and from the greatness of the leader he plunged into a discussion of the essentials to leadership. "And what," he exclaimed, "is the great characteristic of all horn leaders, the first great essential to successful leadership?" He paused that the question and its import might be fully appreciated. "What is it?" he asked again. A small voice, coming from the rear of the room, answered cheerfully: "Ready ability to satisfactorily explain what the other fellow says about you!"

A Scottish fishwife entered a tram-car and thought she recognized another passenger as an acquaintance. Accordingly, she bent forward, and with an ingratiating smile said, "That's you, isn't it? I hardly kent ye." "Aye, that's me," replied the other, "and that's you, isn't it? Hoo are ye?" "Oh, A'in nae that had," was the reply. After this silence ensued and the first speaker, on further scrutiny, became convinced that the woman opposite was not an acquaintance, after all. Again she bent forward and with an apologetic smile remarked, "But that's nae you at a'!" "Nae," replied the other. "It's nae nane o' us."

At one time the Republicans of Chicago were out and were fighting Democracy on industrial conditions and the putative helplessness of a situation which did not let the Republicans in. A parade had started off and was well on its way—nearly to the file closers—when a ward boss saw that two lighted transparencies lacked carriers. He looked around hurriedly and noticed that one of his retainers was idle. "Here," he yelled, "shoulder this and get in line." The shanghaied recruit was a gambler who busied himself in ward politics on occasions, but for the most stuck to his trade when trade was possible. As he hoisted the lighted legend, "Open up the mills and factories," there was a chorus of derisive yells from the sidewalk: "Never mind the mills. Open up the poker games."

Gus Schmidt operated a poolroom and sometimes had a great deal of trouble to get certain patrons to quit so that he could close up for the night and go home. One night his friend Fritz Heim found him nodding in a chair. "Vy don't you close and go home?" asked Fritz. "I can't," replied Schmidt. "Two fellers are hack there playing pool." "Vy don't you break oop their game and make dem go home?" "I've tried to, hut I can't." Fritz assumed an expression of determination. "Leave it to me," he said, "I'll give 'em a hint." In a few minutes he returned from the hack of the poolroom to where Schmidt was sitting. "It's all right," he said, much gratified; "und dey're going home." "How did you fix it?" inquired Schmidt. "Oh," said Fritz, with an air of indifference, "I yoost give 'em a hint." "How?" "I yoost took de balls off de table."

The vice-president of a big corporation in the city of New York heard one day that an old friend of his had fallen on unfortunate days, and stood a fine chance to be indicted by the grand jury. Accordingly he hastened out and found a political friend. "John," he said, giving him the name of the man threatened with indictment, "this fellow is a close friend of mine, and I don't want him indicted. Can you fix it up for me with the next grand jury?" "Leave it to me," said John. "I'll fix it." "Fix it sure?" "Absolutely sure. Leave it to me, I tell you." A

few weeks later the rich man read in a newspaper that his old and unfortunate friend was on the grand jury. He immediately called up friend politician. "I'm afraid you misunderstood me," he said excitedly. "I didn't ask you to put that fellow on the grand jury." "Now, listen," said the politician, very bored, "you asked me not to let him be indicted. Well, I've fixed it. There'll be no mistake. Grand juries are grand—to themselves."

The prospective parlor-maid had already stated that she was sober, honest, and willing. She had left her last place of her own accord. She didn't mind the stairs; she would do the steps, wash the handkerchiefs; she would cook on cook's day out—in fact, everything appeared so rosy that the lady of the house couldn't help feeling the least bit suspicious. "Well," she said, "things seem pretty good. I hope you had no words with your last mistress before leaving." The prospective parlor-maid tossed her head. "Oh, dear, no, mum," she replied, "none whatever! I just locked the bathroom door when she was 'avin' 'er bath, spoke me mind, took all me things, and went away as nice an' quiet as possible!"

The production of great dramas was his business. His great talent was success, and his weakness was that he always liked to "show off" when he was rehearsing a play. He was in the habit of sitting far back in the darkened theatre; and whenever a stranger came in to see the rehearsal work he put himself in the foreground by jumping to his feet and bawling out the actors and actresses. When he was putting on a big production of "The Holy City" three friends of his entered the theatre one afternoon to see the dress rehearsal. As soon as they had sat down the producer began to fidget in his seat. He was consumed by the old fever for prominence. He wanted the visitors to see that he was the boss of everything. There were twelve men on the stage, which was unusually large. "Who are those men on the stage?" he called out to his stage manager in a thunderous voice. "That's one of the big scenes of the play," the manager said humbly. "Those men are the twelve disciples." "Oh, well," shouted the impresario imperiously, "go out and get twelve more. That's a big stage, and we want to fill it up."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Mary's Wish.

'Twas Mary's wish when ten years old
To be a queen with courtiers bold—
The mistress of her own household,
And wear a crown of yellow gold.

Now Mary is a city squaw,
The prettiness queen you ever saw—
Her crown of gold's her only flaw—
It's way back in her lower jaw.

—Cornell Widow.

We Never Knew.

The old oaken bucket that hung in the well
Was full of germs stealthy.
But we never knew it, as matters befell,
And so grew up healthy. —New York Sun.

Fashionable Feathers.

How pleasant it is in the trolley car riding
Behind some fair creature as sweet as a rose,
To spend all the moments in dextrously dodging
The plumes on her headgear that tickle one's nose.
Oh, the sharp, shiny feathers—the tall, skinny
feathers—the broad, fluffy feathers that tickle
one's nose!

Vain, vain are all motions to one side or t'other—
The plumage pursueth wherever one goes.
They whisk o'er one's face like a brisk feather
duster—

Those fashionable feathers that tickle one's nose.
Oh, the fat fuzzy feathers—the long drooping
feathers—the feathers enraging that tickle
one's nose.

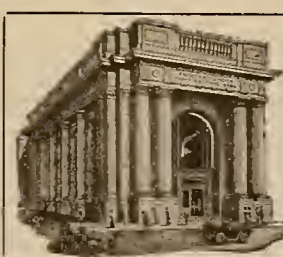
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Ignorant Masses.

The Social Uplifters, those eminent sifters
Of merit and poor people's needs,
Went down to the slums to regenerate bums,
And to do meritorious deeds.
We washed them, we dressed them, with libraries
blessed them,
We prayed with those ignorant mobs—
And the wretches were bateful, and vilely un-
grateful,
And said what they wanted was jobs!

Our noble committee then searched through the
city
To find all the fallen and lost;
We learned how they came to be living in shame—
This, mind you, at no little cost.
We swamped them with tracts and statistical facts,
But the creatures were terribly rude;
They acknowledged 'twas nice to be free from all
vice,
But they said what they wanted was food!

They're just as God made them—it's useless to
aid them,
The brutes who do not ask for reform;
Intellectual feasts are all wasted on beasts
Who want to be fed and kept warm.
Let them keep their allotted positions, besotted
And blind! When you hid them advance—
Those ignorant asses, the underworld classes
Will say all they want is a chance!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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DECEMBER 31st, 1913:
Assets.....\$56,823,000.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 166,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a
dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum
was declared.
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American Bay and Argonaut.....	\$4.30	Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
American Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.65	Outing and Argonaut.....	6.00
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.80	Puck and Argonaut.....	7.85
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Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20		
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.85		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Edward Barron has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Barron, to Mr. John Gayle Anderton. Miss Barron is the sister of Miss Evelyn Barron and Mr. Ward Barron. Mr. Anderton, who is a Virginian, has resided here for many years. The wedding will take place in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Stoney, to Lieutenant Francis Davis Pryor, U. S. N. Miss Stoney is a member of the sub-debutante set and was to have made her debut next winter. Lieutenant Pryor, who is a graduate of Annapolis, is at present stationed at Yerba Buena. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ramsey of Alameda have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances Ramsey, to Ensign Herbert Whitwell Underwood, U. S. N. Miss Ramsey made her debut last winter after her graduation from Miss Ransom's school. Ensign Underwood, who is attached to the U. S. S. *Maryland*, is at present in Mexico. The wedding will take place upon his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Daley of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ellen Daley, to Mr. Hilmyr Deuprey of this city. Mr. Deuprey is the son of Mrs. Flora Deuprey, a brother of Miss Claire Deuprey and Mrs. Orville Baldwin of Cloverdale, and a nephew of Mrs. Philip King Brown. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

From New York comes the announcement of the wedding of Mrs. Flora Dean Magee and Mr. Walter Hohart, which took place at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey. Upon their return to California Mr. and Mrs. Hohart will reside in Burlingame.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Gregg and Mr. Dalton Mann took place Wednesday at the home on Jones Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr. Owing to Mrs. Gregg's illness it was a quiet affair, only the members of the two families being present. Mrs. Mann is the sister of Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, formerly Miss Enid Gregg. Upon their return from their wedding trip in the southern part of the state Mr. and Mrs. Mann will reside on Jones Street, where they have leased an apartment.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Pewtress and Mr. Clarence E. Conant of New York took place Wednesday at the home in Alameda of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry George Pewtress. Mr. and Mrs. Conant left immediately for Honolulu on their wedding trip. Upon their return they will reside in New York City.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Lux and Dr. Donald Fraser took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. W. R. Mc-

Arthur. Mrs. Fraser is the granddaughter of the late Mr. Charles Lux.

Miss Margaret Kemble gave a tea Monday afternoon at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her house guests, Mrs. Harrison F. Mathews and Miss Mathews of Seattle.

Mrs. Frederick Zeile has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, May 12, at the Hotel Bellevue. The affair will be in honor of Miss Shirley Levinson, whose engagement to Dr. Frederick Lewitt, Jr., has recently been announced.

Miss Helen Bowie was hostess at an informal bridge-*tea* Thursday afternoon at her home on Buena Vista Avenue. The affair was in honor of her sister, Mrs. Stanley Ramage of Palo Alto, who is her house guest.

Dr. I. Walton Thorne and Mrs. Thorne entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Broderick Street.

Mrs. William Alverson gave a luncheon Thursday, when a coterie of congenial friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Harold Casey was hostess at a bridge party Thursday afternoon at her home on Sacramento Street.

Miss Stella Kane, who is here from Brooklyn visiting her aunt, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, was the guest of honor at a tea Thursday afternoon given by Mrs. Alexander Keyes.

Miss Otilia Laine was hostess at a bridge-*tea* Wednesday afternoon at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Miss Doris Wiltshire, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Plummer has recently been announced.

Mrs. Bertha Welch entertained a dozen friends informally at dinner Tuesday evening at her residence on Devisadero Street.

Miss Louise Woolsey gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home in Berkeley. About a dozen friends were present.

Mrs. Oliver Haslett and Miss Gisela Haslett entertained a number of friends at a dance Friday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of Miss Haslett's aunt, Mrs. Theodore Poindexter.

Mrs. Roy Bishop was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Franklin Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Chauncey Olcott.

Mr. Percy King gave a theatre and supper party Monday, when he entertained half a dozen friends.

Mrs. James Otis, Sr., was the complimented guest at a bridge party Friday afternoon given by her daughter, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in the nature of a farewell, as Mrs. McBean sails on May 22 from New York for Europe.

Miss Ernestine McNear was hostess at a house party over the week-end at the residence at Port Costa of her grandmother, Mrs. George McNear.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a luncheon Friday given by her sister, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George Hewlett was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Mary Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hunter entertained a coterie of congenial friends at tea Friday afternoon in the grill-room at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Lurline Matson will be the complimented guest at a luncheon Thursday, May 7, to be given by Miss Lillian Van Vorst at her home on Vallejo Street. The following day Miss Van Vorst will give another affair in honor of Mrs. George Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer entertained a number of friends at their home on Steiner Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Palmer's niece, Miss Marion Long, who is her house guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon Saturday at her home on Vallejo Street. Later Mrs. Lee accompanied her guests to the matinee.

Mrs. Henry Kiersted was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Cora Smedberg, who recently announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Felton. Miss Mary Eyre gave a luncheon for ten recently at the Town and Country Club.

The Misses Florence and Corona Williams gave a farewell dance last week at their home in Berkeley. The affair was in honor of Miss Mary Gayley, who left for Europe Monday with her parents, Professor Charles Gayley and Mrs. Gayley.

Mrs. Jessie R. Grant was hostess at an elaborate tea Sunday afternoon at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Colonel Lafayette Campbell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Campbell.

Captain Charles E. Freeman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Freeman entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Thursday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Captain Philip Andrews, U. S. N., who sailed Wednesday for Mexico in command of the U. S. S. *Maryland*, was the complimented guest at a dinner Tuesday evening given by Captain Frank Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett at their home at Mare Island.

Mrs. William H. Monroe was hostess at a bridge party Friday afternoon at her home at Fort Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and the Misses Josephine and Christine Donohoe are contemplating spending the summer in Europe. Their home in Menlo Park has been rented to Mr. and Mrs. George Payne and Miss Marie Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois returned Tuesday from Europe, where they have been enjoying their honeymoon. They will soon be established in a home in Palo Alto, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne left Thursday for New York en route to Europe, where they will spend a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler have

been spending the past week at the Grand Cañon. Miss Gillespie of Waco, Texas, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Dr. Morton L. Gibbons, Mrs. Gibbons, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown have leased the home on Walnut Street of the Misses Ethel, Anna, and Kate Beaver, who left Monday for Europe, where they will remain a year or more. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will divide their time between their home in Aspen, Colorado, and this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corenna De Pue, left Saturday for their ranch in Yolo County, where they will entertain their friends during the summer.

Mrs. Stewart Rawlings has returned from a visit in Southern California and is awaiting the arrival of Mr. Rawlings, who is en route home from Mexico.

The Messrs. Platt Kent and Charles Blythe spent the week-end in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their country home at Woodside.

Mrs. George M. Pullman arrived last week from Pasadena and left Thursday for her home in Chicago. During her visit she was entertained informally by her friends and spent a few days in Burlingame with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter and their daughter, Miss Marian Walter, will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington. Mr. and Mrs. Redington will occupy the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer during their absence in Monterey.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, left last Friday for Santa Barbara to spend a few weeks at the Arlington Hotel.

Miss Maud O'Connor has arrived from New York, where she has been visiting friends since her return a few weeks ago from Europe.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and Miss Helen Keeney left last Friday for Santa Barbara, where they will spend two weeks at the Hotel Potter.

Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittick of Bakersfield has been spending the past week at the Fairmont Hotel. Captain and Mrs. McKittick have taken a house in Santa Barbara for the summer.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker arrived in New York Tuesday from Europe, where they have been spending the past year. After a brief visit in the East they will return to this city and will again reside at the El Drisco on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen has decided to return to California to reside permanently after several years' absence, during which time she has lived in New York. Mrs. Allen will establish herself in Palo Alto so as to be near her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Grimwood.

Miss Edith Rucker has gone to Los Altos, where she will spend the next three weeks with Miss Jean Oliver.

Miss Lily O'Connor has recently been the guest of Mrs. Charles A. Gove at her home in Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. St. George Holden have rented their home in this city and will spend the summer in Berkeley, where they are occupying a residence on Euclid Avenue.

Miss Genevieve Bothin spent a few days in San Mateo as the guest of Miss Leontine de Sahla.

Surgeon Charles P. Kindleberger, U. S. N., was detached from duty at the United States Naval Station at Guam on April 27 and granted three months' leave. Dr. and Mrs. Kindleberger will return to the United States via the Suez Canal and Europe and expect to arrive in San Francisco early in August.

Reservations for Diners in Costume.

In anticipation of a great assemblage of diners in costume, prior to the ball of all nations this evening, May 2, the Palace Hotel management announces the reservation of the concert room for the special convenience of those who wish to dine in costume, and from the way the reservations are coming in this will be a very gay place prior to the opening of the ball.

Clevedon Church, which the suffragettes attempted to burn down, must be included in any list of English shrines. For it contains the graves of Henry Hallam, the historian, and of his son, Arthur Hugh Hallam, the friend of Tennyson. The epitaph on the tablet to Henry Hallam was written by Tennyson himself. It is commendably brief: "Here with his wife and children rests Henry Hallam, the historian." According to the present Lord Tennyson, the poet "thought the simpler the epitaph, the better it would become the simple and noble man, whose work speaks for him." Within two days of his marriage Tennyson visited the church with his bride to see the last resting-place of Arthur Hallam. "It seemed a kind of consecration to go there," he said.

A memorial to Sam Walter Foss, poet and librarian, will be erected on the farm on which he was born at Candia, New Hampshire, by the Candia Club. It will take the form of a granite marker, bearing a bronze tablet on which will be the date of the poet's birth and an inscription from his works. It is hoped that the memorial will be completed by the time the Candia Club holds its summer meeting in that town. A building on the land must be moved. It is planned to place a sign at the Candia railroad station indicating the road which leads to the monument.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

James B. Mahon, retiring after two terms as president of the New York Stock Exchange, will, it is announced, be a candidate for governor of his state.

J. C. Chatterji, one of India's most distinguished scientists, will shortly visit Japan to carry out research work in the interests of Shintoism and Buddhism. He is director of the Archaeological and Research Department of the Indian states of Jammu and Kashmir.

Sir William Willcocks, who arrived in this country a few days ago, is one of the greatest engineers of the present day. He is the creator of the dam of the Nile at Assouan. Also he has endowed Egypt with an irrigation system which almost has doubled the agricultural area of the country.

Rear-Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo, whose demand that the Huerta government salute the American flag led to the taking of Vera Cruz, is a native of Vermont. He has been in the navy for forty years, is a quiet and unassuming man, slow to anger, but when aroused is counted as a first-rate two-banded fighter. In 1913 he was in charge at Mare Island.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy has been awarded the Carnegie hero gold medal for his work in encouraging heroic deeds in Italy by the example he set in giving aid to the sufferers of the Messina earthquake in 1908. King Victor and Queen Elena went to Calabria and Sicily in January, 1909, to supervise personally the work of caring for the survivors of the earthquake which had devastated Messina and towns across the strait on the mainland in December, 1908.

Dr. Eugene Doyen, who denies the claims set forth by radium experts that radium will cure cancer, is regarded as the greatest bacteriologist France has produced since Pasteur. He was born in 1859, and has devoted his life to the study of bacteriology. Among the discoveries to which he lays claim is that of the cancer microbe. Despite occasional criticism by his brother physicians that his methods are unorthodox, his high position and brilliant record compel attention to him and his views.

Dr. R. G. Leiper, helminthologist of the London School of Tropical Diseases, will soon visit Hankow, China, to study the diseases peculiar to those regions, among which he hopes to delve into the mysteries of the schistosomum germ. This disease attacks both foreigners and Chinese alike. Dr. Leiper intends making a thorough investigation of the condition in the Yangtse Valley, and hopes to do much research work in Hankow. Accompanying Dr. Leiper on the present investigation will be Surgeon E. L. Atkinson and Cherry-Garrard, both of whom accompanied the Antarctic expedition. Investigation will also be made into the bookworm,

which has wrought much havoc among the coolies on the tea and rubber estates. The expedition has been subsidized by a grant from the Colonial Office, and the United States Rubber Company have offered facilities for the study of medical problems on their estates in Sumatra.

Professor T. J. J. See, who claims to have discovered the hitherto unknown cause of gravitation, is in the government service, being mathematician and astronomer in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, California. He was commissioned last August as a relative captain in the navy, the highest rank in the naval corps of mathematicians. He served for four years as professor of mathematics at the naval observatory at Washington, and before that time was an astronomer at the Yerkes Observatory at Chicago and also in the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona. He has published several scientific works, among them "Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems" and "Researches on the Physics of the Earth."

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Complications have arisen over the payment of some Twin Peaks tunnel assessments, on account of the sale of portions of assessed lots. The city bought the rear parts of lots fronting on Market Street, for the purpose of extending streets through the civic centre, after these lots had been assessed in their entirety to the owners from whom the city purchased. Now these owners can not pay the tunnel assessments on the portions of the lots retained by them unless they give the tax collector the entire sum originally fixed. They wish to be relieved from paying the pro rata on the area they sold for civic centre purposes.

The cornerstone of the \$1,000,000 auditorium has been laid, and it is expected that the building will be finished in 1915 during the exposition.

J. M. Keith, capitalist, philanthropist, and benefactor of many young workers in the various arts, was found dead Monday in his apartment at the Hotel St. Francis. Heart disease was the cause of death. He was eighty-two years old and had been a familiar figure in San Francisco for years. Recently he gave the University of California \$150,000 for medical research in memory of his wife.

The Master Painters' Association has voted to stand by their refusal of the demands of the journeymen for \$5 a day, and to agree to no settlement of the strike except upon the \$4.50 a day basis that has prevailed for two years.

The engineering force of the United Railroads is at work changing the plans for the sixty-five new cars which have been ordered,

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The city has lost the first damage suit brought against the Geary Street municipal railway. A jury in Judge Hunt's court returned a verdict that will take \$5300 out of the coffers of the city's car line. Contractors A. J. and J. J. Granfield, plaintiffs, sued for \$7000, alleging that a runaway Geary Street car had struck one of their auto trucks and damaged it to that extent.

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San Francisco has a population of 560,582, according to announcement made by the Chamber of Commerce's statistical department. This estimate is based on the present registration.

A donation of \$15,000 from M. A. Gunst toward the clinic fund of the Mt. Zion Hospital was announced at the annual meeting of the hospital association, at which officers and directors were elected. Mr. Gunst gave the donation in memory of two sons and the money will be devoted to a new building for the clinic, where free medical aid is given irrespective of creed. Officers elected were: J. B. Levison, president; Emanuel Raas, vice-president; I. W. Hellman, Jr., treasurer, and Meyer H. Levy, secretary.

The finance committee of the board of supervisors has completed the budget for the new fiscal year, showing \$14,917,145.16 required for the municipal government in 1914-15. This is an increase over last year of \$642,063.16, and will increase the tax rate 7 cents. The present tax rate, including the 4 cents state tax for exposition purposes, is \$2.24. The new tax rate will be \$2.31. The rate is based on estimated assessment roll of \$536,000,000.

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VICTOR REITER

Edward Lear, who died twenty-six years ago, first composed "limericks" for the amusement of the children of the thirteenth Earl of Derby. This gave rise to a kind of Baconian controversy, because popular report attributed the authorship of the verses to Lord Derby. Lear has himself related how he discomfited an old gentleman who insisted that the originator of "limericks" was Lord Derby, the name "Lear" being merely "Earl" transposed, and that there was "no such person at all as Edward Lear." But the author of the "Book of Nonsense" found some difficulty in proving his own personal existence.

In connection with the

BALL OF ALL NATIONS

to be held Saturday, May 2d.

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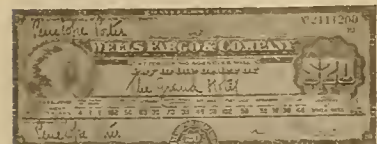
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"By the way," said Mrs. De Style. "Yes?" "Do you know of any poor person who would care for a discarded lorgnette?"—*Puck*.

"Why aren't you dancing, Mr. McXix?" "I was out of town for the week-end and I don't know any of the new steps."—*Puck*.

"In the old days doctors used to bleed patients for most of the diseases." "They still do, my boy; they still do."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"I thought you said his word was as good as his bond?" "So I did, but I forgot to add that his bond is no good either."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Isn't Deeds, the lawyer, a rather extravagant man?" "By no means. I've known him to make one suit last for several years."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Have you an opening here for me?" asked the assertive young man. "Yes," answered the capitalist. "It's right behind you."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What's that awful shrieking?" "That's Gladys Burdick taking her music lesson." "Poor old Burdick! And he pays money for that."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Ocean Voyager—Don't the passengers make you tired with the questions they ask? *Captain*—Yes, indeed; what else is it you want to know?—*Detroit Free Press*.

"A man is going to speak at the town hall tonight who claims to have a message for the world." "What's his graft—politics or patent medicine?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Isn't it a shame the prices these New York restaurants charge?" "But isn't it worth something to entertain the class of people they have to?"—*Smart Set*.

Betty—So you are engaged? However did Anderson manage it? He is the most silent man I have ever met. *Peggy*—Nonsense, my dear! He has nearly a million.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Dohhins, the art critic, has roasted my pictures unmercifully." "Don't mind that fellow. He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what others say."—*New York Globe*.

Diner (a girl at table)—Pardon me, is this seat unoccupied? *She* (smirking)—Oh, certainly—with great pleasure—*Diner*—Then permit me to take it to my table.—*Meggen-dorfer Gatter*.

"What could he more sad than a man without a country?" feelingly asked the high-school literature teacher of her class. "A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just as feelingly.—*Topeka Journal*.

Rector (to yokel who is about to get married)—But, Peter, can you really afford to keep a wife? *Peter*—Well, zur, I can almost afford to keep myself, and it's a poor woman that can't help a hit.—*London Opinion*.

"Let us go into the garden," he said, as the twilight hour approached. "I'm afraid you'll want to sit in the hammock with me and hold my hand." "I swear I won't." "Then what's the use?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary, with scorn. "We has oil-cloth, and right up the chancel, too."—*Christian Register*.

Gibbs—I believe in early rising, don't you? *Dibbs*—Well, there's no abstract excellence in early rising; it all depends on what you do after you rise. It would be better for the world if some people never got up.—*Boston Transcript*.

Employee—Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately. *Manager of Works*—Very sorry, Horneyhand, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to its employees when off duty.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Ikey, vat is dot hook you're readin'?" asked Ikey's father. "Ahoudt Chulius Caesar, fadder." "Und vot business vas he in?" "He vas a soljer and ven he von a battel he writed home, 'Veni, vidi, vici.'" "I het he vent bankrupt—such extravagance! Vy he could send seven more vords for a quarter."—*Livingston Lance*.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Britain and the Exposition.

If we may trust current dispatches from London, the British government is in the way of taking sober second thought in the matter of our exposition. Some three hundred and sixty members of the House of Commons, or more than half the total membership, and more than two-thirds of the average attendance, united in a petition last week to the Prime Minister asking him to so far reopen the question as to receive a deputation and hear new arguments. The deputation was received on Tuesday of this week, and if the telegraphed reports may be taken as authoritative, the government is likely to make a moderate appropriation, erect a building at the exposition grounds, and so take an official part in the event.

If the participation of England shall indeed come about it will be due chiefly to the friendly and intelligent insistence of Sir Robert Balfour, M. P., head of the firm of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and long a resident of San Francisco. Sir Robert has all along been active in presenting and urging our cause, and upon his recent return to London, after an extended stay here, he renewed and redoubled his efforts. A man of great earnestness and force, of large personal and parlia-

mentary influence, and of unwearied persistence in any cause which he undertakes, Sir Robert has missed no opportunity to promote our interest. Probably, as a result of his efforts, we shall have what is so greatly desired, an official participation on the part of that country which is nearest to us in sentiment and in blood.

Mexico and Mediation.

The movement for mediation, now obviously in its death throes, is seeking a place to fall. As we write on Wednesday the commissioners appointed by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, by the United States, and by the Huerta government, are speeding to Niagara Falls for a meeting on the neutral soil of Canada. The project can come to nothing, since the commissioners have no real authority. The American issue, as it has been defined by formal act of Congress, under the insistence of President Wilson, is limited to a demand for a salute to the flag. Huerta's acceptance is confined to this narrow issue. The so-called Constitutionals are not represented at all. Under these conditions the function of the commission bears close resemblance to that of a mothers' congress.

It is easily understood why the A B C—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—sought to play a part in the case of Mexico. The situation was precisely to the hand of a group of nationalities aspiring to authority and dignity, but which hitherto have found no signal opportunity to impress their importance upon the world. Assumption of the character of mediator, without respect to the event, has involved a species of recognition very grateful to the ambition of this rising group of vital nationalities.

What was plain to the eye of judgment a week ago is now plain to the man in the street. Mediation in the existing posture of Mexican affairs was a mere dream. In the nature of things it could come to nothing. But the purpose of the A B C has been attained. Their pretensions have been declared without offending anybody. They have been acknowledged and approved. Not indeed by the warring parties in Mexico, but what is very much more to the point, by the Northern Colossus. Hereafter South America must be considered in connection with any and all questions concerning the countries which lie between Brazil and the United States. South America has arrived, so to speak, not by any violent process of self-assertion, but by an adroit and successful presentment of its pretensions as a concrete force in the larger politics of the western hemisphere. No finer stroke of large diplomacy has been recorded in recent times in any part of the world.

Mediation was foredoomed to failure, because it had to deal with impossible conditions. It had just one lame leg to stand on—the fact that the United States through the stupidity of its administrative policy had gotten into a false position. President Wilson started wrong six months ago in his efforts to extend his authority as President of the United States over the internal affairs of Mexico. Having gotten in wrong, he was, by the logic of his own error, impelled to make a series of false moves. His mistakes included not only his order to Huerta to eliminate himself from the Mexican situation, but his subsequent connivance with the northern rebels, his efforts to destroy Huerta's credit in the European money markets, his raising of the embargo against the movement of arms and munitions across the American border, and finally his movement against the provisional government (Huerta) including interception of supplies on the way from Germany to Vera Cruz. The crowning folly of all was his armed entrance upon Mexican soil and his possession of a Mexican city, involving a bloody battle, under pretensions of peaceful intent. By formal resolution of Congress, inspired by the President and driven through by his

authority, the claims of the United States had been reduced to a demand for an apology for a trivial and merely constructive affront. Practically the United States, for all its many and serious grievances against Mexico, was entitled under its own demand only to the firing of twenty-one blank cartridges.

It was a case in which any outcome possible through mediation, as the consequence of its own limited claims, could yield to the United States nothing but futility and humiliation. Suppose the mediation had turned out successfully and the United States had been awarded its whole demand, the result would have been of no consequence—nothing more than the cheap tribute of a ceremonial cannonade. Under these circumstances we can only reflect with wonder and amazement that Mr. Wilson should have accepted the proposal for mediation. The fact illustrates the confusion and futility of his policy—his eagerness by any hook or crook to escape from an impossible situation.

Huerta's nominal acceptance of mediation "in principle" was an adroit bit of diplomacy; but it was not more adroit than his declination of mediation as a comprehensive and vital interference in Mexican internal affairs. By it he secured a timely delay, and at the same time brought into exhibition the inadequacy and the fundamental wrong of President Wilson's policy. Time spent in parleying was to Huerta a mere means of halting an aggressive movement on the part of the United States and of placing its government in the position of having intruded upon Mexican soil, of fighting an excuseless battle in urgency of a trivial cause. That it should have been expected of Huerta that he would submit to a mediation whose scope included anything more than the immediate and limited issue presented by President Wilson, now appears an amazing delusion. The one point which he could with dignity submit to mediation, while American troops were camped on Mexican soil and in possession of a Mexican city, was the single formal demand put upon him by President Wilson's narrow policy—the demand that he fire a ceremonial salute to the American flag. Huerta's whole part in the parleying of the past ten days has been adroit, dignified, and eminently successful. His diplomacy has played circles around that of President Wilson. His Secretary of International Affairs has in the language of the day made a monkey of the one and only Bryan.

It is still more difficult to understand how anybody could have expected Carranza and Villa, who had no part at all in the immediate issue as between Wilson and Huerta, to abandon their growing fortunes, to suspend hostilities and submit their case to a general arbitration. However these aspiring revolutionists may to themselves justify their claims, as respects authority in Mexico, they had nothing to present to a board of mediation. Their status, such as it is, rests purely upon force of arms. It is, in action, a very considerable force, but by the nature of things it is a force dependent upon action. The so-called Constitutionalist armies, held by the limitations of an armistice, would starve to death in a fortnight or disband into broken groups. An army of bandits living upon the country must go forward or go to pieces. For Carranza and Villa to accept mediation would be to sign the death warrant of all their plans and hopes. Invitation to mediation implied a hope of pacification; and of all things, pacification is what the dreaming Carranza and the savage Villa did not and do not want. A state of warfare is the condition of their continued existence as potential forces in the Mexican situation. Mediation could bring them nothing, since they have no claims whatever which could command a moment's respect before a board of arbitration.

In the meantime a hundred American ships

anchor off the Mexican coast. A military force of the United States holds possession, without any warrant other than that of force, of the Mexican city of Vera Cruz. It would be ridiculous upon the basis of the Tampico incident to go forward. The world—our own country—will not justify a war for a military salute. What is to be done nobody knows—apparently least of all the authorities at Washington. We must either withdraw from Vera Cruz—turn tail and sail for home—or we must so revise our claims upon Mexico as to afford a decent justification for aggressive warfare. A bold President at Washington would take the bull by the horns. He would ask Congress to rescind the foolish resolution of ten days ago and adopt in its place the broader grievance defined in the discarded Lodge resolution. He would include both the Huerta government and the Constitutionalist movement in a broad arraignment. He would then proceed by overwhelming force to pacify Mexico as against both the Huerta and the Carranza-Villa factions. This course, which would have been both natural and easy two weeks ago, is made questionable and difficult by the now declared claims of the South American states to a share in the Mexican settlement. Nevertheless a resolute and prompt course would probably secure the approval—or the acquiescence—of these countries. But the policy here suggested is one which calls for a firm hand. Alas, there is no firm hand at Washington. Alas, where there ought to be resolution and strength, there is vacillation and weakness. What is to be the outcome under these conditions, God Almighty in His infinite wisdom may know. But it lies in the misty realm of things beyond the ken of human foresight.

One thing is certain, the American people will not be edified by the spectacle of a movement in imitation of that famous march of the King of France up hill and then down again. As a nation we are not going to look with indifference, or without indignation, upon a movement begun in precipitation and folly, advanced in arrogance and bloodshed, to the end of a homecoming in timidity and dishonor. We are not going to regard respectfully an administration which has pursued a course in blind disregard of common sense, in contempt of judicious counsels, ending in futility and shame, with serious grievances first ignored and then denied, and with the great problem of our obligations to our own dignity and our own interest left in the air. There must be a reckoning and it will press hard upon those whose misconceptions, stupidities, and timidities have led us forward in folly and are now to call us back in humiliation.

Side-Lights on the Mexican Situation.

A London newspaper which declared last week that President Wilson had "sommambulistically" led the United States into war was not far wide of the fact. Taking events of the past ten days together, the demonstration is clear that the President, prior to the battle of Vera Cruz, was sincere in the notion that he could accomplish his desires in Mexico without bloodshed. It is hard to believe, nevertheless it is probably the truth. When the Vera Cruz incident showed him his error he was crushed almost to the point of prostration. For the first time within the period of his presidency he lost his cocksureness and grew worn and haggard. When a man of Wilson's type begins to lose faith in himself it goes hard with him.

On top of all came the note from Carranza with its patriotic resentment of the American invasion, and this—we have it from a source entirely trustworthy—"nearly broke the President's heart." His ambition had been to conduct an administration in which there would be no war. He had felt that he had the strength to show his predecessors in office, and the country, a method of conducting our international relations on a high and altruistic plane. Mr. Wilson has his vanities and he had thought to be a divinely appointed agent to establish the country as an exponent of a new diplomacy that would redeem the world.

The past fortnight has greatly altered the President physically. He looks haggard and broken. He is disappointed, grieved, humiliated. His physician, Dr. Grayson, has tried to drive him to golf and the open air, but without success. The President is loath to present to the American people the spectacle of their chief executive frittering his time in chasing a golf ball while American soldiers and sailors are dying. Consequently he is taxing himself beyond his strength. And this is not well, for the

President is by no mean robust and the responsibilities of office are "taking it out of him" in a way which very much concerns both his family and his physicians. He needs—absolutely needs—to spend much time in the open air. He needs to get out of the atmosphere of his responsibilities for part of each day. He needs the inspirations of rest and cheerfulness. Present times and present conditions afford him none of these benefits.

The local atmosphere is not helpful to the President. Nobody is satisfied with the situation. There is no enthusiasm for the war even on the part of the military, usually so aggressively to the fore on such occasions. It is realized that as in the case of the Philippines the force of circumstances is compelling us to further steps, and nobody is pleased. There are few who look with complacency upon the impending horrors of war with a semi-savage people. There are none among the really intelligent who feel that our system is equal to the responsibilities which the ultimate guardianship of Mexico would put upon us. But nobody can see just how we are to let go. That the mediation offered by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile will come to anything in the way of a real settlement of the Mexican situation there are few to believe. It is taken generally as an admirable piece of Pan-American diplomacy, designed not so much to accomplish anything worth while in the immediate instance as to lift the "A B C"—the combination of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—to a higher plane in the community of nations than they have hitherto held. It emphasizes their claim to stability. It is a step toward general recognition of their right to be consulted in the affairs of the world which lies south of the United States boundary.

The moving force behind the suggestion for mediation is a very able international lawyer, Dr. Joaquin Calvo, the Costa Rican envoy and ranking minister of the diplomatic corps. Dr. Calvo is one of the world's first diplomatists—this in spite of the fact that he hails from one of the least significant among independent nationalities. Dr. Romulo S. Naon is the next important personality in this movement. Officially, however, the mediation rests upon the initiative of the representatives of the "A B C," Suarez, DaGama, and Naon. Conditions are probably too far developed for this movement to come to anything in the immediate instance. But already it has advertised to the world the pretensions of United South America, with the suggestion that back of these pretensions there is a very respectable element of competent statecraft and a no inconsiderable concrete force.

One swift rush of anger the President allowed himself upon receipt of the news from Vera Cruz. This was in evidence in the talk with Bryan in which he is reported—and truthfully we are assured—to have accused the latter of "auto-hypnotism." But Mr. Wilson is himself as much a victim of auto-hypnotism as Mr. Bryan. Why and how? Through Bryan and John Lind primarily. And here we come to a phase of the Mexican situation which the daily newspapers, with an eye to Catholic readers and advertisers, have glossed over. The northern revolutions—Madero's, Carranza's, and Villa's—are at bottom anti-Catholic and anti-clerical. Northern Mexico charges the church with being the backbone of the Cientificos party. Its contention is that all the ills of Mexico are attributable to the church. It is deeply fixed in the northern mind that Iturbide conducted his revolution for the people, but that when he achieved power he went over body, soul, and breeches to the priests; that Juarez did the same; that in a measure Madero also surrendered to adroit clerical manipulation. Carranza and Villa are warring against the church. They and their agents in this country do not hesitate to confess it, and the fact that it has not been widely exploited is due as above stated to the nervousness of a cringing press which is mightily careful of religious sensibilities.

John Lind, a Lutheran, went into Mexico a fanatical enemy of the Catholic church. He visions Huerta as the tool of the priesthood. His anti-Catholic sentiments have prejudiced all his reports. His hatred of Huerta and the priests is malignant. It has cropped out in many small ways since his return to Washington two weeks ago, and it was notably in evidence when he was lobbying industriously at the capital—with the privileges of the floor as an ex-member—to put through the President's resolution justifying the use of armed force. Lind has a dreamy theory of the destiny of the

north to conquer the south. He believes that Carranza and Villa are certain eventually to conquer the less virile and priest-ridden south, just as the Goths and Vandals conquered Rome and as our Northern states conquered their Southern sisters. And as tools to crush priestcraft he insists that we accept Carranza and Villa as our allies, no matter what their crimes. He was quick to see and consult anti-clericals during his stay in Mexico and he has come home with the fixed notion that they will stand anything, do anything, to get rid of Huerta and his priests. His prejudiced mind exaggerates both their prejudices and their numbers.

As a prelude to the taking of Vera Cruz, Lind, Bryan, and Wilson had formed a totally wrong impression of the character and spirit of the Mexican people. They looked up precedents and found where our own and other nations in times past had landed forces to compel redress for small grievances and had achieved their purpose without bloodshed. Lind suggested, Bryan believed, and the President was convinced that if the intention were heralded to land forces backed by a declaration that it was not for the purpose of making war on the people of Mexico, the people of Mexico would not attempt to stop them. It was assumed that the people of Mexico would understand that behind the act of apparent aggression there was a benevolent and peaceful purpose. It hardly needs to be said that this assumption was utopian, whimsical, ridiculous. It must forever be a marvel that it should be conceived by men of vital responsibility and sustained in the face of every suggestion of common experience and common sense. None the less it was the idea of Wilson and his advisers—notably Lind and Bryan—that an American fleet could appear before Vera Cruz, take possession of the city, and in a military sense threaten the capital without impressing the Mexican people with the notion that in these operations there was intent to make war upon Mexico.

When Fletcher landed, the Mexican people not having read the *Congressional Record* nor even the President's smooth and soothing declarations, reckoning upon facts instead of words, failed to understand that the United States was not making war on them but merely upon Huerta. They were very naturally incensed. They saw their custom-house grabbed. It was quite as much the custom-house of the people of Mexico as it was the custom-house of Huerta. The invaded soil was their soil quite as much as it was Huerta's. So they acted after the manner of the human animal everywhere under similar circumstances. The people of Vera Cruz did much as the people of San Francisco would do were the Mikado to send over a hundred ships, seize our custom-house, and march into our city on the theory of administering a spanking to our President. The Mexicans turned and fired on the invading Americans. Why in the name of simple intelligence and common sense should anybody have expected them to do otherwise? And it was the people of Vera Cruz who did most of the shooting, not the Mexican soldiers. "Few of the soldiers belonging to General Maas's battalions remain in the city, apparently," says the New York *World's* correspondent from Vera Cruz on the first day. "Some irregulars are among those who fired on the Americans, but chiefly they are civilians." Mind, it was the Mexican people who met and resented the invasion, not the soldiers of Huerta—the fact is worth remembering.

Why, the question arises, should so great a force have been sent to carry a message of peace? Why should a force totaling more than one hundred ships and in aggregate strength greater than any fleet ever mobilized for hostilities in the history of the world be dispatched to do a chore within the easy competence of a Hudson River ferryboat? Why was not the job left to Admiral Mayo, who might have done it better and with more dignity? One reason was that Bryan's sources of information assured him that Huerta was on the brink of a fall, that his cabinet was divided, that another tragedy was impending in the City of Mexico and that anarchy was about to prevail there, to the grave danger of Americans and other aliens resident there. Then—and here comes the sinister part of the business—there was the intent to stop the landing of that German ship with its cargo of munitions which would have given Huerta means to assume the offensive as against the forces of Villa, already re-armed and reëquipped through removal of the embargo on our southern border.

Other circumstances within the past two weeks have tended grievously to wound the President. Just before the Vera Cruz incident divisions appeared in the Wilson cabinet. Mr. Lane, who gains in character as a cabinet force, and Garrison, a hard-headed, sensible man, had begun to protest that the United States government was being hoodwinked by its own confidential representatives in Mexico and by the agents of the Constitutionalists. Before the Tampico incident both Lane and Garrison urged the restoration of the embargo at the southern border. Military agents of the War Department day after day pointed out the danger of the President's course in permitting Carranza and Villa to acquire arms. Even after Carranza's letter to the President protesting against the landing at Vera Cruz, Bryan pinned his faith to Villa and insisted upon continuing the order by which the embargo had been raised. In the end Garrison, backed up by Lane, demanded that the counsels of the army be heeded, and Bryan was overruled.

In the meantime most of the Mausers that we captured from Spain had been sold to the Constitutionalists. Bannerman, the military goods dealer of New York, had some 300,000 of these weapons, having bought them from the government years ago. He sold what he had left on hand through Sherby Hopkins, the Constitutionalist agent at Washington, who passed them through to Carranza and Villa before the embargo was again clamped down.

If Mr. Bryan were another sort of man his various discomfitures during the past two weeks would drive him from the cabinet. He has been overruled and rebuked. The President in the phrase "auto-hypnotism" has sneezed at him. His theories have failed. His counsels have been overborne. But it is ten to one that he will not retire. He clings to office, not because he has any fitness for it or power in it, but because, having sacrificed and lost his popularity and his authority as an independent political factor, office is his one chance for the distinction which to him is the breath of life. And the President, though sorely wounded and perplexed, does not want him to go. He still clings to the idea that the strength of his administration will be illustrated in sustaining a cabinet organization unbroken to the end of his term. However, there goes on at Washington much quiet speculation as to Bryan's successor if he should get out of the way. Lane is the man commonly thought to be in line to succeed him. But Lane, in the opinion of Washington, is doing good work where he is. There is quite as much potential hell for an administration in the Department of the Interior—as the record of a previous administration illustrated—as in the Department of State. To shift Lane now would be to take a man from a place where he is eminently successful and put him where he might fail. It would possibly, even probably, make a weak spot where there is now strength in the administration and open up a new avenue of attack. Besides Mr. Lane does not want the Department of State. He has the wit to see that under a President like Wilson, disposed himself to manage international affairs, there is less opportunity for a personal career in the Department of State than in the Department of the Interior.

Ever since his return John Lind has been assiduously "knocking" Nelson O'Shaughnessy, our chargé d'affaires at the City of Mexico, now happily out of the country. It is suspected that O'Shaughnessy's name is his chief offending so far as Lind is concerned. It was O'Shaughnessy's name which in Lind's mind tangled him up with the clerical party, this party in its personal relation with Huerta being Mr. Lind's favorite bugaboo. Lind assured Bryan that O'Shaughnessy was a very dangerous man, that he was on too friendly terms with Huerta, and that he, too, in all probability was under the influence of the priests, all of which from a practical standpoint is just so much moonshine. It is true that O'Shaughnessy was on very good terms with Huerta. That's what he was there for. How could he better discharge his mission than to cultivate relations with the power he was sent to observe? There is something in the way of retributive justice in all this. O'Shaughnessy is not without a quality of caution which has aforetime been marked as characteristic of the Celtic politician. Being an Irishman and a diplomat, he has arts, native and acquired, of conciliating the powers that be. He was one of the first to diligently work the grapevine which aroused suspicion in the President's mind concerning Ambassador Wilson. It was really

O'Shaughnessy who first undermined Wilson. Now Mr. O'Shaughnessy is getting his'n.

S. P. Answer in the Unmerging Case.

A dispatch reports the filing in the United States District Court for Utah by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of its answer in the suit brought by the government to divorce the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific properties. The case of the government, it will be remembered, is founded upon anti-trust laws, which are alleged to be violated at specific points by the existing connection between the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific. The answer takes up the points serially and makes specific denial of them all. It recites the history of the development of the railroad lines owned by the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific companies, setting forth that all these lines were constructed under one ownership and for one general purpose, and that they have been operated continuously as a unified system and under a common ownership and control. Because these lines were in one ownership and management they were developed as one property and little heed given as to which corporation should hold the title to terminal properties and branch lines. In the joint operation of these lines trains have been run by the most direct or convenient routes without consideration of the fact that one company or another held title to the tracks or terminal arrangements. It is asserted that any separation of the Central Pacific lines from the Southern Pacific lines can not now be made without detriment and injury to each of these companies plus inconvenience and injury to the territories which they serve.

It is further set forth that the relationship between the two companies was known to the government and approved by definite action on its part. Citation is made of the fact that prior to the year 1896 the Central Pacific became indebted to the government in a sum exceeding \$58,000,000 and that by an arrangement accepted by the government it was agreed that this indebtedness should be paid in annual installments of \$5,800,000. This sum exceeded many times over any possible net earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The significance and value of the arrangement rested upon the connection of the Central Pacific with the Southern Pacific Company. The government, it is alleged, understood this and intended that the debt should be paid by employment of the credit and resources of the Southern Pacific Company. Compliance with the prescribed terms of the settlement necessarily involved participation therein by the Southern Pacific Company, and the only motive or consideration which could have induced the Southern Pacific Company to participate in the payment of the Central Pacific's debt to the government was the existence of the relations between it and that company and its desire to continue such relations and to make permanent its control of that part of this system.

In consequence of the acts of the government and of its own expectation and belief in the matters above expressed, the Southern Pacific Company incurred various obligations in large part still outstanding, using the money thus acquired in payment of the indebtedness of the Central Pacific Company to the government. The Southern Pacific claims by reason of the foregoing facts that the government is estopped from asserting or claiming that the lease of the Central Pacific Company to the Southern Pacific Company and the latter's ownership of the stock of the former company, or the control of the one over the other resulting therefrom, is in violation either of the Pacific railroad laws or the Sherman anti-trust act, or otherwise contrary to public policy, and that all objections which could ever have been made by the United States to any of these matters have been waived.

The answer further cites the decree of the United States Supreme Court in the suit which resulted in the separation of the Union Pacific Company from the Southern Pacific Company as a bar to the present suit.

So much of this answer as relates to the anti-trust laws rests of course upon proofs to be submitted when the case shall come to trial. But other parts of the answer relates to matters of common knowledge. One does not need to be a lawyer to know the facts to be precisely as they are declared in connection with the building and operation of the lines of the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific as a unified system of transportation. And anybody having any acquaintance with transportation affairs in California knows that the value of

the system as related to the public would be very much impaired by the proposed separation of lines. That the government did give its approval in the matter of the Central Pacific debt is also a matter of common knowledge; and presumably the lawyers of the company know what they are about when they plead this fact as a legal bar against the present action on the part of the government.

The War—in Colorado.

It is now over two weeks since Mr. Rockefeller made his public statement as to the causes that have led to civil war in Colorado and the intervention of the Federal troops. With every disposition to expect a reply and to give serious attention to a reply it seems that no reply has been made and that Mr. Rockefeller's statement is unchallenged. Therefore the public can hardly be blamed if it allows judgment to go by default. The evidence to be given at the congressional inquiry may conceivably throw a new light on the situation, but we must none the less assume that Mr. Rockefeller stated exactly the truth when he said that all the grievances of the men had been removed and that there was absolutely no cause of quarrel except the demand of the union for monopoly of the labors of the mine. And it is in such a quarrel as this that men, women, and children, and even Red Cross attendants, have been ruthlessly shot in disturbances that were practically pitched battles and that have reduced the State of Colorado to the status of Mexico.

The uncontradicted statement of Mr. Rockefeller shows that the company's attitude even toward the union has been restrained and reasonable. It was not an aggressive attitude, nor even one of hostility. The union consists of about ten per cent of the men, and if it had confined itself to legitimate activities it would have taken its place in Colorado as elsewhere. But it need hardly be said that it did not confine itself to legitimate activities. It demanded that the other ninety per cent of the men be summarily dismissed, and when this demand was refused the mines were turned into an inferno of terrorism and murder. No one doubts that there were iniquities upon both sides. There are always iniquities when the law is shouldered upon one side to make room for rifles and bludgeons. But it is causes rather than effects that concern us now, and the cause was the refusal of the company to discharge ninety per cent of its efficient men at the bidding of ten per cent. If there was any other cause than that, that other cause has not been stated.

Mr. Rockefeller's refusal to arbitrate is of course condemned by short-sighted people who fail to understand that there are some things that are not arbitrable. Basic human rights are not arbitrable. Plain questions of moral right and wrong are not arbitrable. No man will arbitrate on his right to pray as he pleases, or to think as he pleases, or to work as he pleases. It is only the disputable things, such as questions of fact, that are arbitrable, and a man's right to sell his labor on a legitimate enterprise to any one willing to buy it is not disputable. Still less is it disputable that ten men have not the right under any conceivable circumstances to forbid ninety men to earn a lawful livelihood. As well might a murderer demand arbitration against the policeman who stays his hand. It is the assertion of the Colorado strikers that these non-union men shall not be allowed to work in the mines, and it is the contention of unionism in general that they shall not be allowed to work at anything, that they shall practically be driven out of society as pariahs and outlaws. That is not a claim that can be arbitrated. Even to admit that it is open to argument is to reduce the community to a state of savagery.

The presence of Federal troops has been followed by a sort of compulsory peace, but it is a very unsatisfactory sort of peace. It settles nothing, and however averse we may be to settling anything in such a way that it is actually settled, we shall soon find ourselves at the end of compromises. There is no difference except in degree between the resolution of the Colorado strikers to murder non-unionists wholesale and the resolution all over the country to strike terror to the hearts of non-unionists individually. The principle is the same. If Colorado and the Federal government are to compromise and temporize on the demand of small organizations of men to determine who may and who may not get a living and to shoot their opponents wholesale or to starve them individually we may as well prepare for anarchy and the ruin that follows anarchy. We seem to be heading in that direction.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR.

A few weeks ago I wrote something in this column on the struggle between king and parliament in Sweden. It may be remembered that the cause of the quarrel was the sudden determination of the king to buy a number of Dreadnoughts without consulting the representatives of the people. I had no special reason to be interested in this particular quarrel, since kings and parliaments are always at loggerheads and always have been and always will be. It is a way they have. But since the dispute was to result in a general election it seemed to promise a fairly good test of the popular feeling toward war. For if there is a pacific people in the world it is the Swedish people. If there is an orderly people, a constitutional people, a decent and a God-fearing people in the world it is the Swedish people. The king had not only announced that he intended to buy Dreadnoughts, but he seemed to have all the other ambitions of a real if embryo war lord. One almost expected to hear him begin to talk about the mailed fist and the God of battles just like his royal brother across the road at Berlin. It really seemed as though the sacred cause of armaments must at last receive a rebuke. The Swedes, I said, will never stand for this sort of thing. The democratic instincts of this free people will resent not only the royal encroachment upon representative rights, but also the mad race to militarism. Now at last we shall see an assertion of national common sense that will bring tears of pure joy to the eyes of Mr. Carnegie and the Baroness von Suttner and our own President Jordan. Of course I did not actually say any of these things. I knew better. But these are the things that I should have said if I had preserved that winsome faith in human nature that so decorated my youth. Having been cynicized by great age and experience I felt sure that the Swedish people would do the silliest thing in sight, and therefore I was not surprised to learn from a two-inch item in the chief local palladium of our liberties that the general election in Sweden had sustained by great majorities and by enthusiastic claim the royal armament programme and that Sweden, like the rest of the world, was in a fair way to become war mad. And with The Hague so close, too, and Mr. Carnegie likely to drop in at any time.

I remember well the prognostications of universal peace that were being made some twenty years ago. It was at a time when European democracies were just beginning to assert themselves. How familiar now seems all the jargon of that day. Indeed it is the jargon also of this day, but instead of predicting that democracies will bring universal peace we prefer now to believe that they will bring domestic concord and the rule of equities between man and man. The human mind seems to be a veritable garbage pail for portentous credulities. No sooner is it emptied of one cargo of foolishnesses than it is filled with another. The millennium is always at our doors, and we have only to await one more law, some success at the polls, some medical discovery or scientific invention, and we shall sweep right through the gates of gold into an eternity of blissful progress. The only thing that we will never believe, that no one can ever persuade us to believe, is the truth. Breathlessly we watch the unending panorama of quackeries. Futility after futility fails before our eyes, but our gullibilities never lessen, our enthusiasms never wane. Twenty years ago we were told that wars were made by wicked kings who drove their reluctant peoples to the shambles. Let the people rule and the peace of God would descend upon the earth, and the naturally fraternal feelings of the "workers" would assert themselves to the end of perpetual peace. We pictured the innocent proletariat summoned from their idyllic homes, torn from their weeping wives, in order to shoot each other in quarrels of which they knew little and cared less. And now at last Europe has won some considerable measure of democracy. France, England, and the countries of Scandinavia are nearly perfect democracies. Italy comes only a little way behind, having just enfranchised most of her illiterates. But so far from abolishing war, it was never so imminent, so inevitable, so popular as now.

Yes, that is the devil of the whole situation. War has become popular. Democracies, instead of panting for peace, pant for war. It is unquestionably true that the kings, emperors, and presidents of Europe are at this moment banded together in a sort of league of peace, and it is the one haunting terror of their lives that their own people will force them into war. It is a mere truism to say that it is the popular journals and the street crowds, the demonstrations and the agitations, of Germany and England that will be responsible for war if that cataclysm should come. If the issues were left to the rulers of those two countries there would not be the faintest shadow of danger. If the dam should break it will be the people that will break it, and not the kings nor the diplomats. It is the kings who shiver in their shoes when they hear the "voice of the people"—their own people—in the raucous cries of the evening news vendors. If the vox populi is truly the vox Dei then the vox Dei must be a very bellicose vox. Professor Ferrero tells us that the King of Italy did not wish for war against Turkey, but that he had to choose between war and the loss of his throne. The Balkan war was preceded by clamorous crowds in the various capitals shrieking and screaming for bloodshed. There would have been no war between America and Spain but for an inflamed public opinion that forced the unwilling hands of Mr. McKinley. Is it not about time that we ceased to chatter about democracy and peace? Democracy may be a very good thing. Indeed it must be a good thing, since so many people say so. It is true that there are some wise men, like Professor Ferdinand Petrie, who say that it has proved the death wound of every civilization that it has ever touched. But then what are they among so many? There are even people so dead to shame as to speak disrespectfully of eugenics and prohibition

and feminism. But let us not attribute to democracy virtues that it does not possess. And certainly a love of peace is not a feature of democracy. In point of fact democracy loves war. War is the great romance, the great excursion, the great frolic. War relieves the monotonies of life. Yes, democracies constitute the greatest of all threats to the peace of the world.

It would seem then that the peace movement has been a failure, that it has been very much like the Salvation Army singing hymns outside the saloon—quite pleasant to hear, but with no adverse effect whatever upon the saloon. A lot of well-meaning people have written books, made speeches, given each other medals, and proved all kinds of things that no one ever doubted, entirely to each other's satisfaction, but no one that matters—that is to say no one who is likely to fight—has taken the least notice of them. Whenever the volcano has been ready to explode it has proceeded to explode, which is exactly what volcanoes always do. We are all of us ready to admit that there can be no conceivable reasons why other people should fight, but as soon as some one steps upon our toes, or insults our flag, or challenges our divine rights—well, that's different. That's me, as the socialist said when he was asked why he did not divide his property among disinherited humanity.

I have not yet been invited to take charge of the movement for the abolition of war, and before doing so I should stipulate for an even larger salary than Mr. Bernard Shaw says that he would ask for having a baby. But in so unlikely an event—I mean abolishing war, not having a baby—I think I should proceed on quite different lines from those chosen by President Jordan, or Mr. Carnegie, or Mr. Norman Angell, all of them admirable people, but uninstructed. I should not make the supreme mistake of supposing that men go to war under the impression that they will thereby become rich. My estimate of the mental status of my brother man is not a high one, but I do not imagine him to be quite such a fool as that. He knows well that war will make him poor, no matter how it goes, that it will be fatal to all kinds of reform, that it will fill his country with misery, and that it will damn unborn generations. This is just the mistake that is made by the worthy persons that I have mentioned, who mean well, but who are uninformed. This was the mistake made by Mr. Norman Angell, who wrote a book proving that war meant a material loss alike to victors and victims and that it could never mean anything else. Mr. Angell got a medal for that book, and it was worth just that, and every one said that henceforth of course there would be no more wars because they did not pay. But the democracies thought differently. The war between Italy and Turkey broke out at once, and then came the Balkan wars, and now there is the little unpleasantness with Mexico, or rather with Mr. Huerta. The democracies do not care a cent whether wars are profitable or not. They want to fight. Take, as another example, the case of President Jordan, whose head and heart are alike of an enviable quality. The trouble with President Jordan is that he is a materialist, and materialists are never able to understand why men do things. President Jordan's arguments are something like this. A battle, he says, is fought by 20,000 men. Each man fires 500 cartridges, which makes 10,000,000. Cartridges cost ten cents each, and this means \$1,000,000 for cartridges alone, without counting shoe leather, laundry, and profanity. Why not, he asks, spend the money on a hospital or a university? This is rather a paraphrase of what the learned president actually says, but it is a pretty close paraphrase. Now it sounds quite satisfactory until we realize that the average man is wholly unmoved by such statistics, and that he thinks a good fight is well worth the money. Just think what the Reno prizefight cost. He feels like the Irishman who was fined \$10 for shouting "To hell with the king," and who said it was cheap at the price. Men do not go to war because they think they will gain something material. They go to war because they are fighting animals, because they love fighting. And yet we find this eternal iteration about the cost of war and this eternal recommendation to save the money and buy hymn-books or hospitals. But we do not want hymn-books or hospitals, at least not enthusiastically, and we do want to fight. That is why our democracies throng the streets and clamor for war.

So it seems to me that I should sail upon quite another tack. It would not be a spectacular nor an intellectual tack and there would be no medals and no statistics. First of all I should realize that it would be a long and hard job, because the task to be done would not be to persuade men that they had made a miscalculation of profits, seeing that they have made no calculations at all, but rather that war is essentially wrong, and that it is just as reprehensible for ten thousand men to kill each other on a battlefield as for two men to kill each other outside a saloon. Uniforms and military bands have no weight whatever with the Recording Angel. Now it has taken us a long time to learn that individuals must not kill each other. It will take us just as long to learn that nations must not kill each other, but it will be done in the same way, not by demonstrations that it does not pay to kill each other, but by the slow evolution of a moral sense which has nothing whatever to do with churches or creeds. I think I should begin with the children when they are about two weeks old by teaching them that there are such things as wrong and right, and that they must learn to discriminate between them, and that right and wrong have nothing to do with schedules of acts prepared and labeled by other persons, or supposedly sacred authorities, but that they are innate perceptions. But I think the chief appeal would have to be made to women. Ruskin said once that if the guns that tore apart the souls and bodies of men did but crack the china on the drawing-room tables war would disappear at once. He meant that women's interests and their sense of duty are wholly domestic. Now that was many years ago, and women are

trying to persuade us that they have grown beyond the family circle. Now suppose they were to show it by discouraging war, not by worshipping bravery less, but by worshipping it with more discrimination, and by refusing to applaud the bravery that is unnecessary or in a vicious cause. The steel construction workman has chosen a duty much more dangerous than that of the soldier, and when he falls he is quite as worthy of flowers and laudations, but no one thinks of giving him either. But truly he fell gallantly in the performance of his duty. If women were to reward all braveries instead of a few specified braveries, if they were to denounce and frown upon all merely spectacular braveries, we should soon see the end of most of the wars of today. But demonstrations of their expensiveness will never bring them to an end. They will never have the slightest effect upon an evil that lies deep in the passional nature of man.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Mount Zabarah, in Upper Egypt, is said to have been the source of many of the wonderful ancient emeralds, but centuries have passed since these prolific mines were exhausted, and modern jewelers must now depend upon the Western Hemisphere for their supply. Perhaps the most valuable single emerald found in modern times is the one in that famous collection of gems owned by the Duke of Devonshire. It is said to be a perfect hexagonal crystal, weighing eight ounces and eighteen pennyweights, and two inches in length. It came from the mines of Colombia, and it is this South American republic that furnishes the greatest supply of fine emeralds known to the world today. Not that Colombia is the only country that has emerald mines. Ecuador and Peru have contributed their share to the world's supply, and in the former country the city of Esmeraldas takes its name from the precious stones found in its vicinity. Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found emeralds as fine as those of the Peruvian Incas. The Mexican gems were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come. The Colombian gems exhibit to the highest degree the qualities of color, brilliancy, flawlessness, and size characteristic of the best emeralds known, and the Muzo district seems at present to be the most prolific of all mining zones. The matrix in which they are imbedded overlies a great precipice of black shale or slate. This black rock contains but few stones. They are found for the most part in white calcite running in veins through this slate, some being imbedded in the matrix and others lying in pockets. These rocks dip in every direction, evidently as the result of repeated volcanic action; and the strata are traversed by cracks or small fissures, which have been filled up by infiltration with silica, alumina, lime, and magnesia, with a little chrome and other minerals, including pyrites. Under great heat and pressure these minerals in the fissures or veins crystallized in different forms according to the various minerals contained. Thus it is supposed have emeralds been formed, for the most beautiful, of a deep green color, have been found in these veins, the tint being due to the presence of chrome in sufficient quantities. All of the Colombian mines are situated within a radius of 100 miles of Bogota, at altitudes between 2000 and 7000 feet above sea-level. It is estimated that the annual production is not far from \$1,000,000 in value. An English syndicate has the exclusive concession for mining these valuable stones, under strict governmental supervision, and the actual figures of the annual output have not been revealed in recent years.

There are parts of Asia Minor, of northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call "the historical period," they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man, nor can they become again fitted for human use (writes George P. Marsh in his book, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action"). The Alps of Provence present a terrible aspect. In the more equable climate of northern France, one can form no conception of those parched mountain gorges, where not even a bush can be found to shelter a bird, where, at most, the wanderer sees in summer here and there a withered lavender, where all the springs are dried up, and where a dead silence, hardly broken by even the hum of an insect, prevails. But if a storm bursts forth masses of water suddenly shoot from the mountain heights into the shattered gulfs, waste without irrigating, deluge without refreshing the soil they overflow in their swift descent, and leave it even more seared than it was from want of moisture. Man at last retires from the fearful desert, and I have the present season found not a living soul in districts where I remember to have enjoyed hospitality thirty years ago. It is certain that the productive mould of the Alps, swept off by the increasing violence of that curse of the mountains, the torrents, is daily diminishing with fearful rapidity. All our Alps are wholly, or in large proportion, bared of wood. Their soil, scorched by the sun of Provence, cut up by the hoots of sheep, which, not finding on the surface the grass they require for their sustenance, gnaw and scratch the ground in search of roots to satisfy their hunger, is periodically washed and carried off by melting snows and summer storms.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

"The Best Laid Plans of Men and Mice."

Toward the end of last May, as we were getting up from table, my wife and I—also Mme. de Channeville, my mother-in-law, who dines with us once a week—we received a letter from America.

"It's news from Henri!" cried my wife, ripping the envelope open with a hairpin.

Henri is my mother-in-law's nephew, who married a Philadelphia heiress on condition that he never leave America.

While my wife poured the coffee, I read the letter:

Enid is going to Europe by the next steamer to see the Bayreuth performances. She travels with friends as far as Paris, where she intends to stay a month. Will you meet her at the Saint-Lazare depot, and take her to a hotel and secure an apartment for her? If you will do that she will give you no further trouble, for my American sister-in-law is used to looking out for herself, and she makes friends wherever she goes. When you go to the depot have a New York Herald in your hand, so that she may know you," etc.

Miss Enid Walton, Henri's sister-in-law, as his letters had informed us, was twenty-five years old, not exactly pretty, but very agreeable, and she adored dancing, flirtation, and all the appurtenances of her state as an American girl.

The next day, as we were finishing our luncheon, Mme. de Channeville appeared again, which was contrary to the adopted *modus vivendi*; it had been agreed that she should dine with us every Sunday, when her cook took her day out.

"I haven't closed my eyes the whole night," my mother-in-law declared, as she sank into a chair. "Ever since last night I have been thinking of Maurice—and Miss Walton."

Maurice de Channeville is held up on every occasion by his mother as a model son and officer of cavalry. The truth is that he has never attempted to oppose the respectable but autocratic personage who brought him into the world. He was a model pupil at school and at the Polytechnic, and he will be a model husband when the competent authority shall have found him a wife. He drinks neither coffee nor wine, and he detests tobacco.

"If I grasp your meaning," I replied, "you are thinking of having Miss Walton and her millions join the cavalry."

"Why not?" retorted my mother-in-law, removing her gloves, and she and my wife fell to planning the campaign. The chief point was to confiscate Enid, so to speak, immediately on her arrival, for Paris is full of voracious bachelors ready to fall upon a newly arrived heiress.

That very day I was sent off to secure an apartment at the Washington, a hotel near our home, where we should have the young woman constantly under our eyes. As Miss Walton has to pay the bills, I did not haggle over the price. The next day my mother-in-law and my wife went to look at the rooms, accompanied by the Marquis de la Pérade.

I shall insert a parenthesis here to say that Fernand de la Pérade is my pet abomination. He is a bachelor who owns up to thirty-five summers, though he is entitled to many more. At any rate he was the running mate of my late father-in-law, who amused himself royally till the end of his days. Under the pretense that he had ruined himself for M. de Channeville, while he simply ruined himself with him, only more completely, Fernand has won my mother-in-law's confidence, and she does nothing without consulting him. He is not a bankrupt in the legal sense. He has never denied a single one of his debts. Two things in him excite my admiration without winning my sympathy: I do not know a better-dressed or a more amusing man in Paris.

He announces everywhere that he will die a bachelor, which no one doubts, and to this reputation he owes the fact that he could be seen with the same woman twenty days running and no one would think anything of it. By good luck he gets thinner as he grows older, and he still looks like a young man. He rides, skates, dances, plays tennis, recites, and organizes bazaars and amateur theatricals.

La Pérade did me the honor to approve the choice I had made, but he turned the apartment destined for Miss Walton upside down, rearranging the furniture and covering the tables with vases of all shapes, in which, on the morning of Enid's arrival, a garden of roses bloomed—at my expense.

When the express rumbled into the Saint-Lazare depot we were there, my wife and I, bristling with New York Herald as if we had them for sale. A tall young woman, not pretty, but graceful and well set up, came to us without the least hesitation, held out her hand, and asked how we were in the purest French. Then she announced herself ready to follow us, directing her maid to look after the luggage. But the maid did not understand the language of Racine.

"How provoking!" exclaimed the American girl.

All at once a providential personage bore down upon us like a cloud. To shake hands with me as if the meeting were by the merest chance, to bow to my wife, to ask what brought us there, and to be presented to Miss Walton—all this was the work of two minutes for La Pérade. And he could speak English!

"I was looking for a friend who has doubtless missed the train," he said, as soon as he was informed of the difficulty. "Allow me to help your maid, Miss Walton.

What hotel are you stopping at?" and, while the ladies started on, this knowing individual whispered in my ear: "Mme. de Channeville gave me the tip. My word, but she's going to have a stunning daughter-in-law!"

It was agreed that Miss Walton should dine with my wife and me. But she seemed so touched by the marquis's kindness, so anxious to thank him more cordially, that we had to telegraph to La Pérade to make a fourth at table. I must confess that, thanks to him, the new arrival laughed from one end of the evening to the other. And justice compels me to say that the parasite showed himself a skillful diplomat. He sang the praises of my mother-in-law in the most realistic way in the world. He related touching stories of Maurice's childhood and youth—whom he had known since his birth, he said. A French school-girl would have dreamed of the handsome young soldier all night. But Enid was not French, neither was she a school-girl.

I soon felt the deplorable effects of the Washington Hotel's proximity. When Enid was not at our house she was going about with my wife, who, in the interest of Maurice's future, had become her inseparable companion.

Personally, I had nothing to complain of. Fernand de la Pérade was regularly charged with escort duty. I can not imagine how that man contrived to have his pockets always filled with tickets for the theatres, exhibitions, and all the places generally considered interesting. The American girl dined at our house on the slightest pretext, and, as my wife said, it wouldn't do to offer stew and vegetables to an heiress accustomed to the luxury of the land of dollars, especially when it was a matter of having the heiress in question become a member of the family.

The presentation took place. Maurice de Channeville happened to drop in on us one evening at dinner-time. He was in full uniform—an idea of my mother-in-law's. But Miss Walton, with the frankness of a child, observed that the army, at any rate in the lower grades, did not count for much in her country. If she had been capable of intimidation this tall, self-contained, and cold young man would have frozen her, if only by the too respectful way in which he kissed the tips of her fingers. The conversation suddenly languished, and for the first time in my experience a quarter of an hour passed without Enid laughing. I saw her eyes fixed with stupefaction on the pure water in Maurice's glass. We drank only champagne in my house from one end of the meal to the other, according to the American fashion.

As we were leaving the table—my mother-in-law and the marquis were of the party, of course—apropos of I do not know what pleasantries on Enid's part, La Pérade and my brother-in-law handed their card-cases to the young American. On Maurice's were to be seen simply the initials, "M. C.," his family being an ancient and honorable one, but not noble. On the marquis's, on the other hand, was a coronet as big as a dinner-plate. Enid exclaimed on the elegance of this heraldic attribute and on its happy effect on linen, for La Pérade immediately showed us his hankerchief. He contented himself with this, thank heaven! so far as linen goes; but we beheld defile before us successively his pocket-book, his watch, the crown of his hat, his cuff-buttons, and the head of his cane. At each new coronet Miss Walton exclaimed with new admiration, while Mme. de Channeville's brows contracted more and more. For the first time I saw—not without pleasure—my mother-in-law absolutely furious at her favorite. But Enid, noticing "the old lady's" stony look, thought she was at fault in having shown this plebeian enthusiasm.

"You must excuse me," she said, frankly. "I am not accustomed to coronets."

"The La Pérades are like you in that, Miss Walton," responded Mme. de Channeville in a disdainful tone. "That is why they use the ornament so lavishly."

The first La Pérade received his title, and even his name, in 1829, in the person of Fernand's grandfather, a detail that the ex-young man was quite willing to forget. He made no reply, having none to make; but I saw in his eyes that he would not soon forgive this wound to his vanity.

From that time on we saw much less of the man with the coronets, though there was no open rupture. As to Miss Walton, she began to know her way about, and no longer troubled my wife to accompany her.

June soon came, and my brother-in-law, who was really hard hit, profited by his leave of absence to complete the conquest of the fair American. Mme. de Channeville was not ill-content, but I was by no means of her mind regarding Maurice's progress. That he was a model lover for a French girl of Musset's day there could be no doubt. But it remained to be seen if he was the model that would win a young American. When I expressed my fears to Mme. de Channeville she complained that Maurice lacked only an opportunity.

"I don't think so," I replied. "What do you want? Must I get up a boating party and have Miss Walton knocked overboard and brought to shore, fainting, in the arms of your son?"

My mother-in-law detests my ironies, and as a general thing retires trumpeting indignantly at the first dose. But this time she answered me with tranquil mildness.

"Perhaps you would do better to get up a little dance to amuse the girl. She has often told you that she

adores dancing, and you know few men can waltz so well as Maurice. That is what you would do if you had your brother-in-law's interests really at heart. But—" a sigh, a significant nod of the head, her eyes raised to heaven, completed the sentence. I could see I was being accused of all manner of selfishness.

"Very well, madame!" I replied, angrily, "you shall have your little dance. Otherwise we shall never hear the end of how I kept your son from marrying an American."

But this time Mme. de Channeville was insensible to irony. She had gained her point; she was going to have her little dance, and she could afford to laugh at me.

They carried deference to the extreme of consulting me as to the day. Then all seemed to sleep about me in a deceptive calm. I was roughly aroused from it one morning by opening a big bundle of engraved invitations.

"What the deuce is this?" I exclaimed, with a sudden intuition of the truth.

Mme. de Channeville was present. She rushed into the breach, giving her daughter no time to reply.

"Why, have you forgotten? You are to give a party, and these are the invitations."

"In the first place," I said, preparing for the fray, "it was to be a little dance, not a party. If you send out engraved cards as if it were a ball, our friends will expect a hot supper, with a band of musicians and jeweled prizes for the cotillion."

"Heavens, what a man!" exclaimed my mother-in-law, with a mellifluous laugh. "Don't be frightened. A pianist and two instruments, two or three bowls of punch, and a few bouquets no bigger than your hand for the ladies—that is all we ask. Isn't it, Antoinette?"

"That is all we ask," repeated my wife, like an echo. "Besides, dear, Miss Walton is going away the day after the party. She has just been here to tell us."

My wife was not mistaken in supposing that this news would soften my wrath. "Very good," I replied, preparing to leave the house. "But tell Maurice he had better succeed this time. He'll die an old maid if he expects me to dazzle another American for him."

At early morning on the great day the whole house was upset. Carpets were torn up, floors were waxed, great vans brought loads of chairs and potted plants. It was more than a little dance, it was more than a party that I was to give; it was a grand ball!

It is never agreeable to a man to find himself overreached, especially by his mother-in-law. I got really angry, and, Mme. de Channeville not being there to face the music—she had looked to that!—I opened up on her daughter, who at my first words burst into tears. All I could do was to seize my hat and go off to my club to nurse my wrath. I lunched there and passed the entire day away from home, dining with a friend. Finally, as it was necessary to put on a good face before the world, I went home at half-past nine to dress.

A letter brought a few hours earlier was awaiting me. I read it, and all at once my bedroom echoed with the sounds of my joy, savage, infernal, probably hideous to see. Then, humming a merry air, I completed my toilet. At ten o'clock I strode up and down the hall, not with the philosophy of a host who awaits his guests, but with the cat-like tread of a tiger watching the brook where a deer is coming to drink. The deer was my mother-in-law.

She came at last, escorted by her son, the irresistible Maurice. With a smile that was little expected, judging by her astonishment, I offered my arm to Mme. de Channeville. We all three proceeded to the brilliantly lighted salon. My wife was already there, radiant in a new gown. I closed the doors after us, not wishing to be disturbed. Then, planted before the mantel, my eyes fixed on my mother-in-law's face, in which I could still read defiance, I delivered the following discourse:

"Madam, do you know why the peace and quiet of my life has been destroyed for six weeks past? Do you know why my table has become that of a Rothschild, why I have sown gold broadcast in the theatres and the fashionable restaurants? Above all, do you know why I am giving this 'little dance,' which is going to cost me four thousand francs if it costs me a centime? It is to prevent Miss Walton and her millions returning to America. Well, madame, you may rejoice! The thing is done! We have succeeded! The charming American is about to become an adorable Frenchwoman. We shall very soon have the pleasure of felicitating her. She has just written me this letter, which I beg to read you before the arrival of our guests imposes other duties on us:

"DEAR FRIEND: You have always been so kind to me, you and your family, that I wish to tell you, before any one else, of my engagement to the Marquis de la Pérade. Be good enough to tell your family. And we beg of you, my fiancé and I, not to tell any one else of it at present, so that we can announce it at your ball. Sincerely yours,

"ENID WALTON."

Poor Maurice had become so pale that I felt really sorry for him. As to my mother-in-law, she was crushed and speechless for the first time since I have had the pleasure of being her son-in-law. But presently the war-like light of the old days flamed in her eye. Her lips moved, she was about to speak, Heaven knows what I should have heard—but Fate was against her. Two cotton-gloved hands opened the doors, and a stenographic voice announced:

"Miss Walton! Monsieur le Marquis de la Pérade."—Abridged from the Argonaut from the French of de Tinscau.

LONDON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A Survey of the Spring Promise and Performance.

While this letter is being written there are in London, or have recently been here, more representatives of American publishing houses than in any previous spring season. As usual, their mission has been to sell and buy and prospect. On the other hand, too, many representatives of London book producers have recently returned from their annual pilgrimage to the United States. This coming and going between the two countries involves such a considerable expense that one of the probable developments of the near future may be the foundation of a kind of clearing-house for the book output of America and England, especially as the lowering of the duty on English-made books is tending towards a greater exchange of the literary wares of both countries. If, however, the clearing-house project should ever take a definite form, the interchange of visits will not entirely cease, for after all the chief object of such expeditions over the Atlantic is to discover new talent. No question, for example, is so frequently asked me by our American visitors as, "Have you found any new authors?"

By new authors my querists mean new novelists. For the one consuming ambition of each literary ambassador is to run to earth a novelist who gives promise of being a best-seller. The big travel books of the Livingstone or Stanley type are a rapidly diminishing quantity. Even polar books are becoming an uncertain gamble, though the pathetic story of the Scott expedition shows that under certain conditions there is still large profit in that kind of literature. It is difficult to see, however, how any future polar hook can have a popular market, for the Arctic and Antarctic regions are now almost as familiar as the most traveled regions. And the rest of the world is being so rapidly prospected that new travel sensations must become fewer and fewer. Soon all that will be left is the world of imagination, a fact which explains the keenness of publishers to discover such explorers of that region as have new visions to declare. This tendency will help to adjust the commercial effects of the lowering of the tariff on imported books. As thus: When an American publisher buys an edition of an English-made book his purchase usually takes the form of so many sets of "sheets," that is printed matter which gives no employment to American labor save in the way of binding. In the case of novels, however, few American buyers will consider a book unless it seems worth while to have it set in type in the United States, for if a book bought in "sheets" should prove to be a best-seller there would be nothing to prevent another house bringing out a rival edition. That being the effect of the present copyright law, it is idle for English authors to expect such a change in that law as will give them security in the United States unless their books are wholly manufactured in that country.

Although our present visitors have purchased editions of many kinds of books I have yet to hear of a case in which their bargains have included a volume of poetry. Why should they, indeed, seeing that our one poet, Alfred Noyes, who boasts that he can make a good income out of verse, seems to have decided to make his home in the United States? And yet there is an undoubted revival of interest in verse. The best proof of that fact is that an anthology of Georgian poetry has run into a seventh edition within the last year, and that London can now boast of such a unique institution as a Poetry Bookshop. The last-named establishment, which is situated in one of the most prosaic districts of London, is a portent without parallel in the history of literature, for never before has John Bull's capital had an emporium specially devoted to the sale of verse. The Poetry Bookshop was opened to create a link between poetry and the public, and as a protest against the commercialization of the book trade and the exploitation of the poetaster by mercenary publishers. The friends of the muse tell us that public confidence has been disturbed by the wiles of the unscrupulous publisher, though they are convinced that public appreciation of verse is as keen today as at any time, and that all statements as to its unpopularity are manufactured by those hook vendors who are more interested in the sale of more easily distributed and remunerative wares. Hence the Poetry Bookshop, where, in addition to its unique stock of recent verse, bi-weekly readings and recitations are given. For the first anniversary of this novel institution Maurice Hewlett, Edmund Gosse, Henry Newolt, and Lascelles Abercrombie gave addresses and readings to a large and sympathetic company of poetic devotees. No statistics as to sales were offered, but the faithful were assured that the experiment had been entirely successful. Yet it is a significant fact that not so very long ago a government pension of £150 a year was bestowed upon W. B. Yeats, who must surely derive as large an income from his verse as any poet of the hour.

In one matter certainly the younger generation excels the old masters, namely, in the gentle art of self-advertisement. They are exceedingly pushful, these new popular favorites; so pushful that some of the older favorites are becoming a little peevish. There is Maria Corelli, for example, who in answer to a question as to what has become of her of late retorts that she has "withdrawn for a time into a retired literary corner overpowered by the crowd of stupendous

geniuses (according to publishers' advertisements) who occupy it." Some of our best-sellers, however, appear to have a difficulty in making ends meet, for no less popular an author than William Le Queux has figured recently in the bankruptcy court, despite the fact that his average earnings have amounted to some £5000 a year. And the case of Joseph Conrad is even more strange, for although he is reckoned among the most popular novelists of the day he is in receipt of a civil list pension.

One of the most curious features of the present situation is the absence of any relation between criticism and public favor. The reading public elects its favorites without much attention to the views of the critics. Mrs. Barclay is a case in point. Her novels sell by the hundred thousand, yet nearly all the critics treat them with ridicule. Another best-seller who owes nothing to the reviewers is Nat Gould, who must have nearly a hundred sporting novels to his credit. The truth of the matter is that the output of fiction is too enormous for judgment to keep pace with it. And another important factor of the situation is that the claim of private opinion was never exercised with so much freedom. This is all to the good of the newcomer, though adverse to a "school" of fiction.

Another important innovation of the fiction market has to be noticed. The cinematograph has been called in to redress the balance of the sevenpenny reprint. Thus if the sevenpenny cloth-bound novel has hit the publishers hard, it follows that there is nothing in it for the author. He, however, is now in a better case than the publisher, for the increasing rage for movies has opened up a new source of revenue for the novelist. With that business acuteness which distinguishes him from all his comrades of the pen, H. G. Wells has driven a profitable bargain with a leading firm of film producers, his contract including all his past work and everything he may write in the future. Then there is W. W. Jacobs, whose rollicking sea yarns lend themselves to filming better than most stories, provided they are enacted by capable exponents.

Judging from a comparison between a list of books for sale which lies before me and the spring lists of the publishers, it would seem that there is one lesson that London book merchants are slow to learn. The catalogue in question gives particulars of several hundred volumes that are offered in an absolutely new condition at less than second-hand prices. In other words, they are the "remainders" of editions that failed. Such a list, one might think, would be a warning to publishers of the type of book to avoid, for a glance over the titles shows that the rehash of old scandals has but a limited market. Thus when such compilations as "The Beloved Princess," "The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court," "Noble Dames of the Georgian Era," "Queens of Beauty and Their Romance," and "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess" have to be jobbed off at less than half their published price the moral is surely obvious. Despite that fact, however, the same type of book is as much in evidence as ever in the newest announcements. And so long as American publishers will purchase even small editions of such compilations the supply is hardly likely to cease, for it is unfortunately true that there is no lack of diligent Grub Street hacks who are content to manufacture these volumes for about a hundred dollars apiece. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, April 22, 1914.

Eastport, Maine, has the double distinction of being the easternmost city of the United States and the centre of the sardine-packing industry of the Atlantic coast. The actual easternmost point of land in the United States is West Quoddy Head, marked by a lighthouse a few miles south of Eastport. Some conception of the extreme irregularity of the coast may be gained from the statement that Eastport may be reached from its sister town Lubec by a three-mile ferry, whereas the traveler following the shore would have to walk one hundred rocky miles to get from one of these towns to the other. The Eastport region is one of the few places in the Atlantic states that still counts among its inhabitants the direct descendants of the native owners of the soil. These are the Passamaquoddy Indians, who form a small village at Pleasant Point, where they live as temporal wards of the state and as spiritual wards of the Catholic church. Because they have adopted so freely the ways of the white man these Indians have ceased to be picturesque, but tourists are interested in them because of the really artistic baskets of sweet grass and dyed wood woven by the women. Only once a year, on Corpus Christi Day, do they deck themselves out in ceremonial robes and with songs and dances recall the savage glories of long ago. This feast day of course attracts spectators from all the neighboring towns. Though now up to date, the village of these Indians as late as 1888 consisted mainly of tepees, and it was then common to see them clad in their native costumes.

Telephone troubles in the tropics are largely due to the wires becoming covered with air plants. In Porto Rica the humidity of the atmosphere is so great that the plants continue to grow until they are detached by the linemen.

Among the buildings destroyed in the recent fire at St. Augustine, the oldest city in this country, was the Vedder Museum, containing priceless relics of the Spanish period.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Burial of the Dane.

Blue gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from
We know, and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
"Tis my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the boldest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks:—
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
But, silence to doubt and dole:—
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor away soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft,
Loose to gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead—
Every man to his duty,
We have buried our dead!

—Henry Howard Brownell.

The Leadsman's Song.

For England, when with favoring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And scudding, under easy sail,
The high blue western lands appeared,
To heave the lead the seaman sprang,
And to the pilot cheerily sang,
"By the deep—Nine."

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tower, a ruined fort,
A beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerily sung,
"By the mark—Seven."

And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love and matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less—Five."

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
With slackened sail she feels the tide,
Stand clear the cable is the cry,
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seaman with delight
Proclaim—"All's well." —Unknown.

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
The word to "pipe all hands,"
Thus Death, who Kings and Tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft. —Charles Dibdin.

The imports of matches into China greatly exceed in value any other wood product. Most of the matches come in from Japan.

HOW THE RICH LIVE.

An Anonymous Author Describes the Daily Life and the Daily Miseries of the Fashionable Millionaire.

This curious book is described as "the confessions of a successful man," and it leaves us somewhat bewildered as to the meaning of the adjective. It is anonymous, it is told in the first person, and it paints a picture of a condition very much resembling hell. It is the story of a man who lives in an atmosphere of money. The universe and all its parts present themselves to him with the prefix of the dollar sign. Like a goldfish he swims round and round in a big bowl. He can look through, "sort of dimly," but he can not get out. Eventually this particular rich man does get out, which leads us to think that probably the story is not really an autobiography, since rich men never do escape from the net in actual life. He tells us about himself, his friends, his children, his mind, his morals, and his future. He lives in an air that is mephitic and poisonous. If Dante had written his "Inferno" in the present age he would certainly have added another inner circle to hell, and he would have peopled it with "successful" men. He would have reserved that particular circle for his most bitter enemies.

In his efforts to explain himself to us the author tells us that he has good health, that he sleeps well, that he has no organic trouble. His appetite for food is not particularly good, and his other appetites are by no means keen. Eating is the most active pleasure that he can experience, but in order to enjoy his dinner he must drink a cocktail, and his doctor says that cocktails are not good for him;

My personal habits are careful, regular, and somewhat luxurious. I bathe always once and generally twice a day. Incidentally I am accustomed to scatter a spoonful of scented powder in the water for the sake of the odor. I like hot baths and spend a good deal of time in the Turkish bath at my club. After steaming myself for half an hour and taking a cold plunge, an alcohol rub, and a cocktail, I feel younger than ever; but the sight of my fellow-men in the bath revolts me. Almost without exception they have flabby, pendulous stomachs out of all proportion to the rest of their bodies. Most of them are bald and their feet are excessively ugly, so that, as they lie stretched out on glass slabs to be rubbed down with salt and scrubbed, they appear to be deformed. I speak now of the men of my age. Sometimes a boy comes in that looks like a Greek god; but generally the boys are as weird-looking as the men. I am rambling, however. Anyhow I am less repulsive than most of them. Yet, unless the human race has steadily deteriorated, I am surprised that the Creator was not discouraged after his first attempt.

The author tells us that his income is from sixty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars a year. He has a house near Central Park worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The taxes are thirty-two hundred dollars, and repairs and improvements about twenty-five hundred. With interest it will be seen that merely to have a roof over his head costs him over eighteen thousand dollars:

My electric-light bills are over one hundred dollars a month. My coal and wood cost me even more, for I have two furnaces to heat the house, an engine to pump the water, and a second range in the laundry. One man is kept busy all the time attending to these matters and cleaning the windows. I pay my butler eighty dollars a month; my second man fifty-five; my valet sixty; my cook seventy; the two kitchen maids twenty-five each; the head laundress forty-five; the two second laundresses thirty-five each; the parlor maid thirty; the two housemaids twenty-five each; my wife's maid thirty-five; my daughters' maid thirty; the useful man fifty; the pantry maid twenty-five. My house payroll is, therefore, six hundred and fifty dollars a month, or seventy-eight hundred a year.

Within the last few years, says the author, he has found it absolutely impossible to get along on seventy-five thousand dollars a year. He does not keep a yacht, or hunters, or polo ponies. His wife is not particularly lavish, but she complains of the insufficiency of her allowance. There seems to be no extravagances, but here is the smallest budget on which he can possibly maintain his household of five adults:

ANNUAL BUDGET—MINIMUM—FOR FAMILY OF FIVE PERSONS.	
Taxes on city house.....	\$ 3,200
Repairs, improvements, and minor alterations.....	2,500
Rent of country house—average.....	7,000
Gardeners and stablemen, and so on.....	800
Servants' payroll.....	7,800
Food supplies.....	15,000
Light and heat—gas, electricity, coal, and wood.....	2,400
Saddle-horses—board and so on.....	2,000
Automobile expenses.....	8,000
Wife's allowance—emphatically insufficient.....	5,000
Daughters' allowance—two.....	6,000
Son's allowance.....	2,500
Self—clubs, clothes, and so on.....	2,500
Medical attendance—including dentist.....	1,000
Charity.....	1,500
Travel—wife's annual spring trip to Paris.....	3,500
Opera, theatre, music, entertaining at restaurants, and so on.....	3,500
Total.....	\$74,200

Of his family the author knows very little. It seems incredible that a father can be such a stranger to his children. He does not dine with his family fifteen times in the course of a winter, and he finds himself conversing with his daughters much as if they were women whom he had met casually at dinner. They are literally "perfect ladies":

When they were little I was permitted a certain amount of decorous informality, but now I have to be very careful how I kiss them on account of the amount of powder they use. They have, both of them, excellent natural complexions, but they are not satisfied unless their noses have an artificial whiteness like that of marble. I suspect, also, that their lips have a heightened color. At all events I am careful to "mind the paint." But they are—either because of these things or in spite of them—extraordinarily pretty girls—prettier, I am

forced to admit, than their mother was at their age. Now, as I write, I wonder to what end these children of mine have been born into the world—how they will assist in the development of the race to a higher level.

The social entertainment is grievously misnamed. You have not been entertained, you have not profited, you have not enjoyed yourself. In point of fact you have suffered. The author is told that this conventional form of amusement is quite unknown in Europe. The European is puzzled and baffled by one of our combined "talk-and-eat bouts":

A nobleman from Florence recently said to me: "At home, when we go to other people's houses it is for the purpose of meeting our own friends or our friend's friends. We go after our evening meal and stay as long as we choose. Some light refreshment is served, and those who wish to do so smoke or play cards. The old and the young mingle together. It is proper for each guest to make himself agreeable to all the others. We do not desire to spend money or to make a fête. At the proper times we have our balls and fiestas."

"But here in New York each night I have been pressed to go to a grand entertainment and eat a huge dinner cooked by a French chef and served by several men servants, where I am given one lady to talk to for several hours. I must converse with no one else, even if there is a witty, beautiful, and charming woman directly opposite me; and as I talk and listen I must consume some ten or twelve courses or fail to do justice to my host's hospitality. I am given four or five costly wines, caviar, turtle soup, fish, mousse, a roast, partridge, pâté de foie gras, glacés, fruits, bonbons, and cigars costing two francs each. Not to eat and drink would be to insult the friend who is paying at least forty or fifty francs for my dinner. But I can not enjoy a meal eaten in such haste, and I can not enjoy talking to one strange lady for so long."

"Then the men retire to a chamber from which the ladies are excluded. I must talk to some man. Perhaps I have seen an attractive woman I wish to meet. It is hopeless. I must talk to her husband! At the end of three-quarters of an hour the men march to the drawing-room, and again I must talk to some one lady for half an hour and then must go home! I may be only half-past ten o'clock, but I have no choice. Away I must go. I say good-night. I have eaten a huge dinner; I have talked to one man and three ladies; I have drunk a great deal of wine and my head is very tired."

Until recently the author had assumed that his dancing days were over. He went with his wife to balls, but not to dance. His wife did not care to endanger her attire or her complexion, and she felt that a middle-aged woman who went hopping and twirling about a ballroom must be callous to the amusement that followed her gyrations:

With the advent of the turkey trot and the tango, things have changed, however. No one is too stout, too old, or too clumsy to go walking solemnly round, in or out of time to the music. I confess to a consciousness of absurdity when, to the exciting rhythm of Trés Moutard, I back Mrs. Jones slowly down the room and up again.

"Do you grapevine?" she inquires ardently. Yes; I admit the soft impeachment, and at once she begins with some astonishing convulsion with the lower part of her body, which I attempt to follow. After several entanglements we move triumphantly across the hall.

"How beautifully you dance!" she pants.

Aged roisterer that I am, I fall for the compliment. She is a nice old thing, after all!

"Fish walk?" asks she.

I retort with total abandon.

"Come along!"

So, grabbing her tightly and keeping my legs entirely stiff—as per instructions from my son—I stalk swiftly along the floor, while she backs with prodigious velocity. Away we go, an odd four hundred pounds of us, until, exhausted, we collapse against the table where the champagne is being distributed.

In the Old World a man's social position is a matter of fixed classification. It is known from the start whether he hunts, fishes or shoots, rides or dances. He is not supposed to acquire with his money an entirely new set of habits:

The great manufacturer or chemist in England, France, Italy, or Germany, the clever inventor, the astute banker, the successful merchant, have their due rewards; but, except in obvious instances, they are not presumed to have acquired incidentally to their material prosperity the arts of playing billiards, making love, shooting game on the wing, entertaining a house party or riding to hounds. Occasionally one of them becomes by special favor of the sovereign a baronet; but as a rule his so-called social position is little affected by his business success, and there is no reason why it should be. He may make a fortune out of a new process, but he invites the same people to dinner, frequents the same club and enjoys himself in just about the same way as he did before. His newly acquired wealth is not regarded as in itself likely to make him a more congenial dinner-table companion or any more delightful at five-o'clock tea.

The moral effect of the modern life of wealth is a destructive one, and nowhere is this more patent, says the author, than in much of our current magazine literature and light fiction. These stories are frequently designed to stimulate all the emotions that could be excited by the most vicious French novel:

A friend of mine who edits one of the more successful magazines tells me there are at least half a dozen writers who are paid guaranteed salaries of from twelve thousand dollars to eighteen thousand dollars a year for turning out each month from five thousand to ten thousand words of what is euphemistically termed "hot stuff." An erotic writer can earn yearly at the present time more than the salary of the President of the United States. What the physical result of all this is going to be does not seem to me to matter much. If the words of Jesus Christ have any significance we are already debased by our imaginations.

It seems to the author that while there is at present a greater popular knowledge of the high cost of sinning, there is at the same time a greater tolerance for sin itself. "Wild oats" are regarded as entirely a matter of course. No anecdote is too broad to be told openly at the dinner-table. Stories that used to be whispered discreetly in the smoking-room are now told freely as the natural relishes to polite conversation. In this respect, he says, things are pretty bad:

One can not help wondering what goes on inside the villa on Rhode Island Avenue when the eighteen-year-old daughter of the house remarks to the circle of young men and women

about her at a dance: "Well, I'm going to bed—scule!" The listener furtively speculates about mama. He feels quite sure about papa. Anyhow this particular mot attracted no comment. Doubtless the young lady was as far above suspicion as the wife of Caesar; but she and her companions in this particular set have an appalling frankness of speech and a callousness in regard to discussing the more personal facts of human existence that is startling to a middle-aged man like myself.

The worst feature of our situation is that the quasi-genteel working class greedily devour the newspaper accounts of the American aristocracy and model themselves, so far as possible, after it. It is almost unbelievable how intimate a knowledge these young women possess of the domestic life, manner of speech and dress, of the conspicuous people in New York society:

The other day the young governess of a friend of my wife gave up her position, saying she was to be married. Her employer expressed an interest in the matter and asked who was going to perform the ceremony. She was surprised to learn that the functionary was to be the local country justice of the peace.

"But why aren't you going to have a clergyman marry you?" asked our friend.

"Because I don't want it too binding!" answered the girl calmly.

Society is, of course, content to live a hand-to-mouth mental existence on a haphazard diet of newspapers and the lightest novels. There is no longer the elementary knowledge necessary to read intelligently even rather superficial books on important questions. If some one refers to Huss or Wyclif no one knows whom he is talking about:

My wife admits privately that she has forgotten all the French she ever knew—could not even order a meal from a *carte de jour*; yet she is a never-failing source of revenue to the counts and marquises who yearly rush over to New York to replenish their bank accounts by giving parlor lectures in their native tongue on *Le XIII Siècle* or *Mme. Lebrun*. No one would ever guess that she understands no more than one word out of twenty and that she has no idea whether Talleyrand lived in the fifteenth or the eighteenth century, or whether Calvin was a Frenchman or a Scotchman.

Our clever people are content merely with being clever. They will talk Tolstoy or Turgeneff with you, but they are quite vague about Catherine II or Peter the Great. They are up on D'Annunzio, but not on Garibaldi or Cavour. Our ladies wear a false front of culture, but they are quite bald underneath.

Naturally there is not the slightest interest in the general welfare of society. If we know nothing, says the author, about household economies we can hardly be expected to take an interest in the problems of the proletariat. If we are ignorant of the fundamental data of sociology and politics we can have no real opinions on questions affecting the welfare of the people:

The classic phrase "The public be damned!" expresses our true feeling about the matter. We can not become excited about the wrongs and hardships of the working class when we do not know and do not care how they live. One of my daughters—aged seven—once essayed a short story, of which the heroine was an orphan child in direst want. It began: "Corinne was starving. 'Alas! What shall we do for food?' she asked her French nurse as they entered the carriage for their afternoon drive in the park." I have no doubt that even today this same young lady supposes that there are porcelain baths in every tenement house.

The modern successful man does not deliberately examine each new candidate for his friendship and select or reject him in accordance with a financial test, but he leads a social and business life that will constantly throw him only with rich and powerful men:

We have heard a great deal recently about a so-called Money Trust. The truth of the matter is that the Money Trust is something vastly greater than any mere aggregation of banks; it consists in our fundamental trust in money. It is based on our instinctive and ineradicable belief that money rules the destinies of mankind.

Everything is estimated by us in money. A man is worth so and so much—in dollars. The millionaire takes precedence of everybody, except at the White House. The rich have things their own way—and every one knows it. Ashamed of it? Not at all. We are the greatest snobs in the civilized world, and frankly so. We worship wealth because at present we desire only the things that wealth can buy.

The author's awakening comes to him through his stenographer, a man who is earning from thirty-five hundred to five thousand dollars a year. Hastings has done a particularly good piece of work and is complimented by his employer:

"Hastings," I said, "you're too good to be merely a stenographer. Why don't you study law and make some money? I'll keep you here in my office, throw things in your way, and push you along. What do you say?"

He flushed with gratification, but, after a moment's respectful hesitation, shook his head.

"Thank you very much, sir," he replied, "but I wouldn't care to do it. I really wouldn't!"

Though I am fond of the man, his obstinacy nettled me.

"Look here!" I cried. "I'm offering you an unusual chance. You had better think twice before you decline such an opportunity to make something of yourself. If you don't take it you'll probably remain what you are as long as you live. Seize it and you may do as well as I have."

Hastings smiled faintly.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he repeated. "I'm grateful to you for your interest; but—I hope you'll excuse me—I wouldn't change places with you for a million dollars! No—not for ten million!"

Then follows a visit to the stenographer's home and a friendly comparison of domestic budgets and ways and means. It seems that Hastings is the "successful" man, if success is to be measured by happiness—and how else can it be measured?—and his employer is the failure. And it is this that leads us to the suspicion that the story is fiction rather than autobiography, since it credits the millionaire with more intelligence than millionaires usually possess.

THE "GOLDFISH." Being the confessions of a successful man. New York: The Century Company, 1914. net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Fine Feathers.

This story has been novelized from Eugene Walter's drama of the same name, and perhaps it is enough to say that the work has been well done. It tells the story of a young couple in a suburban bouse and faced by all those problems of finance and management that were once a part of all honorable ambition, but that are now too often regarded as intolerable and discreditable. Then comes the millionaire promoter, who suggests to the young husband that he may earn comparative wealth by the simple procedure of a false certificate as to the quality of the cement to be used in a public dam. The husband rejects the temptation with scorn, but the wife succumbs to the lure and finally persuades her husband to the crime. Then comes the disaster that is inevitable on the stage or in the novel, but not so inevitable in actual life. The dam breaks and Nemesis asserts itself, not, of course, on the millionaire promoter—Nemesis knows better than that—but on the young chemist who allowed himself to be overborne by the social ambitions of his wife.

FINE FEATHERS. By Webster Denison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Japanese Problem.

Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, M. A., M. D., is professor in Doshisha University and lecturer in the Imperial University of Kyoto, Japan. He is therefore well equipped with the knowledge and experience for a discussion of the immigration problem, and perhaps we may also suspect that his views are somewhat conditioned by his environment. The protest against a Japanese invasion is by no means confined to California. It is heard from every part of the world where the Japanese coolie has obtained a footing. Rightly or wrongly the white man has satisfied himself that his social system is threatened by the presence of Asiatics, and it is hard to believe that so widespread a conviction can rest upon nothing but racial prejudice and ignorance.

The author argues his case well, but not without a suspicion of special pleading. He shows us photographs of Japanese homes in California and asks us triumphantly if these are shacks. Of course they are not shacks, but then no one has said that all Japanese homes in California are shacks. He tells us of Japanese who have a neighborly feeling for their white neighbors. Doubtless they have, but this does not controvert the assertion that in large numbers of cases whole districts have been rendered untenable by white men, and this by deliberated measures of annoyance on the part of the Japanese. He proves to us that some Japanese have been assimilated, but this is hardly evidence that the Japanese as a whole are assimilable.

Dr. Gulick's solution of the problem is a simple one, depending as it does on a surrender of all American claims. But then all problems could be solved in the same way. For example, the first item on his list provides that "American citizenship should be granted to every qualified individual, regardless of race." Precisely so, but then the constitution forbids this, and for reasons that appeared then and that appear now to be sufficient. It seems equally futile to suggest that this and all other problems could be adjusted by the application of Christian principles. Of course they could, but then we are not Christians, and there is no likelihood of our becoming Christians. If we were Christians there would be no need of any social machinery at all except of the simplest kind. Precisely the same argument might be applied to the trust question, and the liquor question, and municipal corruption. Dr. Gulick has presented a singularly able plea, but it is a partisan plea, a special plea, but it is none the less worthy of the careful attention that should be given to every well-written brief.

THE AMERICAN JAPANESE PROBLEM. By Sidney L. Gulick, M. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

What Men Live By.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot has already earned his reputation as a wise physician, but he will now enhance it by a work full of suggestion and of the practical values that are based upon knowledge. He tells us that he was faced by such questions as the cure for tuberculosis, the remedy for "nerves," and the nature of the help that can be offered to the mother who is not a wife. He does not profess to have answered these questions, but he does believe that most of the brood of evils from which we suffer find their origin in a lack of equilibrium and in the fact that our energies are directed into narrow instead of into wide channels. Intended by nature to energize in many directions, we actually energize only in one or two, with the result that our potentialities become atrophied with inevitable results upon health and happiness. Man, says the author, is intended to work, to play, to love, and to worship, and if he neglects any of these functions he must pay the price somewhere and somehow in discontent. It is through these four channels that he is in touch with the great restorative forces of nature, and to slight any of them is to suffer. Into the author's argument there is no need

to enter. Indeed he can hardly be said to argue at all, since he presents his ideas so persuasively that they become self-evident. He tells us of the things that we seem always to have known, and that is a very high art. Nor can there be much doubt that he has indicated the road, not only to mental and moral health, which matters a great deal, but also to physical health, which is less important.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY. By Richard C. Cabot, M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

The City of Purple Dreams.

This anonymous story shows considerable power of imagination and a certain energy in the narrative that carry us with interest to the end. But when we reach the end we wonder why it was told at all. The hero begins by being a tramp. Then for a brief season he becomes an anarchist, but seeing the opportunity to make money he greedily seizes it, and when we finally leave him without regret he is a millionaire, or likely to become one, and about to marry a woman who does not love him nor even pretend to. With the exception of the Russian girl who gives him everything she possesses and whom he heartlessly discards there is not a character in the whole story that is worth its room in a garbage can. It is one long display of ugly and vulgar ostentation unrelieved anywhere by a glimmer of virtue or decency. But it is interesting.

THE CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.30 net.

Hawk: the Young Osage.

Stories of Indian life are usually surrounded by an atmosphere of more or less false romance, while at the best they are apt to present one aspect of native life to the exclusion of the rest. But the author of the present story seems to have struck a happy mean. He tells the story of an Indian boy in the days of De Soto, and he draws less upon his own imagination than upon the facts of history and a careful study of actual conditions. We have an account of the young Osage's boyhood, his education into manhood, the customs of the tribe, their relations with the white man, and the struggle against the Spaniard. Mr. Robinson not only tells his story with an eye to its historical accuracy, but with much descriptive skill, and when we have reached the last page we feel that we know a good deal more than before, not only about the Indians, but also about the early history of the country and the struggles that accompanied its birth into the concourse of nations.

HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE. By C. H. Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Religious Art in France.

When Emile Mâle first published his "Religious Art in France" it was recognized that he had made an enormous contribution to religious history. His discovery was perhaps as momentous as that of the Rosetta Stone. He had deciphered a language where no language was supposed to exist, and he had found that language, not in decaying parchments, but in the enduring marvels of European church architecture. The religious imagination of the middle ages was not a matter of individual taste, and still less of whim. It was precise, definite, and organized. Its every feature meant something. It was, in very truth, a language, and as legible as the printed word. This science, we are told, was transmitted by the church to the lay sculptors and painters of the thirteenth century, who religiously guarded the sacred traditions so that even in the centuries when it was most vigorous, medieval art retained the hieratic grandeur of primitive art. And he who would learn this language must study it letter by letter and word by word just like any other language. He must know, for example, that God the Father, God the Son, the angels and the apostles must have bare feet, but that the feet of the Virgin and the saints must be covered, and that to do otherwise is heresy. He must know that little figures of nude and sexless children, ranged side by side in the folds of Abraham's mantle, signified the eternal rest of the life to come. Nowhere could there be a detail without its meaning, or untranslatable. Everything was regulated, reduced to law and order. St. Peter must have curly hair and St. Paul a bald head, and the Virgin must wear a veil. Architecture must be a colossal volume of instruction for those who could read no other language. The whole of theology must be set forth in imperishable stone.

Thanks to the industry of Dora Nussey we have now a translation of Mâle's work. It is printed magnificently upon quarto pages and with 190 illustrations. It has all the care and accuracy of a grammar, which is indeed what it is. Victor Hugo said: "In the middle ages men had no great thought that they did not write down in stone." The cathedral is then a book. The cathedral at Chartres, says the author, is medieval thought in visible form, with no essential element lacking. It embraces the whole of universe. Amiens is the messianic, prophetic cathedral; Notre Dame of Paris, the church of the Virgin;

Laon, the cathedral of learning; Reims, the national cathedral; Bourges celebrates the worship of the saints, and Lyons recounts the wonders of the creation.

It would be hard to give adequate attention here to a book of such sterling values and one so well within the reach of the inexpert mind. The religious art of medieval France was designed for the unlearned. There is nothing so entirely democratic in existence. It was intended to be read by those who could read nothing else, and that Mâle and his translator have now given us an opportunity to read it for ourselves, that they have interpreted for us a language not even known to exist, is an event of first importance.

RELIGIOUS ART IN FRANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. A Study in Medieval Iconography and Its Sources of Inspiration. By Emile Mâle. Translated by Dora Nussey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6 net.

Brief Reviews.

How a real woman was evolved out of a hypochondriac through an awakened interest in the beauties of the garden is told by Frances Duncan in a volume entitled "My Garden Doctor" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net). And it is well told, too.

Among the latest additions to the Bedtime Stories now in course of issue by R. F. Fenno & Co. is "Charlie and Arabella Chick," by Howard R. Garis, and "Grandma's Gems for Little Folks," by Henrietta N. Rose. The print is bold and the colored illustrations are good.

The fifth volume in Children of Other Lands Books is "When I Was a Boy in Palestine," by Mousa J. Kaleel (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; 60 cents net). Each of these volumes is the truthful story of some one in America who has lived the native child life described, and they have therefore a distinct educational value.

"That Farm," by Harrison Whittingham (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net), is a story of how a successful dry goods merchant goes back to the land. For those who want to go back to the land—and it is hard to understand why any one should wish to do this—the book may be recommended as thoroughly practical and helpful.

A concise and well-written story of polar exploration will be found in "Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South," adapted from J. Kennedy Maclean's "Heroes of the Polar Seas" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net). Intended for boys and girls, the account goes back to Sir John Franklin's expedition and describes every noteworthy undertaking since. The maps are an especially good feature.

Those who read a very amusing book entitled awkwardly "The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin'" will be glad to know that its author has written another book called "Some Other Things," in which he makes

The White House

VANDOVER and The BRUTE

By FRANK NORRIS

Read the review of it in this week's Argonaut, which in conclusion says:

"Certainly no admirer of Frank Norris can afford to miss it."

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good some omissions in his first work and adds sundry experiences and ruminations on men and things that are worth perusal. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$1 net).

"The Childhood of the World," by Edward Clodd (Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net) is intended for the young and deals with the origin of things, of man, his customs, his culture, his implements, in short the source of the civilization of today. Mr. Clodd divides his book into Man the Worker, Man the Thinker, and Man the Discoverer, and he sets forth his theme with the simplicity that usually accompanies erudition and competence.

A late addition to Bohn's Libraries is "Sacred Poems," by Henry Vaughan (Macmillan Company; 35 cents). It would be hard to speak too highly in praise of a library that covers nearly the whole range of what is good in human literature and that is issued not only in a form that must satisfy the most fastidious, but at a price that is within the reach of every one. A glance at the Bohn catalogue is to covet every book that appears upon it, since there is hardly one upon the list that is not essential to a good education.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Vandover and the Brute.

The manuscript of this novel by Frank Norris survived the San Francisco fire, and we are not at all sure that it ought to have survived or that the author would have wished it to survive. After making all allowances for the lack of revision, after admiring to the full its many fine features, we are still inclined to look upon it rather as an experimental study than as a finished work. It deals with the San Francisco of the 'eighties and with the life about town of the average young man of that day. Vandover's father is supposed to be rich, and he makes a liberal allowance to his son while pursuing his art studies. But Vandover goes steadily down the steep decline of wine and women, and the author sketches the rake's progress with a relentless fidelity to the picture as we may suppose him to have seen it.

But Vandover does not strike us as being such a bad fellow. If Nemesis were always so severe as this we may well wonder who would escape. His "brute" is not so very brutish. Vandover has fine instincts. He is capable of the most poignant remorse for the evil that he does. He compares favorably with the average young man of leisure. His ultimate downfall seems to be due much more to a lack of common sense than to a lack of virtue, and therefore we fail to draw the moral that was doubtless intended. Many of the substantial and respected men of today have sown oats much wilder than poor Vandover, whom we feel to have been harshly treated by fate. None the less the story contains so many fine features, its portraiture is in many respects so admirable, that we gladly forgive the coarsenesses and the unnecessary realism that would doubtless have been tempered by second thoughts and by revision. Certainly no admirer of Frank Norris can afford to miss it.

VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Toe.

Under the title of the first of the series we have here a collection of eleven short stories by Mr. Alexander Harvey. All are astonishingly clever and display the art of the story-teller in its most accented form. But in a world that is so full of a number of things we can only wonder that Mr. Harvey should prefer to select the eccentricities and the uglinesses and the nastinesses.

THE TOE AND OTHER TALES. By Alexander Harvey. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Century Company is issuing a new volume in its Wild Life Series of graded nature readers, "Beyond the Pasture Bars," by Dallas Lore Sharpe, who is widely known for his nature and out-of-doors essays.

"The Amazing Argentine," a new book, is by John Foster Fraser. Last autumn Mr. Fraser made a special visit to the Argentine to gather the material for this book. He traveled from Buenos Aires in the east to the Andes in the west, and past Tucuman in the north to Bahia Blanca in the south. Written in a popular vein, besides describing the development of the country, he tells of life among the Spanish-Italian population, social aspects, customs, etc. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

What Hawaii may become, the problems it has to solve, and the aid it may rely upon in its varied resources are clearly dealt with in a new work by Professor Joseph King Goodrich. In "The Coming Hawaii" he traces the history of the islands, describes their people and their characteristics, and treats in detail of the material development of the territory. A. C. McClurg & Co. have made this compact volume the latest addition to the valuable the World Today Series.

The author of "The Rise of the American People," Professor Roland Greene Usher, is in charge of the department of history of Washington University, St. Louis. He is the author of "The Reconstruction of the English Church," "Pan-Germanism," "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission," and numerous scholarly articles on historical subjects. His new book, "The Rise of the American People," is philosophical interpretation of American history and life. It is published by the Century Company.

The publication of "Vandover and the Brute" has revived a number of interesting stories about Frank Norris. Charles Norris was telling about the annual Frank Norris dinner which is held by the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. It originated in the "Pig Dinner" held every class day by the University of California chapter. This began in rather amusing fashion. Apparently every class day at the University of California occurs a ceremony known as the "Dispensation," at which the "Dispensator" makes presentations to members of the class and others. One of these while Norris was an undergraduate was a live pig given to a rival fraternity—the D. K. E. The pig escaped—Frank Norris pursued it, caught it and returned in triumph to the

Phi Gamma Delta clubhouse. Here it was fattened. A festival day was set apart, a procession was organized, the Dead March played, and the Pig Dinner ensued. The Pig Dinner became annual at the university; and after Frank Norris's death was taken up by the fraternity as a whole. It is still observed as an annual Frank Norris Dinner.

The volume "Taxation," in the National Social Science Series, which A. C. McClurg & Co. are now issuing, is written by C. B. Fillebrown, who, besides being a practical business man, was president of the Massachusetts Single Tax Association for a number of years. Mr. Fillebrown, however, has not written a propagandist work, but considers all the present-day forms of taxation, comparing those in force at home and abroad.

"The Home of the Seven Devils," by Horace W. C. Newte, author of "Sparrows," "Pansy Meares," etc., is the story of a monk who while still a young man is released from his vows and goes out to find a wife and live as an ordinary mortal. It has just been issued by the John Lane Company.

Many who enjoyed Coningsby Dawson's romance, "The Garden Without Walls," will not be surprised to learn that he is a poet of parts. On April 25 Henry Holt & Co. published Mr. Dawson's new book, "Florence On a Certain Night and Other Poems." In this new volume Mr. Dawson has some fifty odd poems selected from all he has written in the last eight years.

On May 2 "Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," by "Sister Nivedita," and William Boyd's "From Locke to Montessori," in which, with full tribute to Dr. Montessori's great work, the author traces her fundamental ideas as he finds them in the work of some earlier educator," were issued by Henry Holt & Co.

New Books Received.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW. By Marian Keith. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE YELLOW ANGEL. By Mary Stewart Daggett. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1 net.

The story of the evolution of a Chinaman in America.

THE SECRET BOOK. By Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A collection of humorous sketches illustrative of some of the follies of human nature.

THE HOME OF THE SEVEN DEVILS. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

The story of a young man who decides to go into a monastery and then decides not to.

SOCIALISM: PROMISE OR MENACE? By Morris Hillquit and John Augustine Ryan, D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A joint debate upon the right or wrong of socialism.

THE HEART'S COUNTRY. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THE WONDERFUL VISIT. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A curate has the misfortune to shoot an angel and takes him home to recuperate. The curate and the angel learn many things.

THE QUARTERBREED. By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of a Northwestern Indian reservation.

THE MARRIERS. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A book for the unmarried, the overmarried, the slightly married, and for all young people who have parents to bring up.

HARPER'S GASOLINE ENGINE BOOK. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

How the engine is made, how to use it at home, in boats and vehicles, and elsewhere, and how to keep it in order. With numerous illustrations.

JOSEPH PULITZER. By Alleyne Ireland. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Reminiscences of a secretary.

PLAYING WITH FIRE. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Is it possible to live well in New York City on \$5000 a year?

A LADY AND HER HUSBAND. By Amber Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The story of two strong personalities clashing with each other in defense of their antagonistic ideals.

REGULATION. By W. G. Barnard. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1 net.

A discussion of the labor problem, unemployment, trusts, land monopoly, vast private fortunes, the high cost of living, the money system, and the tariff.

UNTO CESAR. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel of Rome under Caligula.

THE MILKY WAY. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE DEAF: THEIR POSITION IN SOCIETY. By Harry Best. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

The author preserves the attitude of the social

economist and regards the deaf as certain components of the state who demand classification and attention in its machinery of organization.

BEYOND THE PASTURE BARS. By Dallas Lore Sharpe. New York: The Century Company; 50 cents.

Essays on nature and the out-of-doors.

EIGHT PLAYS FOR THE SCHOOL. By Frances Helen Harris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

Written with a view to school acting.

Death of General Sickles.

General Daniel E. Sickles, last of the great commanders who fought at Gettysburg, died at his home in New York last Sunday night. He was born in New York October 20, 1825, and was aged eighty-nine years at the time of his death. He learned the printer's trade, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. At twenty-eight he displayed his fighting spirit as corporation attorney of New York. It was he who obtained for his city its great Central Park. Before he was thirty-two years old Major Sickles had served as secretary of legation at London under Minister James Buchanan; he had won a state senatorship through a bitter campaign, and was seated in the Thirty-Fifth Congress. Sickles had begun his second term as congressman in 1859, when the national capital was stirred by the news that the young representative from New York had shot and killed Philip Barton Key, the United States district attorney for the District of Columbia. Sickles declared that Key had misled Mrs. Sickles, who was Therese Baglioli, daughter of an Italian music teacher. The trial lasted twenty days, ending in the acquittal of Sickles on the ground of "unwritten law." He then took his wife back. When the Civil War broke out Sickles raised a regiment and was made a brigadier-general. At Gettysburg he led the Third Corps, lost a leg, and became a national hero. At thirty-seven years of age he had risen from a colonel to major-general of volunteers. After the war his fighting spirit led him in the regular army, and he became first brigadier and then major-general. He continued active service until 1869, when he was appointed minister to Spain by President Grant. At the court of Spain Sickles's vigorous personality made him a dominating figure. While there he married—his first wife having died—the beautiful daughter of a Spanish counselor of state, a Spanish nobleman, and niece of the Marchioness of Novallies, Countess of Santa Isabel and mistress of the robes at Queen Isabella's court. A son and daughter were born of the marriage.

Returning alone to New York, General Sickles again entered politics. He served as sheriff of New York and at sixty-seven he was reelected to Congress. A few days before his death a reconciliation was effected between General Sickles and his wife, from whom he had long been separated.

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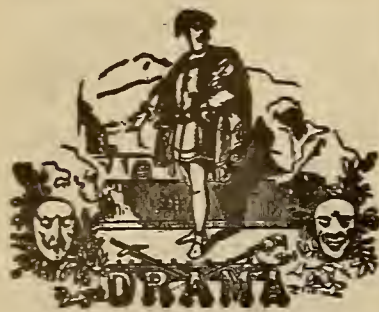
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"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER."

This is a beauty week both for the Gaiety and the Orpheum, for at the popular vaudeville house they have three big numbers that make a particularly pleasing appeal to the beauty-loving eye, while at the Gaiety their play of the week is uncommonly strong in pretty girls "all dolled up" in the prettiest of costumes, the later very chic and Parisian, the former perhaps not so chic as they are young, fresh, nimble, and as yet unfaded and unhardened by the glare of the night lights.

To the knowing the title pre-supposes a department store, that popular institution of the day which is now beginning to figure in our national fiction, a setting which offers ample opportunity for the display of costumes and the parade of pretty girls inside of them. There is also in the piece a gaudily gorgeous parvenu, a Mrs. Schniff, who luxuriously swims around among an audience of shop-girls, steadily discharging loud-voiced Mrs. Malapropisms. There is a manager, a detective—or what everybody supposes to be one—a thieving cashier, an "overlady," floor-walkers, and salesladies, and shoppers without number, and, in fact, a perfect flood of well-dressed femininity.

They have also quite a string of well-known feminine names at the Gaiety this week of considerable drawing power. There is Myrtle Dingwall, long and firmly established in the favor of the regular habitués during the all-too-short career of the Tivoli as a purveyor of comic opera. Myrtle Dingwall has an exceedingly sweet voice, which she uses with style and discretion; and, furthermore, a pretty face, a pretty figure, a pretty speech, and pretty clothes.

Ann Tasker we remember as the hewitching little ingénue in our first "Madame Sherry." She seems to have grown unaccountably taller since then, but, gowned in the gorgeous habiliments affected by the "overlady" of the department store, and singing a pretty and florid "chanson provençale" ornamented with quantities of vocal flourishes, she repeated her former hit.

Little Daphne Pollard has grown up; perhaps one ought to add that she has ostensibly grown up, for in her adult's costume she looks the veriest child playing "lady go to see." She seemed much more on her native heath dancing and frisking around in a dear little child-costume of blue and white with her baby legs and feet stockinged and shod à l'enfant, and a baby's headgear setting off her big, infantile blue eyes. Perhaps little Daphne has not unlearned her baby talk yet, for I am quite sure I did not catch three consecutive words of her energetic discourse. I only know that she aims to look and act like a little hoyden, that she succeeds to a marvel, that the house mightily approves of her and her efforts, and that this tiny being, three-quarters child and one-quarter woman, is an uncommonly light, nimble, and correct dancer.

Miss Maud Beatty is another attraction, this lady relying more particularly on her powers as a robust comedienne for her popularity. Miss Beatty is sufficiently solid physically, vocally, and in the matter of stage presence to stand firmly in the high-heeled shoes of the rich Mrs. Schniff and to overwhelmingly fill that solid dame's rainbow raiment. Miss Beatty is dowered with a voice, a wonderful, vast, far-reaching voice, a voice that could infallibly silence opposition, a voice that easily accounts for the subjugated state of the crushed Mr. Schniff. Al Shean assumed the rôle of that violet among millionaires, making of him a piece of protean comicality that gleaned harvests of laughter.

However, this is ladies' week at the Gaiety, for, excepting only the excellent comedy work of Al Shean, the girls far outshine the men in "The Girl Behind the Counter." It is perhaps because a department store is woman's special province. I think perhaps that, if we again except Al Shean, the masculine department shone most brilliantly when the band of waiters was marshaled to the fore, and we admired the ingenuity of the brain that evolved that choice group consisting of the Dundreary waiter with the haughty weepers, the giggling waiter who was a steady laugh-getter, the anarchistic waiter spoiling for gore, and the waiter who looked as if he were going to fall dead.

But indeed there are many funny effects in "The Girl Behind the Counter," and the piece makes the usual infallible hit with the busi-

ness man, that gorging Moloch who, so long as he is appeased by the sight of pretty girls, the sound of merry jests, and the lure of cheerful ditties, can be persuaded to go away at eleven o'clock placated and almost ready for the toil of the morrow.

THE ORPHEUM'S BANNER BILL.

I really believe that our pet temple of vaudeville this week has accomplished the feat of out-Orpheuming the Orpheum, for surely never did I see so many good things in one of its programmes. There have, of course, been much bigger people: Bispham, for instance, is one of the world's figures. So is Sarah Bernhardt. Ethel Barrymore is a New York idol, Charles Hawtreys is a London favorite, and so it goes.

But this week everything is, in its line, particularly entertaining, and there are so many good things that the bill spills over the regular time and keeps the audience absorbed and happy until nearly dinner-time.

In the first place there is "The Sheriff of Shasta," a playlet located in the Sierras of Bret Harte's time, and with the principal rôle played by that sterling old San Francisco favorite, Theodore Roberts. In spite of being termed "an idyl," it is a story of raw human nature as seen in frontier life, not dainty or romantic, or pretty, or æsthetic, but real. The sheriff, indeed, is rather disgusting to fastidious sensibilities, for the unknown author and Theodore Roberts between them have devoted themselves to building up an atmosphere suggestive of rough, crude realities; an atmosphere compounded of money-grubbing, mountain loneliness, dust, whisky, the coarse repartee of a man who looks upon a pretty woman with a physically appraising eye; a man atmosphere, for the lonely, resourceless, illiterate girl-wife is the victim of man-made ugliness, and roughness, and brutalities. And with all these conditions prepared, there moves forward to its reasonable and satisfactory conclusion a quick, tense, absorbing, realistic drama, expressed in dialogue which utterly abjures sentimentality and stereotype, and which, when emotion springs hot and strong out of the dust and murk of everyday life, affords the spectator that sense of profound satisfaction with which we hail upon the stage the appearance of truth.

Two other sketches, "The Substitute" and "The Piano Movers," were merely shadowy sketches serving as a framework for the specialties of the players, but they served their purpose, the two men who danced and played the piano simultaneously amusing the novelty-hungry audience by giving them something new.

The three beauty numbers are all striking in their different ways, but the new "Roshanara" act belongs to the domain of genuine art. "Roshanara" is a lithe and graceful dancer of unusual appearance. She may be the daughter of a New York janitor, or a New England schoolteacher: America is full of such surprises; but she looks like a Hindu priestess, with her long, oblique, mystic eyes, her whitely-pale, slender contours, and the exotic grace with which she carries the jewellike color combinations of her graceful and striking costumes. Roshanara claims to be the only authentic exponent of "the dances of the Far East." That, however, doesn't bother us at all. What really counts is that she fits into our conception of what a "Far East" dance is like, and does her dances with distinction and with the effect of going through a mystic rite. Her most peculiar and unforgettable effect is obtained in the snake dance, when, through the parting of the dark curtains, which serve as a background, we see the coiling and writhing of two ivory-pale serpents with huge, wicked, jewel-green eyes. Those livid, writhing things almost hypnotize us into overlooking their identity with Roshanara's slender, beautiful arms, and the pointed hands with the duplicated jewels which act as the heads of these weirdly abnormal, yet convincingly real serpents. The beauty of this act is greatly enhanced by a picturesquely Oriental setting which has the imaginative charm of suggestion, and by an exquisitely beautiful arrangement of graduated and blending lights.

"Le Rouge et noir" is also a rather striking attempt to affect the imagination by weirdly symbolic pictures and dances. It is not so choice and artistically perfect as Roshanara's act, but it serves to make the yokel stare and to give us some decidedly novel sensations. In this act Alice Eis, an extremely pretty, sinuous girl who has a very decided talent for plastic attitudes, serves as the fickle goddess of chance in the game of rouge et noir, which tempts men to madness and despair. There is nothing subtle in the symbolism of the lovely figure rotating in the shower of gold flung by the frenzied gamblers, but it certainly makes its effect. The fickle goddess marks her victim, descends from her throne in the centre of the web of temptation, plays with his infatuation, allures, maddens him, unclasps the jewels that deck her fair person, and as she whirls in a mad dance of temptation, overwhelms him with rich gifts. Of course the flattered victim ultimately loses his gains, receiving instead from his fair torturer

a pistol which provides him with the only escape from the rags and despair to which the alluring goddess has reduced him.

"Neptune's Garden of Living Statues," the third beauty number on this astonishing programme, contains a slight story as a foundation for much spectacle. Nobody pays much attention to the story in the absorption of the more entertaining things and in the profound interest of laying bets as to which of the figures in the ring of marble statuary around the enchanted pool are really statuary and which are human. For the originators of this highly entertaining act have been clever enough to add to the interest of things by mixing in marble statuary with real flesh and blood. There is a good deal for your money in this act—posing, diving, swimming, dancing, violin-playing, and singing. A couple of "Spanish mimes"—so-called on the programme—gave "la danse dementia" (*sic*), but although the pair of foreigners were fine dancers their wild dances did not seem to accord with the stately repose of the statue-haunted pool. Two girls entered, also, in modern dress, and plunging into the pool, awoke the Nereids from their marble repose. One by one the classically beautiful figures came to life and take a header in the pool until nothing is left but the two really truly marble statues and the figures of a couple of seated youths upholding, Atlas-wise, huge vessels upon their marble backs. Over these two figures the bets had been long and persistent, and I will not disturb the innocent enjoyment of any intending bettor by revealing all the truth. I will only say that after seeing the costume of the two chief swimmers, and the business-like, inoffensive, matter-of-fact unconcern with which they faced the public in its all-revealing candor, any discerning person can not fail to realize that modesty is a plant of purely artificial growth.

There are, to add to the general variety, two magicians on the bill this week, each very different and very original. Charles D. Weber is really a juggler, and an uncommonly good one. He is also a fun purveyor, and in that specialty also he is uncommonly successful. With his prehensile, delicately accurate fingers he does many astonishing things, and all with a comically casual air. He has all kinds of tricks and devices for wooing laughter, but the foundation for the great success of his act is his striking ability. He is wonderful at the tossing game. He had the air like a miniature aviation sea, full of rising and descending objects, of which he kept marvelous count. He made wonderful carom shots with old hats, which danced rhythmical jigs on his head, ricocheting in time to the music, before they settled down on his clever cranium. In fact, he did everything in a sort of rhythm, and kept our eyes traveling so rapidly from his aerial museum of tossing objects that we began to believe we were under the influence of optical delusions. As to the row of twirling plates, I quite despair of describing the state of amused excitement in which he kept his audience. In fact, Mr. Weber was by all odds the cleverest and the most entertaining thing in the line of jugglers that I have yet seen at the Orpheum.

"The dippy mad magician" had his little trick also for capturing laughs, but his tricks are much fewer and farther between. The dippy one, solemnly keeping up a continual hopping motion, pours forth a steady stream of small talk, in which anything is grist for his mill, the while he pulls up his sleeves and does a few juggling tricks. But his conversation is the main attraction. It touches on many things: his wardrobe, to the outer evi-

dences of which he proudly draws attention, the quality of his silk socks, how soon his pay will be raised, what the audience thinks of him, how to distract their attention from the give-away part of his tricks, and so on. In the course of his act the dippy magician manages to travel all over the house in search of some boys to assist him in his act. We lose sight of him during his peregrinations, but we can follow his progress by the sound of his monologue, and the steady ripple of laughter he leaves in his wake. The dippy performer—who certainly earns the right to his nickname—digs three hoys—geniuses at facial expressions—out of the gallery, who are so sustainably and preternaturally solemn and stupid that I am convinced that Dippy said unto them: "I'll give you kids a bonus over and above your 'per' if you never crack a smile." At any rate they didn't although they cracked a number of other things—a huge block of ice, bottles and tumblers, and the gravity of the most determined malcontent.

Even the moving pictures had their special joke, and kept people chuckling over the adventures of some futurist-looking fishes and the cubistic-looking manikins created out of jointed toys that waged war on them at the bottom of the sea.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

Tomorrow afternoon, May 10, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland, the world's very greatest organization of this character, will give the first of a series of three exceptionally important, interesting, and beautiful programmes.

The programme on this occasion will consist of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet; Haydn's most exquisite ensemble work, the "Quartet" in D major, and a most interesting novelty in Emmanuel Moor's "Suite" for violin and violoncello, which will be played by Messrs. Pochon and D'Archangeau.

The second concert will be given Thursday night, May 14, when works by Mozart and Beethoven will be given in addition to the futuristic work of Arnold Schoenberg, the Viennese composer.

The farewell Flonzaley concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 17, when Beethoven's "Quartet" in E minor, Op. 59, of which the master himself wrote, "I have at last learned how to write a quartet," and which is one of the greatest musical works the world has ever known, will attract many music-lovers, as will also the "Quartet" in D major by Tschaiakowsky.

The special feature at this concert will be the "Suite" in C major for violoncello unaccompanied, by J. S. Bach, a work that few of the violoncellists dare attempt in public.

Season tickets and single tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and single seats may also be obtained at Kohler & Chase's.

With this magnificent attraction Manager Will Greenbaum will close his musical season.

Closing Performance at French Theatre.

The closing performance of the season at the Théâtre Française de San Francisco will take place at the Columbia Theatre on the evening of May 17, when three one-act comedies will be given in French for the benefit of M. and Mme. Ferrier. One of them, "Mme. Bernhardt ne joue pas aujourd'hui," is the work of M. Ferrier himself, and includes an imitation by Mme. Ferrier of Bernhardt.

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PANTAGES HAS FINE BILL.

One is not at all certain what is to be considered the leading act at the Pantages Theatre this week, because there are a number of good turns presented which vie with one another in appreciative applause. Tastes differ, to be sure, and what to some is considered the finest thing on the programme, to others who like theirs light and frothy, possesses no more than passing interest. Theatre-goers are recommended, however, to that charming little sketch, "The Irish Emigrant," the Hawaiian singers, Grace Sloane and Larry Comer, and Herr Bohlke, the latter doing a mystery act and doing it wonderfully well.

"The Irish Emigrant" affords Charlie Reilly and his company opportunity to sing some good Irish songs in a highly acceptable manner, for there are some voices in the troupe. Tis the year 1780 and Danny Murphy is on the eve of sailing for America. Of course there is Moyea, his sweetheart, who is a rather pretty girl, too, with the neatest shade of brouge. Danny's mother, good Father O'Toole, and two sprightly young things, who somewhat complicate an interesting love affair. The dialogue is bright and the acting worthily done. To give an outline of the playlet would spoil it all, for it is very real and human.

As clever a pair as has been seen in many a day are Grace Sloan and Larry Comer, late stars, by the way, in "Miss Nobody of Star-

land." They are great favorites with the audience and are greeted with lusty applause. Miss Sloane has a sweet little voice and knows better than anybody else its limitations. It is not so much her singing, however, which appeals to the theatre-goer as her merry quips, turned off in quite a new way, stirring the risibilities until everybody is laughing. Both dance with unusual grace, and the dance seems to make as great a hit as anything else which this couple does. Also Miss Sloane wears some clever gowns.

What to many was the most interesting part of the day's work was the presentation of "Creo." Perhaps "creation" would be better. At any rate Herr Bohlke proved that it is possible to construct a woman from a plaster head, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." He said Kipling was right, and he proved it. He placed the plaster bust on a pedestal, draped a cloak about it, deftly used his paint and powder—and behold, throwing the cloak aside, out stepped a woman in the flesh, very shapely in her fleshings, and addressed the mystified audience. That one trick is all Herr Bohlke does, and it alone is worth a trip to the Pantages.

The Hawaiians, five young men and a slender, dark-eyed girl, appear to better advantage as they warm to their work. Here and there traces of the amateur creep out, and the hasso, who possesses a parlor voice, is quite lost in solo work in a high theatre. Together they sing sweetly their native songs, having the Hawaiian knack of soft shading and blending of tone. Aside from the native dance, a whirlwind affair at the close of their act which draws several encores, their one offering which held the audience closest was the solo playing by the dreamy young man with the guitar. What he accomplishes in the simplest manner is little short of marvelous.

Particularly to the men did Danny Simmons, the "Military Hoho," appeal. He has a remarkable costume, and if a bag covered his head nobody could tell whether he was going or coming. His facial expression at close range is comical enough, and back in the house it must seem still funnier. Simmons tells a lot of rib-tickling yarns, and they are, with one exception, new. Even that one is good. He brought roars of laughter with his impersonation of Colonel Roosevelt at the charge of San Juan Hill. "The charge of the Bull-Mooser—mostly 'hull,'" he called it, and immediately the big audience shouted its glee.

Togan and Geneva, announced as tango wire-walkers, perform some amazing feats on the wire, at the risk of breaking their necks. The audience watches breathlessly, admiring, yet hoping that nothing will happen, and when it is over a sigh of relief goes up as the performers smilingly withdraw in showers of hand-clapping.

There are several other numbers, the bill closing with motion pictures, forming a very enjoyable performance. M. H.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Passing Show of 1913."

"The Passing Show of 1913," the latest and most stupendous of all the entertainments sent on tour from the New York Winter Garden, opens a limited engagement at the Cort Theatre, Sunday night, May 10, with popular-prix matinees on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

The cast alone would bankrupt the ordinary producer, but the management has been more than generous in this respect and has retained for the road tour the same company of comedians, singers, and dancers that pleased Broadwayites for over twenty weeks. It includes Conroy and Le Maire, the inimitable black-face comedians; Charles and Mollie King, travesty favorites, who appear to advantage as Broadway Jones and Peg o' My Heart; Elizabeth Goodall, one of New York's favorite comedienne; Whiting and Burt, singers and popularizers of songs, who are returning to the scenes of their first triumphs; Mazie King, the international toe-dancing favorite; Artie Mehlinger, another San Francisco favorite; Teddy Wing and George Ford, dancing experts; Henry Norman, last seen locally in the David Henderson extravaganza productions; Louise Bates, Laura Hamilton, Ernest Hare, Charles Van, Leslie Powers, and others.

From a scenic standpoint nothing of greater magnitude than the reproduction of the Capitol steps at Washington has ever been shown on any stage. A portion of that part of Broadway known as Tango Square is also shown pictorially. Here are introduced every known variety of the present terpsichorean mania and a revival of the old-fashioned cakewalk, which has proved to be one of the most popular numbers in the revue. The spirit of the dance enters into the sky-scraper and at the finale of the scene the entire company with its picturesque backing of tall buildings are all moving to the strains of the syncopation.

Gaiety Continues "The Girl" Show.

At the beginning of the third week of its engagement at the Gaiety "The Girl Behind the Counter" maintains its popularity with

local theatre-goers, and bids fair to remain the town's big entertaining feature for some time to come.

Al Shean as Mr. Schniff is a comedy delight. He has unction, art, and ease. His fun-making is clean, clever, and he is a legitimate member of "a rapidly vanishing race of real comedians."

Daphne Pollard has become a great local favorite for her pretty manner, her excellent voice, and her dainty comedy. Her "Dixie" number with the little ladies of the ballet is encored again and again at every performance. Arthur Clough's solo offering, "The Cherry in the Glass," is the big vocal hit of the show, while "The Isle of Cuddle and Squeeze," sung by Myrtle Dingwall and supported by the full chorus, is a close second in popularity. Ann Tasker's appearance would lend distinction to any cast, and in "The Girl Behind the Counter" she is given ample opportunity to display those qualities which have made her a musical-comedy star. Maude Beatty as Mrs. Schniff is an admirable foil to Al Shean's comedy, and the entire company is adequate in the merry piece.

Six New Acts at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum programme for next week leaves nothing to be desired in the way of novelty, excellence, or variety. There will be six new acts, with Odiva, "the Water Queen," as the headliner. This graceful and daring girl who received her swimming education from the Samoan pearl divers, will present a beautiful and original act in which she will have the assistance of a school of Pacific Ocean sea lions which will perform a number of unusual and amusing stunts. Her stage-setting is elaborate, idyllic, and massive.

Master Gabriel, the diminutive comedian, supported by Al Lamar and Vida Perrin, will appear in a new one-act comedy entitled, "Little Kick," in which he introduces imitations of himself in his two justly famed creations, "Peter Piper" and "Little Nemo."

Sidney Jarvis, who popularized "Oh You Wonderful Girl," in George M. Cohan's "The Little Millionaire," will make his first appearance here, and with the assistance of Virginia Dare, a handsome and dashing comedienne, will provide a delightful singing and dancing entertainment.

Mahelle Adams, a violinist and actress of attainments, will offer as her contribution a little playlet by Edgar Allan Woolf, entitled "Wanda," which is proving an excellent vehicle for her versatility.

Leon Kimberly and Halsey Mohr will introduce their own original novelty, "Clubland," a story in rhyme and song.

Nick Verger, the "Newsboy Caruso," originally sold papers in the streets of this city. Instead of shouting his wares he sang the names of his papers and their sensational headlines. His magnificent tenor voice attracted the attention of a theatrical man, who saw that he had proper tuition. He was then taken East, where he scored a big hit. He will be heard in popular numbers.

Next week will conclude the engagements of McDevitt, Kelly and Lucey, and also of Roshanara, who has created an immense sensation in her dances of the Far East.

The New Bill at the Pantages Theatre.

Barnold's dog and monkey actors in a pantomimic comedy production called "A Hot Time in Dogville" is the leading attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Barnold's act has been recognized for years as the standard of animal acts in vaudeville and has played almost every house of note in the world. The act has just returned from a year's tour in the Orient. It is over six years since Barnold visited this Coast, and while other trainers have endeavored to copy his act, none has succeeded. He is returning with his original playlet, which has captivated young and old.

Another headline attraction is Tom Kelly, the fashion-plate haritone. This makes his ninth trip over the circuit in two seasons, and his reappearance has been greeted with enthusiasm everywhere. He has a hudget of new songs and cracks a number of new jokes and tells some new stories in his inimitable way.

A distinctly pleasing feature of the bill is the sketch of the Barrows-Lancaster Company, entitled "The Jolly Jollier," which relates a Christmas incident in a prominent café.

Jerome and Carson have an acrobatic act interspersed with some dandy dancing and singing. A dancing offering with all of the newest hall-room glides will be presented by the dainty De Alherts. Wood and Lawson have a musical number billed as "He, She and the Piano." Ed Latte, the musical moke, late with the Alice Lloyd show, and the comedy bit of that bill, will complete a strong card.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, author of "Joseph and His Brethren" (John Lane Company), has dramatized "David Copperfield" for His Majesty's Theatre, London, and Sir Herbert Tree will have a dual rôle, playing the characters of Daniel Peggoty and Wilkins Micawber. The outcome of this unique undertaking will be watched with much interest, as it marks a new departure in theatricals.

Testing the Earth's Rigidity.

An experiment to test the rigidity of the earth has been designed by Professor A. A. Michelson of the University of Chicago at the instigation of Professor T. C. Chamberlain of the department of geology and Professor F. R. Moulton of the department of astronomy. The method consisted, briefly, in measuring with microscopes the changes in level at the ends of a column of water 500 feet long, which half filled a pipe six inches in diameter placed six feet underground to insure constancy of temperature. The attraction of the sun and moon was found to cause tides in the pipe, which were measured every hour, day and night, for two months under the direction of Professor Henry G. Gale. The maximum changes in level in the six-inch pipe amounted at each end to about .001 inch. Under Professor Moulton's direction these water tides were computed and it was found that they amounted to about seven-tenths only of what they would have been if the earth were absolutely rigid. To the unscientific mind these facts and figures may seem at first to have but little interest. But when explained the result is little short of startling, since, it is maintained, they show that the interior of the earth is not a molten, viscous mass, as has been popularly believed, but resists the tidal forces of the moon and sun about as it would if the earth were made of solid steel. Nevertheless the earth in spite of this high rigidity behaves as an elastic body, not liquid, of course, but still subject to the same influences (producing tides) as are the oceans which form part of it.

AMUSEMENTS

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Opposite Mason

ANOTHER GREAT SHOW

BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS in "A Hot Time in Dogville"; TOM KELLY, "the fashion-plate baritone"; BARROWS-LANCASTER Company in "The Jolly Jollier"; DE ALBERTS, society hall-room dancers; JEROME and CARSON, eccentric acrobats; WOOD and LAWSON, "He, She and a Piano"; ED LATTE, the musical moke; EXCLUSIVE COMEDY MOVIES.

VANITY FAIR.

Horace Greeley won some well-deserved commendation by his remark that the best way to resume specie payments was to resume them. Similarly it might be said that the best way not to pay Pullman porter tips is not to pay them.

But of course we have improved upon all methods of common sense. We have learned to jump back affrighted by whatever is simple and obvious. How, we ask, can a man be expected to blow his nose merely because he wants to blow his nose, and in the absence of some law compelling him to blow his nose? How can he refrain from tipping the insolent slave of the Pullman car unless there is a law forbidding him to do so? How can the forces of government be applied to a nobler end than in rescuing the public from the domination of remorseless tyranny, for such we believe is the correct progressive formula? It is true that there are only a few hundred negro Pullman car attendants in the whole of California and that their victims include all the wealth, the education, and the intelligence of the state. They include judges, legislators, politicians, and officials, army, navy, church, and law. But they are all groaning under the ruthless oppression of the aforesaid Pullman porters, and the only way to stop their groaning is to pass a law. In the meantime the judicious are likely to do some groaning at the spectacle of a government that tries to remove some grievance that has nothing to do with government by means of a threat that if the grievance is not removed it will really be necessary to enforce an established law that is supposed to be enforced in any case. In other words if you will give me a tip I will see to it that the policeman looks another way.

But what actually is the amazing attitude of this amazing railroad commission? It may be stated in this way: Make a slight increase in the pay of the Pullman porter and you will thereby eliminate greed from his nature. Now what do you think of that? Pay an extra \$2 a week and abolish avarice. Give him \$3 a week and he will love God. For \$4 a week he will keep all the Ten Commandments. It is all so exactly in line with our knowledge and experience of human nature. Every one knows that the covetous instinct evaporates under the stress of a small money payment. Look at our corporations.

Now why do we pay tips? Let us put on one side the fatuous argument of the monkey-folk that we pay tips because we are compelled to do so by a few negroes. We are accustomed to humiliations. We are inured to obloquy. We fatten upon ignominy. But we draw the line here. We may not yet be fully reconstructed, but we are not coerced by a few colored porters. The tip is actually a payment for value received. One and all we are willing to buy privilege, and we are still more willing to buy obeisance. That is why we tip the porter. That is why we tip the waiter. That is why we are always willing to pay for the incense of a genuflection. Our proud democratic souls demand deference, adulation, worship. We want to purchase some mark of our superiority over lesser folk. We want some recognition of a fact otherwise sadly likely to be overlooked that we are persons of some importance.

Does any one suppose that the Pullman car porter will be less exacting because you raise his pay by \$5 a week—any one, that is to say, who is not a railroad commissioner? Not a bit of it. If the porter now reckons his income, with tips, to be \$25 a week he will assume that it is henceforth \$30 a week, and there will be the same old menace in every flick of his supercilious and insolent brush. Does any one suppose that the passenger will be less willing than before to "come through"? Not a bit of it. Not while the love of superiority is one of the motive forces of human nature.

Miss Hazel Gibson is consumed with a desire to nurse the nation's heroes in Mexico. She says so. Now if the heroes can stand it there is no good reason why we should cavil at the proposition. Miss Gibson's convincing picture in the newspapers occupies what may be technically described as a nine-inch double column space and thereby excludes a corresponding area of the usual lies, which is something to be grateful for, but it gives an inadequate idea of her nursing capacity or of what the nation's heroes might have to expect in addition to wounds and weariness. For some reason the lady is grasping firmly the top of her head, but this may be allegorical.

Now if Miss Gibson were to make application in the correct military quarters she might be allowed to work her will upon the nation's heroes. But at least she should try the usual methods before resorting to threats. She says that if she does not go to war before May 9 she will dance for the Confraternity Dansant, whatever that may be. If she can not inflict her will upon the nation's heroes in Mexico, then she will inflict herself upon the nation's heroes at home. It must be one thing or the other. There is no escape. But why not try these methods of persuasion before resorting to these of menace? But, after all, matters might be worse. The lady might determine

to sell lead pencils in the street or participate in the next tagging expedition. Or she might even engage in uplift. There are so many ways to get one's picture in the newspapers.

The employment of women officials is evidently attended with some disadvantages. Already the policewomen have been pronounced a failure in Chicago because of the rooted objection entertained by women offenders to be arrested by one of their own sex, and a disposition on the part of the delighted crowd to regard these assertions of the majesty of the law in the light of a glorified dog-fight. Now it seems that the women assessors have fallen from grace through a constitutional inability to hold their tongues. Not satisfied with the natural delights of appraising the value of other women's furniture and personal belongings, they proceeded to communicate the valuations and their general reasons therefore to all and sundry.

The woman assessor must certainly feel herself to be in a difficult position. Her desire to make things uncomfortable for another woman would naturally lead her to assess the value of the other woman's personal property as high as possible. On the other hand she would feel a temperamental contempt for the other woman's furniture as being mere "sticks," and fit only for the junk heap. Perhaps it was the conflict of these two opposing forces that induced the acidulated disclosures that have now been the subject of official reproof.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman says that "man has put an aura of myth and poetry about the home, but did you ever see a man who would stay there for any length of time?" It is our experience that men are much fonder than women of their homes. But is there no way to diminish the ravings of this vulgar termagant?

Probably most public speakers (says the *London Chronicle*) have at one time or another suffered the annoyance of being misreported. A peculiarly unfortunate instance is recalled by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in one of his books. "A clerical uncle of mine," writes Mr. Russell, "took the pledge in his old age, and at a public meeting stated that his reason for so doing was that for thirty years he had been trying to cure drunkards by making them drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded. He was thus reported: 'The reverend gentleman stated that his reason for taking the pledge was that for thirty years he had been trying to drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded!'"

An agonized correspondent of the *New York Sun* writes as follows: "Accustomed to self-help, I shave, shampoo, and manicure myself, polish my shoes, and dust my clothing. I do all these carefully and go to the barber-shop for a haircut. While I impatiently await my turn the bootblack offers me a shine and the girl manicure looks at my finger-nails until a translucent blush suffuses them. Later on the barber asks me if I want a shave and shampoo. He next selects a subject with which he has no acquaintance and unloads all of his ignorance of it, while with infinite solicitude, between frequent absences from the chair to survey the passing world, he cuts imaginary wisps of hair around my ears. When I seek to glide into my overcoat I encounter interference from the one who made the shining proposition to me and is about a foot shorter than I am. Then he strikes me on the back with a whiskbroom several times and smiles expectantly but vainly."

Oh for the barber who will do exactly what you tell him, who will do it expeditiously, effectively, and silently, and who will not be surrounded with profit-sharing myrmidons anxious to reconstruct you from head to foot. What a profit he would make.

Recently in New York a candle sixteen feet tall and weighing 400 pounds, the finest and largest wax taper ever produced, was made, and is ultimately to stand in the Vatican at Rome, where it will be lighted once a year, on All Souls' Day, in memory of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. At this rate it will have an endurance of quite 3285 years—provided it will be left to burn the twelve hours of the day. When the body of the great wax candle was finished, the artists took up their task. This involved painting a portrait of Morgan and his favorite flowers—American Beauty roses and lilies of the valley—in oil, and the modeling of a design in relief about the base and the picture. This raised work is covered with gold leaf, and more than \$300 worth of this substance was applied. The decorating required three months. The candle was ordered by grateful Italians—members of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel of Jersey City—as a memorial to the great financier, who was the benefactor of many of their people in their native land.

"I hate to see women on the street insufficiently clad in this cold weather." "Well, you are rich. Why not relieve want?" "I'm alluding to fashion."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come, this is no amateur performance."

Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the noted New York rabbi, is a man who uses terse and apt phrases to describe men and things. Recently a young member of his congregation, puzzled over a charge laid against his stepfather, asked Dr. Wise what bigamy was. "Well," said the rabbi, "in some countries it is a crime, and in others a religion."

A lecturer one torrential night addressed an audience which might have been much larger without taxing the seating capacity of the hall. Naturally he was willing to curtail his address, and, having reached what he considered the psychological moment, said: "I'm afraid I've kept you too long." Whereupon a voice replied, "Go on, it's still raining."

The negro coachman of a Southern senator who attends the Episcopal church, after many invitations from the senator's wife, went into the church one Sunday morning instead of staying outside. "How did you like the service, Jim?" she asked afterward. "Not much, mistis," Jim replied. "That ain' no church foh me. Dey wastes too much time readin' de minutes ob de previous meetin'."

A foreman on one of the large lines of railway has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked: "Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but whin you wake up you aint got none."

She was a waitress in one of the counter-and-stool lunch-rooms, and she knew her place. He had vainly endeavored to draw her into conversation as he sat on his stool and ate his frugal meal. At the door he made a final effort—what was intended for a killing smile. She turned to the other waitress and said: "The noive of that cheap skate, thinkin' I'd floit with him, when he can't afford to eat in no better place than this!"

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. "Almost around," for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the trouble, replied: "Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out!"

Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, tells some excellent stories. "Two ladies," he once said, "were in Westminster Abbey, when one of them suddenly raised her hand, 'Hush! Listen!' she said. 'There's the organ. Isn't it splendid? I always love to hear Sir Frederick play!' 'Beautiful, dear,' replied the other; 'for a moment I thought it was Sir Walter Parratt, but of course he can't play like that! One can usually distinguish them by their touch.' As a matter of fact," says Sir Frederick, "it was the vacuum cleaner buzzing away in preparation for the coronation."

There once lived at St. Joseph, Missouri, two famous misers—two old bachelors, of course. The older miser called on the younger one night, and found him sitting in the dark. However, when he found there was a mortgage paper to be examined he lit up a small candle. But as soon as the paper was read through he blew out the candle again. "Why did you do that?" his guest, a little offended, asked. "Now, my dear sir," said the host, "can't we talk just as well in the dark? Of course we can, and think how it saves the candle." So they talked on—money, money, money. But the host noticed strange sounds coming from his guest's chair—strange creaks and rustling—and at last he said: "What are you doing there, anyway?" "Why," said the other, "it's dark and nobody can see me, so I thought I'd take off my trousers to save wear and tear."

George Ade, long before he became famous, was once associated in an humble way with a theatre. He called one morning on the editor of a Sunday paper on a mission from a theatrical manager. Entering the editor's office he began, "I have brought you this manuscript—" He got no further just then. The editor had glanced around and sized up the tall, timid youth as an amateur poet or novelist. "I see," he interrupted in an acid tone. "Well, just throw it in the waste-paper basket. I'm very busy just now and haven't got time to do it myself." George Ade obeyed his request calmly. Then he began again:

"I have just come from the theatre and the manuscript I have thrown in the waste-paper basket is your drama, which the manager asked me to return to you with thanks. He suggested that the proper place for it was with the waste paper."

In the London hospitals the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as "T. B." for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips when his curiosity was aroused by the number on which the letters "G. O. K." appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around: "There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G. O. K. in London. What is it, anyhow?" "Oh, that means 'God only knows,'" replied the English physician.

A Canadian who had been on a pleasure jaunt to New York tells of an incident of Gotham's amusement life. He went to the Carnegie Lyceum. It's a big place with several different entertainments going on at the same time in various parts of the building. On this particular day they had moving pictures of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" on the ground floor and an orchestra concert upstairs. High-brow music-lovers and patrons of the movies would have got all mixed up in looking for their respective places of entertainment if it had not been for a big-voiced negro porter who stood at the stairs to announce in stentorian tones: "Dis way to de Symphony Concert. Less Miserubble downstairs."

THE MERRY MUSE.

And Mrs. Grundy?
Solomon Grundy
Hesitated Monday,
One-step Tuesday,
Tangoed Wednesday,
Lame-ducked Thursday,
Maxixed Friday,
Half-and-half Saturday—
And as there was nothing left to learn except La Furlana, which isn't popular yet,
Rested on Sunday—
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.
—New York Tribune.

The Wail of the Jingo.
Call out a million volunteers!
Come on, let's intervene!
What care we for mothers' tears?
Let the ship of state career!
Why should we hesitate to fight?
We have the men and cash,
And all of Europe says it's right
For us to cut the dash.
Let's have a regiment or two
Led out to die today,
For boys are cheap to die or do
For the flag—hip, hip, hooray!
So wave the Stars and Stripes on high,
Why, where's your love of flag?
The grandest nation 'neath the sun
Bids soldier men not lag.

Of course I can not go to war,
The ties of business girt;
Some one like me must stay behind
To wave the bloody shirt.
—Detroit News.

Unqualified Excuse.
"Why is it," the creditor asked, "that you fail The ten-dollar bill which you owe me to mail?"
Said the debtor, "I doubt if I can, anyhow;
There's a card, 'Post No Bills,' in the postoffice now."
—Town Topics.

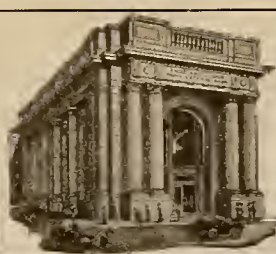
Dreams.
Said the Lion to the Lamhkin: "Let us eat together, pray,
For the grass is nice and tender; let us frisk about and play."
And they did it—loving, trusting, knowing neither hate nor fear,
For I saw them, heard them, brothers—in my dreaming, reader, dear.

Said the Briton to the German and the German to the Russ,
And the Russ unto the Frenchman: "Nevermore we'll have a fuss,
For we'll do away with armies and we'll let our navies go."
Joining hands, they did it gladly—in my dreams it happened so.

Said the Militants: "Oh, never do we care to have a vote,
We are sorry for our actions—wish we had not burned or smote;
We repudiate Mr. Pankhurst, and we stand for law and right."
Thus I heard them in my dreaming, in my dreaming in the night.

Said impartial Colonel Roosevelt, all the good within him stirred:
"Ne'er again will I e'er use it—use the short and ugly word,
For I know that men may differ—even I, at times, am wrong.
Politics I've quit forever." Gec, but I was dreaming strong!

A reformer told the voters: "Just elect me in the fall,
I will govern well and wisely, there will be no graft at all."
And they put him into office and he gave a clean régime,
For he ruled the people wisely—but it happened in a dream.
—Matthew Hamilton, in Puck.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holiday entertained a number of relatives and friends at dinner Thursday evening in celebration of Mr. Holiday's ninety-first birthday.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Stella Kane, who is her house guest.

Miss Violet Buckley gave an informal dance at her home on Pacific Avenue Friday evening, when about forty friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Charlotte Tuttle was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club. Accompanied by her guests, Miss Tuttle later attended the matinee.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained a number of young people at a children's dance Friday afternoon at her home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of her son, Master Jack Breeden.

Miss Katherine Redding entertained the bridge club of which she is a member Thursday afternoon at her home on Filbert Street.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Josephine Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel entertained a number of young people Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Miss Maud O'Connor, who has recently returned from Europe, greeted several friends at luncheon Monday at the Hotel Cecil.

Miss Julia Van Fleet was the complimented guest at an informal dinner Wednesday evening given by Miss Jean Wheeler, who entertained at a similar affair again Friday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Stoney and her fiancé, Lieutenant Francis Pryor, U. S. N. Dr. Florence Ward and Miss Dorothy Ward gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Broadway in honor of this young couple, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. James Treadwell was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon at her home on Jones Street.

Mrs. Randolph Whiting entertained fifty friends at a bridge-luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the Bella Vista Hotel.

Mrs. George Pullman of Chicago was the complimented guest at a dinner Thursday evening given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her residence on Broadway.

Mr. Harry A. Warren was host at a Hawaiian dance at the Century Club Hall Friday evening, when a hundred guests enjoyed his hospitality.

Mrs. Charles Belden, Jr., entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home in Ross. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Arthur Ford, who recently returned from her wedding trip, and Miss Margaret Belden, whose marriage to Mr. Sidney Ford will take place this month.

Mrs. Joseph Rucker, who is spending a few days in town from her home in San Jose, entertained several friends at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott and her house guest, Miss Genevieve Hailey, were the guests of honor at a luncheon and matinee party Tuesday given by Miss Ruth Gateb of Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley entertained a number of friends informally at luncheon Wednesday.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday afternoon at her home on Lake Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue preceding the ball of all nations.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, the Misses Lilius and Olive Wheeler entertained a number of friends this afternoon at an elaborate reception at their residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. Graeme MacDonald was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles at her home on Union Street.

Mrs. Edward Kittrage entertained a coterie of congenial friends at luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club.

Dr. Francis Wakefield and Mrs. Wakefield will entertain a number of young people at a dance

this evening at their home on Octavia Street. The affair will be in honor of their house guest, Miss Dorothy Simpson.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Effie Fortune.

Mrs. William B. Bourn gave an informal bridge-luncheon Thursday, when eight guests enjoyed her hospitality.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins was christened recently at the home of his parents in Mill Valley. He was named John Cushing Jenkins, after Mrs. Jenkins's brother. Mrs. Rudolph Schilling was the godmother.

Mrs. Augustus J. Bowie was hostess at a children's party Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of her young son, Master Leonard Calvert Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNab gave an elaborate dinner-dance Friday evening at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Holmes entertained a dozen friends at dinner Thursday evening.

Miss Carrie Nicholson was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday, when a number of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Saturday evening, preceding the ball of all nations.

Miss Margaret Stoney was the complimented guest at a luncheon Tuesday given by Miss Frances Mathieu at her home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Minerva Lovell has issued invitations to a bridge-tee Thursday afternoon, May 28, in honor of Miss Stoney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve entertained a number of friends of their daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, at a picnic Sunday.

Captain William H. Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at their home at Fort Scott.

Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, May 15, at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain William Haas, U. S. A., and Mrs. Haas gave a dinner last evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have returned to Burlingame after a few weeks' stay at Paso Robles. Mr. Scott has arrived from New York, where he made a brief visit.

Mrs. J. W. Wright, Miss Helen Wright, and Miss Augusta Foute will spend the next few weeks at Miramar, where Mr. and Mrs. Wright have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown and their little son, David, Jr., have gone to their home in Aspen, Colorado, to remain during the summer. Upon their return to this city they will reside on Walnut Street, where they have leased the home of the Misses Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh have returned to their home in Woodside after having spent the winter in town.

Mrs. William Duncan is rapidly recovering from her recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn will leave next month for Europe to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and their children moved Monday to Burlingame to remain six months.

Mrs. James A. Follis has been spending the past week at her home in San Rafael, where it is hoped the change of climate will benefit the health of her son, Master Gwin Follis, who is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. With Mrs. Follis are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois left Wednesday for Palo Alto, where they will spend the summer. Since their arrival from Europe they have been staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne are en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer. Upon their return they will reside in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and their two little daughters have moved to San Mateo, where they are established in their country home. Dur-

ing the winter they occupied apartments at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have returned from Ross, where they have been visiting Mr. Griffith's mother, Mrs. E. L. Griffith.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., has arrived from Washington, D. C., to superintend the interior decoration of her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have arrived in Paris and will remain abroad until August.

Interesting letters have been received from Mrs. Hannah Neal Hobart and Miss Sara Coffin, who have been traveling in Europe during the past three months. At last accounts they were in Greece.

Mrs. George M. Pullman has returned to her home in Chicago after a two months' visit in California. Mrs. Pullman spent several weeks in Pasadena and was the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, during her stay in this city.

Mrs. George F. Ashton and Miss Helen Ashton have returned from Sacramento, where they spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggett.

Mr. Richard McCreery is en route to Lake Como, where he will join Mrs. McCreery, who left here several weeks ago after a month's visit at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and their four little sons will spend the summer in Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins and their two children will spend a month in Bolinas, where they will occupy a cottage near the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne spent the weekend in Monterey. They left Friday in their automobile and were accompanied by Miss Josephine Parrott.

Dr. Vard H. Hulen and Mrs. Hulen have given up their apartment on Pacific Avenue and are residing on Post Street, where they will remain until August, when they will go to Europe for a few months' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze and Mrs. Norwood have closed their town house and are established in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their two little sons, Masters George and Walter Newhall, are settled for the summer in their country home in Burlingame.

Mr. J. William Byrne, who went to Europe a few weeks ago, has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy in Paris.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, returned Thursday from Europe, after a year's absence, and are occupying their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby left last week for New York for a few weeks' visit. During their absence the Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby will occupy their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard A. Richardson and their little daughter, Betty, have moved to their country home in Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie have returned from a week's visit with Mr. Oddie's family in Carson, Nevada.

Mrs. Tennant Harrington and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Harrington, of Colusa, are visiting Mrs. Mary Beach at her home on Fillmore Street. Miss Harrington is a niece of Mrs. Albert P. Niblack, who was formerly Miss Mary Harrington.

Dr. Albert J. Houston, Mrs. Houston, and their children will depart soon for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins have returned from Denver, where they have been visiting Mrs. Elkins's family.

Mr. Ernest Wiltsee arrived last week from Paris, and will spend several weeks in California.

Dr. Morris M. Herzstein has gone to Europe and will spend the next few weeks in Nauheim.

Mrs. Earl Shipp and her little daughter, Betty, have come from San Diego to visit Mrs. Shipp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weller, during the absence of Lieutenant Shipp, U. S. N., who is in command of one of the torpedo-boat destroyers in Mexican waters.

Captain John Ellicott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicott have returned to Mare Island after a visit with Captain Charles Humphreys, U. S. A., and Mrs. Humphreys at the Presidio.

Mrs. Charles Lull, wife of Captain Lull, U. S. A., has gone to San Diego to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl, with whom she will remain until her husband's return from Mexico.

Major and Mrs. Andrew Summers Rowan are spending the summer at their country place, Outcrop, near the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, above Marsh Station.

University to Grant Nine Hundred Degrees.

Nine hundred degrees will be granted by the University of California at its fifty-first Commencement, in the Greek Theatre at 9:45 a. m. Wednesday, May 13. The graduating class will consist of over 600, as compared with 329 ten years ago, while the other 300 are recipients of higher and professional degrees.

Book Club Exhibition.

Beginning the fourth of May, and continuing throughout the following fortnight, the Book Club of California will hold an exhibition of fine bindings at 550 Sutter Street.

The next American play to be produced in London is "The Argyle Case," in which Robert Hilliard is now appearing here. In London the Hilliard rôle will be played by Fred Terry, and his wife, Julia Neilson, will be seen as Mrs. Martin. "The Argyle Case" is now being played in Australia by Charles Millward, while Pierre Decourcelles is preparing a version for the French stage. Soon the mysteries of the dictograph and roneophone will be known to theatre-goers in all parts of the globe.

Sunny, nine-room, well-furnished house to rent; \$150 a month; Pacific Heights. Phone Douglas 4337.

The Tamalpais Drama.

Preparations for the presentation of "Shakuntala," the Hindu drama of the Himalaya Mountains, as the second annual mountain play event in the natural amphitheatre on top of Mount Tamalpais, are practically complete. Rehearsals are progressing satisfactorily under the direction of Garnet Holme, producer, and Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, professor of Sanskrit at the University of California, translator of the play. On the day of the performance, Sunday, May 17, for the first time automobilists will be given opportunity to motor to the top of Mount Tamalpais. Kent's private road has been thrown open to the public for the day, and C. F. Runyon has had an automobile road constructed to the Mountain Theatre.

Ancient Jerusalem is gradually being modernized, and electric cars will soon hum in the streets of the Holy City, while the night will be aglow with electric lights. The massive city walls are to come down in the march of progress, and are now being offered by the government for sale as building material. Influential citizens of Jerusalem have formed a society and are approaching the government with a view to preserving David's Tower, which they propose to convert into a museum. To the north and west of the old city there have sprung up within the last decade large Jewish colonies, popular residential sections, as well as convents, hospices, institutions, schools, and other buildings, with the result that today there is a greater Jerusalem without the walls than within. Four separate tramway routes are to be laid down. They will all start from the Jaffa Gate, the principal entrance into the city, and run outside the city walls through the newer parts of Jerusalem. The first, which will have a length of about two miles, will give easy access to what may be termed the business quarter of the Holy City, while the second, of similar length, will link up the large Jewish colonies to the north with the city's principal entrance. The third will encircle the old city, embracing many of its most historic sites, such as Gordon's Calvary, believed by many scholars to have been the scene of the Crucifixion; the Tomb of the Kings, the Mount of Olives, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The fourth line will run from the Jaffa Gate to Bethlehem, some six miles distant, traversing what is perhaps the most sacred thoroughfare in the world. It teems with reputed holy places—sacred wells, tombs, and convents.

The New York Browning Society is raising a fund of \$18,000 as half of the sum needed to purchase and preserve in the caskets in which Robert Browning placed them the entire collection of love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. The chief librarian of the British Museum has announced that British funds to an equal amount will be forthcoming if America will do her share. The letters are obtainable from the present owner for approximately the purchase price.

HARVARD MAN, of good family, widely traveled, practical knowledge of French, German and Spanish, now engaged as master in well known private school for boys, will act as tutor and companion during the summer. References of worth in New York, Tuxedo, Boston, San Francisco, San Mateo, London. Address "G. H.," care the Argonaut Pub. Co., San Francisco.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Right Reverend Francis L. Norris, whom the Archbishop of Canterbury recently consecrated as Bishop in North China, was ordained in 1870. He went to Peking in 1889 as a missionary, and was also at Yung-Ching and Tientsin. Since 1910 he has been principal of the church school for boys at Peking.

Former President of the United States William Howard Taft has been elected president of Hampton Institute, to succeed the late Robert C. Ogden, who served in a like capacity for many years. Mr. Taft will not assume the duties of president of the institute in the sense that presidents of other colleges do, but will be chairman of a board of trustees and will direct the affairs of the institute.

One of the highest scholastic honors that can be awarded to student graduates at Columbia, the William Mitchell Fellowship, has been bestowed upon C. M. Pang, son of a Chinese merchant in Brooklyn. Although horn of Chinese parents, Pang declares his lifework is to be in this country. The fellowship to which he has been appointed is for study in English.

Sir James Caird, whose last gift of \$500,000 for a new city hall for Dundee, Scotland, brings the total of his benefactions to his native city up to \$1,000,000, is a jute manufacturer. From a rather modest beginning he has developed one of the largest houses of the kind in the world. His previous gifts to Dundee include two hospitals, a sanatorium, a home of rest, a park and golf-course, and additions to the infirmary.

Captain Geert Stenger, the veteran commodore of the Holland-American liner *Rotterdam*, is now on his 240th round-trip as captain between Rotterdam and New York, and has probably set a record already, though he will likely continue as master mariner for some years to come. Captain Stenger was rewarded by Congress and by the late President Cleveland for the saving of lives at sea. He has also been decorated by the governments of France and The Netherlands.

Professor Edward Curtis Franklin, who has just been honored by election to the National Academy of Sciences and the American Philosophical Society, was professor of organic chemistry at Stanford University, 1906-11. In the latter year he entered the service of the government, becoming professor of chemistry and chief of the division of chemistry, United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. He was educated in Berlin and

at the John Hopkins University, and has devoted himself to chemistry. He is a member of the American Chemical Society, the Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft, and the National Geographical Society, and has written much on the results of his investigations.

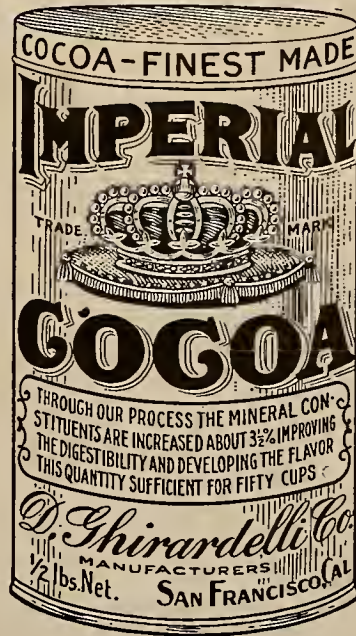
Sir Sydney Buxton, appointed to succeed Lord Gladstone as governor-general of South Africa, has had a peerage conferred upon him, thereby becoming a viscount of the United Kingdom. He first entered Parliament in 1883 as member for Peterborough in the Liberal interest. In 1886 he was elected member for Poplar, and has represented that constituency for twenty-eight years. From 1892 to 1895 he was under secretary for the colonies, and from 1905 to 1910 was postmaster-general. In 1910 he became president of the Board of Trade. He was responsible for the Copyright Act of 1911 and several other measures, and is the author of various books. His "Handbook to Political Questions" has reached an eleventh edition.

Hiram Bingham, who declares that the leading South American statesmen regard the Monroe Doctrine as a species of obnoxious political patronage, is in a position which entitles his utterance to unusual attention at the moment. He is lecturer on Latin-American history at Yale University, and is a noted South American traveler. He was a delegate of the United States government to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress at Santiago de Chile, 1908. Professor Bingham has explored the Spanish trade route from Buenos Aires to Lima, and the ancient Incas ruins of Choquequirau. He is the author of the "Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia" and other works, and has been highly honored by South American Scientific bodies.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Figures have just been given out on the recent referendum vote taken by the Chamber of Commerce on the liquor question. According to this vote the directors of the chamber will oppose the prohibition constitutional amendment.

The body of Henry Stern, a well-known real estate dealer and insurance broker, was found in a dressing-room of the Olympic Club Monday shortly before noon. The coroner's office asserts that Stern committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium, a can containing some of the chemical being found in his locker. His family maintains that death was due to heart trouble, from which he had been a suf-



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1019-1021-1023 PHELAN BLDG., S. F., CAL.
*Consulting Engineer for J. E. Kraft & Sons, Architects

ferer. Stern spent most of Monday morning in his office at 316 Bush Street. He chatted pleasantly with other real estate men, without giving the slightest intimation that he was worried or troubled.

For the first four months of the year, with the total amount of imports normal, the customs receipts at this port fell off nearly \$200,000, according to official figures. It was estimated that there would be a slight difference from last year on account of the new tariff law, but not to the extent shown.

William C. Edis, chief engineer of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad Company, has been appointed a member of the Alaskan Engineering Commission by President Wilson. The commission will have charge of the location of railroad routes provided for in the recent Alaskan railroad act.

After an illness of a few days, Edward M. Seagrave died last Monday at his home in Alameda. He had been connected with the postoffice in San Francisco for forty years. He was a prominent member of the G. A. R. and Odd Fellows.

Judge E. H. Heacock, who for sixteen years was United States court commissioner in San Francisco, passed away at his home, 1301 Henry Street, Berkeley, of cerebral hemorrhage. Judge Heacock was eighty-three years old.

Bids for the construction of the Potrero Avenue extension of the municipal street-car system were opened by the board of works on Wednesday. Eaton & Smith, contractors, secured the job at \$134,767.80.

Funeral services were held on Friday over the body of Mrs. Jules J. Mack, a club woman noted for her many charities, who died at her home, 2898 Pacific Avenue, on Wednesday after an illness of five months.

Suit brought by Ferdinand Hesthal against J. Cal Ewing and Frank M. Ish as a result of their abandonment of the plans to build a new ball park at Army and Valencia Streets, has been won by defendants. Judge Seawell held that the property was worth only \$140,000, while Hesthal had demanded \$175,000 for it, and that therefore the contract with the ball magnates was invalid.

The will of the late Mrs. Grace B. Stratton, wife of Frederick S. Stratton, former collector of the port, has been admitted to probate in Oakland. Mrs. Stratton was appointed administrator without bonds. The estate, worth \$100,000, goes to the children, Frederick, Jr., and Helen.

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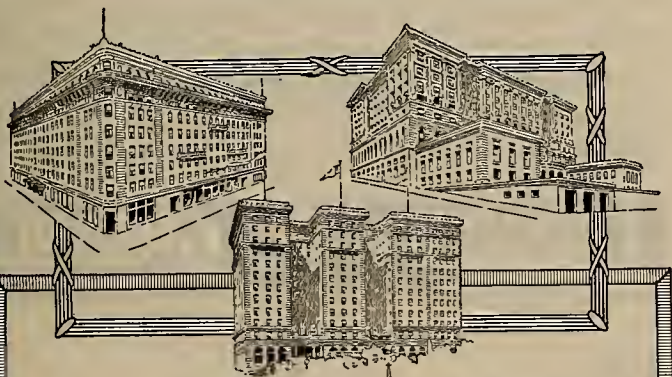
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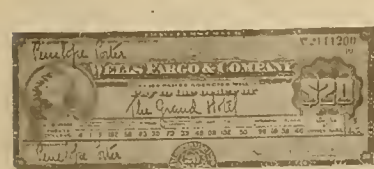
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The Fairmont



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S. S. Nippon Maru (saloon accommodations
at reduced rates).....Thursday, May 14, 1914
S. S. Hongkong Maru (saloon accommodations
at reduced rates).....Sat., May 30, 1914
S. S. Shinyo Maru (via Manila direct).....
.....Saturday, June 6, 1914
S. S. Chiyo Maru (via Manila direct).....
.....Tuesday, June 23, 1914
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Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu,
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*George Washington.....May 16
*Kronprinzessin Cecilie.....May 19
a) Barbarossa.....May 21
*Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.....May 26
a) Bremen.....May 28
Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm.....May 30
*Sails at 1 A. M. Carries no (I) or (II)
cabin—aBremen direct.

Baltimore-Bremen direct.
One cabin (II); Wednesdays.

THE MEDITERRANEAN
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Prinzess Irene.....June 17

The North German Lloyd
landed more passengers, First
Cabin, Second Cabin and
Steerage in the port of New
York during 1913 than any
other line, repeating its mar-
velous record of 1912.

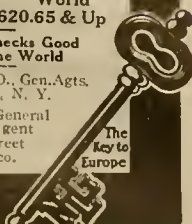
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is a heroine?" "A girl who knows she can't sing and can't be coaxed to try."—*Livingston Lance.*

He—Yes, I'm a soldier. I helped England win the Boer War. She—Is that so? Which side were you on?—*Exchange.*

"Father, are all the pirates dead?" "No, my son, they now run the coat-checking privileges at the hotels and restaurants."—*Town Topics.*

"My wife should be above suspicion," said Caesar. "I am," she replied. "I don't suspect where you have been; I know it."—*Toledo Blade.*

Missionary—If you are about to kill me, let me sing a hymn. Cannibal—No, sir! No music with meals in this place.—*Newark (N. J.) Star.*

Proud Father—What do you think of my son as a pugilist? Old Sport—Well, he can shake hands better than any fighter I ever saw.—*Judge.*

Auto Salesman—Our 1914 output was quickly exhausted. Auto Owner—I know it. I had one and it lay down completely after three days.—*Puck.*

"And now they've started a company to insure people against lack of employment." "H'm! What we need is a company to insure against having to work."—*Lustige Blätter.*

Green—What is the hardest work you ever did? City Employee—The work I did landing this job, and the next hardest is the work of keeping it from being taken away from me.—*Judge.*

Owner—Here, what are you doing? Don't you know you're not allowed to take fish out of this water? Angler (three hours without a bite)—I'm not taking them out; I'm feeding them.—*Tidbits.*

"How can you tell when a woman is only shopping?" "When they intend to buy they ask to see something cheaper. When they're shopping they ask if you haven't something more expensive in stock."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Papa certainly didn't manage this European trip very well. He said we'd be in Rome two days, but he made a mistake and it's three—and now we've seen everything and there's absolutely nothing to do for a whole day."—*Life.*

Rich Girl—What advice can you give me? I'm so afraid the men care only for my money. Miss Cayenne—My dear, don't marry any man to whom you would not trust your whole fortune, and then—don't trust him with it.—*Livingston Lance.*

"Is your wife going to wear her diamonds to the grand opera?" "Of course," answered Mr. Cumrox. "We can't all appreciate music, and we ought to try to make grand opera interesting even for those who go merely to look on."—*Washington Star.*

"This is no place for such a petty squabble," said the police court judge. "Now, Mulligan, you apologize to Hogan for calling him a liar and I'll dismiss the case." "All right. Mishter Hogan, I apolygize for callin' ye—callin' ye what ye are."—*Life.*

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee of the colored church. "I just come to see ef yo' wouldn't join de mission band." "Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," was the reply, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."—*Dallas News.*

"After all these statesmen have gone on the stand and told how they run their parties, every citizen will know the ins and out of politics." "Yes," said the Practical Person, "but in politics you don't get anything by knowing the outs."—*New York Press.*

Visitor (sampling Belfast stout with evident appreciation)—Really, this is splendid stuff. They say that it is both meat and drink. Workman (interrupting)—Sure, an' it's roight ye are, sor; an' ef ye take plenty av it it'll foind ye lodgings, too.—*London Punch.*

"See here, waiter," exclaimed the indignant customer, "here's a piece of wood in my sausage!" "Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but I'm sure—er—" "Sure nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'm blowed if I'm going to eat the kennel, too."—*Vancouver Saturday Sunset.*

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mediation and—What Next?

The latest victim of auto-hypnotism appears to be the group of mediators assembled at Niagara. Under the exhilaration of this distemper the commission has developed a plan to quite radically reshape conditions in Mexico. The happy concept, we are told, originated in Washington, having been "talked over" by "the President and Mr. Bryan," and was then submitted in a form so adroit as to give to the mediators a pleasing sense of its spontaneous self-development. The plan looks to the resignation of Huerta, the more or less complete withdrawal of Carranza and Villa, with the setting up of a commission to regulate affairs, upon which both the Huertaistas and the Constitutionlists shall have representation. It follows the familiar idea, later to be worked out, of a "full and strictly legal expression of the sentiment and conscience of the Mexican people." It is a pretty scheme, devised in admirably ideal form, well rounded at the corners and turned in at the edges. Now, doubtless, the commission in its wisdom will go

further and inform a watchfully waiting world how its suggestions are to be carried out. It may not be easy. Huerta even before now has been invited to eliminate himself, but he has not exhibited a conceding disposition. General Carranza does not impress one as an eager resigner. And General Villa, though the most amiable cutthroat alive, does not look to a casual observer like a man anxious to quit.

Seriously, the project is ridiculous. It is clean outside the scope of authorized mediation. It has the consent of neither of the parties in direct interest. It is conceived in the spirit of a sublimated presumption and is as little calculated for practical effects as the findings of any one of those tribunals which meet Saturday afternoons in the back room of ten thousand grocery stores to scrutinize the affairs of the world.

Commissions of mediation, like irrigation congresses, religious endeavor conventions, and mothers' meetings, have a habit quite spontaneously of expanding the scope of their functions. It is one of the weaknesses of aspiring human nature. But the commission assembled at Niagara would do well to recall to itself the actual terms of its mandate. Here is the real basis of its powers such as they are: The United States has consented to mediation, at the same time by act of Congress limiting the American case to a demand for a ceremonial salute in condonement of an alleged insult to the flag at Tampico. President Huerta has accepted the mediation "in principle," adding the specific limitation that issues growing out of the Tampico incident only shall be considered. Carranza and Villa have declined any part in the mediation and are proceeding vigorously in warlike operations. Under these conditions the mediation, so far as it relates to Mexican internal affairs, is nothing more than a voluntary discussion of matters about which the mediators have no authority whatever.

Under these conditions mediation is nothing more than an elaborate process of delay, very grateful to the United States, which finds itself through the folly of the administration at Washington in an illogical and embarrassing position. It is likewise grateful to President Huerta in that it gives him time, free for the moment from aggressive activities on the part of the United States, to organize his forces and meet his oncoming enemies from the north.

Leaving the futile proceedings of mediation out of the account, what now is the situation? The United States has an army camped on Mexican soil in support of a demand for ceremonial reparation for a constructive insult. It has nominally made war, not upon Mexico, but upon the head of the Mexican provisional government, but is afraid or ashamed to go forward. It is as if John L. Sullivan had cuffed a newsboy for accidentally stepping on his toe, and having the lad firmly by the collar and finding him still "sassy," were unable to let him go with self-respect or hold him fast without drawing to himself the laughter and contempt of the lookers-on.

It is not difficult to comprehend, even to sympathize with, General Huerta's conception of the part the United States is playing in the Mexican tragedy. He sees the northern colossus as the ally of his immediate enemies, afraid to strike a bold blow, but under pretenses of neutrality and sympathy with the Mexican people, plotting to aid his enemies. He recalls the interference of President Wilson with his financial arrangements, with the personal demand that he eliminate himself from the situation. He recalls the friendly conferences of the President's agents with Carranza and Villa. He recalls the lifting of the embargo on the northern frontier by which Carranza and Villa were supplied with arms and ammunition. He sees—nobody plainer than he—that the policy of the Washington administration while thus aiding his ene-

mies has thwarted him (Huerta) at every turn. He conceives the movement against Vera Cruz to be what in fact it was, a hurried movement upon a trivial pretext, for the purpose of turning back supplies of arms and ammunition which he had bought in Europe and needed to equip his forces against the advancing northern rebels. He finds himself at the moment of his supremest need of all his powers to meet his internal foes held in the vice of the American menace and thus hindered in his defensive operations. Under these conceptions and these conditions it is not surprising that he speaks with a direct bitterness. The surprising fact is that in the face of so many circumstances tending to the advantage of his enemies and to his own embarrassment, and sought to be covered by sanctimonious professions of friendship and sympathy with the "Mexican people," Huerta should maintain the reserves of dignified utterance. We challenge anybody of manly sensibility to read Huerta's pronouncement of last Monday, and to compare it with President Wilson's address at New York on the same day, and under this scrutiny to discover any satisfaction to American pride or American self-respect. Limiting consideration of the two men to the incidents of the past month, and matching the utterances of the one with the other, there can be no question as to the better poise and of the truer dignity of the President of Mexico as compared with the President of the United States. Huerta may indeed be a man of ruthless character, but he is no hypocrite, he is no whiner. What he does and says is in manly spirit. He seeks to borrow no aids from sanctimonious professions, no justification from whimsical conceptions and declarations of quixotic intention.

If the mediation at Niagara, ignoring the limitations of its mandate, shall determine upon forcible pacification of Mexico, who is to do the business? Shall the United States, having declined upon the basis of its own grievances and its own sense of responsibility to proceed aggressively in Mexico, accept the commission and act upon the authority of a volunteer board of mediation? Shall we, too timid to act under our own initiative, proceed under the authority of three South American states? The suggestion seems absurd. Most certainly it would be a pitiful comedown from pretensions we have long maintained.

Suppose the mediation shall limit its recommendations to matters within the scope of its actual mandate—shall we then accept its findings without question? Shall we if the mediation declares, as we think it must, that there was sufficient apology for the Tampico incident, fold our tents at Vera Cruz, pull up our anchors, and turn tail for home? If the commission shall determine the Tampico case in our favor, shall we be content while Huerta with a bland smile lets off twenty-one blank cartridges, and then run for home? And if so at what cost shall we have won the empty tribute of a ceremonial cannonade? And in what situation shall we leave Mexico? Will our duty be achieved; will our interest be preserved; will our obligation to foreign nations be discharged? These questions exhibit the absurdity of a demand limited, in contempt of sober and wise counsels, to a trivial point of punctilio, still leaving the larger issues of our relations with Mexico unsolved and miserably complicated by a flash-in-the-pan movement conceived in the spirit of personal resentment and carried out in the spirit of childish petulance.

Mr. Wilson is making a situation calculated to bring about as a political effect the thing of all things which he most dreads—the thing of all things which serious men of all parties have most reason to dread. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, just emerged from a sensational adventure, to the accompaniment of the melodramatic stage play which he always so adroitly contrives

risen to speak contemptuously and resentfully of one phase of current policy. In a brief time, after he shall have executed a sweetly sentimental stunt involving a visit to Spain, he will land on American soil. He will find a situation directly to the hand of that species of demagoguery which is peculiarly his specialty. Is there doubt in any mind as to what he will do? He will review the course of Mexican policy with its hundred follies and blunders and he will, even beyond the limit, exploit its humiliations and shames to the American spirit. He will after familiar fashion fire the heart of the country with a policy of "on to Mexico." Then metaphorically he will enfold himself in the Stars and Stripes and stand for an extreme American policy at the Isthmus, as against the President's demand for repeal of tolls exemption. All of Mr. Wilson's whimsicalities and mistakes plus even those merits of his policy which may be turned to popular prejudice, will be played upon with all the art of one who suffers under restrictions where they conflict with his own ambitions. Having thus upon the foundation of the Mexican folly set for himself sails to catch a hundred breezes of popular sentiment, he will turn upon the President's trust policy. Almost we can see the fury of his grimaces and hear the gritting of his teeth. A time has come, he will say, when the business of regulating everything and everybody, the undermining of confidence and destruction of enterprise, has gone too far. He will set himself with vitriolic ardor in opposition to the President, already weakened by self-distrust and the malice which desperation yields. He will personify in himself the resentments of everybody who has anything to resent—and there will be many.

And if all this shall succeed as it may—if it shall enable an arrant demagogue to crowd Mr. Wilson out of the presidential chair and push himself into it—and this is likely to happen—Mr. Wilson will have nobody but himself to blame.

Washington Topics.

While Secretary McAdoo is off in the New Hampshire hills honeymooning, the world forgetting, he is by no means by the world forgot. The gossips are determined to get him out of the cabinet upon the theory that the public will not regard with approval an intimate family connection between the White House and the Treasury Department. The theory is not unfounded. But there is mitigation in the circumstances. Mr. McAdoo is not Secretary of the Treasury through family favor. The Secretaryship came to him before he had any relationship to the President's family. Furthermore, Mr. McAdoo, besides being nearly as old as his wife's father is, considered personally, quite as big a man. He was a figure in the world of finance while Mr. Wilson was still a teacher at Princeton. But however this may be, it is a very common opinion at Washington that Mr. McAdoo, if he shall remain in the public service, would prefer a post further removed than the Secretaryship of the Treasury from presumptions of domestic sympathy.

One dignified means of escape from the domestic environment, it has been suggested, is the French mission, which the President has sought in various ways to fill ever since he came into office. He urged the place upon young Mr. McCoombs, who, knowing the job was not one for a man of small means, has had the discretion to decline it. Mr. George Mayre of San Francisco has wanted the French mission—indeed he has been making something of a campaign for it—but for some reason not explained the President, though friendly to Mayre and willing to give him another important post, has not consented to make him ambassador to France. Many have inferred that the motive relates to Mr. McAdoo—that in fact the place is being held open for him.

Another line of Washington talk has disposed of Mr. McAdoo in the governorship of the Reserve Board, a position of immense power, particularly if the other members of the board shall, as may not unreasonably be expected, turn out a mere collection of rubber stamps. This gossip, however, has been disposed of by the acceptance of the governorship of the board by ex-Secretary Olney.

Secretary Lane, whose success in coöperation with Secretary Garrison in turning down Mr. Bryan in the matter of the embargo at the Mexican frontier has still further increased his rising prestige, has done another good thing for the country and for himself in the selec-

tion of the agents charged with the governmental railroad enterprise in Alaska. Nominally the President has made these appointments, but as a matter of fact the men were selected by Lane. Mr. Edes of San Francisco is highly approved, albeit a bit advanced in years for the work in hand. Young Lieutenant Mears, the second member of the board, until now chief engineer and general superintendent of the Panama Railway Company and its steamship lines, is of the very best type. He was a rising and successful young railway engineer under John F. Stevens when Stevens was chief engineer of the Jim Hill system. But in 1899 he abandoned this fine position to enlist as a private soldier for Philippine service. In less than two years he won a commission in the cavalry. When Stevens went to Panama as chief engineer of the Canal he had Mears detailed to the work there. He started as track foreman, but went right up. Thomas Riggs, Jr., the third member (appointed May 4th) is a young man who has made a splendid record in running the Alaskan boundary.

Mr. Lane has now about the most enviable place in the cabinet, and it is the common opinion at Washington that his judgment goes further with the President than that of any other man, albeit it has not gone far enough to shape the President's policy either as to the Canal tolls or as to Mexican affairs. There was a good deal of quiet discussion of Lane as a possible successor to Wilson in 1916, until the fact was brought to light that Lane was born in Canada and therefore not eligible under the constitution. However this fact may limit the ambitions of Mr. Lane, it is an immediate comfort to him in that it saves him against presumptions of personal interest which attach to pretty nearly every other man in or out of the cabinet who has any vital part in the administrative counsels.

There are evidences more than plenty that the arrangement by which it has been agreed to pay to the government of Colombia twenty-five millions conscience money for the piracy of 1903, will not be ratified by the Senate without a contest. This arrangement is a confession of wrongdoing and therefore a reflection upon Mr. Roosevelt, particularly, and, incidentally, upon the Republican party, which was in power at the time. Mr. Roosevelt has already been heard from in a resentful outburst; and there are those in the Senate who are likely to hold the same view of the matter. Then it is an all but unanimous opinion that the amount provided—\$25,000,000—is far too much. On top of all there is the suggestion of an active and not disinterested promotion of this transaction on the part of at least one American distinguished in the sphere of international law. Mr. Hannis Taylor has a daughter described as young, handsome, and "gabby." A story is going the rounds at Washington to the effect that over a dinner-table a few nights back this young woman remarked, "We're going to be rich pretty soon." "How's that?" asked somebody. "Why, father is going to get a million out of that batch of dough Mr. Wilson is going to pay to Colombia." This gossip is deliciously suggestive, to say the least.

The President continues to suffer both mentally and physically respecting the Mexican situation. His doctors have insisted upon some surcease of his labors and upon the open air. Against his will he has been driven to the golf course and made to stay there for a considerable part of each day. And still under a physician's orders and in view of the inevitable extension of the congressional session, a tent has been set up in the White House garden to the end that the President even while at work shall be secluded and out of doors.

The effort to give Mr. Wilson relief from his burdens has been the cause of some unreasonable criticism. For example, it was desired last week by a lot of visiting "Shriners" to pay their respects to the President—to shake hands with him and "get a peep into the White House." Either the President had to give up an afternoon to this futile ceremony or abandon an outing upon the links upon which his doctors insisted. The decision went against the Shriners, many of whom were unreasonable enough to think and to say many nasty things. Of course it was just a bit of vulgar stupidity. No man of all those who wanted "a peep into the White House" had a single helpful word to say to the President, and it would have been the fooliest kind of folly to have given up to a meaningless and wearing hand-

shaking bee time desperately needed for the President's physical and mental refreshment.

Mr. Wilson, like all men of his type, is extremely sensitive to criticism—even to questions which imply doubts of his judgment or discretion. He has not since the Mexican situation grew serious enjoyed his semi-weekly conferences with the newspaper writers. His idea of procedure on these occasions is that he should make a bland and plausible speech and that whatever he says or implies shall be swallowed as law and gospel. He squirms if questions are asked him, especially questions aimed to bring out explanation of inconsistencies—and there have been many. More than once he has taken refuge in statements which the progress of events have shown to be shy at the point of candor, greatly to the disgust of the writers, who, as it will readily be believed, are not easily satisfied with glittering generalities nor easily deceived by evasive phrases. Now, the President has called off the conferences, which indicates to the press writers that he dares not submit himself to the usual cross-examination. So for the first time in years we have a President absolutely secluded from the newspaper writers. And this same President is he who only a few months ago preached that in executive position there is no need for secrecy—that the best of all cures for misunderstanding or wrongdoing in office is a "pitiless publicity."

Girls Who Run Away.

At a time when the public investigation and the philanthropic inquiry have become national institutions it seems strange that there has been no scrutiny into the causes that lead young girls to run away from home. That they do run away from home is sufficiently proved by the lurid columns of our newspapers. Indeed these events are probably far more numerous than we suppose, since a certain amount of sensational detail is essential to newspaper interest. But why do they run away from home? White slavery was once a favorite trail, and it was industriously followed with a sobbing enthusiasm until the facts became too strong for it. But white slavery is now too thin at the seams and too frayed at the hems for service, and there is still no answer to the question, Why do girls run away from home?

The latest escapade to be chronicled is that of Bernice Peiser, aged fourteen, and therefore too young to be accused of stealing the \$1600 worth of jewelry that she took with her. It will be remembered that Miss Peiser was eventually found in Sacramento and in the act of disposing of the diamonds that she had thus "conveyed." Beyond the fact that she was of an emotional and sentimental temperament there is no explanation of her freak, and half a dozen columns or so of biographical and reminiscent detail—supplied by her parents—leave us as much in the dark as ever.

But perhaps our grandmothers would have found no difficulty in interpreting such an aberration, and from no other material than is supplied by the very newspapers that now profess to be so puzzled. They might have said that to allow a girl of fourteen to dance in public at the Mardi Gras ball was almost equivalent in itself to moral murder. They might have said that if that evil work needed a supplement and a coping-stone it would be found in the display of that young girl's picture in most unbecoming garb and pose in the daily newspapers, and therefore in association with the rogues' gallery and the thieves' kitchen that seems to be demanded by the pictorial sense of the day. Our grandmothers might have gone even so far as to say that the girl herself was not to blame, that she was the inevitable product of her environment, but that no censure could be too severe for those who permitted such extravagances and who thus deliberately fed the flames of vanity and self-love that it was their sacred duty to restrain.

It is a painful problem, but it is one that has to be faced. It is a problem, not of childish waywardness, but of parental incompetence. It is a question not so much of the training of children as of the training of parents. Doubtless these particular parents were filled with pride by the "prominence" and the "publicity" given to a girl of fourteen, since it is just these ugly things that have taken the place of the old-fashioned and now discarded virtues of modesty and reticence. Indeed we may reasonably suppose that this is so, since the mother herself, still untaught by events, describes her child to a reporter as of "gorgeous beauty."

Doubtless the reproduced "picture in the newspapers"—that goal of vulgar minds—now fourteen inches in length, will be treasured as a family heirloom and as a tribute to fame, while the girl herself is not likely to forget that she was once the topic of the day and that her "gorgeous beauty" is upon printed record.

The story is not an exceptional one, except from the fact that Bernice Peiser ran away from home instead of remaining at home in defiant discontent, and thereby invoked the publicity that she had evidently been taught to crave. Bernice Peiser is a product of the "liberty" that for some curious and degenerate reason is supposed to be a girlish decoration. It was this "liberty," this itch to be noticed and to be talked of, that had turned her into the "mature, cunning woman" of the newspaper description, just as a thousand other girls who ought to be unseen and unheard are being corrupted into "mature, cunning women" by the same fatal license and lawlessness that is actually disgraceful, but that modern perversion thinks to be commendable. Doubtless the present fatuous discussion of the causes of vice and scandal will go on apacè, but eventually there must come some recognition that all these cancerous growths are actually born in the home of childhood and under the approving eye of parents who can not see the inevitable destination of the ugly traits that they admire and applaud.

The "A. B. C."

Entrance of the three larger countries of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—into the sphere of international diplomacy marks a new condition in the world, more particularly in the western hemisphere. From now on there is to be reckoned with a force which hitherto nobody has thought it worth while seriously to consider. Each of the A. B. C.'s has now a governmental organization as definitely established and probably as stable as our own; and each of them has in its resources and in its material and social development the basis of a very respectable power. The three together—and the month has shown their capacity for combination—represent a concrete power which not only the United States but the world will do well to heed. Then there attaches to this combination as spokesman of the Latin-American world an auxiliary quantity made up of a halfscore or more of states, individually weak, but having a very considerable power in the aggregate and peculiarly well provided with the forces of diplomacy and warfare. It is a fact as curious as it is interesting that South America today can supply as many names distinguished in diplomacy and warfare as any other group of associated countries on the face of the earth.

In view of the events of the month it is worth while to glance briefly at the political and material status of the three countries which have thus declared themselves to the world and have by a single stroke won recognition at the hands of the United States and other leaders in the family of nations:

Argentina is a country of prodigious extent, extending from the twenty-third parallel (south) to the fifty-fifth, with some scattering islands still farther south. It fills the whole central and southeastern region of South America south from Bolivia and east from the Andes Mountains, a territory of approximately 1,250,000 square miles. The climate is that of the south temperate zone and the soil is highly productive and for the most part lies open to easy cultivation.

The population of the Argentine is somewhere between seven and a half and eight millions. The original element was Spanish and the Spanish tradition is still the ruling force in the social organization. But the newer population has come from everywhere. Immigration runs at the rate of about 250,000 per year. Something of the racial character of the Argentine may be gained from the fact that in the period between 1853, when the republican system was inaugurated, and 1911 the distribution of immigrants arriving by sea—the whole number being 3,927,952—was as follows: 2,052,925 Italians, 1,132,460 Spaniards, 201,732 French, 115,827 Russians, 74,191 Austrians, 89,442 Syrians, 48,526 Britons, 50,731 Germans, 30,619 Swiss, 16,419 Portuguese, 5010 North Americans. Thus it will be seen that the Argentine population is largely of mixed races, tending as time goes on more to the Italian and to the Spanish character.

Like all the South American countries, the Argentine in its political constitution is an imitator of the United

States. The constitution of 1853, with modifications in 1866 and 1898 is, excepting in minor particulars, a duplication of our own. The president serves six years and is ineligible for reelection. The senate, with two members for each of the fourteen states and two for the federal district, is limited to a chamber of thirty. The congress is made up of one hundred and twenty members elected like our own. The cabinet likewise practically duplicates our system. The annual national budget of the Argentine is fixed at \$348,572,812, of which justice and education call for \$50,000,000, the army \$30,000,000, the navy \$27,000,000, military purchases \$10,500,000. The total national debt for 1911 was \$40,000,000.

Military organization of the Argentine is on the militia model and its peace strength is established at 215,000 officers and men, with a reserve force of 150,000. Naval armament consisted in 1912 of two dreadnoughts, three pre-dreadnoughts, four armored cruisers, and three ordinary cruisers. The total personnel of the navy varies from 5000 to 6000 men, including 2000 conscripts who serve for two years.

The Argentine is a highly productive country, its exports to foreign countries running to approximately \$300,000,000, with foreign imports about the same. The foreign trade is largely with Europe, exports to the United States running only about \$25,000,000 per year, with imports from the United States approximately double that sum.

Brazil, like the Argentine, is a country of prodigious extent. It comprises twenty-one states with an aggregate of approximately 14,500,000 square miles. The one very considerable unoccupied region in the world is within the territories of Brazil. In 1911 the total population was estimated at upwards of 23,000,000. The basic population of Brazil is Portuguese. The number of immigrants coming into the country from 1820 to 1911 was 2,967,153. In 1911 there were 153,203 immigrants, as follows: Portuguese, 46,750; Spanish, 27,007; Italians, 22,821; Russians (mostly Poles), 13,898; Syrians, 6233; Germans, 4223; Austrians, 3327; French, 1340; other nationalities, about 7000. These immigrations were classified as follows: 78,021 voluntary, 55,595 subsidized, agriculturists 99,811, and of various other professions 33,805. Brazil remains essentially a Portuguese country, though all nationalities and religions find tolerance and representation.

The republican constitution of Brazil dates only from 1891. And it is, broadly speaking, upon the American model. The executive authority is reposed in a president, who coöperates with congress (two branches) as the legislative authority. The president has the nomination and dismissal of cabinet ministers, among whom the various branches of administrative authority are disposed very much as with us.

The annual exports of Brazil run to about \$275,000,000; annual imports about \$300,000,000. The United States has relative larger dealings with Brazil than with the Argentine, taking approximately \$110,000,000 of her exports and supplying approximately \$40,000,000 of her imports. Brazil's imports of manufactured goods are largely drawn from Great Britain.

Although the republic of Brazil is relatively new it is apparently on a stable basis. Since the revolution of 1889 and the establishment of the republic in 1891 there has been no political disturbance and locally the system is thought to be as fixed and secure as any on the continent.

The military organization of Brazil, like that of Argentine, is on the militia basis. Its total peace strength is 32,000 and there is a local gendarmerie 20,000 strong. The Brazilian navy in 1911 consisted of three dreadnoughts, two battleships, three protected cruisers, with some minor craft. Orders for two dreadnoughts have recently been given in the United States.

Broadly speaking, Brazil is a much less progressive country than the Argentine, where immigration in recent years has infused new vigor into the country. There are in Brazil prosperous German, Russian, and Italian colonies. But the country is dominated by the Portuguese element, which while not without many virtues is not greatly infected with the modern spirit of progress.

Chile is the one South American country which has maintained itself through the considerable period since the separation from Spain without a revolution. The president is elected for five years and is not reëligible. The legislative authority is vested in a congress having

like our own, a small senate and a larger house. The administrative system is practically in imitation of ours.

Chile is a long and narrow region of 292,510 square miles, with a coast line on the Pacific Ocean of 2485 miles. The total population is approximately 3,500,000. There are not available any reports of population since the year 1907, when the total for the country was approximately 3,500,000. The Indian element is still very large, but Spanish blood and Spanish ideas still rule in the land. Immigration is very small, but has recently been encouraged by the government.

Chile for the most part lies high and the arable regions are limited; and perhaps nowhere in the world—not even in France—is there a greater concentration of industry upon a small area. The climate of the most populous part of Chile is similar to that of California and inspires enthusiasm in every visitor.

It is not easy to reckon values of the foreign trade of Chile or of the national receipts and expenditures because of the varying values of different kinds of money. The basis of commercial reckonings is the peso. But it is not possible from available reports to distinguish between the values of gold and paper. Chile buys from England merchandise to the value of about \$50,000,000 per year, from Germany approximately \$35,000,000, from the United States approximately \$18,000,000, from Argentina approximately \$6,000,000. Chile sells to these countries in about equal ratio.

The Chilean navy consisted in 1912 of three dreadnoughts, two armored cruisers, and three protected cruisers, with a considerable fleet of minor boats. The total strength of the navy was 6084 men. The army is on a militia basis with a total strength of 18,000 men, not reckoning reserves. The annual military expenditure of the country is about 6,000,000 pesos.

The White List.

Among the various suggestions for purifying the stage there seems to be none more promising than the White List that is now being published by the Catholic Theatre Movement of New York. The chief merit of the idea, apart from its direct purpose, is that it condemns nothing, denounces nothing, and punishes nothing. It is a direct reversal of the usual methods of reform. It assumes a good intention on the part of the public in the matter of theatre-going and indicates how that good intention may be pursued. It arouses no resentments, and it avoids the pernicious advertisement of the very thing that it seeks to discourage. The National Film Censorship has already shown the influence that attaches to the recommendation of a good thing rather than to the denunciation of a bad thing, even though that recommendation have no legal sanction or coercive power. If the Film Censorship were backed by the police it would degenerate at once into a futility and probably into a scandal. Having nothing but a moral force behind it, there is neither resistance nor even criticism. There will always be a competition for the approval of honest men. It has the advantage of being welcomed at all times, while a denunciation by those same men would by no means be dreaded. Charles Lamb said once that the best remedy for the appearance of a bad book was to read a good one, and perhaps it would be well for us all to adopt this positive style of virtue rather than the negative methods of condemnation; in other words to remedy bad actions by doing good ones. The black list has now been tried in well-nigh every department of life and it has been found grievously wanting. The prospect of the white list is far more encouraging.

Bachelors Only.

The stars in their courses seem to be fighting against the married man. Not only is he penalized by employers' liability acts all over the world on the pitiful plea that he is more valuable than the bachelor, but it appears that he is now to be discriminated against on the ground that he is certain to impart trade secrets to his wife, who, as we all know, is equally certain to impart them in her own peculiar ways to the world at large.

The latest employer to join this unholy league against the married man and thus to increase the natural peril of his position is Sir Thomas Lipton. His only chance to win the America cup is to preserve inviolable secrets as to the design of his new yacht, and he is thereon

rigid in his decision that only bachelors need apply for work in his yard. As a matter of fact not a single married man has been employed, and we hasten to bring this matter to the attention of the feminist associations of the country in order that they may show their disapproval either by a procession to Washington or in some other appropriate form.

Another impenitent offender in this respect is Lord Kitchener, who not only refuses to have any married man on his staff in time of war, but who promptly removes from his staff any officer guilty of matrimony during active service. It seems therefore that the old charge against women of inability to keep a secret must be enlarged. Not only are they themselves incapable of keeping a secret, but they decline to allow their husbands to do so. Perhaps Lord Melbourne was in the right of it when he refused to attach to his cabinet a certain statesman whose wife was gravely under suspicion in this respect, except on the condition that his colleagues would take it in turns to sleep with them.

Editorial Notes.

It seems that the hunger strike has already made its appearance in New York, its first exponent being Mr. Upton Sinclair, novelist and hysteric. Sinclair was charged with "picketing" in front of the Standard Oil office in New York and was promptly fined \$3 by a lenient magistrate, who probably supposed him to be demented and irresponsible. Now \$3 is an obviously insufficient price for a crown of martyrdom, so Sinclair refused to pay it and accepted the alternative of six days in prison. "I shall go to jail," he said, "and lie flat on the floor, and what is more, I shall not eat a morsel of food." It is sad to relate that the magistrate merely smiled, perhaps remembering that Sinclair once went for several weeks without food and then wrote quite a large book recommending every one to follow his example for hygienic reasons. But it is certainly a pitiful comment on the popular intelligence that such a puerile creature as this should be able to command an audience and a following.

A MESSAGE FROM TURKEY.

The following communication to the *Argonaut* from the Turkish government demands a few words of explanation. Some weeks ago I commented upon the reports that were then rife from the scene of the Balkan war. Those reports were practically unanimous as to the almost inconceivable atrocities inflicted by Christian soldiers first upon the men, women, and children of the Mohammedan faith, and then upon the men, women, and children of their own faith. The recorded atrocities were so numerous that it was possible to make only a small selection. They were so hideous in their nature that the veil of common decency had to be drawn over the worst of them. And that they were actually authentic was proved by the diversity of the evidence, coming as it did from disinterested persons of many nationalities and including high officials, army officers, diplomats, newspaper correspondents, and missionaries. Every effort was made to make known the state of affairs so that civilized people might withhold their sympathy from barbarians who had the effrontery to ask for that sympathy upon the ground of religion. But those efforts were only partially successful. Religious prejudice is an uncanny fowl, and the spectres of bigotry invoked by a struggle of the Cross against the Crescent are not easily exorcised. For the most part the reports were suppressed or denied, and the Turkish territories were left to welter unaided in the ocean of blood and misery that had overwhelmed them. But at least one thing was evident. Mohammedan generations yet unborn will look upon the name of Christianity as synonymous with the worst depths to which human nature can descend and they will point to the cruelties of Bulgarian and Greek and to the apathy of Europe as evidences of an innate religious ferocity to which all the annals of savagery contain no parallel. It is a pity that it should be so, but the fact remains that it will be hard sledding for the missionaries in all the Mohammedan countries of the world to which news of these horrors has been carried.

But at least there was some ground to hope that these crimes were incidental to war and to the unbridled passions of the battlefield. But it seems that even this hope must be abandoned in view of the communication that has now reached the *Argonaut* from the Turkish government. It is a condensed and a provisional statement, since it is not easy to gather details from a territory no longer under Turkish control. The Turk does not readily complain. He is a fatalist and a stoic. He accepts even the hardest fate as something that was foreordained and against which it would be unworthy to murmur. But the facts contained in the following report are eloquent not so much for what they disclose as for what they hide. If thousands of Turks are now flying panic-struck from their homes we may be sure that they have good cause and that their almost incoherent explanations indicate that savagery and spoliation and murder are still rife and that the bloody work of extermination continues. And it is to be feared that there is nothing to be done unless some stern voice of execration can reach these organized criminals and compel them to stay their hands. If the Christianity of the west still places any value upon its repute, if it does not wish to be represented in the history of eastern Europe by the violators of women and children, it would be well that it should audibly dissociate itself from these children of Satan that have created a carnival of blood in the name of the Cross. In the meantime let the appended statement speak for itself.

SIDNEY CORYN.

The Mohammedans occupying the Turkish territory that was seized by the Bulgarians during the recent war were compelled by the military operations to leave their homes. Today those Mohammedans living upon the territory that was added to Greece have been compelled to follow their example.

These unhappy peasants who had lived in the expectation of retaining their possessions now see that they must abandon everything because of the menaces and outrages directed against them. The Mohammedans of the entire district of Demir-Hissar have already gone with the exception of two villages, and these also are on the point of departure. Other districts are preparing to fly from the territory. Representations and protests have no effect. The indifference of the government leaves a free hand to hands of robbers and to the Greek soldiers, who oppress and torture the Mohammedan population in every possible way. There is no need to indicate precise areas, for the spoliation goes on everywhere, nor is there any portion of the Mohammedan population exempt from the vilest insults. At Salonica the plight of the emigrants is terrible to witness. They come in constant crowds by railroad and on foot, and they all tell the same stories of insults and of shameful outrages. Even at Salonica there is no hesitation in placing persons of importance under arrest, and for no other purpose than terrorism. The Greek policy toward Macedonia seems to be to force all the Mohammedans to leave the country. In order to provide room for the Greek immigrants into the new territory and to assure them possession of what they need every human right is trampled under foot so that existence may be made intolerable to the Mohammedans.

These outrages are committed either by the Greek inhabitants of the country or by the Greek authorities themselves either directly or by complicity, but their sole aim is to compel the Turks to leave the country in order to find room for Greek immigrants, who are being attracted from far and wide. The prisons of Salonica are full of Mohammedans who have been incarcerated under trivial pretenses and whose release is refused in spite of all treaties to that effect and in spite of the most positive undertakings. Steamers arrive twice a week laden with Turkish refugees, wretched fugitives, who are on their way to various points in Asia Minor. This exodus still continues, and with every accompaniment of misery and misfortune. Asked as to the causes of their flight, they make always the same reply: "We had houses to shelter us, lands and fields that we cultivated and that were sufficient for our subsistence, but now our houses and lands are occupied by immigrant Greeks, who are not content with robbing us, but who commit outrages upon the things that we hold most sacred, upon our religion and upon our honor. We fly because we are being driven."

Even in Salonica itself, where the authorities are strong, the same outrages are committed. Houses belonging to Mohammedans are at once occupied by immigrant Greeks, and when the owners protest to the government they are told: "What more can you wish than to have tenants? You should try to please them. Moreover these Greeks can hardly be allowed to camp out in the open air."

The Mohammedan people everywhere in Macedonia have abandoned their property and are flying to Salonica. It is not an emigration. It is a headlong flight. They have left their farms and their firesides, and the few that still remain are preparing to follow quickly. More than forty thousand people in the district of Karadja-Ahed alone have thus been forced to fly. The aggressors, not content with attacking the property of the Mohammedans, attack also their honor and their families, and all complaints of such cruel outrages fall upon deaf ears.

At Seres the Mohammedan schools have been turned into Greek schools and hospitals, while Mohammedan property is everywhere annexed without rent or recompense. The mosques and cemeteries are used for stables, and in this way nothing is left undone to exasperate and madden the Mohammedan populace. The government and the authorities do nothing. No Mohammedan can obtain redress for anything. The governor invariably replies that he is awaiting instructions that never come. Sometimes he advises that the complaints be addressed to the military authorities, but this is just as fruitless. The authorities are evidently determined to countenance every illegality and every wrong, and this in spite of the treaties and the agreements. Nothing makes any difference.

At Salonica a Mohammedan who was returning to his own house was attacked by Greeks and brutally beaten. Osman Effendi, a high official, was forcibly dragged into a deserted street by a policeman and a civilian and frightfully ill-treated. He saved his life, but he had to abandon his watch and his purse. The anniversary of the fall of Yanina was made the occasion of hostile demonstrations against the Turks. The Greeks ran through the streets selling crosses in order to raise money for the Greek fleet. Mohammedans who were not willing to wear crosses in their buttonholes were insulted and ill-treated and an employee of the public debt was beaten and wounded. Oppressive taxes have been instituted for the support of the fleet, and the merchants and manufacturers have been compelled to pay it by threats, although they are well-nigh ruined by the exactions and the dispossessions that have been practiced against them.

It need not be said that representations have been continuously made, not only on behalf of the peasants thus cruelly dispossessed and outraged, but also on behalf of the Mohammedan merchants of Salonica and elsewhere. Attention has been drawn to the definite treaty between Turkey and Greece by which the constitution was to be respected and all human rights preserved. To this the authorities reply in effect that if the complainants do not like the treatment they are getting it is open to them to emigrate, in view of the fact that their places can easily be filled by the swarms of Greeks anxious to come to the country. The outrages inflicted upon these Mohammedan people of Macedonia have produced a grievous state of exasperation throughout the Ottoman empire.

THE NEW YORK STAGE.

"Flaneur" Describes the Hammerstein Suit and Mme. Pavlova's Quarrel with Lawrenti Novikoff.

It does not seem greatly to the credit of Mr. Hammerstein that he should endeavor by legal means to rid himself of a contract deliberately entered into and duly confirmed by the payment to himself of a large sum of money. Possibly there are circumstances that have not been made public, but the record as it now stands seems to be a fairly clear one. In 1910 Mr. Hammerstein made an agreement with the Metropolitan Company that he would withdraw from the New York and Boston opera field for ten years, and in return the Metropolitan Company agreed to pay Mr. Hammerstein the sum of \$1,200,000 for his good-will, property, and business in grand opera. Now Mr. Hammerstein arrives gayly once more upon the scene and begins to build an opera house on Lexington Avenue with the avowed intention of doing the very thing that he pledged himself not to do. He explains these proceedings on the curious ground that his undertaking with the Metropolitan Company was an agreement in restraint of trade and was therefore illegal. The case has just been heard in the appellate division, and of course the finding was a foregone conclusion. The court refuses to consider that grand opera can be considered as coming within the meaning of the act, and this decision was so obvious that it was not even reduced to writing. The court moreover expressed its surprise that Mr. Hammerstein should raise the question at all in view of the substantial payment that he had received. This decision must be confirmed by the Massachusetts court before it can be made to apply also to Boston, but the equities in the matter seem so obvious that probably Mr. Hammerstein will not further pursue the matter. What Mr. Hammerstein will now do remains to be seen. He will have the Lexington Avenue house on his hands and it is quite on the cards that he will devote it to ordinary theatrical productions and musical comedies. But it seems certain that he will produce no grand opera until six brief summers have elapsed.

The only other item of interest in the amusement world—unless we except the farewell of Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso after the last performance of "Tosca"—is the quarrel between Mme. Pavlova and Lawrenti Novikoff. No one except the parties immediately concerned can so far grasp the facts as to pronounce upon the rights and wrongs of the dispute, so it would perhaps be best to assume that the lady, as always, has justice upon her side. But the immediate result will probably be the disappearance of Novikoff and the re-entrance of Mordkin, who is now *premier danseur classique* at the Imperial Opera House in Moscow.

It seems that Mme. Pavlova owed Novikoff \$2000 on account of salary, but instead of going himself to collect the money Novikoff was so indiscreet as to send his wife. Or perhaps his wife insisted upon going. Heaven forbid that there should be any attempt to illuminate these domestic agreements, but when Mme. Novikoff went to Mme. Pavlova's dressing-room with her little bill that lady replied that she was sorry, but she had no money. She could have paid it yesterday, but she could not pay it today. Then Mme. Pavlova's manager, Rabinoff, intervened. In Mme. Novikoff's words, "Rabinoff insulted me. He called me very, very bad words in Russian. I don't know how to say them in English." Probably we shall never get an adequate translation of these epithets, which seems a pity, but then imagination can do much to supply the deficiency.

Being thus insulted, Mme. Novikoff did what all insulted wives have always done. She told her husband. And her husband did what all husbands of insulted wives have always done. With blood in his eye he went in search of Rabinoff and "punched" him. He also punched an iron stanchion and sprained his wrist. Rabinoff denies that he was punched, but he admits that Novikoff punched the stanchion. Thereupon a doctor was summoned, who attended to the damaged wrist and recommended the irate dancer to lie down for a while lest some worse thing should happen to him in connection with a weak heart. And so there the matter rests, although it is only fair to say that Nathan Goldberger, attorney for the Pavlova company, has looked into the little matter of the Novikoff claim and pronounces that nothing is owing. But Novikoff says that he will never dance with Pavlova again when his contract is expired, as he "has had trouble with her before."

Mme. Pavlova's farewell was a triumph. She was nearly buried in bouquets, and then, standing in the middle of the stage, she summoned the musical conductor and saluted him with a chaste kiss. She also threw her arms about Rabinoff, but left him unknissed, and so, holding the hands of her assistant dancers in a fervent embrace, the curtain went down on something like a riot of enthusiasm.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1914.

Since the prohibition of absinthe in French Switzerland four years ago the German Swiss lead the list as drinkers of alcohol, which consists in their case largely of schnapps, which is sold as low as two cents a small glass in some places. In general the country is consuming more alcohol apart from wine or beer.

A MODERN DEBORAH.

When the Hungarian People Struck for Freedom.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Némethy, are the crumbling ruins of a deserted house.

Many, many years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple, Adolf Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine. Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband first took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon. Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Eglä, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command. Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of a sly and cunning disposition, called good-humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an injury.

One morning at breakfast, having scanned the newspaper, she commenced: "Adolf, every one is taking up arms for the fatherland, old men, boys, and women. Why do you hold back?"

"Are you mad?" cried Sonnenfeld, half-irritated, half-frightened; "what is Hungarian liberty to me? Even if I wanted to go to the war they would only laugh at me. I don't know how to hold a gun."

"You can learn—"

"I shan't think of it!" cried Sonnenfeld, cutting her short; "we have soldiers enough—I am no hero!"

The truth came home to Eglä that her husband was no hero very shortly. Hussars came into the village, and then all who had hitherto held back came forward and joined the colors. Sonnenfeld alone was not to be seen; he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Némethy. Eglä found out afterwards that he had been hidden in a recess of the cellar and supplied with food and drink by the cook.

When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debriezin, Sonnenfeld felt sure that all was over. He went about radiant and joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million.

It was not long before the First Imperialist Light Cavalry showed themselves in Nagy-Némethy. A whole brigade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood. Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty, and attention to the wants of his guest. Eglä, who held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later hussars appeared in the neighborhood and the Imperialist outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them. Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by. Eglä, who had dressed herself rapidly, found that her husband had left the house. She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld bowed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. That laugh seemed to Eglä even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back. She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband was assuring him of his devotion the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest peasant. At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the general, on reading which he gave the order for the Imperialist troops to withdraw to the south.

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation, each day bringing contradictory reports. Eglä was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to sink wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds for the supply of the Imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious-looking characters would absent himself from home for days together. Eglä watched him with anxious heart and increasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day hussars, with loaded carbines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the joy was increased when a Honved battalion followed them on foot. The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, sent out patrols to all points of the compass, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Némethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, if ever so little, for the hardships of their campaign. Eglä did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's con-

sent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either at home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Némethy—every one but Eglä. She sat on her bed waiting and listening. She felt that she must listen and wait for something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited—one hour—two hours—till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was it the sound of shots?—what was the confused noise? The trumpets brayed, words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a bullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Némethy.

The Imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of them managed to escape with the colors, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Eglä sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heedless of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room. Her husband had returned and with him—How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the promise of a great reward—to her husband.

The Imperialists did not remain long, and her husband went away in their train. Eglä obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them to her father's house. Having placed them in safety, she returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fourth evening after her return she heard her husband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief he started when his wife, candle in hand, stepped out of her room before him. Placing the light upon the table, she seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commenced her examination.

"Where were you?"

"I have done a bit of good business."

"I know it."

"I have delivered a contract for bread and bacon to—"

"You have delivered up your brethren! You spy!" shrieked the Jewess, flaming with indignation.

"What do you mean?" Sonnenfeld was pale as a ghost.

"I overheard your conversation with the general."

"Anything further?" and the husband tried to laugh.

The beautiful Jewess stood up and gazed steadily into his face. "This further. You are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, the name of my children, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill yourself here upon the spot."

"I believe you have lost your reason," cried her husband.

For answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol. "You must die," cried Eglä, "and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the crime you have committed, or if your cowardice be so great you dare not kill yourself, then will I be your executioner in the name of the fatherland."

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, begging and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncocked the pistol.

"No, truly, you are not worth powder and shot."

She turned from him and went into her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it behind her.

Eglä listened, and when she felt certain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out through the long window into the night.

As day broke the tread of horses sounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of a musket soon broke open the door. Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleeping.

"There is the spy," cried she, coldly; "he is my husband, but I would see him hanged."

Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars bound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence. When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the lime-tree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the soldiers.

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion—it was the Jewess of Nagy-Némethy. Once again she was seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mazuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood.—Translated from the German of Sacher-Marsh by Henry B. Collins.

THE LUCK OF RAOUL.

With a Smile He Goes Forth to Face the Unknown.

Raoul de Poinlesou took no notice of the "Bonne nuit, M'sieu le Vicomte," of the uniformed footman, and walked out of the club on to the Place de la Concorde. It was cold, and a slight drizzle was falling. "Why on earth did I pass that hand," said Raoul to himself as he turned up his collar, "and what possessed me to play against it after I had passed it?" He walked past the line of motor-cars, ignoring the offers of their drivers. He was going to walk home, and he knew why. "Is it worth while walking home at all?" he muttered to himself, looking round him at the huge, empty Place de la Concorde. "There's plenty of room here, and—" He fingered the little revolver in his pocket, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed. "It would be a very messy death on a night like this," he said, dropping the toy back into his pocket. Raoul de Poinlesou was ruined, and he knew it. He had been ruined, to all intents and purposes, for some days past, but while he had a little ready money ruin had not troubled him. Tonight at the club he had staked and lost his last thousand-franc note, and he was walking to his rooms in the Boulevard Haussmann now, because he had not the price of a cab fare in his pocket. He walked up the Rue Royale and turned into Maxim's. Maxim's was full of Americans, and there was not a soul there whom he knew. He turned round and went out again into the cold. The head waiter would, of course, have lent him a few louis if he had cared to sit down and sup, and play the comedy of searching empty pockets when the bill came, but a few louis were not of the slightest use to him. He strolled up the Rue Royale slowly, laughed as he passed the Madeleine—"I may be lying there in a few days," he remarked with a grin—and turned into the Rue Tronchet. The Rue Tronchet when the tramways have stopped running is one of the deader streets in Paris. It was very bleak and lonesome now, and unconsciously Raoul quickened his pace as he walked up it towards the Church of Saint Augustin. "Miserable night," he muttered to himself, looking up at the leaden sky. "I wonder what tomorrow will be like." Then he laughed again. "Yes, I wonder," he said, plunging his hands deep in his pockets. There was a clatter, and a murmur from a seat on the pavement at his left. Raoul was startled, and stopped. On the seat sat an old woman sleeping. Her thin shawl was rolled round her neck for more warmth, her face was blue and mottled with the cold. A little tray with pencils on it had slipped out of her numbed fingers and fallen with a clatter on the pavement. She mumbled in her sleep, but did not move. Raoul de Poinlesou picked the tray up and put the pencils back on it. "You shouldn't sleep there, la mère," he said, trying to force the tray into her hands again. "You'll catch your death of cold. It's a bitter night." The old woman moaned something inarticulately, and settled herself less uncomfortably on the wooden bench. "You'd much better wake up and walk about, however tired you are," said Raoul to her, but she took no notice. Then he shook her shoulder gently, and she shook his hand off, murmuring crossly in her sleep. "She likes her bench, that one," laughed Raoul, putting the tray of pencils on the bench beside her, and standing back to look at her. "I wonder what on earth makes an old creature like that remain on it," he said, half aloud. "She can't have much to live for, judging by appearances." A sudden gust of wind nearly took his hat off. He settled it more firmly on his head, and buttoned another button of his coat collar. Then, plunging his hands deep in his empty pockets, "Bonne nuit, la mère," he called cheerily, and turned to go.

But his pockets were not empty. There was something small and hard and round in one of them. He took the coin out and looked at it. It was a ten-franc piece. "If you had been a louis, now," he said to it as the gold gleamed under the street lamp, "I would go back to the club and tempt fortune. A last louis is always lucky, but I can't play chemin de fer with a ten-franc piece." He shrugged his shoulders angrily. "They have no sense of humor, the gods," he said to himself. Then he paused. "It is no use to me, but it would be a fortune to her," he said aloud, and, going back to the bench, he dropped the little coin on to the old woman's lap. Her fingers closed over it, and she smiled in her sleep, but she said nothing. "She'll think the gods have got more sense of humor than I think they have," said Raoul as he walked up the street again. A taxicab nearly ran him down as he crossed the Boulevard Haussmann. He stood in the road and looked after it, apostrophizing the driver. "Awkward fool," he said, "why did you miss me? It would have saved a lot of trouble." His hands dropped into his pockets again, and he took the revolver out once more. "I shan't miss," he said, and held it to his temple.

The hammer clicked. "My usual luck—it's empty!" said Raoul de Poinlesou.

The Duchesse de Groriche died at three o'clock that morning. She left her nephew, Raoul de Poinlesou, her fortune.—John N. Raphael, in *London Standard*.

California has produced the first bulk oil ship, Newchwang. Last year this state forwarded 1,000,000 gallons in bulk to meet the trade demands at a whang.

CEMENTING THE ENTENTE.

Republican Paris Has an Attack of "Vive le Roi!"

When King Edward said he always felt "at home" in Paris he was thinking more of the Quai de la Tour-nelle than of the Palais de l'Elysée; when King George declared on Wednesday that he shares his father's "affection" for the French capital, he was expressing the courtesy which etiquette expects from a guest. For while King Edward was a Parisian by instinct his son is hardly to that manner born. Nothing gave greater pleasure to Queen Victoria's heir than an incognito and unattached visit to "dear Lutetia." His theatrical tastes were in sympathy with the vivacious style of French comedy; his social preferences inclined him to the enjoyment of irresponsible intercourse; and he was sufficient of an epicure to elect a dinner at the Tour d'Argent as more than a substitute for a banquet at Buckingham Palace. Had Edward VII been a scion of the royal house of France it is at least probable that the advent of the republic would have been delayed many years.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all the advantages in his favor, there was an hour when King Edward's ambition to establish an *entente* with France hovered perilously near disaster. It was on a May day of 1903, during his first foreign tour after his accession to the throne, that he reached Paris, and natives of this city have not yet forgotten how dubious was the temper of the populace on that occasion. That is to say, there was little enthusiasm in the crowds which lined his route; Egypt, Morocco, and the Boer war were recent memories, and they constituted a set of circumstances which made a large demand on the visitor's tact and urbanity. But the next day the temper of Paris underwent a sudden and almost miraculous change; in his first public speech King Edward dwelt with unmistakable sincerity on the necessity of fostering friendly relations between the two nations, and as that declaration was enforced by his gracious manners and winning smile all Paris seemed to dissolve in cordiality. Ere a year passed that memorable visit bore fruit in the arbitration treaty which gave state recognition to the *entente cordiale*.

And now King George and Queen Mary are here to celebrate the tenth birthday of that good understanding and to carry King Edward's pacific mission a stage further on its journey. And the visit has been one prolonged success, especially for Queen Mary. A confrère who has witnessed every state visit to Paris for more than a generation is emphatic in his opinion that the organization of the ceremonies has never been more perfect, the decorations never more lavish or artistic, the populace never so enthusiastic, and the impression left by the visitors never so flattering. This is surely an excellent testimonial for so domestic a couple, who have for three days had to endure the test of being all smiles and amiability to hundreds of thousands of people. We unregal members of the community think ourselves fortunate if we can give such an impression in our limited circles; but to pass through miles upon miles of spectators and never be wanting in smiles and bows is at least a triumph of physical endurance.

But really the aspect of Paris during these three days has been such as to make a misanthrope genial. "Why don't we see all this in England?" questioned Queen Mary when being shown an exhibition of art; her majesty might have asked the same question with reference to all the preparations for her and her husband's visit. Of course it goes without saying that the Quai d'Orsay, where the royal guests were lodged, had been fitted up in a sumptuous style; but the light and grace of Parisian hospitality were just as evident in all the streets through which the visitors passed. In the matter of public decoration the Parisian is the artist of Europe. What he can do with flags and garlands and mimic crowns and armorial shields and baskets of flowers represents the last word in street adornment. Yet no general plan was decided upon any more than on past occasions; no two thoroughfares were treated alike, and though the essential elements of the decorations were the same for all, the effect was as diverse and artistic as only the French touch can produce. Even huge mounds of rubbish, incidental to rebuilding and street repairs, were transformed into banks of flowers and foliage. It was King George's first official visit to any foreign land since his accession, and the first visit of any queen of England to a republic, and those facts may help to account for Paris adorning herself at her best.

Into the three days' festivities have been crowded an abnormal number of functions, including complimentary visits to the President and Mme. Poincaré, a reception of the ambassadors of all powers, state banquets, calls and receptions at the British embassy, a review of troops at Vincennes, gala performances at the Opera, calls at Sir Richard Wallace's hospital and the Town Hall, a race meeting at Auteuil, and a grand reception at the Foreign Office. Of all these engagements the last named was the most significant. For in the retinue of the king there traveled the silent member of the British cabinet, Sir Edward Grey, chief secretary for foreign affairs, just as a member of the Foreign Office staff accompanied King Edward on the visit which laid the foundations of the *entente cordiale*. What has

transpired between the French and English foreign ministers is a secret still closely kept, but there is every probability that their conferences may ere long eventuate in a third power, namely Russia, being included in the alliance of France and England. The surface view of European diplomacy wears a smiling aspect to the casual glance just now, but competent students of international affairs are convinced that stormy days are not far distant. And we may be sure, as happened in the intrigue which drove Delcassé from power, efforts will not be lacking to weaken this new attempt to strengthen the *entente* of France and England. Of course the public speeches of President Poincaré and King George have been quite correct in form so far as the susceptibilities of other nations are concerned, but the reference to a determination to preserve the "equilibrium" of Europe is full of meaning to those who read between the lines of state banquet declarations.

If there were any serious royalists left in Paris they might take heart of grace from the frequency and volume of the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" which have reverberated through the streets for these three days past. One old soldier, perhaps suffering from dimmed eyesight, even hailed the president himself with the cry of "Vive le Roi!" After all, however, those lusty cries were but the embodiment of the country's traditional politeness; even though all the arrangements for the royal visit were planned in a spirit which might lead the onlooker to imagine France is pining for the return of a royal régime, there is every reason for believing that republicanism is now permanently established in the affections of the people. Frenchmen of all grades, however, are deeply conscious of the dangers which hang over Europe; they realize what tremendous issues of national well-being and happiness hang upon the question of peace; and for that reason they have an instinctive feeling that a good understanding with their neighbor over the channel is an asset of untold value. This mood is reflected by the press of the country, which has never given such loyal support to the *entente* as of late.

PARIS, April 24, 1914. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The women shell-fish divers of Toba, Japan, perform the work that men elsewhere feel called upon to do. In fact travelers claim that the women of Toba do nearly all the manual labor, the men being shiftless. Of the shell-fishers in particular writes W. D. Cameron in *The Far East*: "Our sampan pushed off and was headed for a small island in the bay off which was a boat, containing in addition to the boatmen two women. They were dressed in a costume representing an upper and a lower garment, and as we approached they jumped into the sea and swam towards us. I may mention the afternoon was bitterly cold, with a raw north wind blowing, necessitating our party turning up heavy overcoat collars and drawing up rugs. After a few preliminary strokes the two women turned turtle, as it were, and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. It being clear, we could see them swimming down into the depths until they completely disappeared, the water at that spot being at least twenty-five feet deep. They stayed down for a period covering anything from one and a half to three and a half minutes, reappearing bearing in their hands live shell-fish, seaweed, etc., taken from the bottom. This spoil they dropped into our boat, resting a few moments by hanging on to its side, repeating the performance again and again. The most impressive and I may almost say awe-inspiring feature of the whole performance was the remarkable sounds those women gave vent to while preparing to go under. The noises were like nothing more than moans starting at first softly and gradually increasing both in volume and scale until they reached a stage resembling the cries of a soul in torment. Between these sounds were emitted shrill whistles, all this extraordinary performance being apparently a preparation of the respiratory organs for the long spell under water. After repeated dives the women were picked up by their boat and rowed to the neighboring island, where presently we saw the smoke of a large fire, from which no doubt the 'mermaids' obtained a considerable degree of comfort after their prolonged immersion in the icy water."

Evidences of heavy emigration from Armenia to this country are particularly noticeable in Armenian villages, where the remaining residents are principally women, children, old men, and a small number of younger men. Frequently there are not enough men left in the village to cultivate the surrounding fields. If no money came from the absent ones this condition would be alarming and starvation and suffering would be a common condition, but the inflow of money is as regular and constant as the outflow of breadwinners has been continuous. It is estimated that families residing in Harput and near-by places receive at least \$50,000 per month from America.

Forest botanists recognize only one cypress in the United States. Its range extends from Delaware southward around the coast into Texas and up the Mississippi Valley to Illinois and Indiana. It is one of the few cone-bearing trees which drop their leaves in winter. The heartwood of cypress is noted for its decay-resistant properties.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All hoodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to hattle driven;
And louder than the holls of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; hut scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—Thomas Campbell.

Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,

And hent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was horn at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun:
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in
wars,—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
cline,—

And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old
age;

For I was aye a true heart, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board,
I let them take what'er they would,—but kept my father's
sword;

And with hoysish love I hung it where the bright light used to
shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sooth with drooping
head,

When the troops come marching home again with glad and
gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her
eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon he risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison).—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still.

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade hent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled.—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

—Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton.

The average age of members of the new Japanese
cabinet is fifty-seven, the oldest being Count Okuma,
seventy-seven, and the youngest Dr. Ichiki, forty-eight.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

Alleyne Ireland Gives Some Reminiscences of His Secretarial Life with the Great Journalist.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland is evidently a man of some courage, for not only did he become secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, but also he relates his experiences, and the average human being would have done neither the one nor the other. Mr. Ireland tells us that he replied to an advertisement for "an intelligent man of about middle age, widely read, a good sailor," as companion-secretary to a gentleman." In due course he received a reply bidding him to an interview in a fashionable part of London, and on presenting himself at the appointed hour he was confronted by a representative of Mr. Pulitzer, a gentleman "whose severity of manner I learned later to recognize as the useful mask of a singularly genial and kindly nature." A long examination followed, but, says the author, "when it came to asking me whether I was a good horseman and a good sailor, I realized that any one who expected to find these two qualities combined in one man was quite capable of demanding that his companion-secretary should be able to knit woollen socks, write devotional verse, and compute the phases of the moon." But at length he was able to turn the tables and, in his turn, to ask questions:

Was the person I was addressing the gentleman who needed the companion?

No, he was merely his agent. As a matter of fact the person on whose behalf he was acting was an American.

I nodded in a non-committal way.

He was also a millionaire.

I bowed the kind of bow that a Frenchman makes when he says *Mais parfaitement*.

Furthermore he was totally blind.

"Joseph Pulitzer," I said.

"How in the world did you guess that?" asked my companion.

"That wasn't a guess," I replied. "You advertised for an intelligent man; and this is simply where my intelligence commences to show itself. An intelligent man couldn't live as long as I have in the United States without hearing a good deal about Joseph Pulitzer; and, after all, the country isn't absolutely overrun with blind millionaires."

At the close of the interview I was told that I would be reported upon. In the meantime would I kindly send in a written account of the interview, in the fullest possible detail, as a test of my memory, sense of accuracy, and literary style.

Nor was this all. As I prepared to take my departure I was handed the address of another gentleman who would also examine me and make a report. Before I got out of the room my inquisitor said, "It may interest you to know that we have had more than six hundred applications for the post, and that it may, therefore, take some time before the matter is definitely settled."

This formidable interview was followed by another delay, then an interview with Mr. Pulitzer's son, and finally a summons to spend two weeks with Mr. Pulitzer himself on his yacht. Mr. Ireland describes his first impressions of the great journalist in the following terms:

Before I had time to examine my surroundings Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the major-domo. My first swift impression was of a very tall man with broad shoulders, the rest of the body tapering away to thinness, with a noble head, bushy reddish hair streaked with gray, black hair, swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half closed, the other was of a deep, brilliant blue which, so far from suggesting blindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eagle-like glance. The outstretched hand was large, strong, nervous, full of character, ending in well-shaped and immaculately kept nails.

A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, and vibrant, gave out the strange challenge: "Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm into dinner."

One of Mr. Pulitzer's peculiarities, and one that he quickly displayed, was a curious power of dual mental action that enabled him to listen to one thing and at the same time to think of another, a combination that sometimes had curious results:

I mention this because I found later that one of Mr. Pulitzer's most embarrassing peculiarities was the sudden revelation from time to time of a mental state entirely at odds with the occupation of the moment. In the middle of an account of a play, when I was doing my best to reproduce some scene from memory, with appropriate changes of voice to represent the different characters, Mr. Pulitzer would suddenly break in, "Did we ever get a reply to that letter about Laurier's speech on reciprocity? No? Well, all right, go on, go on."

Perhaps when one of his secretaries was reading to him an account of a murder or of a railroad wreck Mr. Pulitzer would break out into a peal of his peculiar chuckling laughter, but it was only an evidence that he was thinking of something else while maintaining his hold on what was being read to him:

As soon as we were seated Mr. Pulitzer turned to me and began to question me about my reading. Had I read any recent fiction? No? Well, what had I read within the past month?

I named several books which I had been re-reading—Macaulay's "Essays," Meredith Townsend's "Asia and Europe," and Lowes Dickinson's "Modern Symposium."

"Well, tell me something about 'Asia and Europe,'" he said.

I left my dinner untasted, and for a quarter of an hour held forth on the life of Mohammed, on the courage of the Arabians, on the charm of Asia for Asiatics, and on other matters taken from Mr. Townsend's fascinating book. Suddenly Mr. Pulitzer interrupted me.

"My God! You don't mean to tell me that any one is interested in that sort of rubbish. Everybody knows about Mohammed, and about the bravery of the Arabs, and, for God's sake, why shouldn't Asia be attractive to the Asiatics? Try something else. Do you remember any plays?"

Yes, I remembered several pretty well. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," for instance.

"Go on, then, try and tell me about that."

My prospects of getting any dinner faded away as I began my new effort. Fortunately I knew the play very well, and remembered a number of passages almost word for word. I soon saw that Mr. Pulitzer was interested and pleased, not with the play as anything new to him, for he probably knew it better than I did, but with my presentation of it, because it showed some ability to compress narrative without destroying its character and also gave some proof of a good memory.

When I reached the scene in which Cæsar replies to Britannus's protest against the recognition of Cleopatra's marriage to her brother, Ptolemy, by saying, "Pardon him, Theodotus; he is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe are the laws of nature," Mr. Pulitzer burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

I was about to continue, and try to make good better, when Mr. Pulitzer raised his hands above his head in remonstrance. "Stop! Stop! For God's sake! You're hurting me," very much as a person with a cracked lip begs for mercy when you are in the middle of your most humorous story.

The probation period was a long and a trying one. The dinner was followed by an invitation to drive, and as soon as the automobile had cleared the village Mr. Pulitzer explained that "I must explore your brain, your character, your tastes, your sympathies, your prejudices, your temper; I must find out if you have tact, patience, a sense of humor, the gift of condensing information, and, above all, a respect, a love, a passion for accuracy":

I began to speak, but he interrupted me before I had got six words out of my mouth.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried, "let me finish what I have to say. You'll find this business of being a candidate a very trying and disagreeable one; well, it's damned disagreeable to me, too. What I need is rest, repose, quiet, routine, understanding, sympathy, friendship, yes, my God! the friendship of those around me. Mr. Ireland, I can do much, I can do everything for a man who will be my friend. I can give him power, I can give him wealth, I can give him reputation, the power, the wealth, the reputation which come to a man who speaks to a million people a day in the columns of a great paper. But how am I to do this? I am blind, I'm an invalid; how am I to know whom I can trust? I don't mean in money matters; money's nothing to me; it can do nothing for me; I mean morally, intellectually. I've had scores of people pass through my hands in the last fifteen years—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, men of so-called high family, men of humble birth, men from a dozen universities, self-taught men, young men, old men, and, my God! what have I found? Arrogance, stupidity, ingratitude, loose thinking, conceit, ignorance, laziness, indifference; absence of tact, discretion, courtesy, manners, consideration, sympathy, devotion; no knowledge, no wisdom, no intelligence, no observation, no memory, no insight, no understanding! My God! I can hardly believe my own experience when I think of it."

Since Mr. Pulitzer attached so much importance to memory Mr. Ireland tells us that he took occasion to learn by heart a long list of the amounts paid as death duties by various estates to the British government. He intended to arrange that the conversation be steered in that direction, but the kindly office was performed for him by sheer good luck:

On the particular occasion I am describing I was fortunate enough toward the end of dinner to regain some of the ground I had lost in my disorderly flight across the field of scholarship. One of the secretaries seized an opportunity to refer to the British death duties. I had intended to arrange for the introduction of this topic, but had forgotten to do so. It was just sheer good luck, and I made signs to the gentleman to keep it up. He did so, and the moment he ceased speaking I took up the tale. It was a good subject, for J. P. was interested in the question of death duties.

After a preliminary flourish I began to reel off the figures I had committed to memory the previous night. Before I had got very far Mr. Pulitzer cried:

"Stop! Are you reading those figures?"

"No," I replied. "I read them over last night in the *Daily Telegraph*."

"My God! Are you giving them from memory? Haven't you got a note of them in your hand? Hasn't he? Hasn't he?" appealing to the table.

Reassured on this point he said, "Well, go on, go on. This interests me."

As soon as I had finished he turned to Craven and said, "Go and get that paper, and find the article."

When Craven returned with it, he continued, "Now, Mr. Ireland, go over those figures again; and you, Mr. Craven, check them off and see if they're correct. Now, play fair, no tricks!"

I had made two mistakes, which were reported as soon as they were spoken. At the end Mr. Pulitzer said:

"Well, you see, you hadn't got them right, after all. But that's not so bad. With a memory like that you might have known something by now if you'd only had the diligence to read."

Although Mr. Pulitzer was blind, and therefore was wholly dependent for his information upon those around him, it was practically impossible to deceive him, and his blindness, so far from being a hindrance to him in reaching the truth, was an aid:

Two instances will serve to illustrate the point. Suppose that I found in the morning paper an article which I thought would stir J. P. up and spoil his day: when I was called to read to him I had no means of knowing whether the man whom I replaced had taken the same view as myself and had skipped the article or whether he had, deliberately or inadvertently, read it to him. The same argument applied to the man who was to follow me. If I read the article to him I might find out later that my predecessor had omitted it, or, if I omitted it, that my successor had read it.

In either event one of us would be in the wrong; and it was impossible to tell in advance whether the man who read it would be blamed for lack of discretion or praised for his good judgment, as everything depended upon the exact mood in which Mr. Pulitzer happened to be.

It was an awkward dilemma for the secretary, for, if he did not read it and another man did, Mr. Pulitzer might very well interpret the first man's caution as an effort to hoodwink him, or the second man's boldness as an exhibition of indifference to his feelings, or, what was more likely still, fasten one fault upon one man and the other upon the other.

It was usually the duty of another secretary to mark the passages that should be read to Mr. Pulitzer from the daily newspapers and subsequently to read them to him. But upon one occasion Mr. Pollard, the secretary

in question, was ill, and unable to perform this duty, and it then fell to the author to read the passages that Pollard had already marked for that purpose. He made a bad start by reading something that Mr. Pulitzer had already heard:

With such a bad start Mr. Pulitzer immediately concluded that I was useless, and he worked himself up into such a state about it that passage after passage, carefully marked by Pollard, was greeted with:

"Stop! Stop!! For God's sake!" or,

"Next! Next!" or,

"My God! Is there much more of that?" or,

"Well, Mr. Ireland, isn't there anything interesting in all those papers?"

I bore up manfully against this until he made the one remark I could not stand.

"Now, Mr. Ireland," he said, his voice taking on a tone of gentle reproach, "I know you've done your best, but it is very bad. If you don't believe me, just take those papers to Mr. Pollard when he feels better; don't disturb him now when he's ill; and show him what you read to me. Now, just for fun, I'd like you to do that. He will tell you that there is not a single line which you have read that he would have read had he been in your place. I hope I haven't been too severe with you; but I hold up my hands and swear that Mr. Pollard wouldn't have read me a line of that rubbish."

This was too much! Carefully controlling my voice so that no trace of malice should be detected in it, I replied:

"I took these papers off Mr. Pollard's table a moment before I came to you, and the parts I have read are the parts he had marked, with the intention of reading them to you himself."

I thought I had J. P. cornered. It was before I learned that there was no such thing as cornering J. P.

Leaning toward me, and putting a hand on my shoulder, he said:

"Now, hoy, don't be put out about this. I do believe, honestly, that you did your best; but you should not make excuses. When you are wrong admit it, and try to benefit by my advice. You will find a very natural explanation of your mistake. Perhaps the passages Mr. Pollard marked were the ones he did not intend to read to me, or perhaps you took the wrong set of papers; some perfectly natural explanation I am sure."

The author tells us that Mr. Pulitzer's treatment of him became so oppressive that he determined to find some opportunity to hoist a danger signal. The chance soon came. Mr. Pulitzer chose some subject for conversation on which the author was particularly well informed, and then contradicted him again and again. Finally and in an angry tone assumed for the occasion Mr. Pulitzer said:

"Mr. Ireland, I am really distressed that we should have had this discussion. I had hoped that, with years of training and advice, I might have been able to make something out of you; but any man who could seriously hold the opinion you have expressed, and could attempt to justify it with the mass of inaccuracies and absurdities that you have given me, is simply a damned fool."

"I am sorry you said that, Mr. Pulitzer," I replied in a very serious voice.

"Why, for God's sake, you don't mind my calling you a damned fool, do you?"

"Not in the least, sir. But when you call me a damned fool you shatter an ideal I held about you."

"What's that? An ideal about me? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, years before I met you I had heard that if there was one thing above all others which distinguished you from all other journalists it was that you had the keenest nose for news of any man living."

"What has that to do with my calling you a damned fool?"

"Simply this, that the fact that I'm a damned fool hasn't been news to me any time during the past twenty years."

He saw the point at once, laughed heartily, and, putting an arm round my shoulders as was his habit with all of us when he wished to show a friendly feeling or take the edge off a severe rebuke, said:

"Now, hoy, you're making fun of me, and you must not make fun of a poor old blind man. Now, then, I take it all back; I shouldn't have called you a damned fool."

Mr. Ireland gives us a remarkable account of the last day of Mr. Pulitzer. Conversation with a visitor had somewhat excited him and he was persuaded to remain in his room:

At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 29, Dunningham came to my cabin and, without making any explanation, said:

"Mr. Pulitzer wishes you to come and read to him."

I put on a dressing-gown, gathered up half a dozen books, and in five minutes I was sitting by Mr. Pulitzer's bedside. He was evidently suffering a good deal of pain, for he turned from side to side, and once or twice got out of bed and sat in an easy chair.

I tried several hooks, but finally settled down to read Macaulay's essay on Hallam. I read steadily until about five o'clock, and J. P. listened attentively, interrupting me from time to time with a direction to go back and read over a passage.

About half-past five he began to suffer severely, and he sent for the yacht's doctor, who did what was possible for him. At a few minutes after six J. P. said: "Now, Mr. Ireland, you'd better go and get some sleep; we will finish that this afternoon. Good-by, I'm much obliged to you. Ask Mr. Mann to come to me. Go, now, and have a good rest, and forget all about me."

I slept till noon. When I came on deck I found that everything was going on much as usual. One of the secretaries was with J. P.; the others were at work over the day's papers.

At lunch we spoke of J. P. One man said that he seemed a little worse than usual, another that he had seen him much worse a score of times.

Suddenly the massive door at the forward end of the saloon opened. I turned in my seat and saw framed in the doorway the towering figure of the head butler. I faced his impassive glance, and received the full shock of his calm but incredible announcement: "Mr. Pulitzer is dead."

Mr. Ireland has given us an extraordinary page from the life of an extraordinary man. Perhaps it should be read with the constant and charitable reminder that Mr. Pulitzer was blind and that he was seldom free from pain, and it was these facts that he himself and his secretaries to bear always in mind.

JOSEPH PULITZER. Reminiscences of a Secretary by Alleyne Ireland. With photographs. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dodo's Daughter.

If you want a genuine feast of sparkle and wit read this latest novel by E. F. Benson. If you have read "Dodo," that appeared many years ago, you will enjoy its sequel all the more, but in any case read "Dodo's Daughter." Dodo herself is now forty-five and she has had two husbands, but she is undaunted and she marries again, and this time to the man whom she should have married at first. Moreover she has a baby, which is distinctly clever of her. Dodo herself is unchanged, and just as epigrammatic and spritely as ever. She inadvertently addresses the Almighty in her prayers as "my dear" and expiates her offense by an extra pious Amen. She has a grown-up daughter, Nadine, and although the book is supposed to be mainly about Nadine, we find that Dodo herself still holds the field in our affections. Nadine is just as daring as her mother, but she has a certain craving for modernity, the curse of the age, that slightly detracts from her charms. Perhaps Nadine's heredity is against her, and upon this point we may let her explain herself:

Grandpapa Waldenech committed suicide, and Grandpapa Vane fell into a cauldron of his own iron works and was utterly burnt. So ridiculous: they could not even bury him, there was nothing left, except the thick smoke, and they had to open the windows. Then the aunts. There was Aunt Lisebeth, who kept nothing but white rats in her house in Vienna; hundreds and hundreds there were, the place crawled with them. Daddy could not go near it; he was afraid of their not being real, whereas I was afraid because they were real.

Of course Nadine has lovers. We ourselves should be among them but for the fact that we have already lost our hearts to her mother and we are constant in this matter. But Nadine can not make up her mind, and she nearly makes a bad mistake. Mr. Benson's story will not rank among the psychological problem novels of the day, for which Te Deum, but it is an amazingly clever piece of work and a pure delight from cover to cover.

DODO'S DAUGHTER. By E. F. Benson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.35 net.

Christianity.

The full title of Professor Eucken's new book is "Can We Still Be Christians?" a question that leaves much to be desired since there has never yet been any serious attempt toward the Christian life. Before asking if we can still be Christians it would be more appropriate to ask if Christianity is at last likely to be tried. The assumption that the world has yet passed through any distinctively Christian era seems to show a certain opacity to fact or a certain inability to read the Bible that is discouraging and disconcerting.

But the author answers his own question in the affirmative. Indeed he says that we must "still" be Christians if our civilization is to continue, although what conceivable relation there is between Christianity and civilization is undetermined. Now if Professor Eucken had asked if we could still be civilized there would be room for an interesting debate. But how fond we are of regarding our own institutions and systems as the only permanences and the only perfections, and requiring everything else to conform with them or disappear.

The only difficulty with the Christianity that Professor Eucken says will have to be preserved is the fact that it is not Christianity. He would take so much from Christianity and add so much to it that it ceases to deserve its name. Nothing is easier than to formulate some broad system of ethics with which the whole world is in agreement, label it Christianity, and declare it to be essential. But it is a process with which the churches in general will have small sympathy. If Christianity is no more than a system of ethics without superhuman sanction then it ceases to be distinctive, and distinctiveness is always a cherished feature of ecclesiasticism. There seems no reason why Professor Eucken's Christianity should not be accepted without reservation by the atheist or the agnostic, since all are in agreement that there is some rule of right and wrong, some moral law that imposes its will upon the human will. And this seems to be the author's conception of Christianity, a conception that is hardly likely to be accepted by the churches. No one questions that there must be some system of ethics to prevent us all from murdering each other, and if any system of ethics may be labeled Christianity then there is no doubt that we must still be Christians.

CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS? By Rudolf Eucken. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Wallingford and Blackie Daw.

This malodorous couple are already so well known unfavorably that they need no further introduction. Unfortunately the last page finds them still in the land of the living, and so we may expect further revelations at no distant date. These precious scoundrels

are now on a basis of equal partnership in their enterprises, and we see them stalk once more into the camp of their former victims and fleece them with the usual ease and success. There would be some excuse for such books if we might believe that they serve as a warning, but the genus "sucker" is beyond all earthly aid.

WALLINGFORD AND BLACKIE DAW. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Ethics and Modern Thought.

Professor Eucken's lectures to New York University, now published in volume form, will hardly enhance his position as a constructive thinker, or as one able to weigh the relative values of the permanences and impermanences of human affairs. Complaining of a lack of distinction in the formulation of moral ideas, he yet tells us himself that there are four kinds of morality often crossing and opposing each other. Now morality may be conveniently defined as the law of God in the human mind, and so we fail to understand how the law of God can be at variance with itself. Nor can we at least understand the difference between, for example, the "morality of work" and "social morality." We are told, furthermore, that among the enemies to morality are the condition of our intellectual life, the rapid pace of life, and the conditions of work. But is the status of morality in any way caused by these factors, or are these factors caused by the condition of morality? We may more reasonably suppose that the sense of morality is the model or mould into which all social conditions are poured, that the sense of morality is in all instances the cause, and that intellectual life and the conditions of labor, etc., are the effects. And then as a remedy we are told that we must "put forth our uttermost strength," and "quickly all our latent spiritual forces," and "grasp our life as a whole," and "find our real self," which rather reminds us of the stereotyped formulas of the New Thought. The author seems to fall into the prevailing fallacy that the particular trend of social affairs during the last forty years may be taken as an indication of the future road upon which humanity will travel. It can not be said that the author helps us very substantially.

ETHICS AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Rudolf Eucken. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Brief Reviews.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a book of prayers by the Rev. W. E. Orchard. It is entitled "The Temple," and it is marked by a high level of literary art.

"The Art of Story Telling," by Julia Darrow Cowles (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net), is intended to stimulate the art of story telling in the home and the school. Forty-five stories are given in full, together with suggestions for the selection of stories and the way in which they should be told.

"The Shrine and the Presence," by the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D. D., is described as "Spoken Thoughts on the Apostolic Motto 'In Christ.'" It consists of a number of sermon-like essays on devotional topics from the standpoint of an evangelical orthodoxy. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A somewhat unusual fairy story for children is "Jack and Jill," by Greville MacDonald, M. D. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net). The author has already written some highly acceptable books for children, and his latest work is well up to the high standard that he has established. A number of good and artistic illustrations are contributed by Arthur Hughes.

"How to Argue Successfully," by William Macpherson (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net), is described as an exposition of the principles and methods of argument. The author handles his subject with precision and without the assumption of previous knowledge on the part of his readers. Those anxious to excel in argument could hardly find a more practical guide.

The officers of the Drama League of America have done well to include "Kindling," by Charles Kenyon, in the Drama League Series of Plays in course of issue by Doubleday, Page & Co. (75 cents). The play is now so well known that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce its appearance in volume form and to say that it makes a most effective piece of reading.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published "The Club Woman's Handybook of Programmes and Club Management," by Kate Louise Roberts (75 cents net). The volume contains lists of topics for programmes and discussions; outlines of papers; fully developed programmes on live topics; parliamentary rules; book lists on scores of topics; instruction in the use of libraries, and how to get in touch with the people.

"A Day with Father," by Francis E. Leupp (Charles Scribner's Sons), may be described as a plea for "the old man." It is a little story intended to show that even men and

fathers are not wholly destitute of some of the better traits of human nature—rather a heresy, it is to be feared, in these days of a vulgar and termagant feminism, and yet perhaps likely to awake some response among old-fashioned people not yet uplifted on the wings of sex reform.

"Ten Sex Talks to Girls," by I. D. Steinhart, M. D. (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net), must be judged in the light of personal opinion. There will be many to view such a book in the hands of young people with abhorrence and dismay. Other persons calling themselves modern—whatever that may mean—will hail it as a sign of progress. Time alone will show whether the sex hygienists are mitigating a social evil or heaping fuel upon its flames, but at least it may be said that the explanatory purposes of the author are fully carried out. We now know all about it.

A late addition to the National Social Science Series is "Banking," by William A. Scott (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net). Why the national government put a ten per cent tax on bank notes issued by the state banks, how the national banking system arose, what the Treasury Department is and does, as well as the more detailed questions relating to the difference between commercial and investment banking, the rôle of the clearing-house, the difference between checking and other accounts, and the methods of European banking, are among the questions discussed and explained.

Among late additions to the Home University Library is "Common Sense in Law," by Paul Vinogradoff (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents). In the course of a review of the history of law the author shows that it has grown out of the necessities of the people and that it was originally designed to meet those necessities practically. The present tendency for existing systems to get out of touch with the requirements of modern society is leading to a revival of appeals to the law of nature, while the various reform movements of the day are leading to a change in the leading legal conceptions.

A late and valuable addition to the National Social Science Series, now in course of issue by A. C. McClurg & Co., is "Taxation," by C. B. Fillebrown. The author cultivates a style of admirable brevity, but none the less he deals adequately with such topics as the Nature of

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"The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom," is a book from the pen of Señor de Lara, who is a Mexican of distinguished family and a lawyer of prominence. He espoused the cause of the common people in Mexico years ago, and has been one of the leaders of the revolution. Diaz sentenced him to be shot, but he escaped in the cab of a locomotive. The whole message of the story is a plea against intervention. The book is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Idle Wives.

Mr. James Oppenheim probably felt it incumbent upon him to castigate some of the social extravagances of the day, and being a story writer he naturally felt that his weapons were at hand. The American wife has given up having babies, and household duties, in fact all kinds of duties, have become an intolerable infliction, so that she now has plenty of time to realize how unhappy she is. There is no reason why these evils should not be depicted in a novel, but the characters of such a novel ought to be real people, and we must confess that we have never met or heard of such strange and hysterical creatures as roam unmuzzled through these pages. The husband and the wife seem to have no idea that their incompatibility is due to their selfishness and that they would be intolerable anywhere and in any company. They are not types, but freaks, and their place is in the menagerie. The author would have enormously improved his story by choosing real characters, and also by allowing his readers to consult the standard works in the public library for such obtrusively information as they may feel themselves to need.

IDLE WIVES. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

When Ghost Meets Ghost.

There are probably only two or three novelists living who would dare—yes, dare is the correct word—to present their readers with a story occupying 862 pages. Such an author must either be very sure of his ground or very indifferent to his audience, and we may assume that Mr. De Morgan is very sure of his ground, since there is no doubt that large numbers of people will read every word from the first page to the last.

And by so doing they will pay a compliment to their own intelligence, for the story is worth reading. We need not ask if it is a great story, since there are now no standards of greatness and, unfortunately, no ideals. Nor is it necessary to give an outline of the plot, since Mr. De Morgan is in the enviable position of being independent of plots. This does not mean that there is no plot in "When Ghost Meets Ghost," since there is a plot, and quite a good one, but the charm of each individual page, its beautiful discursiveness and its winning dialogue, is so great that we live in the pleasure of the moment and are rarely tempted to forecast a climax or an end. Mr. De Morgan picks up his characters here, there, and everywhere, presents them from every conceivable point of view, contemplates them meditatively, and lets them go, and not until we are well on in the book do we find them gradually assembling and taking their places in the finished picture. Some parts of the story are extraordinarily fine, genuine bits of art, as, for example, where the two old women are told each of the other's death and with infinite precautions against shock. This is, of course, the incident from which the story takes its name, although actually the old women are well-nigh lost upon the crowded stage where a dozen dramas seem to be going on at the same time. Perhaps this is not the greatest story that the author has yet written, but unless we are greatly mistaken the world will be reading "When Ghost Meets Ghost" in fifty years' time, and where is there another author of which the same can be said?

WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Conquest of the Tropics" is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. as the first volume of a new series entitled "The Romance of Big Business." In this book Frederick Upham Adams tells the remarkable story of the United Fruit Company.

"Dynamite Johnnie" O'Brien, whose adventurous career was set down by Horace Smith in "A Captain Unafraid," recently had a stroke of paralysis at his home in Newark. It was off the Mexican coast that "Dynamite Johnnie" first got the germs of the filibustering fever into his blood. During the Civil War Captain O'Brien successfully conveyed a schooner-load of munitions of war, destined for the Confederacy, from New York to Matamoros, Mexico. From this port the guns and ammunition were shipped over the border to the Southern States.

Brentano's announce that the new volume of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays will be issued on May 25. It will contain two full length plays: "Misalliance" and "Fanny's First Play," with "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," a shorter piece written to aid the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre in its appeal for a public endowment. Beside the plays, the volume will contain a preface on Parents and Children, and a preface to the Dark Lady in which Mr. Shaw discusses and rejects the conception of "the man Shakespeare" as an illiterate and ill-bred nobody, on which the Baconian theory has been built. Incidentally Mr. Shaw gives an interesting sketch of the singular personality of the late Thomas Tyler, the

author of the theory identifying the Dark Lady with Mary Fitton: an identification accepted by Mr. Bernard Shaw for stage purposes.

In Herbert Harrison, whose novel, "A Lad of Kent," is to be published this month, the Macmillan Company brings forward another new writer. Mr. Harrison is an Englishman and the story which he has to tell is of a young lad of his own land.

Soon after the publication of his history of the pre-Raphaelite movement, the famous painter, Holman Hunt, began to collect materials for a revised edition. These considerable additions were left at the time of his death in a form so complete that Mrs. Holman Hunt was able to finish the task, with the result that the revised and cheaper edition, published by the Duttons, is even more desirable than the first expensive form of the book.

As a sequel to "Miss Billy," Eleanor H. Porter has written a new novel, "Miss Billy—Married." There is a deal of delicious humor and common sense, too, in the story and happiness in abundance, even in the trying days when the young bride finds herself bereft of a cook and burdened with the care of a Beacon Street household.

E. S. Moffat, author of "The Desert and Mrs. Ajax," just published by Moffat, Yard & Co., is a mining engineer, educated at the Columbia School of Mines. He spent several years in Mexico in the heart of the Sierra Madres, was construction engineer on a railroad across the deserts of southern Nevada, and later was mine engineer of one of the largest gold mines in the United States. He went through the late mining excitement in Tonopah and Goldfield, and spent several years on the great deserts, including a year at Death Valley. He also lived for a time at Virginia City, Nevada, on the famous Comstock Lode.

That there is a steady interest in serious biography of the right kind is proved by the demand for the two-volume autobiography of Andrew D. White, which the Century Company has just sent to press for its fifth printing.

The death of Mrs. Stevenson recalls the fact that while much has been written of the life of the incomparable R. L. S. in America and Samoa, until very recently little was known of his childhood and Edinburgh days. "Tusitala" had found a place in the heart of every reader, but "Smoutie" softened in the nursery to "Smoutie" is a stranger. "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by E. Blantyre Simpson (Doran), opens up these hidden chapters, completing the picture which men and women of all classes have learned to love.

Rarely do two men come to a task so well equipped as Edward Breck and Charles Harvey Genung, the translators of "Florian Mayr," the successful novel of German musical life by Wolzogen, soon to be published in English by B. W. Huebsch. Both men are Americans who studied abroad and lived on the Continent long enough to absorb its life and to cultivate a cosmopolitan attitude of mind. Dr. Breck was literary adviser to a German publishing house, assistant consul-general at Berlin, and then worked on the London Times. Mr. Genung's experience has been similarly varied.

Hulbert Footner, author of "Two on the Trail" and "Jack Chanty," is staying in New York. He has finished a new novel of the Canadian Northwest, which will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. next fall. In the meantime he is much interested in the theatre. "Jack Chanty" is being dramatized by Joseph Byron Tuttle. Mr. Footner himself wrote a play for Winthrop Ames's competition last summer.

A "best seller" of many years is Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Sonny," which its publishers, the Century Company, report on the press for its twentieth printing.

"The Love Affairs of Napoleon," by Joseph Turquan, is published by the John Lane Company. It is translated by J. Lewis May. According to the author's researches Napoleon's subsequent conduct might have been different had it not been for his wife's behavior at Malmaison. He shows a very human side of the supposedly taciturn statesman.

Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Zone Policeman 88," is in Chile for a month, after some wild jungle-tramping. He is planning for a month in Rio de Janeiro, and to reach New York again about September 1.

W. H. Woodward of Christ Church, Oxford, has for many years been searching into the history of the Italian states and of Italian humanism during the fifteenth century and the early decades of the sixteenth century. As the outcome of a careful and somewhat minute re-reading of the original sources of our knowledge of the Borgia family he has written "Cesare Borgia," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Fresh material of importance has been shown for the first time. Instead

of being described as an inhuman monster, the duke is presented as a striking character, full of energy, administrative ability, with a keen perception of the conditions of political well-being in his time. Only such documents, maps, plans, and illustrations as are of direct use to the student have been inserted, and these, in great part, have not previously appeared in any English work.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing another edition of Anderson Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror—Boyhood." Noted authorities have said that Nexo does in this book for the laborer what Rolland has done in "Jean-Christophe" for musicians. Henry Holt & Co. will issue the second volume of the trilogy probably about the first of November. As in the case of "Jean-Christophe," each book has a complete interest in itself.

"Inside the House That Jack Built," published by the John Lane Company, is by George Leland Hunter, author of "Tapestries" and "Home Furnishing." The story is told in conversation of how two young couples furnished their homes, with photographs of the actual houses, rooms, and furnishings, and an appendix giving complete prices.

New Books Received.

ADE'S FABLES. By George Ade. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A collection of fables.

THE GREEN COCKATOO AND OTHER PLAYS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Three dramas.

WHAT A MAN WANTS. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel by the author of "The Catfish."

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A description of harem life by the author of "Haremlik."

E. By Julian Hinckley. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.

"The complete and somewhat mad history of the family of Montague Vincent, Esq., Gent." A novel.

THE FOUR FACES. By William Le Queux. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A detective story.

A TRAMP THROUGH THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY. By Thomas Dykes Beasley. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A description of a pilgrimage.

THE OWL AND THE BOBOLINK. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Illustrated verses for young readers.

LONDON. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Issued in New Guides to Old Masters Series. Critical notes on the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection, with a general introduction and bibliography for the series.

PARIS. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Issued in New Guides to Old Masters Series. Critical notes on the Louvre.

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN. By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A chapter of autobiography.

AMERICA AND THE PHILIPPINES. By Carl Crow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2 net.

The answers to various questions that Americans ought to know.

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE: THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM. By Gutierrez de Lara and Edgelm Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Giving the real underlying causes for the chaotic conditions in Mexico today and making clear the crux of the struggle. "It shows the Mexican people . . . as the victims of merciless exploita-

tion by the big land-owners, comprising in 1910 only about 200 families."

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN. Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.25 net.

Experiences from "the other world."

INSIDE THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. By George Leland Hunter. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

The story of the furnishing of a home.

VITAL ISSUES IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Issued by New York City Christian Science Institute, Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D., Principal. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A record of unsettled questions which arose in the year 1909 between the directors of the Mother Church, Boston, and First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, eight of its nine trustees and sixteen of its practitioners.

THE BAD TIMES. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

One of the author's earlier works.

HYACINTH. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE HAPPY ART OF CATCHING MEN. By Rev. R. J. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

"A story of good Samaritanism."

MOUNTAINEERING AND EXPLORATION IN THE SELKIRKS. By Howard Palmer, F. R. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5 net.

A record of pioneer work among the Canadian Alps, 1908-1912. With 219 illustrations and five maps.

THE ESSENCE OF ASTRONOMY. By Edward W. Price. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Things every one should know about the sun, moon, and stars.

SUN LORE OF ALL AGES. By William Tyler Olcott, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A collection of myths and legends concerning the sun and its worship.

IN THE COLLEGE DAYS. By Lindsay Barbee. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.; \$1.

A group of monologues.

THE CELEBRITY'S DAUGHTER. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. By Wilhelm Bogart Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

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"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913."

Times are hard everywhere, and the theatres must take their share. What has become of our fine summer theatre trade, with all the best attractions coming out here during the heated months when the Eastern theatres are closed? It used to be the festal time of the year for lovers of the drama, and I have known numbers of ardent theatre-goers to engage their summer quarters as close at hand as possible, so as not to lose those choicest attractions of the year. We people on the outside must recognize, of course, that there is a law of supply and demand; also that the public is fickle, inconstant, and not to be counted on; and that theatre managers are business men, and not philanthropists. But all the same they continue to neglect the tastes of those who would constitute the really consistent, constant, steady patrons of the drama. I mean the people who enjoy the play with their minds as well as with their eyes and ears; that is, when the mind is given something to feed on. That does not necessarily infer gloom and problems, either. Many a merry comedy, many a charming love idyl, makes due appeal not only to the intellect, but also to good taste. If the confidence of the better class of drama-lovers was once gained they would become theatre-goers. Look at Germany, for instance. Everybody, gentle and simple, goes to the play. Everybody discusses it afterward. It is a part of the national life. Why? Simply because the people in that country can always see on the stage the plays of the ripened minds of other nations as well as of their own suitably interpreted by trained and intelligent players. With us the ideals of the "tired business man" and the shallow miss still prevail. Both should be duly catered to, but there is always that big, untaxed public back of and beyond them, with its confidence in the theatres unwon because its tastes and enthusiasms are disregarded.

This week, for instance, in theatrical San Francisco frivolity prevails. No one who has a taste for serious drama—not sad drama—in this big city of five or six hundred thousand in population can gratify it. It is this week a case of "on with the dance!"

This is at the Cort, which for the week stands as our principal house of drama, the Columbia having temporarily gone over to the moving-picture industry. "The Passing Show of 1913" is on, and the fabled business man, knowing that his tastes will be well considered in this, to him, most popular form of entertainment, sees innumerable duplications of his kind, extending even to the rear rows of the big auditorium, eyes shining, expression alert and well pleased. For the chorus-girl "runway" has conferred spotlight attractions even on the most distant rows of the orchestra. The seats close to the rosiely lighted runway are very popular, but no one need be particularly close to get good views of the bands of palpitating femininity that at frequently recurring intervals pass along this raised pathway that has now become an indispensable part of these annual "passing shows."

For my part, I confess to finding the passing pageant interesting, leaving to the men the contemplation of the palpitating charms aforesaid, and amusing myself by studying as much as I can get of the human nature of the chorus girl thus seen at close range. It is odd, the feeling that many of us, including even the men, have of the chorus girl. The life they depict to us is so artificial that we get to thinking of them as prettily painted automatons, a species of animated toys which can squeak, and even sing at times, if the right wires are pulled. But thus seen at close range they are human in their various ways. Some of them—the more mature ones who have lost their illusions—determinedly, perhaps bravely, ogle the men who are close to them as they pass. Others wear a vague, professional smile, but are too absorbed in keeping step to flirt, even automatically. Others take a brief vacation from the stage smile. They are well aware that their shapes are more closely regarded than their faces, and the uninspired ones are counting their steps. Some of them, even as they warble, wave their pretty arms, and step trippingly and with professional blitheness of aspect along the narrow way, even contrive to retain, unconsciously no doubt, some sort of

an aspect of girlish dignity and decorum. The view is worthy of much study.

By the way, the question is, since man for many decades has been paying eagerly for the privilege of seeing feminine legs on the stage, isn't it possible in order to give some sort of variety and change from the street shows that they will have to begin to titivate the masculine taste for the chorus girl by showing them a new kind, a violet, drooping type of maiden, draped to her heels in unslit skirts and cultivating the old, lost sense of feminine mystery? And since we are on this subject, isn't it odd that man, spoiled and pampered man, is so sardonic and disapproving about woman's present penchant for showing her legs on the street and yet pays eagerly for the privilege of seeing the stage article? Verily this is an inconsistent world.

And talking about the violet type of maiden, it seemed to me that Sadie Burt made her neat little bit in "The Passing Show" because she drooped her head so prettily and put forward her tenders of crushedness upon her young man so diffidently. In fact this couple—George Whiting served as the young man—made the audience listen sentimentally to the purest squash—albeit fairly humorous squash—on account of some little, slight, simple spell that each can exercise.

The comedy element of the piece, or rather conglomeration, is largely sustained by Conroy and Lemaire, a team of black-face comedians who contrived to thoroughly and amusingly tangle our wits by the cheerful imbecility of their clever patter. But a lot of travesty and presumably comic references to plays of the year are bound to fall flat on a Californian audience that hasn't seen these plays. Amusing take-offs on "Joseph and His Brethren," "The Poor Little Girl," "The Racketty-Hacketty House," etc., didn't amuse. Perhaps that is our disadvantage, and nobody's fault, but in any event it struck me that there were fewer personalities in the "passing show of 1913" than in any of the others. Dancing counted for more than anything else, and the audience seemed to be well satisfied with dancing, girls, and Conroy and Le Maire.

It was rather curious, by the way, to observe the singular unresponsiveness of an otherwise jolly and readily tickled audience during a scene in which there were take-offs on President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. As there was surely in that large audience a number of men opposed to the administration, it seemed as if there must have been a general perception that national questions are at present a little too solemnly considered to be treated with frivolity. Even the grape-juice didn't raise a flicker.

The grand spectacular effect of the marches and dances on the stairs we have already seen at the enterprising Gaiety, which, by the way, had also absorbed that idea of making the scenery join in the tango. But well as it was done at the Gaiety, it was a more striking affair at the Cort, partly because they have in the present company quite a remarkable troupe of dancers, and partly because the color, lighting, and marching effects were so very beautiful. There were some extremely spectacular dances done by experts while ascending and descending the broad and lofty flight of stairs that filled the whole stage, and some striking effects were secured by having different squads of chorus girls or men descend in fine marching order, costumed variously in Confederate gray, as boys in blue, or in costumes hinting at Mexico. This stairway scene, however, constituted an anti-climax, as it was by all odds the biggest, most imposing effect in the whole piece, and yet there was an entire act to follow. The latter part of this act was principally given over to dancing, and as has been intimated not only the principals in this art were super-excellent, but the chorus generally is remarkably expert. The dances were rather exciting, too, being of the kind in which the male swiftly and unexpectedly picks up his agile partner and whirls her over his head. In some cases the laws of gravity seemed all but disregarded. Laura Hamilton and Mollie King are as light as a pair of corks, and their feats in swift steps and high leaps almost unbelievable. Mazie King is an expert toe dancer and a wiry and enduring one, in spite of the plumpness of her agile body.

There were a number of other specialists who gave pleasure: Artie Mehlinger, a singer of songs and a retailer of patter; Ernest Hare, the solo singer in the organization; most of the girls—I believe we may except Miss Burt, whose tiny voice is soft and expressive—squeak when they attempt to sing; probably because their talents reside more particularly in their feet. Some of the things, aside from the travesties of scenes from plays we haven't seen, went rather flat; for instance, the Montgomery-Stone pair. It seemed scarcely worth while to put them in, and yet, no doubt, on Montgomery and Stone's stamping ground it won its passing laugh. All the good it did us was to rekindle a huge desire to see that remarkable and unforgettable pair of fun-makers, the real Montgomery and Stone. For we do get terribly left out here

sometimes. I wonder if the exposition year will help to put us, if only temporarily, on the regular circuit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The playful Lambs will soon begin their annual All-Star Gambol. They open at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on May 23, with an extraordinary aggregation of talent. In the *Theatre Magazine* for May David Belasco, who is a member of the Lambs, says: "The Lambs' Club is perhaps the most famous social organization in the world. I say this advisedly. There are clubs of millionaires where the wealth of a single member is greater than that of all our members combined. There are clubs devoted to science, and others wherein their roster would read like a list of chosen favorites from Burke's Peerage. The Lambs' rivals, and compares with, none of these. It is unique, it is original. It is, above all, exclusive. A man would need more than a coronet, more than a high rating in Bradstreet, to break through its portals and become one of the fold. The prime qualification for Lamb membership is not 'What has he got?' but 'What has he done?' Dramatists, actors, novelists, composers, sculptors, and artists, together with those shrewd minds who guide and govern the destinies of the American theatre—these are the men who appear on the Lambs' rôle of membership. They are ruled—to pry into the official machinery of their government—by the 'Shepherd' and the 'Boy,' together with an executive council. The Shepherd watches and controls the flock; and when he must leave them for a space these duties are passed along to the Boy. But perhaps the most picturesque and characteristic official of the Lambs is the 'Collie.' At about monthly intervals, beginning just before Thanksgiving and ending after Easter, the Lambs indulge in their favorite pastime, the 'Gambol.' A 'Collie' is chosen and it is his work to 'round up' the brother Lambs and Lamhkins (as new members are called), and on the Sunday evening chosen for the eventful date to prepare a programme of playlets, musical numbers, and other diversions which all may enjoy. The fame of those little 'at home' evenings at the Lambs has become so universal that there is a persistent demand from the outside public for a 'peep behind the scenes.' This interest has expressed itself more than once in fabulous figures; I could name a certain rich man of social importance who once offered \$1000 for a ticket to a private Gambol. It was not to be bought."

A remarkable collection of Peruvian antiquities, dating back, so archaeologists believe, at least 3000 years, has just been received by the American Museum of Natural History. In the collection are about 700 specimens of Nazca pottery and rare examples of textiles, feather work, and primitive slings decorated with quaint designs. It is by far the largest collection acquired by any museum in this country. Soon after the museum's collection was forwarded to New York the Peruvian government passed a law prohibiting the shipment of specimens of art to foreign countries. This early Peruvian art is so rare that a museum in Berlin has only four specimens of Nazca pottery.

The tomb as Aristomenes, Messenian hero of the second Spartan war, has been discovered at Rhodes.

INTAGLIOS.

Bridges and Wings.

Each song I send thee is a bridge,
Built by thy happy lover—
A golden bridge, by which my love
To thee, sweet child, comes over.

And all my dreams have angel-wings,
Made up of smiles and sighing;
Lighter than air, on which my love
To thee, dear heart, comes flying.

—Translated from Geibel.

An "Old" Beau.

How cracked his poor old laughter rings!
How dulled his eye, once flashing warm!
But still a courtly pathos clings
About his bent and withered form.

Tonight, as mirthful music swells,
With wrinkled cheeks and locks of snow,
He meets the grandsons of the helles
He smiled on forty years ago.

We watch him here, and half believe
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve,
And tell him that the carriage waits.

—Edgar Fawcett.

Palabras Carinosas.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that snowy hand,
All queenly with its weight of rings!

Good-night to fond, delicious eyes!
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair!
Good-night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieux. Till then, good-night!

You wish the time were now? And I;
You do not blush to wish it so—
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both those snowy hands! Ah, then
I'll have to say good-night again!

—T. B. Aldrich.

The Bee at the Altar.

A dusky bee, with its gossamer wings
Fluttering soft in the summer air,
Came, through the chapel window low,
To the shrine where the priest, in his robes of snow,

Was hreathing the consecration prayer.
Humming its dulcet hymn of praise,
Balancing bright on its gauzy wings,
The bee hung over the altar-stone,
Over the miniature marble throne

Which bore the weight of the King of kings.
Close to the sacrificial hand
Of the fair young priest the creature drew,
As though in the host and the sacred wine
It scented the sweetness of huds divine,

Heavenly honey, celestial dew!
Then on mine ear a whisper fell,
Breathed by the Spirit: "O sweet, sweet Flower!
Well may the bee fly close to Thee,
Lured by the scent of Thy purity,

Drawn by Thy heauty's wondrous power.
Flower of flowers! thine odors rare
Ravish the soul with a rapture new.
Lo! ere the lights of the altar wane,
Ere the host and the chalice are lifted again,
Draw near, like the bee, O sons of men!

For His heart and its honey are all for you."
—Catholic World.

"Henry of Navarre—Ohio" is the hero and the title of a story of college and small town life and fun to be published in June by the Century Company.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Gaiety Arranging New Production.

But a few more performances of "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the Gaiety and that merry musical comedy in which Al Shean, Daphne Pollard, and the rest of the gay Gaiety folk have been appearing for the last four weeks to delighted audiences will be shelved indefinitely. Monday night, May 18, is the date of the final performance.

There will be no performance Tuesday night, nor for the balance of next week, as the company with the newly acquired stellar players will be rehearsing for the forthcoming production of "The Isle of Bong Bong," a glittering Broadway success of girls, comedy, and music.

For this production the stars already gleaming at the Gaiety will be added to by the presence of Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron. The later will be remembered as the finest of the "Merry Widows," the star of "Madame Sherry," and of many other notable Broadway attractions. She will assume the prima donna rôle in the Gaiety's all-star cast. Walter Lawrence not only will direct the production, but will assume one of the most important rôles and will resume his wide popularity in San Francisco. William Lorraine, musical director, has also been added to the Gaiety forces. He will wield the baton as he did with Henry W. Savage's

productions, and assist in the establishment of a Broadway atmosphere at the Gaiety.

Al Shean, at the head of the present production, "The Girl Behind the Counter," will also appear, of course, and continue the successes he has achieved in "The Candy Shop" and the present vehicle.

The chorus will be large, the costuming gorgeous, the production new, and the piece that has been selected has the advantage of a long and successful run in New York and an extended and likewise successful tour throughout the Eastern states.

"The Passing Show of 1913."

"The Passing Show of 1913," which has scored an unquestionable hit at the Cort Theatre, opens the second week of its engagement tomorrow night. Never in the history of any entertainment sent on tour from the New York Winter Garden, its original home, has any production been so lavishly mounted, both as to scenic embellishment and costuming. Since the opening night a series of capacity audiences have greeted the unusually brilliant company of singers, dancers, and comedians assembled by the Messrs. Shubert for their latest bid for favor.

The travesties and burlesques on popular plays, current and past, find skillful interpretation in the hands of a superior host of America's leading fun purveyors. Conroy and Le Maire, who figure extensively in the fun-making, are two clever burnt-cork artists who have stirred innumerable audiences into gales of laughter. Others in the big cast of 125 who are destined to become local favorites are Elizabeth Goodall, with her battery of comic nonsense; Whiting and Burt, a pair of clever Californians who specialize on popular songs; Mazie King, the famous toe dancer; Charles and Mollie King, clever singers and dancers as well as travesty artists supreme; Teddy Wing, Artie Mehlinger, one of San Francisco's own favorites; Louise Bates, Laura Hamilton, Henry Norman, Ernest Hare, and George Ford.

The ballet divertissement of "Perfumes" gives a chorus of sixty beautiful and shapely girls the opportunity for displaying the new Paul Poiret Lamphade gowns, the most novel piece of costuming shown on the stage in a decade. Eleven other gorgeous examples of the dressmaker's art are donned by the chorus during the course of the performance.

The scenes, eight in number, include the big setting showing a reproduction of the Capitol steps at Washington, upon whose broad area are performed a series of startling dancing numbers and marching evolutions, Tango Square with its tangoing skyscrapers, Incandescent Lane with its lights a-glitter, the Mexican Border, the Persian Garden, Mrs. Potiphar's Boudoir, and the Oriental Suffragette Harem. Thirty musical numbers and song hits have been contributed by Jean Schwartz, Al Brown, and Melville Ellis.

Seven New Acts at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum programme for next week will be of surpassing excellence and will contain seven new acts.

Blanche Bates, whose engagement is limited to one week only, will head the new bill. Her appearance in vaudeville takes precedence among the recent theatrical activities, because of the fact that Miss Bates is being presented by Charles Frohman and is appearing in a playlet entitled, "Half an Hour," by Sir James Barrie, undoubtedly the most eminent dramatist of today. Most glowing reports come from the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit in which Miss Bates has already appeared, and she is credited by the critics who have reviewed her performance with possessing a play of exceptional merit and of having registered one of the greatest hits ever known in vaudeville. Miss Bates's return to this city is in the nature of a homecoming, for San Francisco was the scene of her amateur days and her first professional engagement.

Lillian Shaw, the most celebrated and successful of America's vocal dialect comedienne, will present an entertainment of which she is the originator. Her dialect hal-lads of the Italian-American have become vaudeville classics. She begins with a Hebrew character portrayal and song, which she follows with a ditty dealing with the woes and worries of a young mother. Another song in which she scores heavily is in the Italian dialect and called, "I Gotta de Rock."

Henriette de Serris and her company of fifteen selected professional models will be seen in living reproductions of famous works of art.

Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich will be heard in a happy combination of operatic and popular melodies. Mr. Wright is the possessor of a pure tenor voice, while Miss Dietrich is a soprano of considerable range, volume, and culture. Both artists have recently returned from abroad, where they established themselves as immense favorites in the European music halls.

The Berrens will furnish a musical novelty. Theirs is a splendid, attractive act, and the surprises introduced in it add to its novelty.

Their violin and piano playing is exceedingly fine.

Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon will appear in their laughable skit, "The Typewriter and the Type."

Powers Brothers will convince the audiences that they are two of the strongest men in existence. In addition to their muscular prowess they have the art of posing reduced to a science.

There will be only one holdover, Odiva, "the Water Queen," and her school of trained sea lions.

Good Bill at Pantages Theatre.

Lottie Mayer and her seven diving nymphs will head the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday. This is the act which broke all box-office records at the theatre for last season. The act carries a special scenic effect with an immense tank filled with water. The girls are expert divers and flash in and out the tank with wonderful rapidity. Miss Mayer holds the world's record for high and fancy diving for women.

Lasky's seven boobies in their screamingly funny travesty, entitled "Fun on the Road," will be the added feature with the new bill.

Charles Lloyd, the inimitable tramp comedian, still is the star of the dusky comedy knights.

Five comely maidens from the South have a delightful musical offering featuring Helenka Schiller, a talented cellist. They play classical numbers and wear several changes of stunning gowns.

Cornalla and Wilbur have a unique dancing specialty termed "The Two Dancing Tommy Atkins."

Hoover, Markley, and Hoover will present a ragtime singing and piano number.

Hazel Heskens, called "The Golden-Voiced Maid," and exclusive motion pictures of the memorial services in New York in honor of the heroes of Vera Cruz will complete the show.

William Hodge, the quaint comedian, whose triumph last year at the Cort in "The Man from Home," is well remembered, will return to that playhouse shortly in "The Road to Happiness." This latter play has proved an ideal vehicle for Hodge's unique talents, and his rôle fits him quite as patly as the lawyer of his first play.

Richard Walton Tully's biggest dramatic success, "Omar, the Tentmaker," will be revealed at the Cort Theatre soon. "Omar the Tentmaker" is essentially a spectacle. It has been adjudged by Eastern critics the superior even of "Kismet." The original New York company will be seen in the play at the Cort, the cast being headed by the noted actor, Guy Bates Post.

Flonzaley Quartet Sunday Afternoon.

The Greenbaum musical season will close this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium with a superb programme of chamber music by the famous Flonzaley Quartet. The programme will consist of Beethoven's greatest and most important "Quartet," in E minor, Op. 59; Tschalkowsky's "Quartet" in D major, and the "Suite" for violoncello solo in C major by Bach, which will be played by M. d'Archembeau. Mr. Greenbaum promises a most interesting list of artists for the exposition season, including eight or ten who have never before visited this city.

French Theatre Benefit Date.

The benefit testimonial performance to be tendered M. and Mme. Ferrier by their company of French players is necessarily postponed until the evening of May 26. The Columbia Theatre being at present given over to moving pictures, the performance will take place at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

One of the quaintest of all Welsh customs is the unsheathing of the sword of Taliesin, that takes place every year on the shores of Llyn Geirionydd, near Trefriw, North Wales. A short distance from the lake is a large, flat-topped houlder, supposed to have been Taliesin's pulpit. On this rock the old bard (who is said to have flourished about 540 A. D.) performed his weird religious rites, and ever since the rock has been known as the "Court of Taliesin." Once a year, in August, a group of hardy assemblers at the "court"—the chief hard standing on the rock, and the others on a circle of white stones surrounding it. Here the rites are performed solemnly and quaintly in the presence of a large crowd. The naked sword is returned to its sheath when the chief bard has ascertained from the people that there is peace in the land. The sword remained unsheathed during the three years of the Boer war. The ancient ceremony is followed by witty and humorous bardic addresses, recitations, and songs.

The Turkish government has approved a project for the establishment of an aerial postal service between Aleppo and Bagdad. At present the only means of communication between the two places is by caravan.

The Loring Club Concert.

The programme announced by the Loring Club for the fourth concert of its thirty-seventh season on Tuesday evening, May 19, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, is a notable one, containing a number of compositions for men's voices of great interest to the musician. It is to be regretted that Mr. Arthur Foote was unable to time his arrival in San Francisco for his work at the approaching summer session of the University of California so as to be present at this concert and conduct his chorus for men's voices entitled "Farewell to Summer," which he composed especially for and dedicated to the Loring Club, the composition on this occasion being heard for the first time in San Francisco. Another chorus for men's voices which will have its first San Francisco performance on Tuesday night is A. Herbert Brewer's "Three Mariners." W. Franke Harling's Persian idyl, "Before the Dawn," for chorus of men's voices and tenor solo with accompaniment of piano and violoncello obligato, will have a prominent place in the programme of this concert. The tenor solo part will again be sung by Easton Kent, and the violoncello obligato will be played by Silvio Lavatelli. In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of strings with Gino Severi as principal violin, so that an effective rendering of Johann Strauss's waltzes "Wine, Women, and Song," G. F. Cohn's "If Doughty Deeds," and W. E. Hammond's choral ballad, "Lochinvar," all of these for chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano, may be looked for. Fleming's fine men's voice part-song setting of "Integer vitae," being a portion of the twenty-second ode of "Horace," will be an interesting number. Frederick Maurer will be the pianist and the concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin, the conductor of the club.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet whose works have been the literary sensation of the season, will be represented on the stage in this country next season, when Louise Randolph produces "Chitra," a dramatic poem, from his pen.

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Kings of California

The old kings of California reigned and passed, but their memories will never die. They were splendidly regal in their day. Conditions have changed completely with the settlement of the state, and as it becomes still more populous the new order of things will become more apparent. The days before the discovery of gold, King Cattle reigned; followed then the great era of the golden sovereign, the like of which the world never saw before; the population increasing and the decision of settlers to remain permanently, witnessed in the years which followed, the coming of King Grain. Up and down the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys he spread his domain and the ranches were of large acreage. Time wore on and little by little the grain barons sold off their holdings, dividing them into small tracts, and hence the world was aware of it, two new kings had arisen—Horticulture and Viticulture, and today they are the marvels of the world.

But, greater than either are the rulers Water and Hydro-electricity. Truly has it been said that "Water is king in California, and hydro-electricity is the power behind the throne."

The marvels which they have accomplished in California are just beginning to be realized, for the day of electricity is young yet, and looking into the future the time is seen approaching when the world of effort will be controlled by the pressure of a button. It was in 1895 when 4000 horsepower of electricity was brought from Folsom to Sacramento over a twenty-two-mile transmission line. That was considered a seven-day wonder, and from that small beginning sprang the great hydro-electric development in California today, headed by the pioneer concern, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which now serves two-thirds of California's population, or 30 of the state's 58 counties, an area of 37,775 square miles, equal to three-fifths the size of New York State, or one-half the size of all the New England States combined. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, from a small and struggling company, has grown to its present powerful proportions by anticipating the needs of the country, building years in advance of requirements, until it now employs 4800 people, operates eleven hydro-electric plants in the mountains, five steam-driven electric plants in big cities and sixteen gas works. In addition, it operates one street railway.

The water thus harnessed in the high Sierras not only furnishes electric power for mines, farms, and cities, but is carried down the slopes to the lower foothills, where it performs the final bidding of man—the irrigating of orchards and meadows, attracting the settler to the fruitful slopes to the end that the land may be cleared, planted, and made to yield up a golden harvest which otherwise would have been impossible. Thus the foothills, once regarded as worthless save for the uncertain pasturage they might afford cattle and sheep, are, through the magic of King Water, becoming well populated and, furnishing the world with the finest of fruit.

But King Electricity is carried away down into the hot, dry valley lands along slender wires. There "Pacific Service" lends its assistance in innumerable ways. Where the great grain fields stood in golden harvest now are orchard domains and vine lands, alfalfa fields and truck gardens. Electricity has enabled water to be pumped cheaply and abundantly where no irrigation had hitherto been obtainable, and so has played a wonderful part in populating the valley country and making it rich and enormously productive.

VANITY FAIR.

Among the crowded tragedies of the daily newspaper there is one that catches the eye with a promise of significance, as indeed most of them do if we had but the wit to understand. It relates the suicide of a young wife after two days of sullen resentment and suspicion. Her husband had been detained at business—a real and not a sham detention—and he had refused to surrender to a peremptory demand for explanations. He said he had a right to the confidence of his wife, and because she could not give that confidence, because she had been taught not to give it, she took her own life. Amid the mob of ugly things that struggle for a place in our newspapers this particular story is accorded but a few lines. If we had a true sense of social news values it would occupy a column and would be printed in red.

The new and hysterical "ideas" of the day may be said to pass through two distinct phases. The first is the phase of sensationalism, of rabid advertisement on the platform, in the press, and on the stage. It is had enough in all conscience, sickening and revolting enough in all conscience. But the second phase is worse. Inevitably the poison filters and seeps down to the public mind and becomes a sort of individual obsession. All men are debased and liars. Infidelity and impurity are male instincts, unresisted and irresistible. All husbands must stand henceforth on the defensive. If they remain unconvicted of iniquity they owe their immunity to good fortune and never to innocence. They are incarnated wickednesses, all of them, and the young wife who gives her confidence is but blinding herself to shameful facts and postponing a bitter awakening. This is the disgusting crusade that is now being preached from a hundred platforms by plausible and disappointed tergiversants and greedily absorbed by press and stage. Hundreds of minds become saturated with the poison. In this particular instance the poison was fatal.

Certainly there are innumerable other cases where such domestic tragedies have not taken the form of suicide, but where they are no less real. There must be thousands of homes sundered by suspicion, wrecked by distrust, converted into veritable infernos of doubt and misery and inquisition. An overwhelming sense of feminine superiority and of male depravity can hardly conduce to harmony. That it sometimes eventuates in suicide, that it often eventuates in divorce, is but an indication of the broad level of marital unhappiness from which these horrors spring. It is too much to hope that some sense of responsibility will lead to a mitigation of the crusade by those responsible for its origin, but perhaps it is not too much to hope that public opinion will presently chill and discourage a movement fraught with such unmendable miseries.

There is another evil less spectacular than suicide and divorce, but even more deplorable. The principles of feminism concentering everywhere into law are certainly responsible for the waning of the marriage rate and all the insidious ills that accompany it. There can be no expectation of happiness in a union based on an overweening conviction of feminine virtue and of masculine vice. Men can hardly be expected to seek a position that they will hold only on sufferance, or until an ingrained suspicion has produced a state of vindictive mania, or where their own inherent disposition to vice is taken for granted. Men do not willingly accept a tacit invitation to marry a scandal, nor to place themselves under the perpetual supervision of a female detective, nor can they be blamed for a reluctance to accept responsibilities that are avowedly founded upon an assumption of their own haseness. If our marriage laws are henceforth to be administered on a theory of male guilt, if that same theory of male guilt is to saturate the marriage institution as a whole, we can hardly be surprised that men should hesitate to place themselves within a sphere so dangerous to happiness and even to repute. And that there is now such a hesitation is one of the most sinister of all threats to our civilization.

Are two pounds of soap sufficient to keep a man clean for a year? (asks the London correspondent of the *New York Sun*). A recent return shows that this is the amount per unit consumed in Russia. The list of soap-using countries is headed by the United Kingdom, with twenty-one pounds per individual; the United States comes next; Russian is last. Even if the soap bill is a true test of people's personal cleanliness it is an invidious task to tabulate the dirtiness of nations. Louisa in "Man and Superman" says: "Every Jew considers in his heart that English people are dirty in their habits." It will be a familiar fact to many readers that among the lower middle classes, and to some extent in the lower classes, soap is regarded as a sort of charm. It is used on the face very much in the same way as the holystone on a ship's deck. A red and polished face is a proof that the holystone (or soapstone) has been well and truly laid. There need not be much

cleanliness about this method, and perhaps our large consumption of soap may be due to a wasteful use of it. It is possible, moreover, that the soap bill is not a true test. It is difficult to keep away from the international aspect. As to Germany that great country is well up in the list. So is Spain. Not so Italy or France. Holland is quite high; Sweden quite low. Cold or warm climate seems to have little to do with the matter. The Brahmin's morning ablutions are a religious ceremony, and hygienically thorough. Tradition often carries far. Pliny, who wrote the first of all encyclopædias, said that the German soap was better than the Gallic. Both Greeks and Romans "washed often." Dr. Ellis argues that Christianity for a time killed the bath, the early fathers being by profession a living contradiction of pagan luxury. This reached an extreme in one aspect of saintliness. "The cleanliness of the body was regarded as a pollution of the soul," says Leaky. St. Athanasius relates with enthusiasm how St. Anthony had never, to extreme old age, been guilty of washing his feet. A famous virgin, though horribly sickened was a consequence of her habits, resolutely refused on religious principles to wash any part of her body except her fingers. Westermarck, the philosopher of human habits, says that man, like many other animals, is naturally endowed with a certain tendency to cleanliness. He also says that man is naturally inclined to idleness, which explains the stories of tramps who on being bathed at the workhouse shed layers of what seem to be skins, but are actually shirts. Lord Kames was of opinion that industry is the greatest promoter of cleanliness, and contrasts the clean and industrious Hollander with his dirty and lazy fellow-countrymen. He wrote, he it understood, in 1751. A great physician has recently stated that the skin cleans itself and that it is possible to overdo the washing habit. Besides soap and nature there are other methods; hot water and soda is no bad detergent. But, notwithstanding the increase of cleanliness among all classes, we still have among us "the unsoaped," "the great unwashed."

The fat man, leaving the barber shop, slammed the door viciously.

"You've lost him," said the boss. "You've lost him now for good."

"I know," said the assistant. "But, hang it, I forgot."

"You shouldn't forget, George," said the boss.

And a gloomy silence followed. We ventured to break this silence.

"What was the trouble?" we asked.

"George forgot," said the boss, "to part the man's hair. He only just slicked down the sides and back."

"But the man has no hair!" we cried. "He was as bald as an egg."

"No matter," said the boss. "No matter for that. The halder a man is the more punctiliously you must make the imaginary parting on his coco, and the more carefully you must plaster down the imaginary hair to left and right. He'll quit you forever if you don't."

We laughed cynically.

"It isn't so ridiculous as it seems," the barber ended. "Every hald man, by studying his head in a certain light, manages to find a hit of fuzz on it. This fuzz he brushes religiously a half-dozen times a day. It doesn't seem to him that he's hald. Hair's a little too thin, perhaps. But he's not hald—not hald like Brown or Smith—oh, no! And you break his heart when after you shave him you neglect to brush his fuzz. Is he then really as bald as Smith? Curses, no! You're a fool, that's all. He goes out, slamming the door, and he patronizes thereafter a barber who will fuss over his white dome as though it was Samson's."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Traffic Laws.

For the convenience of the motoring public the traffic laws applying to motor-cars in the chief cities and towns on the Pacific Coast are set forth in condensed form in a neat booklet just issued by the Standard Oil Company under the title "Traffic Regulations." It is a revised edition of the popular "Traffic Regulations" compiled and distributed by the same company last fall. Since then the changes in state laws and local regulations have come, and to note such changes the booklet has been revised and enlarged. Traffic laws of the principal cities in the Coast states are so nearly uniform that in a majority of cases a general code serves. This has been compiled for the Standard Oil Booklet. However, it is the exceptions that often bring trouble to the touring motorist, and in "Traffic Regulations" special effort has been made to supply motorists with data of this nature. The Standard Oil Company will forward "Traffic Regulations" without charge on application.

Mrs. Hiram Offen (seeking a cook)—My home is in the country. I hope that is no objection. Cook—No, mum; I'll enjoy a day in the country.—*Santa Cruz Surf*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irishman walked into a hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender: "Is this a private affair, or can anny one git into it?"

In the census office at Washington acts against the law are recorded under a few main heads, such as murder, burglary, etc. A lady who was working there recently ran across the crime, "Running a blind tiger." After a puzzled moment she placed it under the list, "Cruelty to Animals."

While a reporter was telephoning an article from Sing Sing one morning, a convict hammering on the floor made it hard for the reporter to hear. "Would you mind stopping for a few minutes?" asked the reporter. "All right, boss," said the convict, "go to it. I got twenty years to finish this job."

One of Lord Charles Beresford's tenants who conducted a small undertaking establishment in Waterford was one day asked how the business was getting along. "Grand, me lord!" he exclaimed. "I have now the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory he to goodness! It was never a day idle since I got it."

The smart young housewife went to market one morning to buy some geese and found five hanging outside the shop. "I am a boarding-house keeper," she remarked with a smile. "Will you pick out for me the three of those geese that are toughest?" The man laughed knowingly, and obeyed. "Thank you," said the woman, briskly. "Now I'll take the other two."

A certain rich man did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection bag. The millionaire shook his head. "I never give to missions," he whispered. "Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."

An old negro, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put 'em down": "Yo' kin read, now, kaint you?" "Yes." "Well, I s'pose yo' read de Bible, haint yo'?" "Yes." "Yo' read 'bout John de Baptis', haint yo'?" "Yes." "Well, yo' never read 'bout John de Mefodis', did yo'?"

An affable agent approached a Texan whose record he had previously acquainted himself with. "Colonel," said he, "those are mighty fine boys of yours." "The finest ever, stranger," acquiesced the colonel. "The finest in Texas." "I reckon you buy them anything they want!" "Why sure, stranger; I buy them anything they need, whether they want it or not." "Then, colonel, let me sell you a cyclopadia for them. There's nothing else that will benefit them so much." The colonel looked at the agent in astonishment. "Why, stranger," said he, "them boys of mine don't need no cyclopadias. They ride hosses."

The worst stricture, perhaps, that can be uttered against some of the prevailing fashions was the unconscious criticism of a little boy. He was looking at a photograph of a very beautiful lady. This beautiful lady wore a ball gown of diaphanous white stuff like gossamer. Her white arms were bare. Great V's in front and back bared her neck and shoulders. A slash on the left side of the skirt revealed her white silk stocking, her little white shoe, and the shoe's fastenings of narrow ribbon that ran in criss-cross, sandal fashion, up her slim, glistening ankle. The little boy studied this beautiful photograph gravely. Then he said: "She's dressin', isn't she?"

A Yorkshireman who had risen to wealth from the rank of a mill-hand was waited upon by a polite deputation with the object of soliciting a subscription for the enclosure of the cemetery by means of a wall. The Yorkshireman was of a benevolent turn when the object seemed to commend itself, but in this case the errand of the collectors was unpropitious, as will be seen by the following conversation: "Is Mr. Rowbottom at home?" was the bland inquiry of the deputation of the good wife who opened the door. "Aye, he is at whom; he's cleanin' hissen upstairs. Bill! Here's two blokes wants to sithe." "Ax um what they want, lass," came a voice from above stairs. After a brief explanation the object was stated in the raucous tones of the lady from below. "They's arter some o' thy brass, laad." "Ah, I'll coom dahn when A've gotten mi clothes on." The sound of the boots of the proprietor soon caused the

staircase to groan, and he presented himself before his visitors. "Ye want some brass, do 'ee?" "Well, you must have observed the unprotected condition of the cemetery, and we are wishful to raise a fund for an enclosure in the shape of a substantial wall." "Ye doan't get nowt out o' me—'cos them as is theer can not get out, and them as is outside doan't want to get in."

A story is told of a Dutchman who arrived in the United States on Decoration Day, and, noticing the flags flying and the people going to the cemetery with large bundles of flowers, he asked what it meant. "Why, this is Decoration Day," said one. "Don't you know what that is?" The Dutchman confessed that he didn't. The man then explained it. "Isn't there some one at rest in the cemetery whose grave you would like to decorate with flowers?" asked the man. The Dutchman shook his head and replied: "Doze pebble vat graves I like to degorate are not yet dead."

One Vincent Cressley a North Carolina mountaineer, celebrated one Easter Monday by going, for the first time in his life, to a horse race. He was feeble-minded, and his companions easily persuaded him to stake in the third race a dollar on a sixty-to-one shot. The horse won. When the bookmaker gave Vincent his winnings, the silly fellow couldn't believe his eyes. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that I get all this for my one dollar?" "That's what you do," said the bookmaker. Vincent's look was like Sindbad's in the Valley of Diamonds. "By ginger!" he muttered, "and I never knowed it. Say, how long has this thing been goin' on?"

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services, the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. A few months afterwards the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in a trap accident. Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife, in discussing the matter with a neighbor, was overheard saying: "It's a gey bad business for Paul, pur man; but is't his ain leg or the leg that helangs to the toon that's broken?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

We Should Worry.

Helen's voice has long been still,
Cleopatra sighs no more;
Not a single shred remains
Of the sashes or the trains
That the charming Dido wore.

Well, who sighs for Helen now,
And who yearns for Egypt's queen?
Who's hemoaning Dido's fate?
None of them could hesitate
Or perform the Argentine.

—Chicago Record Herald.

Democracy.

I love the humble toiler,
The Pro-le-ta-rian,
And I will fight his spoiler
As fiercely as I can;
A noble thing is labor;
The worker is to me
A brother and a neighbor
In true fraternity;
Yet, comrade though he be of mine,
I don't invite him out to dine.
The weary and downtrodden
I'm ready to defend;
The poor whose lives are sodden
In me will find a friend;
The hopeless, wan and weary
Who suffer want and care,
Whose every day is dreary—
I share in their despair.
I try to render them assistance,
But keep them at a proper distance.

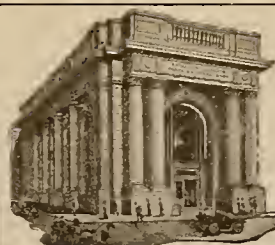
I think all men are brothers;
It saddens me that fate
Sets some above the others
And causes woe and hate;
I love the poor and rich man,
The lowly and the high;
The sweating, digging ditch-man
Is just as good as I.
I'm not familiar with him, though,
For one must draw the line, you know!
—Berton Braley, in Life.

Socratic Argument.

Straight, at his ruler's stern command,
The contents of the cup, offhand,
Inclusive of its dregs and lees,
Was promptly drained by Socrates.
More than his foes,—perhaps his wife—
Caused his Xanthippe-try for life.
—John Carter Alden, in Century Magazine.

Completed.

When Florence went fishing with Jack
He said, "There's one thing we lack;
We have tackle galore
But we need one thing more."
And he gave her a nice fishing-smack.
—Stuart W. Knight, in Lippincott's Magazine.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler gave a reception at their home on Washington Street Saturday afternoon, when they announced the engagements of their two eldest daughters, the Misses Lillas and Olive Wheeler. The fiancé of Miss Lillas Wheeler is Mr. Matt Savage Walton, a member of the Kentucky legislature. Miss Olive Wheeler will become the bride of Lieutenant Curtis Hoppin Nance, Field Artillery, U. S. A. Lieutenant Nance is the son of Major John T. Nance, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nance, and was a student at the University of California before he entered West Point. Both weddings will take place in September, as well as that of Miss Elizabeth Wheeler and Mr. Bradley Head, whose engagement was announced a few months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Matson have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Lurline Berenice Matson, and Mr. William Philip Roth, Wednesday evening, May 27, at the First Presbyterian Church.

The wedding of Miss Mary Oliver and Mr. Horace Edward Chambers took place Wednesday in Holy Cross Church. The bride was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Marjorie and Elizabeth Oliver. Mr. Robert Chambers was his brother's best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. Joseph A. Oliver and Mrs. Oliver. Upon their return from the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Chambers will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Belden and Mr. Sidney W. Ford took place Tuesday at the home in Ross of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden. The only attendants were Mrs. Arthur Ford and Miss Olive Wheeler. Mr. Arthur Ford was his brother's best man. Mr. Ford is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford of this city and a brother of the Messrs. Bernard, Norman, and Jeffrey Ford. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ford will reside in Sausalito, where they have leased a bungalow for the summer.

Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander gave an informal bridge-luncheon Tuesday at her home on Taylor Street.

Mrs. Joseph Leroy Nielson was the guest of honor at a dinner Friday evening given by the Misses Lois and Rita Brown at their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. James K. Armsby was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home in Ross. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Arthur Ford, who recently returned from her wedding trip.

Miss Ernestine McNear entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner-dance Tuesday evening at the home in Piedmont of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear. The affair was in celebration of her birthday.

Mrs. Horace Morgan gave an informal bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. George Howard was the guest of honor at a luncheon recently given by Mrs. Milo M. Potter at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Walter Lindforth entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon Monday at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Curtis H. Lindley was hostess at a bridge party and tea Tuesday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. M. L. Nokes gave a tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Lober of Philadelphia, who is visiting Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale.

Miss Jane Hotelling has issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, May 18, at the Ingleside

Golf and Country Club. The affair will be in honor of Miss Lurline Matson and her fiancé, Mr. William Roth, who will be the complimented guests again Saturday evening at a dinner-dance to be given by Miss Marie Louise Tyson at her home in Alameda.

Miss Anne Spring entertained a coterie of congenial friends at a bridge party Thursday afternoon at her home in Berkeley.

Miss Lurline Matson was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Jr., at her home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was hostess at a reception Saturday at her home in Pleasanton. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Messer, who are touring the world in the interest of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Miss Marian Zeile entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon and the matinee. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Lyman, who recently returned from Europe.

Miss Frances Ramsey was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Joseph Leroy Nielson at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Frank S. Dutton was hostess at a tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Leavenworth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Monday evening at their home on Green Street.

Mrs. Herbert Bennett was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was in honor of Miss Shirley Levinson.

Miss Alice Warner was the guest of honor at a tea Thursday afternoon given by Mrs. Stewart McNab at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. George Fish entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a dinner at her home on Jones Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a theatre and supper party Friday evening, when half a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Captain Frank Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Friday evening at their home at Fort McDowell.

Mrs. Julius Rees was hostess at a dinner Sunday evening in honor of Colonel Lafayette Campbell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Campbell, who were the complimented guests Monday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Julian Sonntag at her home on Scott Street. Colonel Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Gimpeling, at the Presidio, returned Thursday to their home in Denver.

Captain William Hase, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hase entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis.

Lieutenant Bernard O. Mills, U. S. N., was host at a dinner Sunday evening on board the U. S. S. *Alert* at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott have returned from Honolulu, where they enjoyed a two weeks' visit. Mr. and Mrs. Scott sailed on the *Siberia* with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Jolliffe will return home the last week in May, but Mr. and Mrs. Dutton will remain a month longer.

Miss Laura Bates and her brother, Mr. George Bates, have sailed for Honolulu, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn will spend the summer in Europe with their son-in-law and daughter, who will come to this city during next winter to remain several months.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicken) have taken a house on Washington Street, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., at their ranch near Chico.

Mrs. Frank Glass has sufficiently recovered from a recent severe attack of tonsillitis to return to her home in Berkeley from the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson have closed their town house and are established in Woodside, where they and their three children will spend the summer.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs expects to leave today for Yosemite, where she will spend a few days. Earl and Countess Gray, Lady Sibyl Gray, and Lady Evelyn Jones have been spending the past week in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. J. U. Pearkes and her daughter, Miss Laura Pearkes, have gone to Honolulu for a brief visit.

Mr. James Willis Goodwin has returned to his home in Woodside after an enjoyable visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore spent the week-end at their country home in Santa Cruz.

Miss Augusta Ames of Monterey spent last week in San Rafael as the guest of Mrs. George Innes. At present Miss Ames is visiting Mrs. Sue Merriam at her home in the Presidio.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt has gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell have returned from Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White.

Mrs. Norma Preston Ames has returned from a month's visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston, at their ranch in Medford, Oregon.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean has canceled her reservations for Europe, having decided not to go abroad for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson and Mrs. Elsa Greenfield have returned from a motor trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin and their granddaughter, Miss Doris Baldwin, have gone to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels of Coronado is visiting her mother, Mrs. Moon, in San Jose.

Miss Frances Jewell of Lexington, Kentucky, is the guest of Miss Lillas Wheeler at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., has returned from Bakersfield and has joined Mr. Tevis and Mr. Lloyd Tevis at their country home in San Mateo.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman and Mr. Edmonds Lyman have rented the home in San Mateo of Miss Sophie Coleman. For several years they have resided in Burlingame.

Mrs. Harold Plummer has returned from an extended visit in Los Angeles and is occupying her home on Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have closed their town residence on Van Ness Avenue and are established in their country home in Burlingame for the summer.

Miss Isabelle Beaver left recently for Redlands to visit Miss Amy Morrison, who spent last winter in this city as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman.

Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker, who went abroad with Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., has decided to discontinue her travels and return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Clinton are established for the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Messer arrived last week on the *Mongolia* from the Orient. Mr. Messer is the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and Mrs. Messer was formerly a member of the national board of the Y. W. C. A.

Duke Heinrich Borwin of Mecklenburg-Schwerin left Monday for the Yosemite after having spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker sailed yesterday for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from New York, where they have been visiting since Mr. Grant's arrival from Europe. Miss Josephine Grant, who accompanied her mother East, remained at St. Timothy's School.

Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff and Mrs. Skiff have returned from an automobile trip to Los Altos, where they spent several days.

Mr. John Hays Hammond arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and joined his son, Mr. Harris Hammond, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills and their little son have gone to San Rafael to spend the summer.

Miss Persis Coleman has gone to Washington, D. C., to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings. She will be maid of honor at the wedding of her niece, Miss Katherine Jennings, who will be married May 23 to Mr. Chauncey Hackett.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute is established at the Peninsula Hotel, where she will remain during the absence of her daughter, Miss Augusta Foute, who is visiting Miss Helen Wright at Miramar.

Miss Frances Jolliffe is at present in Paris, where she is awaiting the arrival of friends who will accompany her on an automobile trip through France and Italy. Miss Jolliffe expects to sail for home in July.

Colonel W. H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Mrs. Bowen, and Miss Gladys Bowen have given up their home on Clay Street and are at the Hotel Cecil, where they will remain until June 1, when they will go to Yountville, Napa County, to reside.

Colonel Lafayette Campbell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Campbell, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Thomas N. Gimpeling, at the Presidio, left a few days ago for their home in Denver.

Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., has been appointed president of the board of retiring officers to meet at Fort Bliss and consider the retirement of Colonel Robert E. R. Loughborough, Twentieth Infantry, who commands the only troops of the Seventh Brigade, Western Department, on the border. Colonel George Bell, Jr., who is in nomination for promotion to the general officer list, is another member of the board.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., left last week for San Diego en route to the border posts on a tour of inspection.

The home in Portland of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Preston was formerly Mrs. Frank Norris of this city.

Few songs in recent years have enjoyed such popularity as "I Love a Lassie," and it certainly holds pride of place in Mr. Harry Lauder's repertory. It is not generally known how the song came to be written, and the story is worth telling. One night as Mr. Lauder was leaving the stage-door of a provincial music-hall a friend handed him a letter that had just arrived from the comedian's wife, remarking as he did so: "A lady's handwriting, Harry. I suppose you love the lassies?" "I'm fond of them a', replied Mr. Lauder with a laugh, "but I only love one." The latter portion of his remark stuck in Mr. Lauder's brain, and on the way home he found himself humming "I love a lassie." By degrees the phrase developed into what has proved to be Mr. Lauder's most popular song.

The days of print finds are not over in Japan, according to a recent event in Tokyo. An admirer of prints, although not a dealer or connoisseur, picked up for \$3.48 a lot of Harinobu and other prints, forty-five in all, which a syndicate took off his hands for \$2400, and later the dealers held an auction among themselves, realizing \$3100.

A young lady of education and refinement, speaking French, German, and English, would like to be a companion to a young or elderly lady. Traveling preferred. Best of references. "E. Z. G." care of Argonaut.

The Margaret Kemble Concert.

Miss Margaret Kemble, interpretative reader, graduate of the Munich Royal Observatory of Music, will give a concert in the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening, May 19, at 8:30 o'clock. The numbers include Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, scenes from the opera "Der Ferne Klang," Chopin selections, scenes from "The Rosen Kavalier," and compositions by Brahms and Liszt. Miss Deininger will assist at the piano.

In the province of Meath is supposed to have stood the Hall of Tara, celebrated as being the palace of the ancient Irish kings. There seems to be no doubt that on the hill of Tara the national assemblies met once a year to consult on the affairs of the kingdom and to make laws. The lawgivers were a class of Druids called Brehons, who acted as magistrates and judges. They did not hold their courts of justice in any hall, but seated themselves on the top of a hill, in the open air, where they heard all complaints that were brought before them, and decided every cause according to their own ideas of right and wrong. The hill of Tara is also famous in Irish history as the spot on which the kings were crowned. The throne, or seat of inauguration, was a black stone, which was called Lea Fail, or the fatal stone, said to have been brought in the early ages from Spain, and it was, therefore, held in high veneration. It was either borrowed by Feargus the Great, an Irish chief, or else it was carried away, among other spoils, by the Scots, in one of their invasions of Ireland, and was ever afterwards used as a coronation seat of the kings of Scotland at the abbey of Seone, until it was conveyed away by force of arms, together with the crown and sceptre, by Edward the First, to England, who placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it still exists, and forms the basis of the coronation chair to this day.

More has been sung and written about the elegance, beauty, speed, and pluck of the greyhound than about any other domesticated canine. The beauty of his outline appeals to every one. The greyhound family in its different shapes and sizes has been associated with the people who have held superior positions throughout the world. The old Welsh or ancient British saying is: "A gentleman is known by his horse, his hawk, and his greyhound." He was a person of "quality" who would be allowed to keep "a long dog"—a dog that could cover ground and kill his game after an exciting course. At what precise period the greyhound first made his appearance in Great Britain is not known. The origin of the greyhound, according to some authors, is a mystery. In ancient times the greyhound was considered a valuable present, especially by the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a particular favorite. When the wife of Robert Bruce was a prisoner of Edward I in 1304 she had three men and three women servants, three greyhounds, plenty of game and fish, and the "fairest house in the manor." In the reign of Henry VIII of England it is worthy of note that the greyhound was distinguished as one of the king's beasts. At the siege of Tournay in 1513 instead of a hut Henry had a timber house with an iron chimney and several pavilions, on the top of which stood "the king's beasts—the lion, the dragon, the antelope, the greyhound, and the dun cow."

The home in Carmel of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Wilson, who was formerly Miss Helen Cook, is the daughter of Mrs. Grace McGowan Cook.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frank D. Taylor, who has been a member of the board of directors of the Detroit Young Men's Christian Association for the past fifty years, has seldom missed a meeting.

Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, in recognition of his services to the nation at Panama, has been presented with a gold medal given by the American Museum of Society.

Dr. Adolph Caspar Miller, who has accepted the position as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, is a former professor of finance in the University of California and at present is assistant to Secretary of the Interior Lane. The new position carries a salary of \$10,000 a year.

Rear-Admiral Charles J. Badger, commander of the Atlantic fleet, and who is now directing the affairs of the fleet on the Mexican coast, is a native of Rockville, Maryland, and was appointed to the United States Naval Academy by President Grant in 1869. He graduated in 1873. In 1907 he was promoted to the position of captain, and for two years following was superintendent of the Naval Academy. He was made commander of the battleship *Kansas*, and in 1911 was promoted to the rank he now holds.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who is to succeed the Duke of Connaught as governor-general of Canada, is the third son of the late Duke of Teck, and a brother of Queen Mary, wife of the King of England. He will take up his duties in October at the expiration of the term of the Duke of Connaught. The prince is a keen soldier, but he has had little administrative experience. He is a good organizer. He has done much in the cause of charity, especially on behalf of hospitals and in the furtherance of cancer research. The prince is forty years old.

Professor Karl Langlotz, sole survivor of the faculty of Princeton of fifty years ago, and famed as the composer of the music of "Old Nassau," the battle hymn of the university, is now a hopeless invalid. With his sight almost gone and other infirmities of age crowding upon him, he has been confined to his modest little apartment for nearly two years. He is nearly eighty years old. It was in 1895 that Professor Langlotz wrote the music for "Old Nassau," whose words by Harlan Page Peck, '59, had won a prize in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

Sherburne Wesley Burnham, professor of practical astronomy for twenty-one years at the University of Chicago, will retire from active service on July 1. Professor Burnham has had a most interesting career as an astronomer, his first work being done in a private observatory in Chicago. Later he was an observer at the Dearborn Observatory and at the Washburn Observatory of the University

of Wisconsin; and in 1879 he was appointed expert commissioner to test the seeing on Mt. Hamilton, California, his report resulting in the location of the Lick Observatory. For four years he was astronomer at this institution, and in 1893 he began his service at the University of Chicago as astronomer in the Yerkes Observatory. The value of his astronomical researches has been recognized by the award to him of its gold medal by the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and of the Lalande prize in astronomy by the Paris Academy of Science.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Charles E. Gibbs was arrested Saturday afternoon on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses. According to his accusers, the total amount involved is \$60,000. Gibbs is manager of the McKoon Investment Company, and it is alleged that he sold big blocks of stock in the Moccasin Consolidated mine in Tuolumne County by showing rich samples taken from other mines.

James S. Hogue, train robber, was captured in a hold-up last Monday, when he boarded train No. 5 in South San Francisco and compelled a number of passengers to hand over their valuables. He was shot twice by railroad detectives who were aboard the train, and was finally felled by a cook from the dining-car, who wielded a club. During the battle Hogue emptied his revolver at the detectives. He was taken to the central emergency hospital, where it is said he will recover. He is a former railroad man and has a wife and two young children here in destitute circumstances. Hogue claims this is his first offense, saying poverty caused him to commit the act. The officers believe he is responsible for former robberies.

Nearly a million dollars have been collected to date of the moneys due on Twin Peaks tunnel assessments.

On Saturday last Swedish-American residents of all the bay cities gathered at the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to break ground for the Swedish pavilion, the first foreign building to be thus begun. While the Honduras pavilion is completed and the Canadian building is well under way, neither was begun by ground-breaking ceremonies.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy has notified Professor W. F. Durand of Stanford University and John D. Galloway and F. G. Baum of San Francisco that they have been appointed as the board of hydro-electric engineers for the purpose of advising as to plans for the first of the electric power drops to be constructed as part of the Hetch-Hetchy water

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supply system. The board of supervisors had allowed \$5000 for their compensation.

More than five hundred persons, former employees of the Southern and Central Pacific, their wives and families, filled the Palace Hotel ballroom last Saturday at the fifth annual reunion and luncheon of the Southern Pacific pensioners. The occasion marked the forty-fifth anniversary, almost to the day, of the driving of the last spike which united the Union and Central Pacific roads. Three persons present at the driving of the last spike attended Saturday's gathering, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Stephen B. Gage. President William Sproule, who was accompanied by Mrs. Sproule, welcomed the pensioners on behalf of the company. The Southern Pacific pension system was started in 1903 and up to date has distributed \$1,400,000 among 935 former employees. There are 555 pensioners on the roll.

Mrs. Margaret I. Manlove, one of the best-known women in business circles of the bay cities, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court. Her liabilities are \$137,969.02, with assets of \$10,725.

Ralph Feig, a San Francisco druggist, died Monday in a San Jose hospital from injuries received Sunday in an automobile accident. The auto he was driving overturned. His aged stepmother, Mrs. Bertha Feig, received minor injuries.

J. D. Galehouse, manager of the Lady Washington Packing Company, 534 Sansome Street, died last Saturday at the central emergency hospital. He was found shot and apparently beaten in the company factory Wednesday morning. He died without regaining consciousness, and the police are puzzled as to whether he was killed in a struggle or shot himself.

The board of supervisors has placed itself on record as favoring the payment of the city's share of the Stockton Street tunnel assessment. The question from which fund to draw the \$48,000 will be decided next Tuesday.

Mediation accepted by both sides to the labor controversy stopped the lockout which was to have taken effect last Tuesday evening and would have affected about 15,000 men. The mediators who averted the lockout were I. W. Hellman, Jr., Herbert Fleishacker, and F. W. Kellogg. Arbitrators will decide the points at issue. Meanwhile the striking painters have returned to work at the old wage.

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S. S. Shinyo Maru (calls at Manila).....
.....Saturday, June 6, 1914
S. S. Chiyu Maru (calls at Manila).....
.....Tuesday, June 23, 1914
S. S. Tenyo Maru (calls at Manila).....
.....Tuesday, July 21, 1914
Steamers sail from company's pier, No. 34, near foot of Brannan Street, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

LONDON---PARIS---BREMEN

*Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, May 26
Bremen.....May 28
Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, May 30
*Kaiser Wilhelm II.....June 2
Berlin.....June 4
Grosser Kurfuerst.....June 6
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THE MEDITERRANEAN

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Madge—Was it a good play? Marjorie—Splendid! We expected the police to raid it every minute.—Life.

Miss Young—What in your opinion is the best time for a girl to marry? Miss Elder—Whenever the man is willing.—Cornell Widow.

"Their home life is ideal." "Is that so?" "Yes, she goes abroad in the summer and he goes south in the winter. Perfect, isn't it?"—Buffalo Express.

Mogistrate—Can't this case be settled out of court? Mulligan—Shure. That's phat we wuz thryin to do, yer honor. whin the polis interferred.—Brooklyn Life.

"He's never made any effort to support himself." "Oh, yes, he has. To my certain knowledge, he's proposed to every girl with money he knows."—Baltimore American.

"Is that Ella's husband?" "Yes." "He must be easily suited." "Easily suited! Say, that fellow would take a round trip in a street-car just for the ride."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What can be worse," he asked, "than taking a kiss without asking for it?" "I don't know," said the girl, "unless it is asking for a kiss without taking it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jock—Ye've won the first prize in the raffle, and yet ye're meeserable! Soudy—Yes; it were jist ma luck, buying two tickets when one wad ha' done. It were jist a six-pence wasted.—Tit-Bits.

"I disapprove of the Senate having secret sessions. I favor the utmost publicity for everything." "I did; but since the new gowns came out I think the women are going a bit too far."—Seattle Post.

Mistress—Why have you put two hot-water bottles in my bed, Bridget? Bridget—Sure, mum, wan av thim was leakin', and I didn't know which wan, so I put both av thim in to make sure.—London Punch.

"Mr. Editor, we are trying to start a home for disabled poets." "Fine," said the editor. "There is a whole hunch of poets in this town that I will disable as soon as you are ready for them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Husband and wife can not, by the nature of things, be equal. There must in every family be a strong, commanding, dominating personality." "Yes, but that one is generally the cook."—Baltimore American.

"Tommy," said the Sunday-school teacher, who had been giving a lesson on the Baptistical Covenant, "can you tell the two things necessary to haptism?" "Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."—Western Mail.

Pat—Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars. Mr. Goodman—What—you broke the Sabbath? Pat (apologetically)—Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us as had t' be broke.—Judge.

Kitty—Jack told me last night that I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. Ethel—Oh, that's nothing. He said the same to me a year ago. Kitty—I know that, but as one grows older one's taste improves, you know. —Milwaukee News.

"What time will this train reach Perkins Junction?" asked a traveler on a short line railroad in Missouri. "There aint no telling," said the conductor affably. "Me and the engineer are goin' ter get off down the road a piece an' hunt rabbits for a spell."—Baltimore Sun.

"Father used to have to hurry through his work in order to get to the golf links in the afternoon," said Maymie. "Yes," replied Maude; "and now he has to hurry away from the dancing party in order to get his breakfast and go to work in the morning."—Washington Star.

"So you think a member of Congress ought to have more salary?" "Yes, sir," said the plain person. "Time was when all he had to do was to shake hands, send around garden seeds, and tell funny stories. Now he's got to sit down and study and try to understand things."—Washington Star.

"Fred, do you remember where you were in 1910?" asked the bride of a few months. "Why, no, dear; I don't remember exactly," replied the young husband. "Why do you ask?" "Why, I was reading today in the paper that it is said that in 1910 one person in every 800 in the United States was in prison."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Retired Master of Fox Hounds—It was then just as we came to the seventeenth, as I was going to drive, what should I see but an old dog fox staring at me out of the hedge. Sympathetic Friend—Ye-e-e-s. Retired M. F. M.—Now, don't you think that was a most remarkable thing? Sympathetic Friend—Well, yes, I suppose it was; but then, you see, I don't know anything about golf.—Punch.

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MATTHEW HAMILTON, Business Manager.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Blight of Over-Regulation.

The course of events does not tend to hopefulness—if hopefulness be the right word—in connection with the President's so-called anti-trust programme which he insists shall be carried through before the summer adjournment of Congress. For one thing the Mexican situation with its multiplied causes of dissatisfaction, within as well as without the President's party, is weakening the executive prestige. The matter of Canal tolls has likewise had important effects in breaking down personal and party loyalty. Then the impression grows that the President has assumed a too-authoritative attitude as director of the legislative as well as the administrative branch of the government. And perhaps an even more definite influence against the President's plans is the persistent tightening of the times—a condition manifest for many months in financial and commercial circles and now beginning to be felt popularly. The Pennsylvania Railroad system, we are informed, has laid off 30,000 men since the first of the year. The Baldwin Locomotive Works have

cut down their force to the tune of 7000 men. The Ford automobile factory has laid off 6000 men. Similar reductions of working forces have been made in many departments of industry. Times are getting hard—very hard. The pinch is being felt from one side of the continent to the other. California and the whole Coast knows something of it from immediate experience.

Hitherto protest against the expanding regulative activities of the government has been limited to the interests immediately affected. The "magnates" have indeed been heard from. But this has rather encouraged than disconcerted the powers that be. Confusion and resentment on the part of what is called "big business" has, in the administrative circle, been identified with enlargement of the privileges and advancement of the fortunes of the "people." Outcry on the part of the business world has been interpreted as marking something to the popular advantage and incidentally as sustaining that sinister calculation called "good politics."

It is beginning to be appreciated widely that a too-rigid regulative system, besides cutting down values and limiting profits, is costly in the execution, and that inevitably it involves loss of confidence, which means restricted enterprise, less production, restricted credit, with a slowing down of industry. All this means less employment for workers in all departments. Even before Congress has begun consideration of the President's newest regulative scheme there have developed objections and protests in forms not anticipated. For example, Mr. E. W. Shaw, a business man of Chicago, with no political axe to grind, has risen to point out certain effects of the President's restrictive proposals that are bound still further to demoralize and hamper the activities of the country. Speaking for the Chicago Association of Commerce before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee last week, Mr. Shaw characterized the so-called anti-trust bill which the President now urges upon Congress as a scheme of "government by suspicion." One incidental requirement of this proposed law, Mr. Shaw declared, would be to put a special tax aggregating \$10,000,000 per year upon the business of the country, a tax ultimately to be reflected in higher prices of commodities and therefore bound to be borne by the consumer. Explaining, Mr. Shaw declared that a provision requiring certain detailed reports from upwards of 100,000 corporations would entail an average expense of \$100, or \$10,000,000 all told—every penny of which will have to be paid by the public. Publicity of matters in which the public had no interest whatever, Mr. Shaw declared, will be highly priced at this cost. Senator Lippitt, a member of the committee, commented upon Mr. Shaw's statement to the effect that the estimate was far too low—that the tax upon 100,000 corporations would come nearer \$20,000,000 than \$10,000,000.

Before the same committee Mr. J. E. Bennet of New York proved to the conviction at least of those who heard him that it would be impossible under the proposed measure to prevent competing corporations from fixing prices. If it were not done by agreement, he declared, then it was bound to "occur by coincidence." This whole bill, he said, is based upon the wholly false and grossly mischievous presumption that all corporations are willfully and persistently lawless. Asked about the "seven sisters" legislation of New Jersey enacted at the instance of President Wilson when governor of that state, Mr. Bennet said: "That legislation is dead. The last legislature refused to appropriate the necessary funds with which to enforce the law." Dealing with the clause relative to stock watering in the national law now proposed by President Wilson, Mr. Bennet declared that while it thundered in its pretensions it could mean nothing at all in its effects. Three

thousand new corporations, he said, were organized last year in New York alone. A single one of these required more than six months' expert inquiry by the financing banks to determine the value of the property involved. Undertake this kind of inquiry in every instance, he declared, and it would require an army of experts, in the meantime enforcing unreasonable delay and paralyzing the initiative of the business public.

These statements may be taken as examples of the varied protests now being urged against the policy of still further regulating the already over-regulated affairs of the country. The cost of these laws is piling up. More serious still, the uncertainty and bother involved in them, combined with their cost, is making it difficult to do business already organized or to secure capital for new ventures. A question now widely asked is, Is the public benefiting by all this pother of regulation? Is the public getting value for the many new arms of government that have been created? We have now the most expensive system of government on earth. Does it pay in service rendered? Are we not in fact vastly increasing the army of officialism and paying out vast sums to the end of hindering instead of helping business, to the end of limiting rather than promoting the wholesome activities of capital, to the end of destroying rather than augmenting credit, to the end of breaking down rather than of building up industry and prosperity?

The school of politico-economic thought which has been controlling affairs in recent years has been imbued with the notion that by regulating everything and everybody a great service would be done to the people. There has been a tremendous activity in the devising of new methods involving a multitude of commissions of one sort or another, with officials without number. The result has been the imposition of an elaborate and tremendously costly bureau system of government upon the American people, all of which has to be paid for doubly—directly in the cost of government, indirectly in the cost of doing business. Now it is being found that the cost of government is irksome and that the cost of business in many departments is becoming prohibitory.

It is coming to be seen, too, that the regulative service of the government besides being immensely expensive is ridiculously ineffective. The government does not, like the great private and public business organizations, secure for its work competent men and get from them prompt and efficient service. Every department and every commission of the government is loaded up with incapables, beginning with the "old soldier" and running down to the ne'er-do-well dependents of official and social favoritism. Government is burdened with charges on this score which no business could stand. Business in turn is burdened with the pettifogging interference of ten thousand incompetents, each impressed with the idea that he must do something in the way of obstructing the normal activities of business—that he must "get" something or somebody—to justify his employment.

Business now for a long time has been staggering under the load of unnecessary, meddlesome, obstructive, and burdensome regulation and of unnecessary, meddlesome, obstructive, and pettifogging regulators. Distresses which until recently have been felt only by capital and enterprise are now being passed on to the taxpayer and the workman. Withal, we are piling on taxes, national, state and municipal, to the verge of confiscation. All this, characterized by its neurotic supporters as a triumph of "business administration," is tending steadily and cruelly as time goes on to business embarrassment and to individual distress. The country at large, most of the states, and all our cities are being regulated beyond reason and towards a point

beyond endurance. We see the effects of this craze for regulation, not merely in diminished enterprise, in declining values, in business embarrassment, and in individual distress, but in a deepening distrust of everybody and everything. The tradition of confidence, that tradition which has served us through nearly a century and a half and which has lightened a thousand strains and saved us from a thousand perils, is losing its authority. And with this loss there comes another loss in diminished hopefulness, with deterioration in the moral tone of life.

American distrust of America—political, financial, social—has had the very natural effect of destroying confidence abroad, which in times past has been so great a factor in the welfare of the country. Europe has given us not only freely of its brawn but of its capital. There has hardly been a notable movement in the development of the United States within a century which has not in greater or less degree drawn capital from foreign sources. There is not a railroad in the country which has not found a market for its securities in England, France, or Germany, and practically no other great enterprise which has not been provided and replenished from the same sources. Confidence in the value of American resources and in the security of capital invested in them has been the means of giving us a development for which otherwise we should have had to wait indefinitely. Now for the first time Europe is seriously alarmed over its American investments. Observing our government in open warfare upon business in various departments Europe has become distrustful. Europe is afraid to venture further—not only afraid to venture further, but afraid to leave with us investments already placed here. Reports from every money centre, notably from New York, indicate a steady movement of American securities, not eastward across the Atlantic as hitherto, but westward and for redemption. This is one of the reasons why even the best of securities are now a declining quantity in the leading markets. European investors have lost confidence. They are sending back to us the stocks and bonds they have bought from us and are dumping them on our own markets at panic prices. We are in the position of a business man discredited by events and suddenly called upon to make good his obligations. This is one cause, and a very potent cause, of that state of dullness which is checking enterprise. It is not that basic conditions are bad in America. They are as good as ever they were—in some respects they are better than ever before—but the essential element—the vital and real value of confidence—is lacking. The cause lies first and foremost in the attitude of the government towards the business of the country.

We have had and we are having too much regulation. We have substituted suspicion for confidence. We have replaced courage with timidity. We are, through our government, assuming ourselves to be dishonest, and by that token are tending to the loss of that self-confidence which is the mainspring not merely of business enterprise but of moral self-respect.

If the United States is to be saved from one of those great cataclysms which now and again involve multitudes in ruin and plunge larger multitudes into poverty and distress, we must find a way to check and rebuke tendencies which have been ruling the minds of the country and the policies of government during the past five or six years. We must contrive to get back the old-time spirit of confidence, to revive the old tradition that men for the most part prefer to do right rather than wrong, wish to proceed by straight rather than by crooked courses. First of all the government must cease to regard every project of enterprise with suspicion, every man of success and achievement as a potential scoundrel. Government by suspicion can mean nothing else than loss of business courage, destruction of credit, the breaking of values, and the moral decline of our people.

It is not only a curious but an astounding fact that the politico-economic movement which is now so profoundly antagonizing enterprise and business in America comes upon a time when the disposition of men of business and the methods of business life in general are upon a higher plane than at any former period in the history of the country. Nobody seeks to deny that there was a time some years back when license in the financial world ran a

more or less riotous course. The spirit of license needed to be checked; and it was checked. There is now no disposition, hardly indeed the possibility, of abuses once common if not universal. The spirit of the new times is better than the spirit of old times. But it is precisely upon this new spirit that the blight of over-regulation has fallen. There seems on the part of those who have come into authority in the government no recognition of changes in the moods and methods of business—changes which have reorganized and re-inspired the business life of the country—no willingness to believe that the disposition of men of affairs large and small tends to better as distinct from worse ways of doing things. The spirit of detraction and destruction is now running a course even wilder and more ruinous, materially and morally, than the imaginary evils against which a remorseless warfare is being waged. The movement has gone too far. It has gone so far, in truth, as to weaken at home and abroad the fundamental conditions of public welfare. And unless there shall soon come a new and less vindictive way of thinking, with restoration of confidence and reasonable business liberty, with revived coöperation between the government and the business forces of the country, the climax will be a catastrophe the like of which humanity has rarely suffered. We can not under the growing complication of life among us break down the foundations and thwart the conditions of production and business and at the same time save ourselves against the collapse of the great structure we have builded.

Mexico to Date.

A comic artist who has pictured the A. B. C. diplomats gathered about a tub of suds marked "Mediation," each with a clay pipe in his hand blowing iridescent bubbles labeled "Evacuation of Vera Cruz," "Agrarian Rights," "Pacification of Mexico," "Recognition of Beligerents," "Protection of Foreign Interests," etc., has soundly as well as deftly characterized one important phase of the Mexican situation. Proceedings of mediation, although not yet formally begun—as we write on Wednesday—have already lost sight of the limitations imposed upon the mediators alike by the Washington and the Mexican governments. If we may credit even the least part of current gossip, the conference at Niagara will so enlarge its own powers as to cover all the conditions and problems of the Mexican situation. Already it has practically ceased to be an authorized mediation and has taken on the character of a volunteer congress of leading American nationalities to consider what is to be done with Mexico.

In the meantime General Funston's army is camped at Vera Cruz, General Pershing's army is massed near the northern border of Mexico, and a hundred American ships lie at anchor off the Mexican coasts. The latest unofficial information from Washington is to the effect that there will be no change in the military status until the mediation has concluded its labors.

Internally Mexican affairs grow worse instead of better. The forces of the provisional government, practically held in leash by the United States, are getting the worst of it at the hands of the forces of rebellion, which the friendship of the Washington government has armed, equipped, and encouraged. It looks now as if the rebel forces would march upon and possess the capital with the great central states, by far the most advanced in wealth and civilization. Apparently the day of Huerta is pretty nearly done, due chiefly to the policy of the United States government, exercised first in destroying his credit, next in equipping and inspiring his rivals, and finally in holding him naked before his foes.

It should go without saying that any and all attempts to pacify Mexico by means of resolutions and pronouncements on the part of the conference at Niagara must come to naught. The findings of the mediation will in effect be just so many beautifully iridescent but unsubstantial soap bubbles. The leading figures in the internal Mexican situation are soldiers—soldiers after the Mexican type. What they want is not peace, but war. Neither Huerta, Carranza, Villa, nor Obregon (the newest potential figure on the boards) desires peace. No one of them can hope to find his fortunes in peace. Each and every one of them is a stormy petrel and the greater the confusion, the better from his individual point of view. If peace is to come it must come through some outside force. The time is past when the triumph of any one of the present men

in the forefront of affairs would mean pacification of the country.

The one available instrument for the pacification of Mexico now is the American army, and under one theory or another, upon one justification or another, by virtue of one authority or another, it will ultimately be employed to that end. Probably the mediators will shoulder the moral initiative. Probably there will be some show of physical coöperation between the countries of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile with the United States. But practically there lies before the United States the job of armed mediation with ultimate guardianship of whatever system of government may be established in Mexico. It is not a pleasant prospect; and under the circumstances it implies little tending to the advantage or the glory of the United States. But our false policy has made the situation and our blood and treasure must mend it. There seems no alternative.

The moral reckoning is not a pleasing consideration. At a hundred points it harks back to misconceptions and misdoings on the part of the Washington administration. It is possible, even probable, under any possible course, that we might in the end have had to intervene forcibly. But the form which intervention must now take is much less creditable, and it will be much more costly in blood, treasure, and moral responsibility, than if we had gone about the business with intelligence, judgment, open fairness, and free from the suspicions and prejudices which now hedge us about.

The Case of Mr. Henry Ford.

Now that we have recovered from the first gasp caused by Mr. Henry Ford's action in distributing something like ten million dollars in wages among the employees of the Ford automobile factory it may be permissible to comment upon some features of the transaction that do not seem to be wholly admirable. In thus adding one-half of his profits to the wage roll of his business Mr. Ford was supposed to have been actuated by a recognition of economic rights and to have made some sort of sacrifice upon the altar of industrial justice. It seems now that he asks for something in return, something that few other employers would think of asking, and, it may be said, something that ought not to be asked and that certainly ought not to be purchased. We may even believe that he asks for something very much more valuable than anything that he is prepared to give.

In point of fact Mr. Ford demands, in return for a share of the profits, the right to supervise the morals of his men and to supervise them by a system of domestic inquisition. The treasurer of the company proclaims that under the new wage scheme there will be a rigid scrutiny into the private lives of the men, and that it will be done in a "constructive manner." Precisely what is meant by a "constructive manner" remains to be seen, but it appears to include certain rules of personal hygiene and private decorum in which interference is usually resented. Domestic privacy is obviously impossible under the rules of the Ford factory. Any employee wishing to share in the ten-million-dollar profits must expect to be regulated not only in his business relations, but also in his family life.

Now it is very evident that Mr. Ford is making a calamitous mistake. Profit-sharing may be right or it may be wrong, but it must be judged economically and upon its own merits. If it is economically right then Mr. Ford himself is as much its beneficiary as the humblest of its workmen, and he should ask for nothing in return except competent workmanship. He has no more right to investigate the home life of his men than his men have to investigate his home life. The man who sells him labor is as independent as the grocer who sells him cheese or the parson who sells him salvation. And it may be said at once that Mr. Ford does not own money enough to purchase the right to supervise the private life of a bootblack, except in so far as his private life is reflected in his boot-cleaning. And it may be said with equal certainty that the workman who allows his private life thus to be controlled by inspectors with their notebooks has the worst of the bargain, no matter how large his share of the profits. He has sold something that ought to be unsalable, and by losing his personal independence and his ordinary human dignity he has become a serf.

There is no reason why this domestic supervision should be confined to bathtubs and bedrooms, to manners

and morals. Why should not the Ford workman be compelled also to say his prayers at the particular times and in the particular ways approved by his employer? Why not regulate his literature and his underclothing, his medicines and his politics? Why leave anything unregulated? The employer with ten million dollars to distribute has an unexampled opportunity to enforce the Ten Commandments and to buy piety at wholesale rates. But the world at large will have its own opinion of the transaction and it will condemn both the purchase and the sale of things that ought not to be purchased or sold.

Some Progressive Ideas of a Conservative Publicist.

The pending proposal to revise the New York state constitution is serving the important use of exhibiting the opinions of various leading men, in and out of political life, as to what a modern state constitution ought to be. We find especially interesting the suggestions of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, whose ideas are set forth in a letter printed in the *New York Times* of May 9th.

Dr. Butler is a Republican of the moderate as distinct from the radical type. Neither an inflexible "reactionary" on the one hand nor a reckless innovator on the other, his views savor much of conservatism even while embodying something of what in the political sphere is termed progressivism. Dr. Butler would not put into the state constitution any matters of detailed legislation that can possibly be kept out. He would avoid "the unfortunate and hampering policy that has been adopted in many Western states of putting in the merest details of public administration," a practice which "leads to the breaking down of the fundamental distinction between constitutional principles and legislative acts" and "tempts to a constant tampering with the fundamental law."

Subject to this general principle, Dr. Butler recommends first the "short ballot." This he defines as a plan under which all state officers now elected by the people, with the exception of the governor and lieutenant-governor, should be appointed by the governor subject to confirmation by the Senate, for a term as long as his own and made subject to removal by him for cause, publicly stated and filed with the senate. "I am not," Dr. Butler adds under this head, "raising the question of an appointed judiciary, although I believe in that policy, because it seems to me at the present time to lie outside the range of practical politics."

The second of Dr. Butler's suggestions is a "revised legislative procedure," defined as a system under which the governor and the heads of departments shall have the right to sit in either house of the legislature and participate in debate on subjects germane to their several administrative jurisdictions. In such case it should be the duty of the governor and his heads of departments to answer interpellations in regard to public business or policy. The governor, Dr. Butler thinks, should have the right to initiate legislation; and that, on the other hand, he should not have the right to refer to the people measures initiated by him and rejected by the legislature. No bill, he thinks, should be introduced into the senate excepting upon the initiative of three senators willing to stand sponsors therefor. And no bill should be introduced into the assembly excepting upon the initiative of five members of that body. He would have no bill appropriating money introduced in either house of the legislature excepting by the committees charged with reporting money bills, the object of this provision being to lay the foundation for a genuine budget. The terms of senators, it is suggested, should be lengthened to four years and of assemblymen to two years; the legislature to meet biennially unless specially called by the governor; the term of governor to be extended to four years, with disapproval of the plan of a referendum at the end of two years as to whether there shall be a new gubernatorial election or not. In connection with the suggestion for an annual or biennial budget Dr. Butler recommends a provision for the regulation of bond issues and temporary loans in accordance with business principles.

Dr. Butler would abolish county government entirely where the limits of a county are coterminal with those of the municipality. This system, he points out, works perfectly in England, and he might have added that it is in satisfactory operation in California. In addition to sheriffs and county judges he would have elected for each county, either by the people or the board of super-

visors, a single administrative officer to be appropriately named. Under the administrative charge of this official he would put the entire public business of the county in so far as it is not judicial. He would make the term of this office four years.

The constitution, Dr. Butler thinks, should give complete control of those features of municipal business and housekeeping which do not involve directly the sovereign power of the state; or which are not distinctly state functions. In drawing the line between these two classes of undertakings he would give the benefit of the doubt to the municipality in order that its measure of local control might be as large as possible. With a system of county government thus revised and with the home rule principle thus established, Dr. Butler thinks, the business of the legislature would be cut down by nearly two-thirds.

These suggestions, we repeat, come from a conservative Republican, yet they embody many changes—or reforms, if that sacred word be preferred—which stand listed in the programme of progressivism. But it is to be noted that at no point do the suggestions made by Dr. Butler infringe upon the principle of representative government as distinct from the democratic principle. Dr. Butler has shown how many desirable progressive changes may be made in the system without violating the essential principle of that scheme of government devised by the fathers of the republic and under which we have as a people so mightily prospered now for nearly a century and a half.

Editorial Notes.

There was a grim humor in Senator Lodge's presentment with respect to the character and career of General Villa before the Senate last week. It having come to Mr. Lodge that the State Department was preparing a biography of Villa by way of justifying its friendly attitude towards him, Mr. Lodge begged leave by way of assisting in the work to present the result of investigations made by the *London Telegraph* of April 15th. According to this presentment Villa was born in 1868, is unable to read, and barely to sign his name. He was imprisoned for cattle-stealing at the age of fourteen. Later he settled at Guanacevi, where he was imprisoned for murder. Upon his second release he organized a band of robbers in Durango and became the terror of the Perico district. In 1907 he was actively in the business of stealing cattle in Mexico and of selling them in the United States, likewise of stealing mules and horses in the United States and selling them in Chihuahua. He killed his partner in the plaza of the city of Chihuahua. In 1910 he attacked the factory of Mr. Soto in Aliende, killed its owner, and obtained \$11,000 by threatening Mr. Soto's daughter. Joining the Madero revolution in 1911, he was at Casas Grandes in January, where he killed Carlos Alatorre and Louis Ortez for refusing to pay ransom money. In February of the same year, at Batopilas, he tortured Señora Marie de la Luz Gomez. At Ciudad Juarez in May, 1911, he killed Ignacis Gomez Oyola, an aged and infirm man, because he denied that he had arms concealed on his person. Acquiring a monopoly of the meat supply of Chihuahua in 1911, Villa supplied his markets by stealing cattle in the vicinity. Suspecting Christobal Juarez, an employee, of stealing on his own account, Villa killed him. In May, 1913, Villa with seventy-five men attacked a bullion train in Chihuahua, killing the crew and several passengers, including Señor Caravantes and Señor Isaac Herrero. In the same month, at San Andres, he assaulted the house of Sabas Murga and killed two of his nephews. Two sons-in-law of Murga, who had taken no part in the fight, were tortured and then killed. In the same month Villa's band took San Rosalia, shooting all prisoners. Business houses were sacked and many private persons murdered, among them Señor Montilla, cashier of a bank. He was shot over the head of his wife, who tried to defend him. Villa kicked the woman in the face as she lay over the dead body. He also killed Señor Ramos, secretary of the San Rosalia court. Arresting twenty of the principal people of the town, he tortured them until they yielded up 70,000 pesos. In July, 1913, Villa took Casas Grandes and shot over eighty non-combatants, frightfully using several young girls, among them two young ladies named Castilio. In September, 1913, he took the town of San Andreas, shooting many peaceable residents, including women and children. To conserve his am-

munition after the "victory" of San Andreas, Villa made his victims stand four deep, so that one bullet might kill four persons. Few were killed outright. Then he ordered the dead and wounded piled up in a heap, soaked with petroleum, and made a bonfire of them. The prisoners were forced to cover their fellow-victims with petroleum and make the fire. Following this Villa took a small town, Carretas; and coming across an old man of seventy, José Moreno, demanded \$200. Moreno could not pay, and Villa killed him with his own hand. In September, 1913, near Torreón, Villa took 500 Federal prisoners. Every man was shot, along with some sixty odd non-combatants. In December, 1913, Villa captured Chihuahua and required its five hundred Spanish families to leave within three days, although they had nowhere to go. Two poor Spaniards who did not obey were beaten to death. Señor Pedro Olivares, an old, infirm man whose shop had been plundered, was held for \$50,000 ransom. He had already paid \$10,000 each for the ransom of two of his children. Private houses and motor-cars at Chihuahua seized by Villa were turned over to the public women who followed the army. In Chihuahua Villa had one hundred and fifty non-combatants, many of them too poor to leave the city, ruthlessly shot. Ignacio Irigoyan and José Ayanez, not connected in any way with the political situation, were frightfully tortured and finally paid \$20,000 each for their ransom. Villa gave them a safe conduct, permitted them to start for the American border. They were pursued by Villa's men, taken from the train, and shot in the presence of the passengers. Other phases of Villa's career, particularly as related to his abuses of women, were not included in this interesting history because the facts were unprintable. And this is the man whose questionable assurances of friendship to the United States have recently given such comfort at the White House.

The charge often made that women can not tolerate a moderate opinion on any subject, or regard as other than a personal reflection any difference from their own opinions, would seem to find a certain justification in an incident of last week at Carnegie Hall in New York. Mayor Mitchel having been invited in his official capacity to address a woman's suffrage convention, duly appeared and made a civil and moderate speech. In terms entirely respectful he questioned if the vote would make women either better or happier, adding the reflection that when the majority of women wished to vote the privileges of the ballot would doubtless be accorded to them. The mayor meant to be entirely gracious, and there was nothing in what he said that was ungracious, albeit it was plain that he was not in active sympathy with the suffrage movement. Whereupon there was a tremendous uproar, with much cat-calling in voices distinctly cattish, some shouts of "put him out," in all of which he it said not to her credit the chairman, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, took a leading part. And now moderate people are wondering if a group so wanting in reasonableness, courtesy, and self-control are worthy of the thing they are so loudly demanding.

Governor West of Oregon, a highly interesting product of the Oregon system of advanced politics, has given another evidence of the demoralization which appears to be the inevitable effect of the Progressive system upon the men it puts into office. Reports to the discredit of a certain hotel at Milwaukee, Oregon, having gotten abroad, the governor, summoning a squad of militia, marched them to the place in question, thrust out its keeper and his servants and locked its doors. There was no judicial examination of the facts, no legal procedure of any kind. The governor simply upon the basis of common report took it upon himself to act summarily. All of which in the immediate instance may not have been very wide of the mark on the score of abstract justice. But what about the right of every person charged with crime to his day in court with the privilege of establishing his innocence if possible? The incident, along with many another, only goes to show that it is but a step from that "rule of the people" which our Progressive friends are forever exploiting to unrestrained tyranny. For if the governor of a state may employ its military arm in one case, he may do it in another. Nothing is safe from arbitrary authority if any citizen may not back the protection which the laws provide and protect secure.

THE BALKAN HORRORS.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, writing a preface to the report of the Balkan Commission of Inquiry, seems to think, and rightly to think, that the main object of the investigation was to display the horrors of all wars rather than of some particular war. It may be remembered that the commission of inquiry was international in its scope. America was represented by Dr. Samuel T. Dutton of Columbia University, France by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant and Senator Justin Godart. Austria, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia also sent delegates, and although all of these gentlemen were unable to go to the seat of the war, they are jointly responsible for the report. It may be said, moreover, that President Butler gives the peculiar weight of his authority to the findings by his oversight and preparation of the evidence, and if these findings had no other support than the personal opinion of President Butler they would lose, in American eyes, none of the finality that they now possess.

Into the causes of the Balkan war and into its history there is no need here to enter. They are adequately dealt with in the report itself. As a matter of fact no one ever knows the true causes of any war, since war always originates in the infernal and unathomable depths of human nature. We know the apparent, or rather the immediate causes; not the ultimate origins. But the public has lost interest even in these. We have now some little troubles of our own, and moreover to understand the Balkan war demands the study of European history, and this is one of the pursuits that we are willing to postpone until eternity, when time will be less valuable than it is now. But we are all interested in the atrocities. We have always been interested in atrocities since those halcyon days of our youth when we wiled away the Sabbath afternoons with the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and much preferred the latter because of the illustrations in color. We have all been nurtured more or less upon stories of the unspeakable Turk and his pleasant little ways with his adversaries, and so our attention was vividly aroused by the early reports from the Balkans that atrocities were being committed, not by Turks, but by Christians. For a time we refused to believe, since every one knows that Christian nations are notoriously gentle and mild even in war. But the stories continued and they grew steadily in horror after the Turks had been beaten and the modern Crusaders were fighting among themselves. Then the churches everywhere began to sit up and take notice. They disproved the Christian atrocities by a convincing syllogism that was somewhat as follows: Christian nations do not commit atrocities. The Balkan States are Christian nations. Therefore the Balkan States did not commit atrocities. The reasoning was quite conclusive to the churches, but to no one else, and so there was a perceptible cooling of popular enthusiasm for these modern Soldiers of the Cross who were displaying their piety in the Balkans by murdering women and babies and doing a number of other things that must not be spoken of in respectable newspapers. And so at last came the commission of inquiry, and now with commendable rapidity we have a report which abolishes argument by the simple process of presenting the facts. It is strange that argument is not more generally abolished by presenting facts, but probably it has not occurred to any one.

Now it would be a grave mistake to suppose that the Turks committed no atrocities. They committed many. Their behavior at Doxato was very bad. The town was in the hands of the Greeks and it was attacked and then taken by the Bulgarians, who armed the Turkish peasants and then let them loose upon the prisoners, and a massacre resulted. At Boulgarkeui the Turks massacred 200 Bulgarians, but they did it on Greek instigation. A woman describes how her child was thrown into the air and caught on a Turkish bayonet. Several women were outraged, and one of them by thirty Turks. A woman of ninety was outraged by five Turks. A thousand Bulgarians were surrounded by Turks near Gallipoli and exposed to every imaginable suffering. A witness says that he saw a Turk open the stomach of a child of seven years and cut it in pieces. At Moustafa Pacha the Turks murdered eighteen people. The headsman varied the mode of execution to please the mob. When a young man named Chopov asked to be killed more quickly that he might not see such appalling scenes he was told, "Be patient, my child, your turn is coming," and he was killed last. There are several pages of these horrors worthy of the best traditions of the Bashibazouk. Many of the details are unprintable, but in several cases these horrors were committed at the instigation of the Greeks, and moreover the Turks were experiencing the rage of defeat, and they were also revenging the precisely similar outrages already inflicted upon themselves. But the number of Turkish atrocities is almost insignificant in comparison with those inflicted by the Balkan co-religionists upon one another.

To a great extent these atrocities are indescribable. As page follows page of this hideous report the reader becomes physically sick. The imagination of Dante would be inadequate to supply the omitted details. At Strumnitza we are told that the conquered Moslems were summoned before a commission. Hardly one in ten escaped death. They were bound in threes, taken to the slaughter-house, and there killed, in some cases after torture and mutilation. This was done to the Servians. At Kukush a Bulgarian chief burned 345 Turkish houses in one day, shut up the men in a mosque and burned them alive. An American at Serres says that the Bulgarians murdered two hundred Turks and violated the women and children. He found thirteen corpses in the prison after the Bulgarians had left, and his own servant, a Greek,

was among them, but still alive. His Bulgarian jailer had said, "We do things methodically here. You have four hours to live. Every half-hour you will be beaten and at the end you will be killed." He was pinned to the floor with a bayonet and his arms and back where he had been beaten were "as black as his boots." He died subsequently. At Serres the archbishop's Greek militia hunted the houses for Bulgarians. The prisoners were tightly bound and beaten with the butt ends of rifles. The plan of the gaoles was apparently to slaughter their prisoners in batches and they were led two by two to an upper room, where they were killed, usually by repeated wounds in the head and neck inflicted with a butcher's knife or a Martini bayonet. Each of the butchers aimed at accounting for fourteen men, which was apparently the number each could bury during the night. This massacre went on for several nights, and the commission that ordered these things was presided over by a priest. One wonders if the Greek archbishop had blessed the banners of his militia. From Kukush we are told of a particular squad of Greek cavalry that "it is not too much to say that they were slaughtering Bulgarian peasants at sight and that they spared neither women nor children."

The writer of this part of the report seems himself to become weary of his task, for he says: "It would serve no purpose to encumber this account of the Greek march with further narratives. Many further depositions will be found in the appendices. They all convey the same impression. Wherever the peasants ventured to await the arrival of the Greek troops in their villages they had the same experience. The village was sacked and the women were violated before it was burned, and non-combatants were wantonly butchered, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes in larger numbers." The Greeks made no concealment of their devil's work. They were proud of it. They wrote home and boasted of it. One such letter says: "We have shown ourselves far more cruel than the Bulgarians. We have violated all the young girls whom we met." Another letter says: "Of the 12,000 prisoners we took at Negrita, only forty-one remain in the prisons, and everywhere we have been we have not left a single root of this race." And another gallant soldier, proud of his exploits, writes: "We picked out their eyes (five Bulgarian prisoners) while they were still alive." The Bulgarians and Servians were bad enough in all conscience, but the very coping-stone of devilry seems to have been supplied by the Greeks. Therefore it is with a certain pleasure that we note the inability of the commission to find any positive evidence that the Greek soldiers decorated themselves with necklaces made from the fingers and hands of little children, or that the Greek soldiers carried portions of human bodies, ears and the like, in their pockets as trophies. The commission seems to think that such trophies would have soon become disagreeable, but there seems no other reason to doubt the story.

Now the above examples are selected, not because they are peculiarly horrible, for they are not; nor because they are representative, for they are not. They are merely intended to show the kind of shudders that fill hundreds of pages, but always with the understanding that the worst features of all have been omitted. They must be omitted. They are of the kind that cause one to wake in the night and curse humanity, and to wonder shiveringly what there can be about religion and about religious symbols that they can thus degrade human beings into such weird monsters that the very devils in hell would shun them. For it is hard to resist the conviction that it was religion that sharpened the teeth of these tigers. An honest savagery has never done such things as these. And it is necessary also to remember that the commission covered a very small field of inquiry. They could do no more than raise a corner of the veil and peep at the infernos beyond. Almost any paragraph upon the printed page could be expanded into an universe of blood and misery.

Into the general conclusions of the commission there is no need to enter. We can form conclusions for ourselves. The commissioners ask what must be the effect of these horrors in years to come. How long will it take to wipe away the memory of these hellish shambles? Horrors are committed in all wars, but when before have we seen civilized officers commanding such horrors, deliberately ordering the massacre of women and children, and women and children that were actually of their own race and of their own religion? But perhaps it is well not to talk about religion at all in this connection. We might say something disrespectful of cherished institutions. But can we reasonably suppose that these disclosures will have any discouraging effect upon the war fever of humanity. We must indeed be sanguine to believe it, although such a belief may do credit to our hearts. They will have no such effect. The world at large has already forgotten the Balkan war and is talking with zest as to the scene of the next conflagration.

SIDNEY CORVY.

One of the newest and perhaps oddest uses for aluminum is its employment in making the soles of shoes to be used by workmen employed in wet and damp places. The aluminum-soled shoe lasts much longer than an ordinary shoe and is said to be impervious to dampness. The growth of the aluminum industry is little short of remarkable. In 1913 72,379,090 pounds were consumed in this country. The total production in 1884 was only 150 pounds.

In preparation for the coming fire season in California 110 miles of fire lines have been built on the Sierra national forest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Praise from Sir Hubert."

(Col. Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal, May 7th.)

We reproduce from the *Argonaut*, of San Francisco—a weekly publication of which it is not too much to say that it is the best written between the two oceans—an editorial upon the Mexican situation which the President would do well to read and consider. It seems an invective. Yet it is merely a plain narration of facts, thoroughly considered and truthfully arrayed.

From the first the *Courier-Journal* has doubted the wisdom where it has not taken issue with the course pursued by the administration, from time to time warning it against the consequences. Events have vindicated all that we have said. In his article Mr. Alfred Holman points out a remedial policy. This Mr. Wilson should take seriously to mind and heart.

President Wilson and Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 19, 1914.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Recent editions of the *Argonaut* devoted a good deal of space to the Mexican situation and to the intervention of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. As the *Argonaut* is essentially the paper of serious-minded, thinking people, I feel impelled to throw additional light on some of your statements. My views on the subject are based on a quarter of a century's connection with Latin-America, during which time I have lived there in part and made numerous trips from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan.

It grieves me to see the *Argonaut* follow in the footsteps of the irresponsible and always poorly informed daily press, where Latin-America is concerned, in giving its readers to understand that President Wilson's Mexican policy is absolutely wrong, and that had he recognized Huerta peace in Mexico would have been established ere this, etc.

Far from having made a mess of it, President Wilson's Mexican policy is well reasoned out, logical, and destined to have a most salutary effect on future would-be revolutionists. The American policy towards Latin-America during the last three-quarters of a century has been equivalent to setting a premium on revolutions. Nearly all of the revolutions have been engineered by ambitious men whose guiding motive was usually a desire to get hold of the public revenues. Those men knew that if they succeeded in getting a grip on the government for a few days they would be recognized by the United States, which inevitably brought also recognition from the European powers, a more or less lengthy lease of power, an opportunity to get at the public revenues and to mortgage the nation's resources abroad. The prize was always tempting, for it was so easy to get the commanders of a few regiments to fall in with their views and then by a *coup de main* seize the government. The rank and file as a rule had no idea what they were fighting for, any more than most of the soldiers in Mexico today know why they are laying their country waste. They are Huertistas, Maderistas, or Constitutionalists, many of them forced at the point of the bayonet to leave their homesteads and become "patriots" to satisfy the ambitions of a few men.

If during the last three-quarters of a century the United States had adopted Mr. Wilson's present policy not ten per cent of the scores and scores of revolutions would have been fought in Latin-America, untold thousands of lives would have been saved, some of the most appalling tragedies would never have been enacted, their resources would not have been squandered, and those rich and fertile lands, instead of being impoverished and staggering along under crushing loads of debts (as happens to be the case with the majority of them yet), would have been enjoying the fruits of peace and prosperity. The millions squandered in revolutions would have been used to develop the national resources and to provide schools for the masses, with the result that what has been accomplished in Argentina, for instance, since 1880 would have been accomplished also to a certain extent in the other republics, and many years sooner in Argentina itself.

It is really amusing to note the cocksureness with which a large portion of the press gives its readers to understand that everything would be serene and satisfactory in Mexico had only President Wilson recognized Huerta. The fact that Porfirio Diaz was the duly recognized head of Mexico and yet was overthrown after a bloody revolution, that Madero was accorded full recognition with ability to borrow money, without being able to save either himself or his country from the revolutionists, does not seem to bear any weight whatsoever, and is airily waved to one side.

While Wilson's recognition of Huerta would undoubtedly have enabled the latter to saddle heavy foreign loans on the Mexican people, it would certainly not have headed off the present revolution.

Contrary to public opinion in this country, the average Latin-American is not a chronic revolutionist, but a peaceful citizen whose greatest desire is to be allowed to work out his salvation in peace. Conversations with merchants in the cities and with farmers in the country will quickly bring home this fact to any one desirous to ascertain the truth. Well do I remember an editorial in *El Telegrafo*, a Guayaquil daily paper, moralizing on the effect the patriots and "salvadores de la patria" (saviors of the country) had on the Latin-American republics. It wound up by stating that whenever the longed-for day arrived when there would be no more patriots and no more saviors of the country, then indeed would they be saved.

The intervention of South American in Mexico will bring about a better understanding between Latin-America and the United States. This will not only lighten the burdens of the United States in regard to possible trouble with European powers arising out of controversies between them and some Latin-American state, but it will give us a much better entrée in the South American markets.

In conclusion permit me to state that nowhere can one find a more generous, kinder-hearted people, who are more responsive to approaches of sincere friendship, than in Latin-America.

Yours very truly, J. B. HAVRE.

We print this letter, not because Mr. Havre appears to the *Argonaut* to regard the Mexican situation comprehensively or to be just in his conclusions, but as a conscientious contribution to current discussion. In his desire to support President Wilson Mr. Havre ignores everything excepting the early part of the dealings of the Washington government with President Huerta. He takes no account of our conferences with, our encouragement of, or our arming of the brigand armies of the north. Likewise he ignores all recent acts, including our occupation of Vera Cruz, with our holding of Huerta helpless before the assaults of his rivals and enemies. It is, however, interesting to discover that there is one man outside the administrative organization of the government and therefore under bonds to support the administration policy whatever it may be, who finds motives of satisfaction in the course of President Wilson towards Mexico.

MAROONAH.

The Woman Who Loved a Man.

On the shore of the great Yukon River was born Marounah. She played among the wild roses on the banks, and when the moon rose above the snow-clad mountains across the wide river she shuddered at the old men's tales of the T'linkit ghosts, which, they said, were hovering in untold myriads in the dark forests which walled in that lonely village. She was passing beautiful in the eyes of the young men of her tribe, and they wooed her persistently, but vainly.

Marounah knew that soon the time would come when she must accept a husband, and she dreaded the day, because there was not one among the young men of her people whom she felt that she could love. She had seen a few rough white men who were hunting for gold, and her mother had hid her, lest they should see her and seek to buy her, as was sometimes done when the dried salmon was gone and the necessity of the Indians was very great. And she trembled as she recollected the sad stories she had heard of the fate of the maidens whom she had seen departing with the burly white men.

Like the other Indians, she had more reverence for the medicine man of the tribe than for any one else she knew; but she did not fear him as did the others, for she longed to know his secrets, and if it had been permitted by the customs she would not have objected to a marriage with their newly initiated wizard, who was one of her old admirers.

One day, as Marounah sat weaving a basket at the foot of the ancestral totem in front of the house, a large canoe shot around the point up the river and was followed by another, and then another. She soon discerned that there was a white man in the foremost canoe. Soon they landed, and the news spread through the village that the distinguished-looking stranger was on his way to the far north to explore the country. The strange instruments which he carried with him astonished these simple people of the Yukon. They wondered that he did not offer them drink and show himself a beast, as had the other white men who visited them. In company with the Indian who had charge of his packers the explorer inspected the quaintly carved log-houses and took notes of their implements, language, and peculiarities. He also attempted to obtain photographs, but the villagers were afraid of the dangerous-looking instrument, as well as of the evil eye, and the men turned their backs, while the women covered their faces with their hands.

But not so Marounah. Although wild with excitement, she felt a strange sense of exultation as the white man caught her eye and turned his camera in her direction. He smiled when he had succeeded in photographing the house, with the maiden standing at the entrance. But when he approached and spoke approvingly she was dumb, and even refused the small round mirror which he offered her.

That very day her mother had told Marounah that Wansatah, of the beaver totem, had asked for her hand in marriage, and at her protests against such a union her mother had become angry and had told her that if she did not cease showing her aversion to the youths of her tribe she would be denounced as a witch for not conforming with the customs.

Marounah could not forget the handsome white man; he was always in her thoughts, and when she next saw the stranger, as he was making his preparations for departure, she knew what she had never dared to confess to herself before—that she loved. She felt a secret longing to go with him and to share all the perils of his journey to the land of the Esquimaux. Then her heart quailed as she thought of the lost ones whom the miners had taken away while the parents gazed at the sack of flour which was left as the price, and wondered how their child would fare. But this wise man, with books and scientific apparatus and such an air of disinterested benevolence, would never abandon her, but would take her home to his people and love her always. Then she awoke from her reverie and looked with disdain on her surroundings, from the naked children splashing in the water to the bald eagles soaring between her and the glistening snow peaks which had always shut her in. She felt that she could never hope that he would notice her, that she would have to marry a native youth and live the hard life of a squaw. Gradually she would lose her beauty, and finally become one of those wrinkled, blear-eyed creatures who sit crouching over the fires until they form caricatures of poor humanity. The only alternative would be the plague, the medicine man's incantations, and then the dead-house, with the T'linkits' ghosts.

Suddenly the stranger, who had been superintending the loading of his canoes at the beach, turned and looked at her as she sat watching him; but she ran into the house in confusion and crouched behind the pile of mats. Perhaps by some occult law thoughts are reflected from one mind upon another. Be this as it may, the scientist began to soliloquize thus: The maiden yonder was attractive; he was not a Puritan; he was to be cut off from the civilized world for two years or more; perhaps he would never see his home again, and the icy waters of the north would claim his body. Then why not follow the example of others, and take with him an

Indian girl, who would uncomplainingly suffer all things and be his willing drudge while he wished it, and then resignedly sink into oblivion? He was an evolutionist, and believed in natural selection and the survival of the fittest. He hesitated an instant—his canoe was ready, all his scientific impedimenta were safely stowed away, and his Chilkat boatmen were taking leave of their friends. He had decided, and he approached the old woman, who was tending a salmon which was stretched on sticks before the fire for the next meal. He found that he understood enough of her dialect to convey his idea, which she did not seem to approve, although she did not violently repulse him. He stepped aside and beckoned to one of his men to come and act as interpreter. The woman turned and entered the house on hearing a stifled sob from Marounah, who appeared greatly agitated by what she had overheard. The mother said, sharply: "See what you have brought on us by your perversity! The people think you are a witch, and now the white man would buy you and carry you off to die, as the miners took Toniha last winter when the food was scarce. You must certainly marry Wansatah next full moon."

The old squaw could hardly believe her senses when Marounah said, quietly: "I will go with the white stranger. I would rather burn as a witch than marry another. He is not like the miners. He will be true."

"Fool!" cried the mother, and struck her in her rage, as she realized that it would be impossible to alter the mind of the young dreamer. "Go, then, with the white man, and we will not ask anything in exchange. You have made your fate. I wish you had not been born."

She sent a child to bring the father, and when he arrived she briefly informed him that she had decided to give Marounah to the stranger. The old man demurred, but the women rule in family affairs in Alaska.

The sterns of the canoes touch the sandy shore, and the population of the place stand like bronze statues in the clear Alaskan sunlight. A few rods back the blue smoke rises from the houses, while behind them the wooded mountains rise.

The scientist, as the canoe pushed off, placed some silver in the hand of the old man, who he saw would not be averse to taking it. It relieved his conscience, although amid the dangers of months of exploration he did not think much as to the distant outcome of the affair. The old women said in their guttural tongue: "Just what might be expected of such a girl. The white man is very great, but he will desert her like the rest."

Marounah sat in the canoe in a bewildered ecstasy, and with inbred stoicism saw her family, friends, and home gradually merge into their forest background. But as she neared the dreaded island and the banks hid her native shore from view a mist veiled her eyes, and she thought she saw the totem of her mother's family—a mighty wooden shaft, grotesquely carved and surmounted by a raven—standing in front of the dead-house.

Day after day they floated down the enchanted stream flowing ever to the northwest, until they could scarcely see across the widened waters. Night after night their campfire lighted up solitudes where neither Indian nor white man was ever met by them. Marounah would not have envied our Mother Eve in Paradise, had she known the story. She had realized her ideal. At the first all was joyous with her. The scientist took a great interest in learning the correct pronunciation of her dialect, while noting the sub-tribal variations of the widely diffused T'linkit tongue. He taught her English and instructed her in various ways, until she felt that she was realizing the vague longings of her childhood, when she wished for something better than her people could give her. He could find no fault with her behavior. She assisted him in every possible way, in sickness as well as in thrilling adventure. She once saved his life by swimming to his rescue when the canoe was overturned in the rapids. She cheered him during the rigors of the Arctic winter, where the sun did not shine for weeks.

Finally it became necessary for the expedition to return. They had been in the north over a year, and the objects of the explorer had been accomplished as far as possible. The return journey was made in safety, and they expected to reach the coast before long. They were paddling up the noble river, and Marounah was supremely happy as she neared her former home. How she would look down upon those who had reproached her for not accepting her Indian suitors! Was she not the wife of the scientist? Was she not educated far above their comprehension? And here was her straight-limbed, handsome child, looking so like his father! Her husband, no doubt, would have a mighty house, and richly furnished, in the wonderful southern land of the whites.

They reached the familiar banks at dusk in autumn, and Marounah cried with joy at the thought of seeing her parents again. But she feared the dead-house island, as she saw it in the distance. The scientist was silent and thoughtful, while he did not check her expressions of delight as they passed the island, and the fires of the village were seen reflected in the smooth waters.

"See!" cried Marounah, looking back under a sudden impulse. "The ghosts of the T'linkits!" She gazed at the mists rising above the dead-house, and in an

agony of fear, she clasped her babe to her bosom and began chanting the wild, unearthly notes of a T'linkit dirge, in which the men joined as they paddled. The demoniac cries of the Indians thrilled the white man's soul with a nameless dread. He then realized where he had been and what he had done. He had been absent from his kind so long that he had almost begun to feel like one of these degraded children of the north, with whom he had been forced to associate. He began to moralize.

Marounah roused herself, and saw that the course of the canoe was not altered, as it should have been if they were going to land at her old home. She looked at the explorer, who averted his face under the stars and the aurora. She spoke to him in English, but he did not answer her a word. Then she thought of Toniha, and shuddered.

"But my husband is wise and true, and he will not leave me," she said to herself. She cast a backward glance and wondered which of the fires was her mother's, and then awaited her fate. Soon the village was lost to sight, and Marounah was speeding up the river toward the white man's country, which she had never seen.

The scientist was thinking now of the future. He would gain fame from this exploration; he had been where no other white man had been before. He had been successful beyond his anticipations. He had a canoe-load of specimens of the products of that former *terra incognita*. Now, what was to be done with Marounah? He had thought it best not to see her parents while this question remained unanswered. There was but one course advisable, according to his judgment. She must be detained by willing hands and left without means of following him. Although she begged to know his plans for the future, he told her nothing.

The country of the Kootznahos was reached at last, and the voyagers went ashore to spend the day and night in rest and recreation. Marounah did not understand the whispered consultation between the explorer and one of their hosts which so greatly concerned her future welfare.

In the early dawn the canoes were loaded as usual, and the Kootznahos stood at the water's edge to witness the departure of their guests. The great explorer stepped into his canoe, after all the men were seated with their paddles in their hands. Marounah was about to follow, with her babe on her back, after the manner of the Indian women, when two stalwart Kootznahos seized her by the shoulders from behind and held her firmly, while the canoes glided out into the current. She shrieked with anguish as she realized that never again would she see the man she loved. But the scientist did not look back; instead he gazed steadfastly up the river into his future, where his civilized fellow-men were soon to receive him with honor. He would write a book, deliver lectures, and be received by society as a hero.

* * * * *

It is winter in the interior of Alaska. The sun may slide along the horizon for a few minutes at mid-day, but it is rarely seen through the dense clouds which touch the snow, while the blackness of the Alaskan night is something awful. Then the chilling, freezing dampness makes the cold seem threefold colder, and life ebbs low in man and beast.

A village of the Kootznahos lies buried in the snow, and in an underground winter house stoops over her work a young Indian woman whose face betrays despair. She is the household drudge of several related families who occupy this burrow together. She is experiencing the hard lot of an Indian slave. It is true that the slaves are not sacrificed at house-warmings or funerals, as was the custom before the whites began to exercise their authority; but they are shown no consideration whatever, beyond receiving the food which the others reject and shelter from the storms, while escape is impossible.

A fair-haired babe cries plaintively from the pile of mats on which it lies. With a look of smoldering hate in her eyes the mother turns toward it and her brow darkens as she gazes upon the child of the white man who had deserted her. It wails feebly once again, and the sound seems to goad the woman to madness. Suddenly the pent-up savagery of her nature bursts forth, and with a harsh cry she thrusts a heavy fur over the little white face and blue eyes that remind her of the man who had brought upon her all this misery. Firmer and yet firmer she presses, till the little, quivering form is still.

Slowly she drew aside the fur and looked long at the dead face. The eyes stared dully up at her, their mute accusation sinking through hate, and ignorance, and despair to the mother-heart that lay deep in her nature. Then with a mighty rush the realization of what she had done came upon her, and with a wailing cry she caught up the dead babe and fled out into the night.

* * * * *

As the Kootznahoo fishers were returning that night to their village they found upon the beach the body of a drowned woman, washed up by the sea in which she had vainly sought to hide her sorrows, and in her arms was the body of a fair-haired child.

G. R. M.

ANDREW BONAR LAW.

The Latest Hope of the "Stern, Unbending Tories."

Nearly two and a half years have gone by since Arthur Balfour resigned the House of Commons leadership of the Conservative party and was succeeded by Andrew Bonar Law, and although the first big public speech of the new leader was characterized by the *Daily News* as "a piteous appeal to Mr. Balfour to return," he still holds the position to which he was elected by the unanimous vote of his party. That election was an admirable example of the British talent for compromise. There were three possible successors to Mr. Balfour, namely Austen Chamberlain, Walter Long, and Bonar Law. The former had graduated as chancellor of the exchequer, which is usually regarded as the stepping-stone to the leadership of the party; Mr. Long has been secretary for Ireland and had acquired more experience of official work than the other competitor for the vacant leadership. In the Liberal camp it was expected that the Tories would split into three parties over the claims of the three candidates for Mr. Balfour's discarded mantle: what happened was that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Long at once agreed to waive their claims in favor of a unanimous election of Bonar Law. And that despite the fact that each of them had had a longer political and parliamentary experience than their rival.

Indeed one of the most remarkable features of Bonar Law's elevation to the leadership of the "stern, unbending Tories" consists in the fact that he has attained to leadership more rapidly than any famous politician of recent times save Beaconsfield. Mr. Asquith, for example, had been twenty-two years in the House of Commons before he became the leader of his party; Gladstone had been a member of the House of Commons thirty-five years, and Balfour seventeen years before attaining to a like position; whereas Bonar Law had not completed eleven years of parliamentary life ere he was enthusiastically acclaimed as the captain of the opposition. And he did not seek the position; it was bestowed upon him without his having recourse to those devious methods by which such distinctions are usually attained.

Unlike Mr. Balfour, Bonar Law could not count upon "family" influence for his advancement in political life, nor had he been trained in that political atmosphere which has been the native air of most of his predecessors. Up to his forty-second year he had been immersed in commerce as a Glasgow iron merchant, though for some years he had been a member of a Parliamentary Debating Society in Glasgow, of which he declares that it provided him with more pleasure than the real House of Commons. In his first session of that society he was elected as home secretary, a tribute to his gifts which has been singularly confirmed by his rapid advance in the national senate. He has sometimes been heard to express a regret that he did not enter the House of Commons when he was thirty instead of forty-two, but his alert intellect has more than made good his lack of experience. In fact, he established his reputation in the Commons by his first speech, and two years later had set his foot upon the ladder to high office. Remembering that the Conservative party is specially attached to the Church of England, it is another triumph for Bonar Law that he, a Presbyterian, should have succeeded to its leadership, though a precedent had been established in the case of Mr. Balfour, whose "philosophic doubt" must have been distasteful to the clergy of the Established Church.

Shortly after his formal election as leader of the party Bonar Law was called upon to face the test of popular approval or condemnation by addressing an audience of ten thousand of the rank and file in Albert Hall. He survived the test in the most triumphant manner. "You're magnificent, sir," shouted one enthusiast when he was half-way through his speech, and as he drew to a close and half apologized for the length of his oration the audience shouted, "We'll sit till midnight to hear you." There was another interjection on that occasion which was even more significant. Hardly had the speaker begun his impeachment of the government than a cry was heard, "Rub it in," to which the orator immediately rejoined, "I mean to." And he has been doing it ever since. In short he began with "no compliments" as his policy and has never faltered. He confesses to having acquired the "bad habit" of calling a spade a spade; whatever other politicians may do he reserves the right of saying what he thinks. This forthright frankness has been expensive now and then, giving Mr. Asquith golden opportunities to score off his opponent in the adroit style of an old parliamentary hand; but it has endeared the new leader to his followers in the House of Commons and to the rank and file of the party. He is not afraid of Mr. Asquith, greatly as he admires his forensic ability; he has told him to his face in the House of Commons that he has not got any "principles," and only the other day he established a new record for the leader of the opposition by charging the prime minister with making false statements in that house.

All this has had a remarkably bracing effect on the Tories. As noted above, the *Daily News* hailed his public address as "a piteous appeal to Mr. Balfour to return," and that newspaper has ever since followed the policy of deriding and belittling the new leader.

For many months its daily cartoon has had Bonar Law for its central figure, while times without number it has commented upon his "blazing indiscretions," described him as "a blundering blockhead," and declared that his "continued leadership is absolutely impossible." As he has a keen sense of humor and the logic of things, these attacks have afforded Bonar Law more satisfaction than distress. He preens himself on the evidence they afford that he has attained a considerable measure of success, for if he were such a "blundering blockhead" the last thing his opponents would desire would be his elimination from the battle.

As a matter of fact, Bonar Law is the most valuable asset of the Conservatives, and he would be even more valuable if he could see his way to emulate Gladstone in those oratorical pilgrimages with which the Grand Old Man used to sweep the country now and then. Accomplished speaker though he is, clear-cut in phrase, cogent in argument, richly endowed in flashes of wit, and possessing a voice which can be heard in the farthest corner of the largest hall, Bonar Law is so much of a home man that he will not make unlimited public engagements. Besides, he has so high a sense of duty that he thinks it incumbent upon him to be constantly at his post in the House of Commons, even though when accepting the leadership he gave his colleagues to understand that he must not be expected to speak on any and every occasion.

If he could be prevailed upon to be more often absent from Parliament the chances of a return to power of the Conservatives would be materially increased. In other words, he is just the speaker to influence the democracy. Sincerity and sympathy are the keystones of his character. He believes firmly in representative government, and it is because of that belief that he has so stoutly opposed Mr. Asquith in his attempt to force Home Rule through the House of Commons without an appeal to the people. Again and again he has reiterated his demand that a measure of such vast constitutional change should be submitted directly to the vote of the people, promising that if that vote is in favor of the government he will thenceforward cease to support Ulster in its opposition. And he has made that offer in such terms that an appeal to the people should not subvert the purpose for which the Parliament Act was passed. It is because the Liberals have refused such a request that Bonar Law has consistently pledged his party to support Ulster to the bitter end.

But it must not be imagined that his policy is wholly negative; on the contrary he has a constructive programme, in which, of course, tariff reform takes the chief place. That is the touchstone which he applies to all the problems of the day. In speech after speech he has declared that he is not satisfied with the present distribution of wealth, and on one occasion he told a little story which is typical of his nature. When dining one evening at the house of a wealthy man his hostess said she wished she could find out what was at the bottom of the uneasiness of the working classes. "I replied," he continued, "I think I can tell you; what they want is that you should have a little less of this sort of thing and that they should have a little more of it." The "this sort of thing" to which he referred was the luxury by which he and his hostess were surrounded. And the speaker did not hesitate to assure his audience that he entirely sympathized with the desire of the working classes to get a larger share of the profits of industry. In fact he holds that the greatness of a country does not depend upon the number, but upon the character of its people, and that the formation of character is impossible except amid decent social surroundings. When to this sympathy with the working-class point of view there is added the factor that, like Mr. Chamberlain, Bonar Law is "a bonnie fighter," the animosity of the *Daily News* is sufficiently explained.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 1, 1914.

The Bolivian government has recently enacted a law which forbids the carrying off or wilful destruction of that portion of the ruins of the ancient city of Teahuanacu which vandal hands have left intact. Here once stood a large and populous city, but it has lain in ruins so long that even the legendary lore of the Incas, who traced an unbroken line of kings back to the eleventh century, is dumb concerning the people who built it. It lies not far from the southern end of Lake Titicaca, its ruins covering an area of about a square mile. The ruins themselves include the remnants of temples, palaces, and other great structures. The ruins are located 13,000 feet above the level of the sea on a vast plateau where the constant cold prevents the maturing of corn or other grain. At present potatoes, oca, and some other edible roots are grown, but the region sustains only a scanty mountain population. The city once covered a large area, the great structures were built by skilled masons. One stone is thirty-six feet long by seven feet wide and weighs 170 tons, another is twenty-six feet by sixteen, and six feet thick. Only the monoliths of ancient Egypt equal those found in Tiahuanacu. The movement and placing of such monoliths point to a dense population, to an organized government, and consequently to a large agricultural area with means of transportation from various directions. The only tenable explanation is that at the time when Tiahuanacu flourished the Andes were from 2000 to 3000 feet lower than at present.

OLD FAVORITES.

Spring Song in the City.

Who remains in London,
In the streets with me,
Now that Spring is blowing
Warm winds from the sea;
Now that trees grow green and tall,
Now the sun shines mellow,
And with moist primroses all
English lanes are yellow?

Little barefoot maiden,
Selling violets blue,
Hast thou ever pictured
Where the sweetlings grew?
Oh, the warm wild woodland ways,
Deep in dewy grasses,
Where the wind-blown shadow strays,
Scented as it passes!

Peddler breathing deeply,
Toiling into town,
With the dusty highway
You are dusky brown;
Hast thou seen by daisied leas,
And by rivers flowing,
Lilac-ringlets which the breeze
Loosens lightly blowing?

Out of yonder wagon
Pleasant hay-scent float,
He who drives it carries
A daisy in his coat:
Oh, the English meadows, fair
Far beyond all praises!
Freckled orchids everywhere
Mid the snow of daisies!

Now in busy silence
Broods the nightingale,
Choosing his love's dwelling
In a dimpled dale;
Round the leafy bower they raise
Rose-trees wild are springing;
Underneath, through the green baze,
Bounds the brooklet singing.

And his love is silent
As a bird can be,
For the red buds only
Fill the red rose-tree;
Just as buds and blossoms blow
He'll begin his tune,
When all is green and roses glow
Underneath the moon.

Nowhere in the valleys
Will the wind be still,
Everything is waving,
Wagging at his will:
Blows the milkmaid's kirtle clean
With her hand pressed on it;
Lightly o'er the hedge so green
Blows the plowboy's bonnet.

Oh, to be a roaming
In an English dell!
Every nook is wealthy,
All the world looks well.
Tinted soft the Heavens glow,
Over Earth and Ocean,
Waters flow, breezes blow,
All is light and motion!—Robert Buchanan.

The Vagabond.

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly beaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, bope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside baven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, bope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mining for oil is peculiar to Scotland, for there are no oil wells in the Scottish field. The oil is not even fluid, but exists in a shale formation. This shale is almost as black as coal and lies at a depth of about 400 feet below the earth's surface. The oil shale is mined just as coal is mined, the rock is crushed into small pieces in crushing works similar to coal-breakers, and the crude oil is squeezed out of the small pieces of shale much as water is squeezed out of a sponge. One ton of shale yields an average of fourteen gallons of oil. The oil field in Scotland lies between Glasgow and Edinburgh, known as the West Calder field, and the deposits of oil-producing shale are said to be practically inexhaustible.

There is a considerable amount of yew in California, and makers of bows are seeking material in this state for archery sets.

THE REAL SOUTH AFRICA.

Ambrose Pratt Paints a Gloomy Picture of Arrested Development and of Dangerous Racial Antagonisms.

It is well sometimes to be reminded that America has no monopoly of social troubles and that the actual problems of government are fairly equally divided over the world, however much they may vary in their nature and complexity. We have lately heard a good deal about New Zealand, and it is now evident that a veritable orgie of socialistic legislation has done nothing to produce either contentment or prosperity, has indeed produced nothing except rancors and hates. And now comes Mr. Ambrose Pratt with a book about the "real" South Africa, and it is rather significant that we brace ourselves for the worst as soon as any one offers to tell us about "real" conditions anywhere.

The picture is certainly a gloomy one, and that the shadows are not due wholly to the personal equation is shown by the citation of a government report on land settlement which informs the world that the Union does not at present produce nearly sufficient foodstuffs for its own needs, that the development of the country will only be possible by the presence of a virile white race in sufficient numbers to counteract the forces acting in the direction of barbarism and reversion, and that the trend of existing conditions indicates that there is substantial risk of the gravest consequence to the white population unless it can be greatly strengthened and constantly recruited. Obviously the supreme question of the day for South Africa is the black population, a population not reduced to subservience nor accustomed to control, but fierce, warlike, aggressive, and intelligent.

The author tells us that whatever the port through which a stranger may enter South Africa he is instantly struck with astonishment at the numbers of natives everywhere in evidence. For each white man he meets seven or eight blacks:

The natives are all decently attired, wearing more or less the white man's clothes, yet modified to suit their savage tastes. The women (wonderfully comely creatures they are) have a Roman fancy for toga-like drapings; the men affect the smock and knee breeches—legs and feet bare and shiny. Both men and women adore crude blazing colors—scarlet for choice, a flaunting, glaring scarlet. So many blacks; so few whites; One begins to be curious. "Ah," one says, "but the blacks are an open-air race—they don't mind this burning sun: the whites are indoors. That is the explanation." Of course the notion is illusory, but then one is always reluctant to accept unpleasant facts. Yet one must at last. One glance at the population statistics and the cold douche is over. Durban, population 77,000, of whom 37,000 are blacks; Capetown, population 77,000, of whom 35,000 are blacks; Johannesburg, population (approximately) 200,000, of whom 105,000 are blacks; and similar proportions obtain in nearly all the other cities and larger towns. Of the country there is a still more interesting tale to tell. The census returns of 1904 show that there are 4,652,662 blacks as against 1,135,000 whites within the Union; and it has been estimated that fully another 2,000,000 natives live south of the Zambesi.

The blacks are not only intelligent, but they have a passion for education. The author tells us of a conversation that he had with a representative native, who told him that his people would certainly demand their rights as soon as they were sufficiently educated and organized. They were willing to discuss the question at all times, "but the whites held disdainfully aloof and contemptuously ignored them." There was a white conspiracy to treat the negro educational movement as a shadow and educated negroes as monstrosities:

He was a university man, a person of culture and refinement, fit to meet any white gentleman on his own ground, yet the whole white race shunned him and despised him. Did he venture to stroll through the city he would have to march along the road like a horse—the pavement being rigidly forbidden him. He wound up by assuring me that I was the first white man in Africa who had condescended to shake him by the hand, and he warned me that I would be violently censured and abused if the fact were made known. Subsequently I tested these statements and I can not say that they were in any great wise exaggerations of the truth. All over South Africa I found the whites animated with an implacable determination to keep the blacks under foot—to treat them as sub-humans. Public opinion regards any white who would stoop to friendly intercourse with any black as something very like a public enemy. Public opinion, however, is divided into two planes. The Boers look upon the blacks as unruly animals who must be kept in their proper place by brute force and the sjambok. The British also look upon them as animals, but counsel milder measures and eschew the whip. The difference is really rather one of policy rather than of belief, and it arises from temperament. The Boer has a cruel heart. He beats his horse indifferently when he should and when he should not.

These natives are not only intelligent, but they often have the martial spirit, and therefore a sense of independence and of pride. We are told a good deal about the Basutos and their great leader Moshesh, who broke Chaka, and slew General Wepener, and defeated Sir George Cathcart—Moshesh, "the chief who was never conquered and died unbeaten." The negro has no literature, but he has a history of traditions. Every native living in South Africa today has learned the story of Moshesh: knew it by heart before his teens, and he sings his hero's exploits every holiday:

The Basutos are well mounted and fairly well armed. They have plenty of carbines and mauer rifles, and a few machine guns. It is a crime—under the white man's law—punishable with a £500 fine and penal servitude to carry arms into Basutoland. But the Basutos are rich and their money tempts. An illicit trade in arms flourishes beneath the rose, and the Basutos are steadily increasing their stock of modern weapons. They are horn fighters, men of dauntless courage and classical physique; tough in fibre, virile, strong, and incredibly enduring. They drill well. Their discipline is superb. They

ride like centaurs. They shoot straight. All their stories are of fighting; all their songs are of battle. Their country is a stronghold. It was found impregnable to white assault when the Basutos knew no better weapon than the assegai and were less than 50,000 strong. The Basutos are seven times more numerous today and they are armed with the white man's guns. Their eerie lookouts and mountain passes command three provinces of the Union. In a few hours they can mobilize an army of tens of thousands of cavalry. They have shown that they can do it. What will happen if such a border irruption? I put that question to a leading politician at Capetown. He frowned and half closed his eyes.

The Basutos and some other nations seems to be far superior in almost every respect to the Boers, whose standards of civilization belong to the sixteenth century. They are natural slave-owners, and slave-owning has produced its invariable results of ignorance and sloth. The author says that the unprogressive Boers constitute one of the gravest immediate social problems of United South Africa:

It was my privilege when in the Transvaal to spend a night and a day in the home of a Boer who, as I took care to ascertain beforehand, was a representative specimen of the backward class. His farm embraced 2000 acres of excellent country, bordering the Vaal River. His house was a small hovel consisting of one room divided into two by a dirty Hessian bag curtain. One of these compartments belonged to the Boer and his wife; the other was occupied by his children, four in number, two boys and two girls, all over sixteen years of age. When the sleeping bour arrived the Boer and his wife retired to their chamber, and the boys and I went out on the "stoep," or verandah, while the girls undressed and went to bed. When the girls had effected their dispositions for the night, we entered, took off merely our coats and lay down upon shake-downs on the floor beside the girls' beds. Soon the whole family was sleeping like the dead.

The Boer does no manual work. His hands—when washed—are soft and white. The Kaffir works for him. He exists only for the pleasures of the flesh. He eats hugely and marries early, and he admires the well-sexed house frau—the big feeder and big breeder. The following account of an exalted specimen of the popular type was published in a recent number of the *Volkstem*:

Theilmar M. de Beer: born October 20th, 1832, married at 18, Petrus Jacobus Lubbe, 1 child. Husband died in two years. After being 10 months a widow married Nicolaas Martinus Pretorius, a widower with 3 children. Lived with him 17 months when he died, leaving her with 4 children. After 5 months widowhood she married David Stephanus Pieterse, a widower with 7 children. Lived with him 11 years and bore 7 children. He died. After 5 years singlehood married Daniel Lodewikus Cronje, a widower with 8 children. She lived with him 11 years and had 4 children. He died. Five years later she married Hendrik Klopper. Lived with him 11 years and bore 10 children. He died. Two years later married Coenraad Hendrik van Wijk, a widower with five children. Lived with him 11 years and bore him 4 children. He died. Theilmar M. de Beer is still alive, aged 78 years. There are 50 persons living who call her mother. She has 270 grandchildren.

General Botha is one of the three men in whose hands the future of the country may be said to lie. His rapid rise to fame during the South African war need not be recalled, and he then showed qualities of heart and mind that not only endeared him to his countrymen, but marked him out preëminently to be the first prime minister of a united Boer-British South Africa:

General Botha is a supreme type of the self-made man. He had little if any schooling. He taught himself to read and write, and it is only during quite recent years that he has troubled his head about the graces of life. Such, however, is his genius that today no more highly cultured gentleman can be found in the sub-continent. Undoubtedly his most valuable personal asset is a fund of tact which enables him to reconcile the bitterest antagonisms and to win the confidence and sympathy of friends and opponents with almost equal facility. In conversing with him one is charmed into at least a temporary acquiescence with his point of view, and so gentle are his methods, so magnetically engaging his manners, that all sense of the virility and unbending strength of purpose of the man is forgotten. It is only when time and consideration have worn through the influences exerted by his personality that one remembers and fully recognizes the iron forces that operate behind his velvety, soft, impenetrable mask. General Botha is a man of mystery. He is liked by all the people of South Africa, and no less by the Dutch extremists than by those British who most intemperately abhor the Dutch. He speaks all parties fair, and each party believes that his utterances to it alone are true. Whether he is a sincere Imperialist, or, on the contrary, a Boer of the old school, but one man in the world can say for certain. That man is General Louis Botha.

South Africa lives on gold, diamonds, ostrich feathers, wine, wool, and mealies. There are millions of goats, but most of them are rubbish. The sheep are used only for food, as their wool is worthless. There are hardly any dairy herds, and the cattle are so poor in quality that they can never take a place in the meat markets of the world:

Apart from all political problems, the traveler's general impression of South Africa is one of gloom and desolation. The vast bulk of the sub-continent is a barren, pest-ridden wilderness, where only the black man can live or hope to thrive. One passes across thousands of miles of monotonous veld, and sees no cultivation, no stock worth owning, no sign of comfortable or civilized habitation. The British are walled and cooped up in the mushroom cities: the Boers are scattered sparsely through the lonely plains. The British think only of winning riches from the mines. The Boers, absolutely ambitionless, think only of winning a meagre livelihood from the sour and reluctant soil; and both races alike, corrupted and enervated by their long and uninterrupted dependence on the blacks, "laze" along, do no work themselves save over-sewing work, and prosper, or exist, as they prefer, on the slavish toil of the downtrodden aboriginal inhabitants.

The natives of the lower type are employed by thousands in the diamond mines. Virtually they are slaves, for the mine natives are not free to quit their compounds during their employment, and the compounds are really gaols. But they do not seem to mind. The author tells us that they are fairly well fed and that they all appear happy and contented. They have banks

wherein they store their wages, and many of them return to their kraals comparatively rich men:

A director of the De Beers showed me one native who is a philosopher and a humorist. "This man," said he, "is now doing his second term. He returned to us of his own will. Question him."

I glanced at the burly Kaffir, who at once hared his splendid teeth in a beaming smile. "Why did you come back?" I asked. "Oh," replied the negro, "me go to kraal first time from mine with plenty money and buy wife. She got temper like devil—fight me all day long. Much better come long back here and work to get more money!" "Ob! I see. But what will you do when you have more money?"

The native grinned atrociously. "When got more money me go back kraal and buy another wife. Then me happy. One wife no good. Two wives good. They fight each other and leave me alone."

The description of life in the mines is frankly horrible. The mines are a disgrace to civilization, and certainly nothing more abominable could ever have been found in Siberia. The Rand, says the author, is an engine of wholesale destruction. The mines "polish off" tropical natives with remorseless expedition, practically decimating them every year, and they do not treat the whites much better. The fatal accident rate alone is over eight per thousand. A Chamber of Mines report shows that 29,942 workers perished in the Transvaal mines during the five years ending 1909, and this does not include those who die after leaving, and we are told that "at least one-third, and probably more, of the disabled Rand miners leave the country and die:

The facts that I have set down above are odious to relate, yet they ought to be related. They indicate that the Rand gold is rather a curse than a blessing to South Africa. South Africa to a very large extent lives upon it, but bow many victims die! The system is one of thinly disguised, blood-smeared slavery. The foundations of it are the blacks, who toil for a pittance and perish like locusts. A little higher up are the white workers. They earn on an average £1 per day, but they live only from seven to nine years. On top are the magnates, who hold their feasts and levees and dwell in imperial luxury. The money they lavish keeps the wheels of South African commerce moving steadily. Ancient Nineveh and Babylon have been revived. Johannesburg is their twentieth-century prototype. It is a city of unbridled squander and unfathomable squalor. Living is more costly than one's wildest dreams. All the necessities of life are impudently dear. Miners of England and Australia, however poor may be your lot, however dark your present prospects, let no man tempt you to South Africa with tales of the wages that are paid upon the Rand! The wages are high indeed, but the price the workers pay for them is paid in suffering and blood. Better a thousand times perish as paupers in your own country, if such a chance should bap, than race to an early tomb in a hot, deep African cavern.

The author reverts often to the Boer problem, and always disparagingly. The Boer has his virtues, but they are of the negative kind. He has been ruined by slave-owning, and although slavery has been nominally abolished it remains very much alive among the Boers, who will never work so long as they get the natives to work for them, and their persuasions are always of the most forcible kind:

Take any Boer farmer, however poor, and examine his hands. They are soft as any woman's; and, if washed, quite as white. Examine his mind. If literate, he will confess having read one book—the Bible—or, rather, a part of it—the Old Testament. But one in every five Boers can neither read nor write. Education is now compulsory in the Transvaal; it has never been compulsory elsewhere in South Africa, and is not yet. In consequence ignorance, illiteracy, and dullness pervade the land. The penultimate census (taken in 1904) showed 434,000 literate whites of all ages in the Cape and 134,000 who could not tell one letter of the alphabet from another—this in the most populous, cultured, and progressive province of the Union. In the light of this discreditable fact, one's wonder at the dearth of an indigenous South African literature diminishes, and one gains a clearer understanding why both the British and the better educated Dutch attach so tremendous an importance to the language and education problem which is at this moment still unsettled (December 14, 1912), and is still engrossing the attention of all classes of the body politic.

Without question the chief danger to the country is a native uprising, and one is inclined to wonder why it has been so long delayed. The Kaffirs are not only enslaved by the Boers, but it would seem also by the other whites, who ought to know better. The white children born in South Africa acquire incurable habits of pride and indolence before they reach their teens. Their manners are haughty and overbearing:

The first day I landed in South Africa I witnessed a small incident that will tell its own story. Strolling through the city of Durban in the early morning I saw a great hulking Kaffir carry a bundle of papers to the door of a news agency, where a little boy, about ten years of age, was waiting to receive them. The Kaffir very respectfully placed the bundle on the steps at the child's feet, and moved away. He was immediately recalled, and most imperiously. "You cheeky devil," shrilled the child. "How dare you leave the papers there. Take the bundle into the shop at once and untie it." The Kaffir silently and humbly obeyed.

"Now sort the papers," ordered the child. Again the Kaffir obeyed. When his task was completed, the little boy contemptuously pointed to the door. "Get out!" he said.

The Kaffir inclined reverently, and backed out of the shop, as though taking leave of royalty. The child did not even smile. The sneer on his face was fixed.

The author seems to think that nothing can save the country except a large immigration of whites who are prepared, not to oversee the work of others, but to work themselves. Nothing is more certain, he says, than that the people who do the work of a country will eventually inherit it. And the negroes are doing the work of South Africa today.

THE REAL SOUTH AFRICA. By Ambrose Pratt. With an introduction by the Right Honorable James Fisher, P. C. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

John Quincy Adams.

This third volume of "The Writings of John Quincy Adams" reminds us of the historical importance of private correspondence with its freedom from restraint and its candor of opinion. The correspondence begins in 1801 and it ends in 1810, a period that is perhaps peculiarly representative of the life of the writer. It includes six years of his Senate experiences, three years of Harvard life, and one year out of the four spent in Russia. Adams had already been one year in the Senate of Massachusetts and had won a reputation for unwavering adherence to the minority and the unpopular side, and this rôle he continued at Washington. But the dominant note of the whole of this period may be said to be the international status of the United States. It was a case of choice between England and France, with the certainty of insult in either case. The Federalists were the friends of England and the Jeffersonians of France, and Adams was supposed to represent the former. He comments adversely on the Louisiana purchase, which he is afraid will increase the influence of the South, and he objects to the increase of Southern power that accrues from the enumeration of the slaves for electoral purposes. We find him later on taking his full share in the protest against British naval aggressions, and particularly in the matter of the *Chesapeake*.

It would be impossible here to survey the ground that is covered by this correspondence. It reflects the whole political situation of his day, first from the home point of view, and then with the perspective derived from his Russian residence. No less interesting is the correspondence that relates to his career at Harvard, of which perhaps we shall hear more. Adams objects strongly to the religious tests then in force at the university, and his objections are always audible. He writes: "With the most perfect deference and respect for the legislature of the college I must question their authority to require my subscription to a creed not recognized by the constitution or laws of the state." The volume with its companion volumes constitute a chapter in the history of the country of the very first importance.

The work of the editor, Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford, has been done with ability and good taste.

WRITINGS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50 net.

Russian History.

By the translation of Professor Kluchevsky's scholarly "History of Russia" the publishers have attempted to supply a long-felt want, for there is no satisfactory work on the subject in the English language. The author, who was for many years professor of history in the University of Moscow, has treated his subject not so much from the standpoint of political history as from that of an analytical study of political and economic institutions, and as such the three volumes will afford fruitful material for the student in spite of a somewhat cryptic translation. The need for a political history of Russia in English still remains, and its appearance would correct many false impressions concerning Russia which are now so prevalent throughout the Anglo-Saxon world.

The third volume of Kluchevsky's history, which has just appeared, traces in a most interesting manner the origin and development of serfdom in Russia and overturns many earlier views in regard to it. Of especial interest also are his studies of systems of taxation and of the popular assemblies that were the forerunners of the present Duma. The author's untimely death cut short at the beginning of Peter's reign a work that was to have covered the field down to the time of Alexander II.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. Kluchevsky. In three volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.50 net.

The Blindness of Virtue.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has joined the ranks of the reformer, and so he gives us a large novel intended to inculcate the virtues of a sex initiation for our daughters. He does not clamor for the abomination of sex hygiene in the public schools, but he really thinks that mothers ought to be more alive than they are to their duties in this connection. It is our own conviction that the daughters usually know a good deal more than their mothers, but if facts are to be allowed to interfere with theories the whole fabric built by the problem novelist and the reformer will fall about our ears.

We have to travel a long way through this book before we realize the precise direction in which the author would have us reform. Then it dawns upon us that it is Effie Pemberton, the daughter of the country parson, who is to be used to point the moral and turn the tide. Effie is a very innocent young girl, and we should certainly be puzzled to find her like in every-day life. She falls in love with Archie, the young aristocrat whom

her father is coaching for his examination, and when upon one occasion she is particularly anxious to see him before he retires for the night she precludes the possibility of an evasion by the simple expedient of getting into his bed. Under such circumstances he could hardly overlook her. Now if Effie had been properly instructed by her mother in sex hygiene she would have avoided this charming little error. There can be no question about that. Therefore we should all equip our daughters with a knowledge of life sufficient to guard them from innocent little vagaries of this sort. Fortunately for Effie her love is a gentleman, but if he had been just a mere man—well, the thing will not bear thinking about.

Mr. Hamilton is incapable of writing an uninteresting story, but he is not incapable of writing a silly one. It is a tribute to his skill that he can write with so much interest and yet with so much silliness. Of course we are all delighted to think that Effie escapes the penalty that falls upon the poor barge-man's daughter, who does actually have an unwarranted baby which she would not have had if her mother had done her duty, but we shall not feel quite happy about Effie until she is married or in the idiot asylum. She is far too innocent for this wicked world.

THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

North of Fifty-Three.

Those in search of a thoroughly good story of wilderness adventure will find it here. The heroine is Miss Hazel Weir, who breaks away from civilization and goes to the far north of Canada to teach school. Missing her way in the forest, she is abducted by Bill Wagstaff, who needs a wife and adopts the good old methods of primitive days in order to get one. But Wagstaff is a gentleman in spite of his eccentricities in this respect, and after all sorts of wanderings and escapes everything comes out just as it should. Mr. Sinclair tells a capital yarn, and he tells it carefully and convincingly.

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

John M. Synge.

Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on the work of John Millington Synge, it is already evident enough that he called forth an extraordinarily responsive note from the thought of his day. Mr. Yeats never made a more worthy contribution to the drama than when he "discovered" Synge, hopelessly misdirecting his energies in Paris, and recognized with a certain literary clairvoyance the magnitude of his find. And perhaps the French experience furnished a not inconsiderable part of the edifice that was to grow so large under more congenial conditions. It gave to Synge's writings a perspective and a breadth that they might otherwise have lacked. But the personal element here, as always, was the dominant factor in success. Synge himself is always standing behind his characters, and this, as the author so well says, makes him peculiarly representative of that spirit of "sincerity" which is so marked a characteristic of the contemporary theatre.

It would be pleasant to linger at length over this fine summary of Synge's achievements, but they are already common property. Every one knows what he has done for the Irish theatre, and those who know best are most sure of its permanence. But we know little of Synge the man, and here the author helps us largely. It is a surprising picture. Synge, we are told, had an intellectual mistiness that made it difficult for him to understand anything that he read. He could not remember the plots of Shakespeare's plays and he refused to read a work by Yeats because he was afraid "to have to understand." At the end of his life he could not read anything, and yet it was the sheer strain of reading that made hooks subtly suggestive to him. He would gradually emerge from the "perpetual blank fog of his mind" and so receive some subjective impression. Yeats says of him that "he had that egotism of the man of genius which Nietzsche compares to the egotism of the woman with child."

The author divides his work into seven chapters with copious appendices and a bibliography. The numerous illustrations are a valuable feature, and the book may therefore be competently recommended to those who wish to know more of a meteoric genius that was so prematurely extinguished.

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE. By Maurice Bourgeois. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Quick Action.

In this series of connected short stories we have Mr. Chambers nearly at his best. The stories are told by Countess Athalie, who does amazing magic with cards, and who has a crystal in which she sees the incidents that she relates to her friends, and she relates them after the manner of the well-known novelists of the day. Under the spell of Countess Athalie it seems such an easy thing to write stories, but let us hope that Mr. Chambers will

not succeed in persuading new recruits into a service already overburdened with mediocrity.

QUICK ACTION. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Loot.

The author groups these sixteen short stories under the general name of "Loot" because he seems to suppose that he has snatched them from other sources. Perhaps he did, but then Shakespeare did the same thing. The art is not in the facts, but in the telling of them, and so we may congratulate Mr. Vachell upon a certain power to look into the heart of a thing, to perceive that all things have hearts, and that they are always throbbing. His stories are well conceived and admirably told.

LOOT FROM THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Mexican People.

There is an embarrassing number of writings intended to show us the "actual conditions" that have produced the present turmoil in Mexico. Among the latest on the literary scene are Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcomb Pinchon, who have produced a bulky and an elaborate history of Mexico designed to show that eighty-five per cent of the people are practically owned by the large land-holders consisting of some two hundred families, and that the revolt against Diaz actually had its rise from this intolerable state of affairs. The rebels now in the field are fighting against a land monopoly that has reduced the bulk of the people to the status of serfs.

Such a history as this may be entirely accurate so far as facts go, and this one seems to be entirely accurate, and yet it may convey a wholly false impression of real causes. It may be said to be an axiom of human history that peoples unable to govern themselves individually and unused to self-restraint are certain to be governed collectively by others. Pleas for "freedom" usually overlook the fact that freedom must begin with the individual and not with the institution, and that nature always supplies an external tyranny for those who can not govern themselves individually. That Mexico will eventually attain the status of self-government is certain. All men will do so. But that she has yet done so remains to be seen, and the evidence to that effect is so far painfully inadequate. But the present volume is one that should be read. As a collection of definite facts it is unique. It is honest and sincere. But it should be read with caution.

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE: THEIR STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM. By Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcomb Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Across Siberia Alone.

Mrs. John Clarence Lee helps to persuade us that Siberia is not a land of ice and exiles, but a quite desirable territory that is gradually

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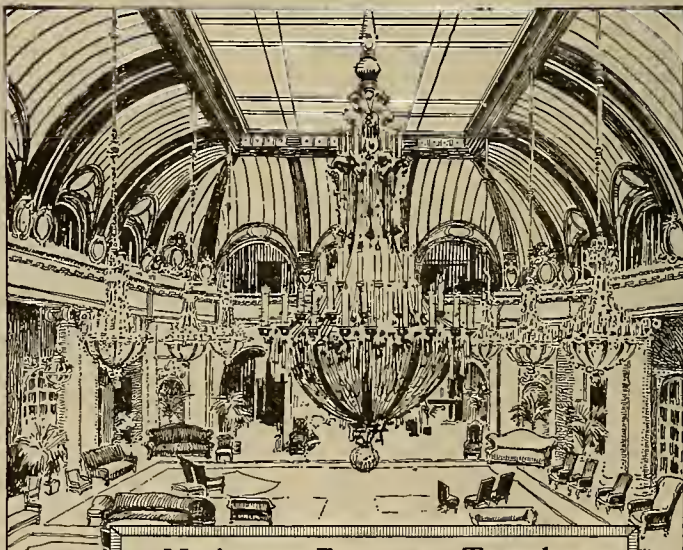
ESTABLISHED 1887

Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," \$1 a year.

being incorporated into civilization and that has a rosy future. Siberia has actually developed a "local sentiment," and already the promoter is abroad in the land. But Mrs. Lee's journey was a quite gallant adventure, and she tells us of it with a vigorous skill that establishes alike her reputation as a traveler and a story teller. We shall remember the Russian woman who asked of her, "In America there are no exiles, madame—not one?"

ACROSS SIBERIA ALONE. By Mrs. John Clarence Lee. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

"Monksbridge," from the press of Longmans, Green & Co., is by John Ayscough, author of "Gracechurch," "San Celestino," etc. In this novel the scene is laid chiefly in a little town on the Welsh border which has a history of its own and which is the local centre around and in reach of which lie the houses of several aristocratic and county families, old and new. The story deals mostly with the fortunes of the Auberons family, who unexpectedly inherit a small place in the old town, and the social development of Sylvia Auberon.



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There is no one more competent than Charles Alden Seltzer to tell a story of the old frontier days when rustlers and nesters competed with the legitimate rancher for the profits of the great Western plains. It is true that most of these stories are very much alike, but our appetite for just this kind of story is a voracious one and it is still unsatisfied. We are always ready to fall in love with the young lady fresh from the East who first despises the gallant cowboy, then tolerates him, and finally embraces him. This is just what Sheila does in the present case after she discovers that her stepfather is a scoundrel and that the interesting but decidedly uncouth Dakota is much the better man of the two.

THE TRAIL TO YESTERDAY. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.35 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

On May 16 Henry Holt & Co. issued Barrett H. Clark's "Continental Drama of Today; Outlines for Its Study." This book is probably the first of its kind, as it consists of a number of discussions, generally less than half a dozen pages in length, of the best plays of contemporary European dramatists intended to be studied in connection with the reading in translation of the plays themselves.

The United States Infantry Association has ordered from the Houghton Mifflin Company a number of copies of "Terry's Mexico," a guide-book and history which is especially valuable just now, when accurate knowledge regarding Mexico is so desirable.

The Century Company is to issue early in June a book on "Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin, of the National Probation Association, both experts on the subject. It will be the first general statement yet published of the problems of the juvenile court, its scope, methods, organization, and its relation to other social forces.

The true story of the pioneer priest who led the expedition from Mexico to California and established the missions there, all along the way from San Diego to San Francisco, has at last been written with completeness and appreciation. A. H. Fitch is the author of this biography, "Junipero Serra," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

For the thirty years of his tenancy of the chair of English literature in Edinburgh University David Masson lectured on Shakespeare each year to a succession of students. Year after year in his effort to make the great English dramatist a living, human reality to these boys, he revised and added to his lectures. Shortly before his death he expressed the wish that they might be published. E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the book under the title "Shakespeare Personally," edited and arranged by Rosaline Masson.

The New Comprehensive Standard Dictionary, just published, abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls new Standard Dictionary, is, of course, an entirely new one from cover to cover, and in its old edition was received generally throughout the country as the leading small dictionary for all general uses. It has been widely adopted for use in schools, and is ideally constructed to meet the everyday requirements of the home and office. Every item of information in the book is entered in its proper alphabetical sequence in the main vocabulary—in other words, there are no addenda and supplementary features in the back of the book following the vocabulary to confuse the reader.

With the publication of "The Secret Book" Edmund Lester Pearson makes, in the person of his hero, a contribution of value to the small gallery of genuinely humorous characters of fiction. Mr. Pearson has a keen insight into the foibles of human nature—as is attested by the absurd, ridiculous, and yet mightily appealing adventures of the book enthusiast who is the central figure of the story, and his engaging companions. The Macmillan Company publishes the book.

The account of the Mexican War of 1846, as given in "Decisive Battles of America"—the work of several authors—shows many points of resemblance with the present situation. The first conflict occurred on April 24—the month in which all our wars, with the exception of that of 1812, have begun—when a party of Taylor's dragoons was ambushed on the Nueces River.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has taken over the complete works of Christian D. Larson, formerly published and sold by the New Literature Company. These books have had a total sale of over 300,000 volumes and are now selling at the rate of 25,000 volumes a year. Among them are: "Your Forces and How to Use Them," "The Mind Cure," "How the Mind Works," "Poise and Power,"

"Thinking for Results," "How to Stay Young," "Perfect Health," "Scientific Training of Children," "How to Stay Well."

With the publication in April of "Imperial Germany," by Von Bülow, an opportunity was given to this country to obtain a book that has proven the latest literary and political sensation of London. Prince Bernhard von Bülow was German imperial chancellor from 1900 to 1909, and for three years before that he had been secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Archdeacon Stuck, the first man to reach the summit of Mt. McKinley, an account of which appeared in his book, "The Ascent of Denali," has written another volume, "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog-Sled," published by the Scribners. Dr. Stuck explains that he has now covered many more than ten thousand miles, but that the fact of distance is not especially noteworthy, since many Alaskans, mail-carriers, and others have done more. "But," he says, his "sled has gone far off the beaten track, across the arctic wilderness, into many remote corners; wherever, indeed, white men or natives were to be found in all the great interior."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Redwing.

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle,
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother. Tomorrow
I, too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand-new garment of joy.
—Bliss Carman, in Century Magazine.

The Call.

The hard white road and the scent o' spring,
The sun and the driving rain,
The morning mist on everything,
The lure of the wanton gipsying,
Ah, lad, they are calling again!

Will ye leave the doubts, the aging care,
The city streets, the stifling round,
Find ye the courage to do and dare,
Escape from the petty fears that snare,
And wander the world around?

The delicate fury of April wind,
The ever-changing, mood-swept sea,
The strange new towns where one may find
New joys that leave no sting behind,
They are waiting for you and me!

Lead—and I follow, the good earth over,
Forget the past—and live—today!
Loosen the fetters and play the rover,
Kiss then my lips—and be the lover;
Dance out of April into May!

Young blood is calling—I never can stay—
Will ye dare to be mine? Then come, lad—away!
—Faith Baldwin, in Smart Set.

Diana's Song.

Strange that my lips were songless with you near me,
Since in your nearness all of me was song:
That, with you far, they ring out brave with Pean

And move the strong.

Strange that my lips are songful when you leave me,
Since in your loss my heart has ceased to sing;
And strangely sweet though Autumn rule their cadence,
The song is Spring.

Strange is it? No! The moon that dreams en-shadowed,
Wakes when the earth divides her from the sun;
Near you, I reel in Heaven; afar, reflect you,
My Golden One!

—Richard Butler Glanzer, in Ainslee's Magazine.

The Aestean.

Safety is mine, and comfort, and the peace
Of broad, still streets, and the trim countryside
About the city walls, and doleful-eyed
Respect of prosperous fellow-citizens, release
From straining for the morrow, and surecase
Alike of generous shame and generous pride—
One day but as another, multiplied
Still on and on while the dull years increase.
Only in blessed dreams my eyes are met
By far horizons of fair morning sky;
Only in dreams I hear the pleading voice
Of that great friend who led my youth, ere yet
He braved the last seas of his faith, and I
Entered the mean ways of my recent choice.
—Augustus Meadon Lord, in the Nation.

New Books Received.

THE MILL ON THE CREEK. By Frederick Thomas. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

A romance of the Hudson.

NORTH AFRICA AND THE DESERT. By George E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

Some interpretations of African life.

THE BLUE BIRD FOR CHILDREN. By Georgette Leblanc (Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck). New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

Edited and arranged for schools by Frederick Orville Perkins. Translated by Alexander Teixeira Demattos.

THINGS. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A short story.

THE DESERT AND MRS. AJAX. By Edward S. Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of the great Nevada desert.

THE RURAL SCHOOL. By Horace M. Cutler and Julia M. Stone. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

Its methods and management. Intended for teachers in the elementary country schools and for those in normal and high schools who expect to go into the rural schools to teach.

THE MAGNOLIA PRIMER. By Eulalie Osgood Grover. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 25 cents.

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DRAMATIC STORIES FOR READING AND ACTING. By Ada M. Skinner. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A supplementary reader for the third and fourth years.

SOCIAL JUSTICE WITHOUT SOCIALISM. By John Bates Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

An essay on sociology.

THE MARECHALE (CATHERINE BOOTH-CLIBBORN). By James Strahan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

An account of a great evangelistic career.

MATTHEW FERGUSON. By Margaret Blake. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SAINT LOUIS: A CIVIC MASQUE. By Percy Mackaye. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A masque to be performed at the end of May at the celebration commemorating the 150th anniversary of the founding of St. Louis.

BEFORE VASSAR OPENED. By James Monroe Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.30 net.

A contribution to the history of the higher education of women in America.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THREE GOOD BOYS. By Judge Henry A. Shute. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Some stories of boys who were good, but not good enough to be in any way oppressive.

AMERICAN POLICY. By John Bigelow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

The western hemisphere in its relation to the eastern.

For over seven years Dr. James Mavor, professor of political economy in the University of Toronto, has been at work upon "An Economic History of Russia," which is announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. In order to make certain of the accuracy of his matter he has followed the extensive and deep researches of Russian scholars into various phases of Russian history, translating many of their works into English.

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THE ORPHEUM'S FINE BILL.

Everything on the stage these last two weeks seems to be running to a display of the human form, but, now that I come to think of it, there is actually no dancing act on at the Orpheum. "For this relief much thanks," I give these thanks for my own poor part, as I frankly confess I am a little weary of so much dancing. Yet, in this world of stereotype and sheep-like participation of opinions, be sure that my feeling is but one instance of many. The fad has been followed with such a fury of enthusiasm that it is probably beginning to run itself out.

But the human form in its most beautiful aspects will ever inspire interest. Last week we saw the living statues at Neptune's haunted pool. This week there are two acts at the Orpheum in which the performers, the best of their kind, show us the exquisite beauty of the "poses plastiques." In one, that of the Powers brothers, they are acrobats as well as models. The two men do not assume the marbled make-up, but, in spite of a few touches of color over the statue-like whiteness of their fleshings, they convey in their poses the arrested beauty of marble statuary. Theirs is a symmetry that has triumphed over great muscular development, which frequently knocks beauty into a cocked hat. But even the mighty brawn of the one who acts as the strong man in the acrobatic feats of this pair of Sandows is partly masked by rounded and shapely contours. Both of them seemed to revel in the exercise of their strength, their faces showing almost nothing of that strain so often noticeable under the stage smiles of these professional toys with mutilation and death.

Henriette de Serris, with her own company of fifteen selected models from the Academy of Sculpture, Paris, gave eight remarkable reproductions of famous examples of painting and statuary. Every feature of this act was of extreme beauty. It seemed to me to be the sort of thing that artists would or should flock to see, and that art schools could draw inspiration from. There were marble groups, bas-reliefs, the reproduction of a famous monument, and paintings, with the subjects exquisitely grouped, the features posed to be as carefully expressive as the bodies, and the colorings skillfully graded from the living models and objects in the forward and middle distances down to the beautifully painted hanging drops which served as backgrounds. I have never seen models remain motionless as long as these. One almost felt a sympathetic relief when the curtain went down, even although interposing to conceal so much beauty. It was remarkable, too, how completely these models departed from individuality and the suggestion of life. The marble groupings, some of them containing figures posed as in the act of full flight, seemed to be indeed of stone, and it was as an after-thought, and with an effect of surprise, that we remembered them as living subjects. The only model whose individuality was felt through the marble mask was Henriette de Serris herself, whose thin, striking features seemed to be cast into an immovable pose expressive of disdain and a profound weariness of life.

The pictures, especially Normand's "Slave Market" and Collin's "Spring," made one realize how perfectly matter-of-fact the public is becoming about "altogether" revelations of the human shape. One of the women, her entire body covered with a strong yet delicate web that looked marvelously like flesh, seemed to be entirely nude; and yet, in her suggestion of nudity, there was such an impersonality about it that she seemed far more virginal and modest than many of our half-draped stage sirens. Alice Eis, for instance, who in her recent act at the Orpheum very successfully expressed, in her lovely shape and person, the conscienceless allurements of the wicked goddess of chance. Among other pictures there was one familiar to the general public, Miller's "Angelus." The audience gave a gasp when the curtain rose on this celebrated representation of the simple-hearted piety of the French peasantry, and no doubt the amazing fidelity of the reproduction made entranced spectators resolve to look up the remaining pictures, if possible, in order to indulge in the pleasures of comparison.

This act, with Blanche Bates in "Half an Hour," at 1 Odiva with her diving seals, gives

us three enormously powerful attractions, each sufficient in itself to confer distinction upon a vaudeville performance. But the Orpheum has other cards up its sleeve this week, one of the best as a taker of tricks being Lillian Shaw, a very clever vocal dialect comedienne, who can take off various comic types in the best style, and even throws in an almost serious representation of a jealous Italian wife. This actress affects the popular in her style of work, but she has much more ability than the general run of vaudevillists who do comedy turns, and could easily make a big reputation in character parts of the teeming drama of the day. She is one of those performers who can distort her pretty little body and her shrewd, German physiognomy into a perfect representation of a hot-blooded, fiery Italian, or a work-bent, toll-worn Scandinavian, or a rebellious German haus frau, and the spirit of comedy is so strong in her that she keeps the audience steadily bubbling with amusement.

Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon are one couple and Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich another who serve to fill up those popular turns on the programme in which confident and unexceptionally groomed young men make love to dazlingly gowned and capriciously responsive young women through the medium of popular songs. The latter couple, being both gifted vocally, add considerably to their performance by the introduction of operatic scraps, and seem to hit it off very well with the audience by the extra warmth of their goosisms in the usual love scene.

The Berrens give a very good musical act, the man with the piano and the woman with the violin, the latter giving a remarkable approximation to a 'cello note in the deep love-tones of Faust's avowal of love. The child-public must always have its novelty in musical turns, and, sure enough, the Berrens gave it. I won't spoil it for the reader who does not yet know it, but I will not be giving things away by saying that I erroneously imagined all kinds of emotions of suffering and mortification in the woman's face when a rude male spectator made many in the audience who were joyfully restless because they knew of the coming surprise, laugh aloud during her very charming rendition of "Traumeri," by a loud masculine sneeze. All I will say is, notice the woman's broadest smile and see if there is not a certain incongruity about it which does not go with her moonlight-on-the-lake costume and the strains of lovely music which she can bring forth.

"Half an Hour" is of course the *pièce de résistance*, since it is doubly armored with those drawing names, Bates and Barrie. J. M. Barrie never writes anything for the stage that is perfunctory. He is a dramatist by instinct, born, not made, and in "Half an Hour," forswearing fantasy altogether, he sticks to straight drama and keeps us on the tenterhooks of suspense. The play is extremely interesting, showing the emotions of the leading performer at the keenest tension, but carefully hidden from all save the spectators. The suspense is maintained to the very end, and although *résumés* of the play were written out at length in all the Eastern papers I have hopes that many of the spectators will have shared my felicity in triumphantly forgetting the dénouement, which therefore came as the surprise intended and desired by every dramatist. The play is arranged in three scenes, and is therefore a good deal of a novelty, and about the most complete form of miniature play we have yet seen. Blanche Bates has always been a very popular figure in the theatrical world and ably reinforces the strong drawing power of Barrie's name by the work she does in this play. I would not say that she is an ideal exponent for the part of Lady Lillian, who, in my conception at least, tallies somewhat with John Galsworthy's conception of the ideal love-heroine, who is Irene in "The Man of Property." Irene, it will be remembered, had very much the same experience as Lady Lillian, and, like a bruised bird, flew blindly, after the calamity, to the magnificent mansion which served as a nest, with love, however, left out. Irene is silent, lovely, with a softly rounded, seductive beauty, and instinctively, unconsciously alluring to all men. She is made for love. So, I fancy, should poor Lady Lillian be, only she is held in a hawk's eyry and is thwarted by fate. Blanche Bates gives her that same swift changefulness of mood and emotion and its physical accompaniment of fitting expressions and attitudes that are her special appanage. She acts the part well, giving a strong effect of a woman's natural gayety turned to mockery in the earlier scenes, and of the desperation of suppressed, bidden anguish in the later ones.

All through the little play the woman is fairly consumed with these hidden emotions, which sharpen and ravage her features. They are less becoming to Blanche Bates than smiles, which are wonderfully transforming to one of her natural vivacity. We had very little opportunity to see this side of her, however, which, no doubt, made the dramatic appeal of the play all the more

poignant, and the resultant impression is strong and not easily shaken off. The play is presented by Charles Frohman, and the company of players, therefore, while not absolutely ranking high, is very satisfactory.

The sensational act entitled "Odiva" closes this very unusual bill. There is no doubt that the standard of the Orpheum has gone up considerably in recent years, as a result of which many matrons and others who formerly sat in the seat of the scornful are now frequent patrons of this vaudeville form of entertainment. There are, of course, weeks when eight out of ten acts are monotonous repetitions of song-and-dance specialties; always a mistake, as that form of entertainment does not advertise itself anything like as widely as a Roshanara, the living pictures, the diving act, and others such as these that are out of the ordinary. Audiences love—ardently love—their pet form of the ordinary, but they always like to have a turn or two that has unusual features, which the "Odiva" act certainly has. Odiva is a Samoan girl who seems to be almost as much in her element in water as in air. With her dark hair floating after her in a loose cloud she is seen swimming, somersaulting, "log-rolling," kneeling, floating, or indolently motionless in the sea-green, glimmering waters which fill the huge glass tank on the Orpheum stage. Above this tank rise graduated heights masked to look like masses of earth or rock, and from these various heights Odiva dives backward, or forward, or while lying flat on her back, or in the act of turning a somersault in mid air into the gray-green waters of her tank. Further interest is attached to the act by bringing on in turn a troupe of performing sea lions caught in the waters of the Pacific. Captain C. F. Adams, a man of agreeable address and apparent superiority to the general run of animal trainers, talks to his pets—they really seem to be pets—as if they were humans, and receives from them far quicker and more implicit obedience than the human minor dreams of ever yielding to his superiors. The seals, always intelligent and docile, when tamed are themselves like eager children, understanding marvelously when their trainer is dissatisfied with some slight variation from his standard, and zealously repeating until perfection is reached. At a certain stage in the act the music—which, by the way, had been very enjoyably suggestive during the De Serris living pictures—deepened its note and became solemn. Odiva was going to attempt her principal feat. She ascended the highest point of the rock-like structure around the tank, and from there dived into the dangerously shallow waters. The physical excitement which she must inevitably labor under at such times forced a shrill cry from her lips, but as she struck water her flexible body, with its strong muscles under perfect control, made the curve which prevented her from cracking her head and her petriod young skull on the bottom of the tank.

PANTAGES HAS GREAT DIVING ACT.

By a vaudeville coincidence, Pantages also has a first-class diving act on this week, which will no doubt attract many of the Orpheumites who will wish to compare the two acts.

"Lottie Mayer's diving nymphs" are eight in number, and, clad in close-fitting, woven suits which leave arms and necks bare, the eight in double file, dive from the spring-

board at either side into a large tank which has mirrors placed on the side opposite from the audience at such an angle that the surface of the tossing water can be seen, as well as the head and shoulders of each swimmer as she rises from her sensational immersion.

They are a magnificent set of divers, and with the eight kept in a state of perpetual motion, each one automatically diving into the space just left vacant by her fellows, the act is quite exciting. They give the reclining dive, the falling straight back dive, the backward somersault, the forward lay-out head dive, and finally the sensational dive from a lofty height is done by Vivian Marshall.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mme. Kousnezoff is announced as a member of the Boston Opera Company for next season. For several years negotiations have been pending with her, both by the Metropolitan and the Chicago companies, but as yet the Russian soprano has not sung in America. For at least four seasons she has been a favorite in Paris. Her career, although brief, has been an interesting one. She was born at Odessa, the daughter of the celebrated painter, Nicholas Kousnezoff. As a little girl she showed musical gifts and a quick ear. At eight she played the piano. Mme. Kousnezoff was educated in Switzerland, where she remained until she was eighteen, when she went to Russia, where her parents lived. Her talent was so great that she had prepared for ten operas the first year. Appearing at one of the Conservatory concerts, she was at once engaged for the opera "Marie" in St. Petersburg, where she remained continuously for four years, firmly establishing herself in public favor. Since then she has become popular at the Paris Opera and Opera Comique, and at Covent Garden. Mme. Kousnezoff's husband is a Russian lawyer, and their home is in St. Petersburg.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Last Week of "The Passing Show of 1913."

Tomorrow—Sunday—night ushers in the third and last week of the engagement of "The Passing Show of 1913" at the Cort Theatre. Those who enjoy the sort of entertainment which the New York Winter Garden provides so lavishly will not be disappointed in the present revue.

The revue opens with a travesty on the "before-the-curtain" prologue of "Fanny's First Play," and carries the current of action along through scenes suggested by "Within the Law," "The Argyle Case," "Peg o' My Heart," "Stop Thief," "The Lady of the Slipper," "The Sunshine Girl," "The Good Little Devil," with a running supply of humor drawn from the abundance of "crook" plays. The singers, dancers, and comedians who shine in this part of the performance include Conroy and Le Maire, who are seen as Joe Carson and Conspiracy Bill; Charles Kind as Broadway Jones; Mollie King as Peg o' My Heart; Laura Hamilton as Cinderella Janis; Elizabeth Goodall as Mrs. Photophar; Teddy Wing and George Ford as Scarecrow Stone and Punkinhead Montgomery, and Ernest Hare as Asche Kayton.

The chorus keeps things humming with a score of changes of costuming, and in three particular numbers sweep all before them. These are the song-and-dance numbers of

"Ragging the Nursery Rhymes," "Good Old-Fashioned Cake-Walk," which is a joy to watch, both for its rhythmical dancing and the subdued beauty of the costuming, and the closing scene of the first act on the wonderful flight of steps, where a veritable chorus army is seen in marvelous dancing evolutions and march formations.

William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness" follows.

New Regime at the Gaiety.

The new régime at the Gaiety will begin Sunday night, May 24, when "The Isle of Bong Bong" is produced with a great cast, most of the members of which are well known, yet new to the Gaiety forces.

The policy of the pretty playhouse in O'Farrell Street will, under the general management of Colonel E. A. Braden, be devoted to clean, wholesome musical comedy wherein the element of humor will be minus vulgarity, and where the best that can be secured both in pieces and players will be delivered to a fun-loving community for the price of a dollar, though the performance is of the two-dollar variety.

As earnest of its intention Braden, himself formerly Henry W. Savage's general manager, has surrounded himself with a company of musical-comedy experts. There is Walter Lawrence, who is directing the rehearsals and will in future prepare the Gaiety productions for the stage. William Lorraine, the famous composer of "Peggy from Paris" and other big successes, is the musical director, and for once musical comedy patrons will hear harmonious as well as melodious ensembles. The chorus sings. It is devoted to looking pretty no less than to warbling well, and the dancing contingent will disclose some new evolutions under Lawrence's direction.

Al Shean, famous now at the Gaiety, will appear in a leading rôle, and Frances Cameron will make her début on the Gaiety stage. She is as beautiful as clever, and sings as well as she dances. She was Savage's ideal Sonia when that producer was giving "The Merry Widow" to the world. Lawrence, Miss Cameron's partner in many stage appearances, will play a characteristic rôle; Suzanne Fielding, William Louis, Myrtle Dingwall, Louise Orth (a newcomer of beauty and charm), "Bobby" Roberts, and Jack Pollard are others who will assist in the merry-making. Margaret Edwards, known as the most perfectly formed girl in the world and holder of the international prize for physical perfection, will be seen in an interpretative dance designed for her by Walter Lawrence.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will present another splendid and novel bill next week.

Bessie Wynn, one of the daintiest and most fascinating of comedienne, will appear in a single act in which she displays her rare grace, charm, and magnetism as an actress and her great ability as a vocalist. Miss Wynn is firmly established as an immense favorite on Broadway, and so great is the competition between New York managers for her services that she rarely travels. She has already won golden opinions in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit in which she has appeared.

The distinguished American actor, Robert T. Haines, will share the headline honors and will appear in a one-act comedy-drama especially written for him by William J. Hurlburt, entitled "The Man in the Dark." In the name-part Mr. Haines is most happily cast. The suspense aroused by the appearance of a face in the dark is artfully sustained. Indeed Mr. Hurlburt has builded an admirable little play with telling situations and crisp lines. Mr. Haines has surrounded himself by a splendid company, which includes Esther Van Eytinge.

Bob Matthews, Al Shayne, and company will present "Dreamland," an imagination in three scenes, which is deservedly one of the most popular acts in vaudeville.

The Aerial Lloyds will be seen in their sensational exhibition of casting. The feats accomplished by the four men are hazardous and daring in the extreme. All their stunts are performed with celerity, neatness, and precision, and their act may be briefly summed up as one of the best of its kind.

Oterita, the dashing Spanish danseuse, assisted by Signor Matias Turron, will be seen in a delightful terpsichorean programme. For three successive years the order of merit for national dancing has been conferred on her by the Spanish government.

Next week will be the last of Henriette de Serris and her company of fifteen in living reproductions of famous works of art, Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, and Lillian Shaw, America's premier vocal dialect comedienne.

Dramalet at the Pantages Theatre.

The third of a series of problem playlets which Alexander Pantages has arranged exclusively for his circuit will be the extraordinary attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages tomorrow—Sunday. "The

New Chief of Police" is the title of the dramalet, which is expected to follow closely the box-office records of its predecessors, "Vice" and "Hanged." Walter Montague is the author of "The New Chief of Police," and it is by all odds the best thing that this prolific writer of dramatic one-act pieces has yet turned out. The sketch in brief is the story of a sailor who is arrested for accosting a woman on Market Street. It transpires that the woman is prominent in society, and when brought up, the new chief gives his views on smug reformers. Landers Stevens and Georgia Cooper with a selected cast will head the company. "The New Chief of Police" comes direct from Los Angeles, where it ran for three weeks to capacity houses.

Al Fields and Jack Lewis, a duo of noted fun-makers from the gay white ways of Manhattan, will present their screamingly funny travesty, called "The Misery of a Hansom Cab." This is the act which carries the funny "prop" horse which is continually falling down and cuts up such capers that the audience is in convulsions of laughter.

Other strong acts with the show are Torcat, a clever French trainer, and Flora d'Liza, who have the only troupe of game roosters in the world; the Gerhardt Sisters, singers of brilliant songs; the Luigi Picarro troupe of whirlwind acrobats; the two Kalkings, pantomimic shadowgraph artists, and Tracey, Goetz, and Tracey in songs and sayings, with comedy pictures, will round out the balance of the bill.

Considerable interest is already being shown in the forthcoming appearance at the Cort of William Hodge, the quaint comedian, in "The Road to Happiness," the delightful comedy-drama in which he has been recently starring. Hodge follows "The Passing Show of 1913."

"Omar the Tentmaker," Richard Walton Tully's great spectacle play, will be an early Cort attraction with the original company, headed by Guy Bates Post.

Klaw & Erlanger have entered into arrangements with Mr. Henry Miller for a term of five years, by which they will jointly make a number of productions under the personal supervision of Mr. Miller. The organization will be known as the Henry Miller Company, and the first attraction to be exploited is Miss Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs," by Jean Webster, which is at present in its Chicago season at Power's Theatre. Mr. Miller hereafter will have his offices in the New Amsterdam Theatre Building, New York, where he will direct the stage affairs of this organization, and on those occasions when he goes on his own starring tours, as heretofore, he will continue to be under the management of Klaw & Erlanger.

Despite the fact that the Chicago Grand Opera Company lost \$180,000 on its recent tour, the Metropolitan Company is not at all discouraged, and, feeling certain that no such ill-luck will befall that organization, plans for a tour of the Pacific Coast next spring. The Chicago Grand Opera Company next season will present some new faces. Mary Garden will be missing, as will Charles Dalmores, Julia Claussen, and Giorgini. Mario Sammarco and Eleanor de Cisneros will return and Alessandro Bonci and Marie Barrientos will be added to the cast. Titta Ruffo has been reengaged for the Chicago company, but has been limited to fifteen performances. Barrientos's contract calls for only ten performances.

"Ben-Hur" is the biggest touring theatrical organization in the world. It is always transported from town to town in special trains of two sections. The first is composed of nine seventy-foot baggage cars carrying the scenic, costume, and mechanical equipment, and three stock cars containing the racing stable of horses and the camels employed in the famous spectacle. The second section is made up of three standard Pullman sleepers, four day coaches, and two dining-cars. As a rule forty of the largest available trucks are required to haul the "Ben-Hur" equipment in the various cities and a small regiment of mechanics to get it in position and working order in the theatre.

Karl Scheidemantel, the Bayreuth baritone, has been awarded the prize of \$2500 offered by the German Stage Association for the best new German translation of the text of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Until recently he was with the Dresden Opera. In 1909 he brought out with success on the Berlin stage a new text for Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte." There were sixty-seven competitors for the "Don Giovanni" prize.

Early in April "Parsifal" had already been sung twenty-two times at the Scala, in Milan, and was still drawing crowded houses. Similar results have been achieved in dozens of cities all over Europe, including London, where the series of twelve promised performances was extended to fourteen.

"Over the Seven Seas."

An interesting travel booklet of 120 pages, entitled "Over the Seven Seas," has just been issued by Thos. Cook & Son. It gives a vivid world-vision, tells the story of the present-day tour of the world, and is brilliantly illustrated from photographs newly taken in the Far East. The book has a striking cover design in colors by a leader of the German poster school, depicting the spirit of the great god Vishnu brooding over an Indian temple. "Over the Seven Seas" may be had free from Thos. Cook & Son.

Thomas Allen Rector, the dancer, has been especially engaged by Henry Miller to appear in "The Rainbow," in which he has introduced an interpretative group of dances.

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Seven Other All-Star Acts.

VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent in New York is gracious enough to bring to our notice another great feminine invention fully described with a graphic illustration in the columns of the *Household Magazine*. In accordance with our well-established reputation we hasten to pass on the good news in order to hasten the day when women can devote the whole of their energies without discount or rebate to the glorious work of male redemption. Now we all know what misery is entailed by the occasional loss of a toothbrush. We have the clearest recollection of using it only last week, and now it can not be found. We are quite sure that after using it we put it away safely either on the drawing-room table or in the cow shed, and now it has disappeared. Once more in need of its bristly ministrations we feel that we are foiled and thwarted. And so we turn the red eye of crimination upon our wives and so add one more to the shameful burdens that have crushed women to the earth. It was ever so, but the worm is turning, which is of course a mere poetic simile. Or else we announce that the toothbrush is animated by what Mark Twain calls the innate cussedness of inanimate objects.

And then there is the hand mirror and the hatbrush, and the comb. All these things are in demand upon a Sunday morning, and it is just upon a Sunday morning that they can not be found, which leads to a profanity inconsistent with the spirit of the day. Is it not strange that an age that invented the telephone, and microbes, and appendicitis, and the reform movement, and white slavery, should prove impotent before such domestic problems as these?

But woman succeeds where man has failed. Mrs. Oscar de Land, who lives in a place called Nebraska, announces her great invention in the columns of the *Household Magazine*. Buy, she says, a piece of oilcloth to fit "the space above the sink . . . which always gets so splattered with washing." Across the face of this piece sew another piece about eight inches wide and long enough to make as many pockets as desired. Section off the pockets in width to fit the articles by stitching the two pieces together at intervals with narrow finishing braid, and there you are. Thus do rays of light and leading radiate from Nebraska. And to make the matter quite clear we have a diagram. Sure enough there is a little pocket for the comb, and another little pocket for the brush, and another little pocket for the mirror, and two little pockets for the two little toothbrushes, and a final little pocket for the hatbrush, all as snug as bugs in a rug and all suspended over the sink and ready for Sundays and holidays.

But there is one point on which we feel it necessary to remonstrate. We do not like to see those two little toothbrushes quite so close together. There is a suggestiveness about it that may be unintentional and that we are willing to believe was unintentional, but it is difficult to be too particular nowadays. That sort of thing is all very well for Nebraska, where they know all about sex hygiene and lots of other things that have not yet reached the Coast, but it won't go in San Francisco, where we have a reputation to sustain. We may be poor, but at least we are respectable, and moreover we are just trying to clean up a bit for the fair, and those two toothbrushes have to be separated so that the eye of innocence may not fall upon them and be contaminated. If this domestic sink apparatus is to be patented for use here among our best families there will have to be some rearrangement of the toothbrushes. Moreover, we have a lurking suspicion that it is customary in Nebraska to make one toothbrush do for the family. But the idea is a good one if its reprehensible features can be removed, and we hasten to pass it on.

A lady who writes from Palo Alto is much disturbed by a reference made in this column to Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. In point of fact Mrs. Gilman was referred to as a "vulgar mermaid," the immediate cause of this reproach being a public statement by that lady to the effect that "man has put an aura of myth and poetry about the home, but did you ever see a man who would stay there for any length of time?" The lady from Palo Alto tells us that "Mrs. Gilman has done nothing to warrant the use of the epithets you have printed."

Now that is, of course, a matter of opinion. It is also a matter of breeding and taste, and argument is manifestly lost on such matters as these. But it may be said with all due respect to our correspondent that sufficient evidence of Mrs. Gilman's essential vulgarity of mind is furnished by the very paragraph in question, and it is but a single selection from a dozen of a like nature, all of them calculated to produce an atmosphere of resentful suspicion in the home. If our correspondent does not think that such a remark is a vulgar one we can only shrug our shoulders and agree to differ. Mrs. Gilman's repeated references to the depravity of men—all men, not some men only—are not only extraordi-

narily coarse, but they are deliberately false, and it must be a matter for regret that they should find anywhere a defender among nice women. Our correspondent further remarks that "some people always object to having their old ideas disturbed and readjusted." The "old idea" that Mrs. Gilman seems to have set herself to disturb and to readjust is the idea that there are innumerable homes wherein husband and wife compete in unselfish helpfulness and affection, bearing each other's burdens in mutual confidence and aid. This, it seems, should be replaced by the amended conviction that all men are essentially evil, and that all wives should view them with hostility and an assumption of guilt, in other words that the proper pose for the wife is that of the detective. It may be that a coarse vulgarity is capable of a lower descent than this, but it has certainly never yet achieved it. The former judgment is therefore repeated and sustained.

Dr. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, points out the interesting fact that within the past five years operations for appendicitis have increased over 300 per cent, and he says that this alarming condition is due to the practice of wearing belts instead of suspenders. Now since all women wear belts—or what corresponds to belts, only more so—one would expect to find appendicitis particularly rife among the fair sex. Is this so?

Personally we are rather inclined to the opinion that the increased number of operations for appendicitis is due to an increased medical recognition of a gold mine that can be successfully worked. Conceal from your doctor the fact that you are in possession of \$100 and he will not recommend an operation for appendicitis.

There was once a belief that women were the victims of the *costumier*, and that they obeyed slavishly whatever orders they received from the mysterious authorities that control the fashions or that are supposed to do so. Such was the favorite theory of the great Bok-Bok, who controls the editorial destinies of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Companion* or whatever it is. Bok-Bok begs his readers to be patriotic and to stay away from Paris, to develop distinctive American styles, and not to make guys of themselves at the bidding of French tyranny. But it seems that we have been under a misapprehension. Feminine eccentricities of dress are due to original sin. Women invent their own sartorial barbarisms and insist upon having them, and it is the *costumier* who tries in vain to stem the tide of ugliness.

It is M. Worth of Paris who says this in his preface to Miss Florence Hull Winterburn's "Principles of Correct Dress," just published by Harper & Brothers. He marvels "that women fuss so greatly about their clothes." So do we, and we wish they did not. We hoped at one time that it might divert them from more destructive activities, but that hope has been foiled. They do both, so to speak.

"Not only must the modes be changed for them weekly, daily—almost hourly," he declares, "not only must new colors, sometimes very ugly ones, be invented for them—for all the pretty colors are old—but the women of today must possess fantastically elaborate toilettes, gowns that are a complete *mélée* of materials."

The modern tendency for glitter, show, and novelty, with dabs of cloth and velvet interspersed with galon, fringe, tassels, and fur, the piling up of alien materials, are all denounced by M. Worth as tawdry, pretentious, vulgar, and hideous.

"To me it is a sacrilege," he declares, "to mate lace and fur, two exquisite media in their proper place, but so completely opposite in character that a union between them is impossible, if harmony is to be the result."

Every woman, rich or poor, adds M. Worth, can be well dressed if she has taste. He says that one of the best-dressed women in Paris buys only three toilettes a year, but they are perfect in taste, fit, and material.

John Bassett Moore in his book, "American Diplomacy," says that the claims between the United States and Mexico which were arbitrated in 1868 exceeded on one side and the other half a billion dollars. The total amount allowed, however, was about four and a quarter millions. "Two of the awards against Mexico," says Mr. Moore, "were alleged to have been procured by fraudulent testimony. The government of the United States investigated this allegation, and eventually returned to Mexico all the money that had been paid by her on the awards in question, even paying out of its own treasury such part as had already been distributed among claimants."

"Did you catch any fish this morning?" "No" (scornfully). "Well, you are truthful, anyway, which can't be said of all fishermen." "As to that, perhaps you might have called them fish, but I wouldn't. The biggest one I got only weighed twelve pounds."—Sketch.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Lloyd George, after distributing prizes at a school, said he hoped the children would have a good record when he came again. Thereupon they rose, and with one accord said, "Same to you, sir."

Hogan and Murphy were on their way to work early one morning, when Hogan, being a few yards in front of Murphy, stooped down and picked up a dollar. "Sure," said Murphy, "that's my dollar ye have found." Hogan stood amazed, saying as he gave Murphy the coin, "Tbin that squares up the dollar I owe ye."

The new vicar was making pastoral calls in his parish, and stopped to converse with a small boy at the garden-gate. "And where does your father go on Sundays, my little man?" "Well, on fine Sundays he goes golfing, and on wet Sundays he turns us all out to church so he can have a bit of peace in the house."

The young lady of the family had just returned from Paris, where she had studied under Marchesi, and Uncle Wash, who had served her folks "sence befoh de wah," was invited into the parlor to hear her sing. When she concluded her first aria he remarked: "Miss Lucy, yo' sho equalizes a martingale."

A Sunday-school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness. "All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand." All got to their feet but one small boy. "Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?" "No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."

John D. Wells of the Buffalo News does platform work. Once at Sherman, New York, he was pleased to notice an old lady who never took her eyes from his face. Afterward she said: "I was mighty interested—" "Yes, I was so glad you seemed to be enjoying my lecture." "Oh, sir, it wasn't anything you said, but I was wondering if you were any relation to the Wellses in Jamestown."

At a deadly dull winter resort in the South, where people really go to rest, a visitor one day sought excitement by interviewing a coast guard. "This is a dangerous coast, suh," he said. "Many an' many a man has been drowned off that there bar." "But none of the winter visitors have ever been lost here, have they?" asked the visitor to reassure his wife. "Nope. Visitors is seldom lost. After a tide or two their bodies generally washes ashore."

Professor and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages. A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly, "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."

The college president was entertaining a freshman at dinner, when the conversation turned upon football. To the student's surprise, the president displayed a thorough familiarity with the game, and proceeded to discuss it as earnestly as though it had been Greek or mathematics. Indeed, his treatment of the topic brought out so many points that the freshman had overlooked that the youth was moved to remark to his hostess: "Well, this talk with President Blank has showed me how true it is we never meet any one from whom we can't learn something!"

There had been friction between the choir and minister for some time past, but so far the singers had more than held their own. However, one Sunday morning the minister, after listening to the singing of the usual anthem, announced in a loud, clear voice, "My text this morning will be, 'Now, when the uproar had ceased.'" For a moment the members of the choir looked crestfallen. They felt that the parson had scored for once. Then in the softest of whispers they decided to make a slight alteration in the musical programme, and when the sermon concluded the organ pealed forth and the choir triumphantly sang, "Now it is high time to wake from sleep."

The sky-pilot of one of our cruisers had a knack of presenting small Bibles, neatly tied in a parcel, to men on the upper deck. That it contained a Bible he carefully refrained from mentioning, merely saying, "Here is a little book you'll like." He gave one to

Able Seaman Spikes. One day, a week later, he approached Spikes as the latter was smoking on the upper deck. "How do you like the little book, Spikes?" Spikes's mind flew to his ditty-box in which the little parcel, still intact, reposed. He slowly removed his pipe. "Very interesting, sir—very." "Glad to hear that you have started reading it," said the parson. "Started, sir? Why, I've finished it (Spikes had no idea what the book was); don't take me long to read a book, sir, especially a good book. But there, sir, it ended like all the others—got married and lived happy ever after."

The owner of a private lake was not a little agitated to see a man composedly fishing in the pond right beneath an immense sign prohibiting trespassing. With hasty steps the irate owner hustled for the waterside. "Look here," he explosively exclaimed, "can't you see that sign? Don't you know you are trespassing? I want you to distinctly understand that this lake is privately owned and privately stocked, and that fishing here is not permitted!" "Just a moment, my dear sir," was the calm rejoinder of the fisherman, as he withdrew his line and rebaited the hook. "Would you mind telling me what kind of fish you stocked the pond with?" "I stocked it with black bass!" cried the excited owner, "and I don't propose—" "That's all right, sir," interjected the fisherman, casting his line. "There is no occasion to worry. I am fishing for pike."

William Jennings Bryan as a young man visited a small place in Illinois for the purpose of showing the voters exactly how to vote. Shortly before the psychological moment came for young Bryan to let loose the floods of his oratory an old countryman approached him mysteriously and silently led him around to the back of the schoolhouse. There he drew from his pocket a bottle of whisky and pronounced the classic command: "Have a drink." "No, thanks," said Mr. Bryan. The old man's eyes widened, and in their depths was the shadow of fear. "Just a little," he said persuasively. "No, not even a little," Mr. Bryan declined again politely. The old man's eyes began to bulge. "Just one drop," he insisted. Mr. Bryan declined for the third time. The old man's chest grew flatter, his shoulders sagged, and he was the picture of melancholy as he said with indescribable pathos: "Well, do the best you can, anyway."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Qualification.

I would I were a Suffragette
On England's foggy strand,
Where every argument is met,
One might say, brick in hand.

I'd like to chuck a stone or two
At George, if he were near,
Or pummel Churchill black and blue
Or box friend Asquith's ear.

I want to be a fighting dame
And squabble in the mob;
I'd feel that I was in the game
And strictly on the job.

I want to do some crazy thing
That all the world may note;
It's such good evidence to bring
That I am fit to vote.

—The Club-Fellow.

A Natural Transition.

He sighs to think of when he wed,
With honeymoon ensuing,
And of the happy life he led,
A-billing and a-cooing.

For since, alas, a change has come
Dull care his mind is filling;
The babies do the cooing now,
His creditors the billing.

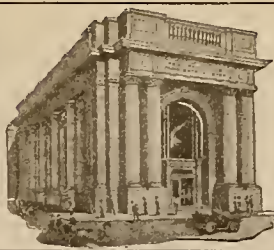
—Life.

Congressman from Pohick.

We sent an congressman from Pohick on the
Crick.
We told him to get busy with the body politic,
And make a diagnosis and prescribe the proper
stuff
Before we had to call for a post-mortem, sure
enough.
And after he had spoke eternal truths in thun-
dering tones,
We thought that he'd look 'round and get a job
for Jabez Jones
And Tim McGee and Ezra Boggs and half a dozen
more
Who did such talking for him at our meetings in
the store.

His eloquence is splendid. All his speeches that
we read
Are elegantly phrased and very logical indeed;
But he keeps up his discussions of the duty of
mankind
And various other subjects most perplexing to the
mind;
When we kind o' think it's time for him to men-
tion Tim McGee
And Boggs and Jones and other folks, perhaps in-
cluding me.
Although our congressman is wise, he somehow
lacks the trick
Of really touching human hearts down here at
old Pohick.

—Washington Star.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Marvin Curtis have announced the engagement of their granddaughter, Miss Helen Cowles, to Mr. Kenneth Davis. Miss Cowles is the daughter of Mr. Paul Cowles, superintendent of the Associated Press in Chicago. She is a niece of Mrs. Dennis Sullivan and Mrs. Thomas Magee. Mr. Davis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Davis and a brother of Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Palmer have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Marian Long, to Lieutenant Charles K. Nulson, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Presidio but is now on the Mexican border with his regiment, the Sixteenth Infantry.

The wedding of Miss Helen Stone and Mr. Greyson Hinckley took place Wednesday evening at the home on Broadway of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone. Miss Helen Hinckley was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Harriet and Marian Stone and Miss Katherine Banning of Los Angeles. Mr. George Bowles attended Mr. Hinckley as best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Franklin Bangs, Herbert Schmidt, and Walter Hush. Mr. and Mrs. Hinckley will reside on their ranch at Beowawe, Nevada.

Mr. Frank Edoff was host at a dinner-dance at the Hotel Oakland Saturday evening, when many friends crossed the bay to enjoy his hospitality.

Mrs. John Francis Smith entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her country home near Boulder Creek. The affair was in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Nan Raleigh of New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a dozen friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the Sculptors' Ball at the Palace Hotel. Among others who entertained at similar affairs were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Denman, and Mr. William Mayo Newhall.

Miss Margaret Delaney was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Caleb Dutton on Friday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Peter Dunne gave a luncheon Thursday at her home on Clay Street. This affair was in the nature of a farewell, as Mrs. Dunne will leave shortly for Lake Tahoe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue are entertaining a number of friends at a garden party this afternoon at their country home in Yolo County.

Mrs. Nicholas Van Bergen entertained a number of friends and relatives at dinner Tuesday evening to celebrate her eighty-fifth birthday.

Mrs. Paul T. Carroll entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale gave an elaborate luncheon Friday at her home on Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of the Misses Lillias, Olive, Elizabeth, and Jean Wheeler, Miss Frances Jewell, and Miss Alice Warner.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a dinner-dance Monday evening in honor of Miss Lurline Matson and her fiancé, Mr. William Roth of Honolulu, who were the complimented guests at a theatre and supper party the following evening given by Miss Franc Pierce.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford has issued invitations to an elaborate reception Thursday afternoon, June 4, at her home on Broadway. The affair will be in honor of her three daughters-in-law, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Sidney Ford, and Mrs. Arthur Ford.

Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at their residence on Broadway. The affair was in honor of the Misses Stella and Beryl Kane and the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné will entertain about fifty friends this evening at an informal dance at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Charles Weller was hostess at a tea Fri-

day afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret Stoney, who will be the complimented guest again on Tuesday, when Miss Minerva Lovell will give a luncheon at her home in Piedmont. The wedding of Miss Stoney and Lieutenant Francis Pryor, U. S. N., will take place June 7.

The Misses Lillias and Olive Wheeler and their house guest, Miss Frances Jewell, of Kentucky, will be the guests of honor at a luncheon Tuesday given by Mrs. Claude Corbusier.

Mrs. Charles C. Judson gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. J. J. Spieker. About a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

The Misses Lloyd and Hildreth Meiere entertained a coterie of congenial friends at tea Monday afternoon at their studio on Post Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Frances Jewell.

The members of the Southern Club will entertain about a hundred friends at a dinner-dance this evening at their club house on California Street.

Miss Rhoda Niebling was hostess at an informal bridge-tea this afternoon at her home on Sacramento Street. The affair was in honor of her cousin, Miss Fredda Smith.

The bachelor members of the Saturday Evening Assembly will entertain a number of friends on a tug party Decoration Day. An Italian band has been engaged to furnish music for an informal dance on board. The party will be chaperoned by the patronesses of the Assembly, among whom are Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. Stewart McNab, Mrs. Dudley Sales, and Mrs. Albert Luchsinger.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darragh were the guests of honor at an elaborate dinner Friday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann.

Lieutenant Lester Baker, U. S. A., was host at a tea Thursday afternoon at his home at Fort Miley in honor of Miss Marian Long, whose engagement to Lieutenant Charles Nulson, U. S. A., has recently been announced.

Captain Louis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle entertained the Fort Scott Bridge Club Tuesday evening at their home.

Miss Dorothy Rees was the guest of honor this afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. J. C. Johnson at her home at the artillery post above the Presidio.

Mrs. Henry Bonnycastle entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Monday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Miss Helen Goodier will give a dinner-dance this evening at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Mrs. Charles C. Burt.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Clift and her daughter, Miss Jean Clift, have taken a house in Santa Barbara, where they are established for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hough Perry are expected home from New Orleans the first week in June.

Mrs. George H. Howard returned Tuesday from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the past three weeks with her mother. Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, at the Hotel Potter.

Miss Marguerite Doe has arrived from her home in Montecito for a visit with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. William G. Irwin have arrived in Paris, and will remain in Europe several months.

The Misses Elva and Correnah De Pue came down from their ranch in Yolo County to join the party of young people who spent the weekend at the Tamalpais Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tay and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lucas, will spend the summer in Los Gatos, where they have rented a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and the Messrs. Francis Carolan and Harry Simpkins were recent visitors at the Marin County Hunting Club.

Mrs. James G. Berrywell has returned to her home in Detroit, where she will spend a few weeks. Mrs. Berrywell has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Gaddis.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels left Thursday for New York after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs.

Rudolph Spreckels at their home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Spreckels has returned to her apartments in Paris from the Riviera, where with Mr. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, she spent the winter.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will depart Monday for New York, and will spend the summer at Ophir Farm and her camp in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have closed their home at Sealiff and have gone to Pleasanton to spend the summer with Mr. Macdonald's parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. George Delatour has returned to her country home in Rutherford, Napa County, after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor and their daughter, Miss Katiehel McGregor, have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Davis and their son, Mr. Kenneth Davis, are established for the summer in their home in Ross.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. George Tyson, and Mrs. Eugene Freeman are contemplating a motor trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have bought the home in Piedmont of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa are en route home from Europe, where they have been spending the past few months.

Mrs. Joseph Spieker, accompanied by her niece, Miss Meta Breckenfeld, and her son, Mr. Warren Spieker, will leave next month for the East and Europe.

Mrs. Charles Judson and Mrs. Chester Judson have returned from Europe and are residing on Pine and Jones Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers have opened their country home in Atherton, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Helen Dean has been taking a rest cure at the Fahlola Hospital in Oakland.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston will leave soon for Medford, Oregon, to spend the summer with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mrs. Willard N. Drown has recently been the guest of Mrs. Charles W. Clark at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George W. Starr of Grass Valley and her son, Mr. William Starr, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams are established in their residence, which has recently been completed in Piedmont. For the past two years they have been occupying Alta Vista, the home of the late Mrs. Henry Butters.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned to the Cecil from the Adler Sanatorium, where she underwent an operation on her throat.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt returned Tuesday from a short visit in the East.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Virginia Jolliffe will arrive Tuesday from Honolulu, where they have been during the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy have returned to Paris after a visit in Germany. They will spend the summer in Deanville, where they have rented a villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and their family have closed their town house and are established for the summer in San Rafael, where they are occupying the home of Mrs. Henry Glass.

Mrs. George H. Howard returned Tuesday from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the past month at the Hotel Potter.

Mrs. Henry Payot, accompanied by her grandson, Mr. John Henry Russell, left Sunday for a motor trip to Los Angeles, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, accompanied by their four daughters, the Misses Lillias, Olive, Elizabeth, and Jean Wheeler, and their son, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Frances Jewell of Kentucky, will leave Thursday for an extensive motor trip through the San Joaquin Valley.

Miss Nielson Gillespie, who has been spending several weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, returned Saturday to her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Jr., have closed their house in town and have moved over to Ross, where they have taken a bungalow for the summer.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling and her sister, Miss Ella Hastings, sailed Friday for New York from the Mediterranean. They do not contemplate returning to San Francisco until the early part of June.

Miss Persis Coleman left Monday for Washington, D. C., to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings. Miss Coleman will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of her niece, Miss Katherine Jennings, and Mr. Chauncey Hackett, which will take place this evening.

Lieutenant Frederick A. Mears, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mears are planning to come from the East to visit Mrs. Elizabeth Mears and Miss Winifred Mears en route to Alaska. Lieutenant Mears was ordered from Panama to Washington, D. C., May 1, when he was appointed one of the Alaska Railroad Engineers' Commissioners.

Colonel A. J. McNab, U. S. A. (retired), arrived last week from his home in Pacific Grove and spent a few days at the Hotel Stewart.

Lieutenant Charles Hines, U. S. A., has been appointed adjutant at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Philip Yost, U. S. A., has returned to his post at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Lincoln Karmany, U. S. N., and Mrs. Karmany have arrived from Washington and are installed in their home at Mare Island, where Captain Karmany is to be commandant, succeeding Captain Littleton W. T. Waller, U. S. N.

Miss Dorothy Bennett, daughter of Commandant Frank M. Bennett of Mare Island, and Mrs. Bennett, has been selected by Secretary Daniels to christen the oil tanker *Kanawha* when she is launched at Mare Island in July.

Captain Marshall Childs, U. S. A., arrived Friday from the Philippines, having been called by the serious illness of his sister, Mrs. Henry Frick.

Mrs. Richard Hammond is the guest of Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt at their home in Annapolis. Lieutenant

Hewitt will sail June 7 for a Mediterranean cruise, and during his absence Mrs. Hewitt will visit her mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt, of this city.

Mrs. Earl Shipp and her little daughter, Betty, are visiting Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller at their home on Pacific Avenue. Lieutenant Shipp expects to be in southern waters during the summer.

The home in San Diego of Lieutenant Alexander Sharpe, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sharpe has been brightened by the advent of a son, Mrs. Sharpe, who was formerly Miss Janin of Washington, D. C., is a cousin of Miss Louise Janin of this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Dean has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain C. C. Rogers, commandant of the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Navy Yard for the last three years, has been placed upon the retired list with the rank of rear-admiral. He recently failed of promotion from captain on account of physical disability.

Dr. George A. Reisner, who has just been appointed professor of Egyptology at Harvard, is a former member of the University of California faculty, and has been at Harvard for some time. For several years he was in charge of the excavations carried on in Egypt by the University of California.

General Felipe Angeles, whom some consider a strong possibility should Huerta flee Mexico and Carranza fail as head of the government, is a noted artillery commander. For years he was superintendent of the military school at Chapultepec. He was educated in Europe and is well known in this country.

George A. Helfert, who has arrived in Panama to assume his duties as instructor to the police of the republic, was formerly governor of the territory of Zamboanga in the Philippines. He will organize a force on the order of the Philippine constabulary, whose duties will be the policing of the interior of the republic.

Dr. Andres Villareal, in command of the medical corps of Villa's army of Mexican Constitutionalists, is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University. Under his command there is a hospital train with a capacity of taking care of 1400 wounded soldiers for forty days. In the train there is a complete field hospital of modern type, and is manned by a corps of trained nurses.

The Earl of Mar, who has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday, holds one of the most ancient of Scottish peerage dignities, but the vicissitudes of time have robbed the house of all but the shadow of its former greatness. In the past Earls of Mar have competed in power with the Scottish kings. Now the Earl of Mar probably does not own a single acre in the vast territory over which his predecessors reigned supreme. In 1885 the present Earl of Mar, heir of the line of the old family got, by special act of Parliament, his title recognized to the Earldom of Mar created in 1404.

Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, in command of the Bureau of Operations, which has been fairly busy since the assemblage of American ships in Mexican waters, was navigating officer of the *Petrel* at the battle of Manila Bay. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874, followed naval life until he became discouraged with the outlook, and applied for voluntary retirement. Trouble with Spain loomed ominously, and his application was refused. He is known in naval circles throughout the world as an inventor. Today

all battleships have an electrical system of interior communication, which is Fiske's. They have a hoat-detaching device and electric ammunition hoists and range indicators and battle order telegraph and helm indicators and a dozen and one other improvements which are Fiske's.

Samuel Young, the Protestant National, who represents in Parliament the Catholic constituency of East Cavan, Ireland, is a veteran member as well as a veteran in years, having reached his ninety-second milestone. He is the oldest man in the House, and that he is still able and alert is testified to by his readiness to take the floor in debate. Born in 1822, the son of Samuel Young of Dunavally, Portaferry, he was educated at the old Presbyterian College in Belfast. He was elected for Cavan in 1892, and has been re-elected in 1895, 1900, and 1910.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

As the result of his controversy with Chief of Police White, Captain John Mooney has been relieved of duty as head of the detective bureau and transferred to the Mission station. He was before the police commissioners Monday night. Captain Shea is his successor.

Marius J. Kast on Tuesday took possession of the Russ Building, located on the historic Russ site at Montgomery and Bush Streets, as receiver for the Montgomery Street Investment Company, as the result of an alleged default in rent of \$8332 and \$7300 taxes. The Montgomery Street Investment Company entered into a lease with the Russ Estate Company for a fifty-year lease on March 12, 1907, with the option of purchasing the property for \$2,000,000.

Acting under the new ordinance providing for the segregation of assessments on property subdivided through purchases since the original tunnel assessment was made in 1912, Tax Collector Bryant has issued 300 installment agreements covering Twin Peaks tunnel assessment. These will aggregate \$30,000 on seven entire blocks in the Sunset district.

James S. Hogue, the captured South San Francisco train-robber, has been identified by Walter Parham, a watchman, as the same man who held up and robbed passengers on another train near San Mateo on February 24.

More than \$50,000 was the estimate put on the damage done last Saturday by a fire at 12 Natoma Street, which threatened the district around First and Mission Streets. The factory of the Simonds Machinery Company was destroyed.

The Busch-Sulzer Diesel Engine Company of St. Louis will install the first exhibit of



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the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in the Palace of Machinery May 27. The exhibit will be a 500-horsepower Diesel oil-burning engine.

Federal court decision of last Saturday entitles the gas consumers of the city to a refund of ten cents on every thousand feet furnished during the past ten months by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The court upholds the 75-cent rate fixed by the supervisors last year.

The funeral of Robert B. Moore, who died at Trinity Hospital on Saturday, was held under the auspices of King Solomon's Lodge, F. and A. M., from Golden Gate Commandery Hall on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. The deceased was the president of the R. B. Moore Mill and Lumber Company.

The test which the city imposed on the vitrified brick that were to be used to pave along the tracks of the municipal car line in Van Ness Avenue has proved to be too severe, with the result that asphalt blocks will have to be substituted.

By unanimous vote Monday the supervisors authorized the expenditure of \$64,000 for the improvement and beautification of the Civic Centre for the exposition year.

The contract for the plastering of the new City Hall was awarded by the board of public works Monday to C. C. Morehouse on his bid of \$106,550, and the contract for the metal furring to C. Collins for \$53,860.

On Tuesday bankers of San Francisco and surrounding territory nominated the following directors of Federal Reserve District No. 12, embracing seven states, of which San Francisco is the federal reserve capital: Class A, representing member banks—Charles K. McIntosh, vice-president Bank of California, San Francisco; James K. Lynch, vice-president First National Bank, San Francisco; Alden Anderson, president Capital National Bank, Sacramento; Class B, representing commercial and industrial interests—A. B. C. Dohrmann, Nathan-Dohrmann Company, San Francisco; J. A. McGregor, Union Iron Works, San Francisco; Elmer H. Cox, lumberman and agriculturist of Madera.

Michael Shannon, pioneer and vigilante of the days of gold, died last Tuesday at his residence, 2115 Scott Street. He was eighty-one years old and came to California in '54. He was the dean of the printers in San Francisco and was one of the first to conduct a publishing establishment in California. He was a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Money talks," quoted the Sage. "Yes, and it stops talk," added the Fool.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"He is raving over his wife." "She's enough to drive anybody crazy."—*Town Topics*.

Diner—I think I'll try some fish today. Waitress—Bluefish or whitefish, sir? Diner—It doesn't matter; I'm color blind.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Hello, Dobson! Any luck yesterday when you were fishing?" "Great! I was away when six bill collectors called."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Friend—So you still have "the problem play." What's the problem now? Theatrical Manager—To make it worse without getting pinched.—*Puck*.

"Is there much competition in your office?" asked Miss Skittles. "Sure!" replied the facetious Miss Skids. "Between the mirror and the clock."—*Judge*.

"Is Smithson an intelligent, well-informed man?" "Unusually so. As a juror he is always rejected by the attorneys on both sides."—*Milwaukee News*.

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.—*Dallas News*.

"I should like to see some spats," said the precise gentleman. "Well, stick around," suggested the new floorwalker. "The salesladies are starting 'em all the time."—*Puck*.

"I haven't seen Peggy since she left college. Did she succeed in getting a good position?" "Better! She succeeded in getting a husband with a good position."—*Princeton Tiger*.

The Sire—What would you think if I told you that at your age I never disobeyed my parents or teachers? The Son—You'd lick me if I told you what I thought.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

The Nut—I never could understand why a fellow couldn't have more than one wife. The Old Un—When you're older you will learn that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves.—*London Opinion*.

"Then you didn't ask for her hand?" "No; when I went to interview her father he was busy with the furnace. He said to come down, and after watching his struggles for half an hour I didn't want to get married."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Mr. Moss (at the art gallery)—This catalogue's an absolute swindle; there's no prices in it. Mrs. Moss—What! You weren't thinking of buying any? Mr. Moss—Thertainly not, but how can you be expected to appreciate pictures if you don't know the prices of them?—*Sketch*.

English Clergyman—And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Fair American—You bet; I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England.—*Dallas News*.

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked. "I'm not pensive," she replied. "But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes." "Well, I didn't have anything to say." "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?" "No." "Angel! Will you be my wife?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Charge Against Calhoun.

The charge of looting the United Railroads brought against Patrick Calhoun by the State Railroad Commission in the great sum of \$1,096,000 presents many confusing aspects. The Railroad Commission has spoken positively—with a positiveness, indeed, which betrays a certain inward satisfaction respecting the matter. The present head of the United Railroads, Mr. Lilienthal, has spoken with a studied reserve, his statements none the less exhibiting what we may style a reluctant willingness that the public should see the difference between the wicked past and the virtuous present. Mr. Calhoun has spoken, but not convincingly. The man who tells the plain—and the whole—truth in rebuttal of charges affecting his character is pretty likely to limit his utterance to facts, whereas Mr. Calhoun mostly ignores facts and wanders off into the realm of abstract philosophy, even getting close up to the line of poetry. Somehow we get the impression that much remains to be revealed—much essential to a full understanding of a transaction on its face truly amazing.

The charge is that in the months of March, April,

May, June, and July of 1913 Calhoun, then president of the United Railroads Company, drew sums aggregating \$1,096,000 from the treasury of the company and invested it for the company in the Solano Irrigated Farms project, a speculative land scheme which has since fallen into financial rough water. There stands upon the minute books of the United Railroads, of date prior to this withdrawal, a resolution approving any uses of the funds of the company by Calhoun previously made or to be made in the future, in his personal discretion. There is no question that he took the money as stated; and it is shown by the records of the company that he had formal authority to do it.

The Railroad Commission in its condemnatory statement declares in one paragraph that it "is informed" that Calhoun invested the money in the Solano project "for the company"; then in another paragraph that it finds no evidence in the company's books that such investment was made. Mr. Lilienthal—smoothly reluctant, but none the less insinuating in his disclosures—declares that the United Railroads never bought and does not now own any stock in the Solano project. The only stock that the company has any interest in is held as collateral security for the payment of a personal note of \$1,096,000 given by Calhoun to cover the amount drawn from the treasury, said note standing valued on the books of the company at \$1.00. This valuation was made by Mr. Lilienthal, who nevertheless declares in one of his many interviews that he thinks well of the Solano project. Calhoun's statement does not directly say that the money taken from the treasury of the United Railroads was invested in the Solano project on company account. But his whole argument is based upon that assumption. It is for the most part a defense of the Solano project as a business enterprise, plus an argument designed to show the legitimacy and wisdom of investing the company funds in that enterprise. The books of the Solano company, it is stated in the newspapers, show that Calhoun did invest in that project in his own name upwards of thirteen hundred thousand dollars, though there is no statement giving assurance that he put into it that amount in actual cash.

All this, we repeat, is confusing. It lacks the atmosphere of completeness. It fails to convince. Somehow we can not feel that there is entire candor anywhere along the line—neither on the part of the obviously exhilarated Railroad Commission, of the reluctantly loquacious Lilienthal, or of the philosophic and apologetic Calhoun. The Argonaut has a theory of its own, developed for the most part, we frankly confess, upon the basis of suggestions, impressions, surmises, intuitions, and speculative reflections. We give it for whatever it may be worth, and in doing so we take care to say to the reader that we offer no guaranties with it:

The graft prosecution in the years 1907-8-9-10 was in large part directed against officials of the United Railroads. The proceedings were protracted and embittered. It became in effect not so much a legal battle as a private war. The defense was conducted with little regard to expense. There were employed a multitude of lawyers, a multitude of detectives, and a multitude of roustabouts, all getting from some source liberal supplies of money and spending it like drunken sailors. There were four or five or six protracted and costly court procedures. It was plainly in evidence that a vast deal of money was expended to create and sustain public sentiment favorable to the defense. At the time the air was full of gossip of considerable sums paid to certain rotten newspapers for services in direct defense of Mr. Calhoun and his associates. Another report at the time—a report undeniably true—identified the purchase and subsequent maintenance of the *Evening Post* newspaper by the United Railroads or its managers. The newspaper is supposed to have cost originally \$100,000 to have been reequipped at a cost of

another large sum, and to have been maintained at a heavy loss—surely averaging not less than \$8000 a month—for some four or five years.

Now it is inevitable that all these activities cost in the aggregate a vast sum of money. It is conceivable that the details would not have made pleasant reading for the bondholders and stockholders of the United Railroads Company. It is still further conceivable that neither Mr. Calhoun nor his associates would have liked to see all the facts put before the public. Is it not possible—is it not indeed probable—that the great sum—\$1,096,000—withdrawn from the treasury of the company by Calhoun was in one way or another connected with these disbursements? It is a not unreasonable theory. Indeed it is a very likely theory.

If the transaction was what Mr. Calhoun's statement would induce the public to believe—nothing more or less than the employment of a great sum of the United Railroads Company's money in a speculative land venture—there can be no justification for it. There would have been neither discretion nor legitimacy in the taking of so vast a sum, or any sum, from the treasury of a company organized for a special and local purpose and already more or less embarrassed in its obligations to its bondholders and to the public, and throwing it into an extraneous and doubtful speculative venture. Under no principle of business, under no practice founded upon scrupulous regard for business legitimacy, could this thing have been done. If in fact it was done, it was wrong to the degree of downright immorality if not positive criminality. It will take further evidence to convince the Argonaut of the truth of a story so amazing. We can not, in view of all the circumstances, disconnect the withdrawal of this great sum from the funds of the United Railroads Company, with the extraordinary expenses, direct and indirect, of the defense in the graft trials and in the maintenance of that most costly of all known inutilities, a corporation-controlled newspaper. We can but believe that when all the cards shall be placed face up on the table it will be seen that the \$1,096,000 withdrawn from the funds of the United Railroads Company by Calhoun was a cover for transactions other than the Solano project—transactions over which it was wished to spread a cloak of oblivion.

It could be wished that the Railroad Commission in its dealings with this matter had exhibited more industry and less passion. So grave a charge as that made by the commission ought to have a firmer and broader support in assured facts. More, and more positive, information and less free rhetoric would have better comported with sober and official character in connection with a grave accusation. It would, too, have been in better taste if the commission had not so timed its disclosure as to make it serve the purposes of the political party to whose fortunes it is attached, and as a support to the political candidacy of its chairman.

The Honeymoon Is Over.

Months ago President Wilson was told by men wise through experience that now is a good time to give Congress and the country a breathing spell. The honeymoon is over, he was told. You no longer can command Congress; you are no longer free from antagonisms in your own party or out of it. It is not a good time to present a complicated legislative programme, with insistence that Congress shall not adjourn while any part of it remains unconsidered. But Mr. Wilson knew better. He not only put forth his own scheme of legislation, but with a fine optimism he promised richly and lavishly to various and sundry who asked for executive help. The result is precisely what men of experience might have foreseen. Congress is choked—so choked that it does nothing. Here we are at the end of May and

notable thing has been done by Congress since it passed the currency and the tariff bills.

Mr. Wilson apparently has come to realize the true state of affairs. Truth to tell he is a bit panic-stricken. He now wants to throw overboard everything except the anti-trust programme. He tells his particular friends in Congress to pass these bills, along with the appropriation bills, and go home. This would have been discreet in January. It would have carried through, as the golfers say. But now, coming on top of executive encouragements and promises, there is in it to many an ear an element of dull thud.

One case will illustrate the situation: The Baltimore platform, seeking to subsidize the farmers of the country, and particularly to gratify the South, declared for a system of rural credits. The matter was put up to the President with friendly urgency very early in the year, and he, eager to conciliate votes for his own legislative programme, promised coöperation and support. Practically he adopted the measure. Other proposals similarly encouraged by the President included an Alaskan coal leasing bill (a ridiculously impracticable measure loaded to the gunwale with penal and confiscatory provisions): a general coal, oil, gas, and phosphate leasing bill for the United States; a water power leasing bill; a reclamation bill extending to twenty years the time for paying for lands under irrigation projects; and a radium mining bill. Many other legislative projects, if not actually taken on by the President, were encouraged. Now that the programme has been changed there are wallings and howlings.

Burdened and oppressed to the limits of endurance by the controversy over Canal tolls and by the Mexican problem, the President is forced to suffer new vexations under the necessity of explaining—practically apologizing—all down the line. He has had to explain to Secretary Lane the throwing over of his (Lane's) conservation programme. He has had to explain to the prohibition advocates, to whom he had promised that their constitutional amendment should be forced to a vote. He has had to explain to various and sundry hungry Southerners in the matter of rural credits, and has even been forced to promise that he will still "do what he can" to get something through this session, though he must know that the thing is impossible. He has had to explain to the suffragists and to many another until the life has been nearly worried out of him, since it comes hard to a man of Mr. Wilson's type to inform people that he can't do anything or everything.

The order to jettison everything excepting the anti-trust bills came as a result of information from many sources of dissatisfaction throughout the country with the prolongation of the session. Congress itself is not more tired than the country at large. There is a growing feeling that we have too much Congress, too much legislature, too many laws, too great a tendency to revise, reform, correct, and amend every blooming thing under the shining sun by some species of regulation. Echoes of this feeling have reached the White House, and they have added to the disquiet of a mind already disturbed by affairs in Mexico, by the political mistake (mind we say political, since morally the President is assuredly right) of tolls repeal, and further disturbed by fears of what may happen in November.

The President didn't stop to reflect that a new and shorter programme at this time would not stop criticism. Of course everybody wants Congress to quit and go home very soon. But too many elements have been encouraged to hope for some particular legislation before adjournment. The aggregate of discontent is tremendous. Charges of bad faith, trickery, duplicity, cowardice, fly about the capital.

Verily, being President of the United States is not all beer and skittles.

Election or Appointment?

The debate before the Commonwealth Club on the appointment instead of the election of state judges ought to have something more than an academic value. Things that are patently wrong ought to be changed, and it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the educated mind of the country is nearly unanimous in the opinion that the worst of all ways, the most dreadfully hopeless of all ways, to secure a good judge is to elect him. And it would be difficult to find any one educated or not, to maintain that our present system of administering justice is a success.

The election of a judge goes a long way to prohibit

all those qualifications that a judge ought to have. If he is of an independent mind he will usually try to conceal it. If he is determined to hold the scales absolutely even between all parties and interests he will find that it militates against his success at the polls. Large numbers of people, including the Labor Party, as a party, will vote for a judicial candidate, not because they expect him to be just, but because they expect him to be unjust, or at least plastic and malleable. They support one candidate over another, not because he is supposed to have no prejudices, but because he is known to have many. In other words they vote for some particular aspirant because they believe him to be disqualified morally and intellectually for the position. That there are numerous good citizens who vote conscientiously and many judges of sterling character and capacity goes without saying, but that they are in the minority is proved by the courts themselves—the police courts, for example.

The American mind is not readily influenced by the practice of other countries, nor ought it to be. At the same time we may well observe the fact that the American system of judicial election is absolutely unique and also that it is absolutely a failure. Such countries as France, England, and Switzerland are just as earnest in the defense of popular rights as we are ourselves, and perhaps even more so in some respects, yet not even such men as Mr. Lloyd George have ever dreamed of advocating the election of judges. Even Russia would be in revolution at a suggestion so clearly foreshadowing the extinction of such popular rights as now exist. The great democracies of Europe are unshakably convinced that an appointed judiciary with a life tenure is the one impregnable barrier against the aggressions of caste and wealth, the only conceivable guaranty of justice between man and man.

The Mellen Disclosures.

From whatever angle it may be regarded the testimony of Mr. Mellen must be adjudged a morally humiliating exposé. It exhibits big business and high finance at their very worst. The official organization of the New Haven road is shown to have stood in a cringing subserviency to the late Pierpont Morgan, as exercising its nominal powers without intelligence as to facts, as without conscience respecting its responsibilities, blind alike to the purpose of its acts and to their effects. The real authority lay, not with those in nominal charge of the property, but in a man of imperial and passionate disposition who, for his own purposes and behind a mask, acted through puppets whom he so little respected or considered as to leave them wholly in the dark as to his aims and the reasons behind them. Mr. Morgan required of the men whom he placed in nominal charge of the New Haven property that they surrender all right of initiative, with any pretensions of individual judgment or responsibility, even the privilege of asking what they were doing or why. With respect to this scheme of administration Mr. Morgan chose his agents discreetly. He got men for the work suited in character to the work to be done as he wished to do it.

The evil inherent in the system is hardly mitigated by the fact that the things done may not in themselves have been vicious, unless indeed the present distress of the New Haven Company may be taken as a presumptive demonstration of wrong-doing. Mr. Morgan has passed off the stage. He is not here to tell his side of the story. He may indeed from his own standpoint—possibly from any standpoint—have had good reasons for doing what was done. But however particular acts might be justified, if the dead could speak, the method must be condemned. Any system of business administration which makes blind instruments of those who stand before the public charged with responsibility, and which permits one who evades nominal and definite responsibility to be the real source of power, is essentially mischievous, monstrously wrong.

However able he may have been, however wise in his judgments, however justified by reasons if they might be exhibited, Mr. Morgan still appears as an exemplar of the vicious principle which permits divorce of power from responsibility. He created and set up before public observation and endowed with large official responsibilities, an organization from which by a brutal but concealed exercise of force he withheld any real authority. And by so doing he evaded what no man has the right to evade, namely, responsibility for his own acts. Presumptively a man who thus insulates

himself from the effect of his own courses does it under motives which can not be sustained honorably and which in the working out are likely to imply evil effects. Such effects indeed may now be witnessed in the case of the New Haven road. Mr. Morgan in his grave must suffer the discredit of consequences which have proceeded from a wrong way of doing business. The devices which served him in life have not sufficed to serve his fame.

Mr. Mellen confesses that he felt a certain pride in the gossip which characterized him as Morgan's office boy. It would be well for Mr. Mellen's credit in the world if indeed he had been Mr. Morgan's office boy—a mere runner of errands without other obligation than to do some simple work with fidelity. It is one thing to be an office boy—to do small things in the spirit of service. It is quite another to accept the official headship of a great business, to carry the nominal responsibilities of vast transactions, and yet to have as little real authority as an office boy. The spirit of the born servant appears in Mr. Mellen's relations to Mr. Morgan. He accepted the presidency of the Northern Pacific Railroad over the telephone, "leaving all details" to Mr. Morgan. What he was to do and how he was to do it—all this he left to another, himself content to obey orders as they might be given him. In similar spirit he accepted the promotion which carried him to the nominal presidency of the New Haven road. There he fetched and carried as he was told, approving great transactions, giving the sanctions of his official character to the spending of vast sums of other people's money, not upon the basis of his own judgment, not even upon information, but because he had orders from Mr. Morgan. He did that which no office boy of common self-respect would have done. According to his own story he accepted humiliations which no office boy would have suffered. He was something very much worse than a mere tool. He was a spineless, cringing, servile tool, blindly giving to work in which he had no real part the authority of an official position which he bore only that he might betray its powers to one who chose to act behind a disguise. It was a spiritless, unmanly, shameless service, and evidently so regarded by Morgan. And the character of it was plainly comprehended by Mellen himself. What name of contempt is sufficient to characterize one who could tamely submit to a rebuke personally administered because, forsooth, he had the temerity to ask for what reason and to what end he was required to lend his official approval to a transaction involving the use of \$36,000,000 of other people's money?

It is a common observation that super-subserviency and disloyalty go hand in hand. The creature who could cringe before Morgan, living, submit to affront and insult and find a basis for humor in his own humiliations, now puts upon Morgan, dead, the reproach of an infamous recital. The two things go evenly together. They give us the measure of a man lost alike to self-respect and to the respect of others. The motives of Mr. Mellen's career as he has unfolded it are not easily discovered. He is an educated man, professionally a highly trained man. Before he engaged with Morgan he had reputation and place in the world. He had no more need to become a tool of Morgan living than now to turn informer with Morgan dead. Mellen might have gone anywhere in the world where there is a market for talent and competence and there have found work and livelihood. No urgency of individual need inspired his service with Morgan. He played the rôle as he exhibits it because, for all his gifts and acquirements, his propensities were those of a lackey.

The pity of the story as Mellen has told it is truly great. It tends further to deepen suspicions which abide in the public mind with respect to the men and methods of large business. All close observers know that big business is carried on quite as scrupulously as small business; that most men entrusted with large affairs are in the vastly greater number of cases worthy of the trust. But many of limited observation, who for the most part get their information from sensational reports, take cases like this as a demonstration applying to everybody connected with large affairs. Because one man or one group proves dishonest they think all are dishonest. It limits the confidence which is a necessary factor in business affairs. It distorts public thinking, social and political. It augments the spirit of distrust, which in turn yields the worst aspects of busi-

ness and political life. Today the country is suffering in every phase of its life for the misdoings of a few men who in selfishness, in greed, in moral obliquity, have colored with their own ill-fame the very atmosphere of business. Business, than which nothing is more useful or honorable when conducted under decent standards, is identified in a multitude of minds with an insatiate greed and a shameless abandonment of moral principle. The pity of it truly is great. What is more, the mischief falls not more upon the men in business than upon the public at large. Nothing costs so much in human misery as suspicion and distrust. Literally it slays its ten thousands where dishonesty slays its thousands. For without confidence, without trust, the element of credit is eliminated, the spirit of coöperation is destroyed, and the ten thousand advantages which rest upon these values are nullified.

Working Round to Forcible Intervention.

Slowly but we think surely the President is working round to a defined and positive policy toward Mexico. He will not withdraw the forces of the United States now upon Mexican soil until the country is pacified. He will not regard Mexico as pacified until there shall have been a new economic deal all round, with a break-up of the great baronial holdings and distribution of lands among the peon class. Then there must, before and after this economic revolution, be established a representative and stable government.

It is a large order—vastly larger viewed as to its execution than when regarded as a mere beneficent conception. It involves the elimination not only of Huerta, but of all the other military tyrants, including Carranza and Villa. It includes the suppression of bands of robbers and malcontents already in the field and certain to arise under any turn in Mexican affairs. President Wilson apparently hopes that the thing may be done under the suggestions of moral suasion—an ideal which surely must suffer the fate of certain other utopian notions which Mr. Wilson has cherished during the past year and a half and which have fallen into the limbo of moral wreckage.

The mediation at Niagara continues gravely to consider what is to be done with Mexico, and it will without doubt formulate a programme after any pattern the Washington government may demand. And this programme will probably be taken as an authoritative basis for whatever operations may be essential to the putting down of all the present forces operating in Mexico and the enforcement of pacification. In effect it can mean but one thing—war from the outside, to the end of knocking the heads of the Mexican factions together. That they will quit simply because they are asked or directed to do it is unthinkable, in view of the type and character of men who must be dealt with. They are not men of peace. They have no purposes or ambitions which may be served by pacification. War is their propensity; warfare is the condition of their personal authority and importance. They will continue to fight as long as there is any chance of gaining anything through fighting.

The mediation, leaving the United States out of the question, has little or nothing to offer in the way of force. Its function will end with a declaration of purposes and with authorization of the United States to take over the job of pacification. Upon this mandate the government at Washington, unless Mr. Wilson shall suffer another change of mind, must proceed with the powers at its command. That is, it must march its armies through Mexico, take possession of its capital and its strategic points, set up some kind of a working governmental system, and proceed with the economic evolution which Mr. Wilson insists upon.

Summed up and boiled down, all this means precisely the kind of intervention Mr. Wilson has declared again and again we could not and would not undertake. But it remains the only possible course; and we think the President has done better to come to it late than not to have come to it at all, leaving anarchy to work still further suffering and destruction.

We shall go into Mexico under pretenses similar to those upon which England entered Egypt. We shall have a cheerful programme of pacifying and reorganizing Mexico, then of marching out and leaving the country to its own devices. But the time to march out will never come. Our experience will be that of the late J. Billings, Esquire, in the famous story of his grip hold of a bull's tail. There will never come a time

within appreciable view when it will be possible to quit without sacrificing all that shall have been achieved. Once we take possession of Mexico, under whatever ideals or pretensions, we shall stay there—and keep on staying there. Mexico will become practically, if not in name and fact, an American possession.

What complications may arise only the foreknowledge of God may now see. But that complications will arise none may doubt who have had any observation of human nature or any acquaintance with the world's history. We shall have to make Mexico pay her way; and we shall have to make her pay the charges of her own subjugation and administration, as England has made India and Egypt pay. The doing of these things will make resentment in Mexico; it will discover differences at home. We may alter the economic conditions of the country and we may better them; but we shall not make Mexico free, unless through the unhappy incitements of politics we may come to incorporate her territories within our own, endow them with the rights and privileges of American states, thus bringing into our own system an alien element with new and colossal problems.

Then there remains to be considered what Mexico will do to us. To possess Mexico will call for a great military force. Once possessed, its reorganization and administration under American authority will call for an army of administrative agents. All this will make necessary a more authoritative and more rigid scheme of things at home. It will take a strong hand and a continuing hand to do for Mexico what her condition as a conquered and subordinated country will require; and a strong hand and a continuing hand can not be maintained without changes in the practice and ultimately in the structure of our government. Very frankly we do not like the prospect.

The consequences of President Wilson's policy thus far have been to nullify the possibility of the pacification of Mexico by internal forces. It has extended the period of chaos, multiplied cruelties, and augmented destruction in that distressful country. It comes now under the pressure of past mistakes to a course which possibly might have been avoided under a policy of discretion and common sense. It comes to this course, not upon its own initiative, but under the sanction of a group of South American states. It has bestowed upon these states the right forevermore to mix in the affairs of Mexico without really helping us, probably to our grievous embarrassment. In accepting the co-operative aid of South America in the making of our policies, in accrediting them as entitled to share in our councils without really getting help in the work of execution, we have set up a trap over which we are bound more or less to stumble even though we may not actually fall into it.

Editorial Notes.

Out of the ruck and through the chances of an Oregon primary election in which there were a baker's dozen contestants for the Republican nomination for the governorship, there has come the marvel of a reputable, representative, and individually worthy candidature. Dr. Withycombe, a native of Scotland and a characteristic Scotsman in the solidity of his character, came to Oregon as a boy some forty and odd years ago and has in the intervening years held a conspicuous and useful part in the life of the state. As the head of the farm and experiment station connected with the State School of Agriculture at Corvallis, now for many years, he has done a work comparable to that of Mr. Luther Burbank in California. The marked advance of recent years in the agricultural practice of Oregon is creditable more to Dr. Withycombe than to any other individual. Intelligence, industry, loyalty to his state have inspired the career of Dr. Withycombe. Withal, Dr. Withycombe, while as far removed as possible from the character of politician, has been a conscientious student of public affairs and a persistent advocate of what is worthy as distinct from what is meretricious. The circumstances under which Dr. Withycombe stands for the governorship place him in diametrical antagonism to many of the extravagances which in recent years have exhibited themselves in the political life of Oregon. It is extremely gratifying to learn that all the omens are favorable to Dr. Withycombe's success in November.

When President Wilson came into office he com-

mitted his administration to a "merciless publicity." Jealous of his time and energies with the general public, he was gracious to the point of friendliness to the Washington newspaper writers. True, he did not take kindly to questioning, nor was he pleased if any and everything he said were not swallowed whole. But he made appointments with any newspaper men who wanted to talk with him, and his twice-weekly conferences with the correspondents were dates faithfully kept. When the Mexican situation became critical some two months ago the President found these conferences trying, and finally he gave them up altogether. Now he has revived the conferences with the statement that "Mexican affairs will not be discussed for the present." All of which can hardly be styled merciless publicity.

It appears that there are two states of mind on the part of the administration toward the Mexican negotiations—one for general consumption, duly given out through the press reports. A harmonious administration, these reports would have us believe, is "entirely confident" of the "ultimate success" of the negotiations at Niagara. But there is another state of mind at Washington. Secretary Tumulty tells the reporters in a confidential way that the President has not much faith in mediation, but is willing to give it a trial. Mr. Tumulty would like it to be understood that the President is not fooled by mediation. None the less Mr. Bryan fills the entire atmosphere in and about the State Department with hopefulness. Which is very curious, unless interpreted as it is by many at Washington to imply that the President is seeking to unload Mexico in so far as he may upon the long-suffering Secretary of State. There are those who think that the administration is trying to ride two horses at one and the same time to the end that if mediation shall win or fail there may be a means of saving the administration's face.

A report from Washington bearing the date of Tuesday says that Democratic opposition to the exemption of labor unions from the operations of the Sherman Act has collapsed and that the entire judiciary committee will be solidly for the amendment instigated by Mr. Gompers. If the amendment should actually be carried the President must either veto the whole of his anti-trust legislation or stultify himself by signing it after saying that he would not do so. And thus do the chickens come home to roost, as chickens of this kind have a way of doing. The President has no one but himself to thank for an impasse that he may almost be said deliberately to have invited in the face of a hundred warnings and cautions. When he signed the Sundry Civil bill with its provision that a particular sum of money should not be used against labor unions it was obvious that he had established a principle that could not fail to return and plague him. He professed to sign that bill reluctantly, although reluctance is an elastic term and may cover quite a variety of states of mind. But he did sign it, although his predecessor had rejected it with scorn, and by so doing he created a precedent that was actually intended to be a precedent and nothing more. To say that he would sign no more bills of that kind was obviously futile, and was doubtless received by Mr. Gompers with the smile of superior knowledge. Now that same principle is incorporated in its widest form in the anti-trust bill, and so the President may take his choice between wrecking his own darling measure or wrecking his own consistency. Nor is it likely that Congress will prove sensitive to the presidential perplexity. There are too many members who are about to seek reelection and who must return to their constituents with some sort of profitable knavery to prove their devotion to local interests. It will certainly be a curious situation if the President is compelled to veto his bills for the restraint of vicious practices because of a labor-union demand that those same vicious practices be permitted to themselves.

Dawson, the Yukon capital, and Fairbanks, its near Alaskan neighbor, are, next to Hammerfest, in Norway, the farthest-north cities in the world, and at the latitudes of sixty-three and sixty-five have such comfortable appurtenances as electric lights, daily newspapers, and pipe organs.

Armstrong Lake, within the Beartooth national forest, Montana, is said to rival the famed Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies. It lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet, surrounded by towering mountains.

REV. BOUCK WHITE AND OTHERS.

A certain correspondence that is now being conducted in some important Eastern newspapers is a timely reminder of the present incapacity to think sanely—indeed to think at all—that seems to characterize the average reforming citizen who wishes to make known what he is pleased to call his opinions. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago a clergyman, the Rev. Bouck White, misbehaved himself in a New York church, not in the ordinary way by preaching a sermon, but by shouting a denunciation of capitalism. In spite of the fact that he had introduced a truly pleasurable variation into the ordinary monotony of church services he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which will probably give him the halo of martyrdom for which his little soul was yearning. Mr. White's act was not of itself of an extraordinarily criminal nature, seeing that we all feel an impulse to shout or scream while we are in church, but it was a part of a general crusade of violence and rebellion. In other words Mr. White was punished for miniature sedition, and not for the relatively unimportant offense of unseemly conduct in the pew instead of in the pulpit.

Now the correspondence to which I have referred was called forth by an editorial expression of regret that reformers should try to alter by force and turmoil the opinions of other persons. It seems a reasonable thing to say. It would have been considered reasonable twenty years ago. But we have changed all that in recent times, thanks to feminists and uplifters, who can not conceive why we should not all be compelled to do whatever they happen to think at the moment—and their thoughts seldom last more than a moment—that we ought to do. And so a number of worthy people write in high dudgeon to their long-suffering editors and ask why the Rev. Bouck White should be punished for doing what the revolutionists of Europe did in the middle ages and what Portugal and China did yesterday. Why is it reprehensible to preach armed revolution in America and laudable to preach it in Russia? Is not tyranny the same all over the world, and are not the immortal inspirations of Kosciusko and Garibaldi as vital today as ever they were?

Of course they are. I am a little doubtful about China and Portugal and Mexico, and somewhat inclined to believe that their trumpety revolutions have landed them out of the frying-pan into the exact middle of the fire. But let that pass. All this jargon about a liberty that is indistinguishable from a penitentiary sentence is a part of the elaborate clap-trap of the day and it is useless to argue against it. But all these revolutions, ancient and modern, have not a single point of resemblance to the revolution that the Bouck Whites are preaching in America. The Poles and the Russians, the Chinese and the Portuguese, were rebelling against a system that they had no hand in creating and that they had no power to change. They had practically no share in the law-making under which they were suffering, and there were no methods open to them by which the manner of that law-making could be changed. They were as defenseless as a flock of sheep against a pack of dogs. It was a case of obedience without delay, without appeal, without a remedy. Is that the situation in America? Has it the dimmest likeness to the situation in America? Practically speaking, there has been manhood suffrage in America ever since the republic was fairly born, and the significance of that fact may easily escape the attention that it deserves. For it means that there is not a single political condition now ruling in the country, not a single commercial or financial institution, that was not deliberately created by votes or by the apathetic neglect of votes. It means that the whole system under which we live was builded brick by brick under the eyes and with the assent of a people endowed with the last iota of political power that it is possible for any people to have. Is that not undeniable? There is only one way in which we can escape the responsibility for all evils that afflict us, and that one way is a confession that we were too stupid, or too ignorant, or too vicious, to have the right to vote at all, and that is not a confession that a democracy is likely to make. Is it not equally undeniable that no apostle of political liberty ever yet born has ever conceived of a more extensive and absolute freedom than is indicated in the words "One Man One Vote"? Is there any one now living, whether he be a Bouck White or a Lincoln Steffens, who can even suggest an enlargement of the frontiers of political liberty as they now exist here? He may say that we have not used our powers aright, he may say that we have used them viciously and ignorantly, but he can not say that we did not possess those powers. Why, then, are we impudently asked to believe that we are the victims of some tyranny external to ourselves, like the people of Russia, and that this tyranny must be destroyed by force? Where is that tyranny? How could any tyranny have been horn except with the assent of our votes? How could any tyranny exist except with the assent of our votes? And by what stretch of the imagination can we endow any citizen with a greater political power than is represented by the vote? Are we to give every citizen two votes?

Now suppose we were to get Mr. Bouck White out of jail, which Heaven forbid, or suppose we were to get Mr. Lincoln Steffens before he goes to jail, set them in a corner, and question them. Suppose we were to ask them to outline their remedy for existing evils. What would they say? What could they say? Let us invite them to sketch for us some political system that it would be well to establish after the new reign of terror, after all capitalists and all non-uniform workmen had been satisfactorily blown up with dynamite or otherwise exterminated in effective and painful ways.

What would they think to be a just and proper basis for the new order of things now to be created? There is only one thing they could possibly say. They would say that every citizen must have a vote, and that we should then have to leave it to the wisdom of the citizen to use that vote right. There is the gist of the whole matter. We can not conceivably do any more for a man than give him a vote and offer up a fervent prayer to Heaven—a prayer foredoomed to failure—that he will use that vote wisely. But when the citizen uses that vote, enthusiastically uses it, in favor of a Schmitz, in favor of thieves and thugs and lepers, in favor of Tweeds and Ruefs, then Mr. White and Mr. Steffens commiserate with him as the victim of a tyranny imposed upon him from outside just as tyrannies are imposed upon the Russian people by a stroke of the imperial pen. They invite the citizen to assemble in his thousands, to stand as one man, to die in the last ditch, and all the other silly sibiloleths of the day. And against what? Obviously against his own idiocies, for there is nothing else in sight. A self-governing community, that is to say a community where every man votes, can have no enemies within itself except itself. The only tyranny that can plague it is the tyranny that it carefully created by its votes. Why, then, should there be raids upon churches, riotous meetings in the streets, and hectic demands for "liberty," when not an orator of the lot can even suggest any fuller liberty than is now possessed by every man with a vote.

Evidently, then, it is votes, and nothing but votes, that are to blame for every existing political evil. Every grain of brick and mortar in the edifice is a vote and can be replaced by the same agency that put it there. Now it is evident that at some time or other we shall have to challenge the practical efficacy of the votes to which we have so far pinned our faith with such touching and pathetic imbecility. We shall have to recognize not only that votes have not done the things that we expected them to do, but that under no conceivable circumstances are they capable of doing those things. When all is said and done it is happiness that we are all seeking. In fact no human being is capable of seeking anything else. When we vote for Schmitz, or prohibition, for the recall, or for the suffrage, we do so under the amazing conviction that in some way we are conducting to our happiness. It seems incomprehensible, but such is actually the fact. At the last session of the California legislature several thousand new laws were introduced, each and all of them under the vague belief that the cause of human happiness was thereby advanced. Every state in the Union did much the same thing and for the same reasons. Congress added its little quota of a few thousand new laws, all of them intended to advance human happiness. This has been going on in America more or less for about a hundred years. Every democratic country in Europe has been doing the same thing, for about the same time, and always with the same object. The aggregate of legislation is of such appalling magnitude as to stagger the imagination. Probably no human mind could master the legislation even of a single state. The whole democratic world is searching for the happiness of the individual, or professing to do so, and under the inconceivable obsession that it can secure that end by passing laws.

Now if we were actually attaining the end of human happiness there would be no more to say except to pat the legislator on the back and to raise his salary, which he will probably do for himself in any case under the pleasing illusion that he is of some value. But are we? Quite obviously we are not. No one any longer pretends to say that we are. Evidently we are becoming, not happier, but unhappier. The late Alfred Russell Wallace tells us that humanity is now more degraded than ever before in the history of the human race. George Bernard Shaw says the same thing in his own benevolent and genial way. That we must either retrace our steps or anticipate a breakdown of the social system is now one of the commonplaces of sociology. Drink, crime, and insanity are enormously on the increase. New diseases make their appearance daily. The strain of life is augmented before our eyes. Armaments are increasing with a rapidity never before dreamed of. There have been war cycles in southern and eastern Europe, and they seem to presage other and vastly greater war cycles to come. And yet amid this carnival of popular incapacity the only audible voices of leadership are clamoring always for more laws, and with an almost unprecedented impudence are assuring us that nothing stands in the way of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth except their own particular legislative panaceas, for which we are implored to vote, vote, vote. Was there ever such imbecility seen before? No wonder that Mr. Shaw should say to civilization that it is made up of a mean people and an ugly people.

It is not easy to indicate the remedy. It is never easy to indicate remedies, but the most obvious expedient is to cease to vote or to make new laws. This much at least is already known to all intelligent men, who have no doubt whatsoever in their hearts that legislatures of all kinds are unadulterated pests and that their total suppression for a period of say ten years would bring the millennium closer than we are ever likely to see it. But the real remedy would be a general recognition that the base of all evils, the prolific and only fount of iniquities, is in individual selfishness, the selfishness that is now openly taught in home and school and university and church as the one and only law of life. And until this particular burden is lifted we shall go on becoming meaner and uglier and wicked, and this devil's gait will be expedited in precise ratio to our reliance upon votes and laws.

SIDNEY CORYN.

DREDGING FOR CLAM SHELLS.

A Profitable Industry which Has Grown Up on the Mississippi River.

An industry which now assumes large proportions, and around which clings a peculiar flavor of romance, has developed on the Mississippi River, where hundreds of men are employed in gathering mussel shells in commercial quantities. From Missouri to the lower reaches of Louisiana the shells, once regarded as useless in themselves, are now an important factor in the business world, and dredgers are hard at work dragging from their watery beds the one-time ignored mussel or clam. Buttons, pins, and other ornaments made out of the shells of the Mississippi mussel are found in all parts of the world. The pearls which are found in these mussels are popular among jewelers, and some command handsome prices. The man dredging for shells has a large boat built especially for the purpose, which he allows to float down stream gently while he rakes the bed of the river for the shells, all of which he sorts immediately after taking them out of the water, tossing back those of no value and throwing the remainder in a basket. The shells are afterward boiled in large vessels on the banks of the river, then resorted and shipped to the markets, oftentimes by tons and carloads. The assorted shells are thrown into tanks of boiling water, and in five minutes they open, whereupon the meat is removed by hand. One man can clean 3000 shells in a day.

Of the thirty different varieties found in the Mississippi there are two colors, white and pink. The white shells are the only ones used for button-making, the pink having too many different shades, which could never be matched in color. The most numerous sort is known in the clam-digger's parlance as "the nigger-head." These are the best for making buttons. The shell is of only one shade of white and is very easily sorted. Another kind very similar to the "nigger-heads" are known as "muskets." These are thick and opaque and do not sustain a very high polish. In shape both resemble the salt water clam. Owing to ice and other difficulties in the way of the dredge-man in winter, prices are much higher at that season, "nigger-heads" bringing about eighty cents a hundredweight.

The first two varieties named grow in beds, which sometimes cover 400 to 500 acres and are from four to eight feet deep. They have no way of locomotion, and are compelled to stay in the place of creation. They multiply, one on top of the other, until they reach within two feet of the surface of the water at low-water mark. The bed is always in deep water and in protected places, such as the mouth of a bay or slough.

Another variety known among clam-diggers as the élite of the clam family is the "sand shell," which is not found in beds but travels around on sandy beaches and sloping mud banks, and in the spawning season, which is May, it has the power to make itself buoyant and float off with the current. In shape it much resembles the ordinary long pocketbook; in color it is on the outside yellow, and ten different shades on the inner side. This varied color makes it difficult to sort the buttons made from the shell. Its shape and thickness make it valuable, for there is little waste to it.

Another sort is the "buckhorn," in shape very similar to the oyster and of a dark brown color on the outside. The inside of this shell can not be surpassed by any sea shell in beauty of colors. This shell is not found in beds, but lies scattered among other varieties. The last sort used for button-making is called "butterfly" because of its shape, which is like the wing of a butterfly. It is very prettily marked on the outside. Over a background of dark yellow run black stripes to the outer edge of the shell, with dark dots between stripes.

The pearl buttons made from river clams surpass those made from sea shells, owing to the fact that they will not split, being of a solid formation. The supply for a constantly increasing market is almost inexhaustible, the work is easy, and not only is there profit in gathering the shells, but occasionally pearls ranging in value from \$5 to \$20 are found in the mussels. The "nigger-head" variety is the one in which pearls are most frequently found. These pearls are often of rare beauty and shape. The shape is either round, oval, or saucer form, and in size they run from that of the head of a pin to a buckshot.

The growth of the shell is very slow. In nine years it has the diameter of a dollar, which is the smallest sized shell marketed, and when matured it is the size of a man's hand. In the last three seasons more than 10,000 tons of shells have been taken over the stretch of river mentioned. Large quantities were exported to Berlin, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Paris, and Vienna. From Mississippi towns about forty carloads were shipped to the European market last season.

In 1905 the timber sold from the national forests aggregated 96,000,000 board feet, which brought the government no more than \$85,000. In 1913 more than two billion feet brought in contracts amounting to \$4,500,000. Not all this money was received in any one year, because national forest timber is sold on contracts which range from one to twenty-five years and it is paid for as cut.

The first cherries ever shipped from Chico, California, in carload lots by express left a packing-house there recently in a refrigerator car for New York.

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

Killing Three Birds with One Stone.

The Hop Sing Tong and the Bing Kung Tong were fighting, in their velvet-footed fashion, in the streets and alleys of the Chinese quarter. Such is the mold of the Celestial mind, those same streets and alleys were empty to hollowness, and the sergeant, as he tramped his round, wished with bitter oath that the hatchetmen would come out and batter each other out of life, like men of thicker blood.

The orange banner of the Bing Kung Tong, outlined against the evening sky, drooped its silken triangle sullenly against its staff high above the red and green fortress of brick in which its henchmen hived. A stone's throw away, across a narrow alley and an uneven surface of huddled roofs, the yellow dragon of the Hop Sing Tong flapped a lazy defiance, lifted by a vagrant zephyr which drifted up oppressive with the unclassifiable odors of the street. The golden sun sank behind the Gate and the lights blinked in the shops and glared from the windows. The appearance of a fitting Chinaman now and then emphasize the warning, which had long before been carried to temple and kitchen, that Death was skulking in the shadows and that Fear was everywhere. Everywhere except in the club-house of the Hop Sing Tong. There a delayed triumphal feast was in noisy progress. A Bing Kung son of a dog had been killed, and the heroes of the slaughter were being suitably congratulated.

For months these Hop Sings had lost ground before the Bing Kungs. It was not a matter of courage, but of commerce. The clientele and wealth of the Bing Kung Tong had steadily increased under the more active and aggressive system of blackmail promoted by its elders. If opulence wasted their courage, it sharpened their cunning—the other was always to be had for the buying, and in a cheap market. With the growth of riches more and more reptilian highbinders had been engaged to protect the property of the tong and to carry the hatchet against the restless assassins of the Hop Sing faction, who chafed under the strengthening supremacy of their rivals and grew thin and sallow under the growing rewards posted for their precarious lives.

Then the Bing Kungs became arrogant, and the slumbering feud had broken out on one cloudy evening, when Luey Foo and two companions met Li Din strolling carelessly near the Bing Kung habitations, and volleyed their pistols after him as he trailed his queue in terror from the spot. With praiseworthy enterprise Li Din, with Leu Suey and Luey Sing Tie, promptly sallied out of the convenient cellar-way and, slipping across the alley to Foo's brother's "joint," silently cracked Luey Ming's skull with a muffled iron bar and planted a sharp little hatchet in his quivering neck.

Chinatown in a flash had been thrown into a wild uproar, which as quickly had subsided into a restless quiet that boded ill for peace and told of hasty councils at the headquarters, of frightened merchants barring doors, and of nervous arming for the patient ambushade or the sudden fray. The sergeant and his squad investigated, but had discovered nothing. The Hop Sings had barricaded their doors for a week, while the furious hatchetmen of the Bing Kung Tong nightly ranged the street, armed *cap-à-pie*, daring their enemies to out and fight. For a week there had been an industrious furbishing of weapons and armor, of dirks and hatchets and daggers, of tiny cleavers and heavy pistols and queer, handleless, "sawed-off" shotguns, and of red-ribboned lengths of gas-pipe, all nicely arrangeable in capacious sleeves. The pawnshops had been emptied of their owners' rusting weapons. There had been examining of doors and practicing of signals. During the days ominous quiet had reigned over empty streets, while sullen, swaggering, fighting men thronged to their household altars, burning punks and candles before the great war-god, Kwan-Chung—the Roland and St. George of Chinese chivalry—paying their blood-money liberally for luck-blessings, and kowtowing, and whining prayers to all the josses of their ancient faith.

But now an air of expectancy was abroad, and in the Hop Sing Tong the music and revelry told of relaxed vigilance and contempt for their foes. At the banquet-hoard clients and retainers, gorged with food, were fiercely shouting and gesticulating—counting in their after-dinner game of odd-or-even. The room was filled with a babel of high-pitched voices. The whining falsetto of the singer was rising now and again into a shriek of some indescribable emotion as his voice took its part in the orchestra's Wagnerian din or rivalled the droning fiddle in a solo; there was the intermittent bang of brass, the shrilling of flutes, and the rumbling rattle of the drum. Cigar and pipe mingled their smoke with the clouds that drifted in from the Joss's altar from burning punks, sandal-wood, and spiced candles, and through this eddying mist attendant coolies hurried, like troubled ghosts, carrying refreshments to the hungry assemblage. The gayly prepared women of the household ambled gracefully among the tables, favoring the carousers with tiny draughts of gin that they poured coquettishly from delicate vessels into even more fragile cups.

In a luxurious space, latticed apart, ate Quan Him,

clean and bland and serene-eyed, minister of the society, seated at the round table with his lieutenants and wealthier supporters. On his right lounged Leu Suey, a sleek, angel-visaged young man, a lamb of much promise and pride in Christian circles, but dreaded among the heathen, like the ravenous dragon of Fan-Chow—Leu Suey, next in rank to Quan Him, and whose thoughts even then were twisting his knife in his leader's heart. On the left beamed Li Din, the fleet of foot—Li Din, who possessed the most artless smile and the largest revolver in the establishment, who spoke better English than his Potrero fellow-citizen, and who knew more Christian dogma and pretty Sunday-school teachers than did half a dozen of the uptown Y. M. C. A.

"I told you, Him, of Suey's scheming, remember," Li Din whispered, "only as a loving duty to you, my friend."

"Truly, you have done well, Li Din," Quan Him replied. "So he speaks evil of my beneficent leadership and would overthrow me—um! His office and maintenance go to you, Din, when they are vacant—by the plan you have in mind, or I care not how. Urge him to partake freely and then make known your plan, but be careful not to disturb his confidence."

The banquet was progressing. It lacked an hour to midnight. The smoke grew thicker for the animated discussion at the headmen's table.

"It is agreed, then; well, success to our undertaking, Suey," cried Li Din, raising his cup.

"I shall succeed," exclaimed Leu Suey, draining his liquor. "Come on, and we will find Lem Yek."

"Good luck attend you," insinuated Quan Him. "Return with the woman, and maintenance and money shall reward you. Your families are the care of our society. Farewell."

"Thou art minister of the wise and virtuous and we are the servants of the household," murmured the highbinders in the flowery metaphor of Confucius, and shuffled from the room.

Leu Suey slowly threaded a crooked, reeking passage-way beneath the Hop Sing houses. Everything about him was hushed. He had passed from the light and noise of the carousal into the quiet of vigilance on the enemy's borders. His arrangements had been completed, and success seemed assured; yet he was restless and uneasy. He wiped his fevered head and cursed his raging thirst. His thoughts were not comforting. Could he trust Lem Yek? The Bing Kung rascal had been abused by Wong Fong and had sworn revenge—so he, and Him, and Din said; but how could he be sure that this was not a trap? But certainly Quan Him suspected nothing. It was simple enough. Sen Ho, costliest of the Bing Kung slaves, was struggling to escape the ceaseless debauchery to which her masters compelled her; and for money and protection this knave would betray his faction. Well, when Lem Yek opened the cage, the little bird should fly to peace and rest in Leu Suey's arms instead of into the clutches of the cursed missionaries. Leu Suey had seen and often coveted the tender lily, Sen Ho, and his sluggish blood grew turbulent with remembrance. She was plump, and pretty, and full of animation. She was a jewel of great price. Then, too, she had cost Fong's company all of three thousand dollars.

He grinned in the darkness and fingered the hilt of his double knife. Maintenance, reward—pooh! He looked higher than that. Prestige, leadership, Sen Ho—those were worth a fight. He paused and chuckled. Under the next dull lantern he drew out his big "forty-five," and examined each cartridge-cap and slug. He carefully tested the trigger. A distortion of his face revealed his dry teeth. Leu Suey was smiling in his thoughts. Visions of the future burned his senses. Quan Him out of the way, Suey would be minister. Leu Suey would make a fine captain, with the wealth and the women and his "pull" with the police, and—yes, but Li Din must go, too. Why had he confided in Din? This fellow was an old friend and could be dangerous. Could he but get Wong Fong's life—the life of the Bing Kung Tong—complete success would be his. But would Din betray him?

Leu Suey tapped lightly upon a ponderous iron door which blocked the tunnel. It was cautiously opened and he was admitted to a dingy cell. He spoke rudely to a fat hag who guarded the place, and, opening an opposite door, shuffled up an incline toward a distant light. He climbed a slippery ladder and emerged into a series of rooms and cells fitted up for the enjoyment of a variety of Oriental entertainment, but now unoccupied and gloomy. Beyond the last of the stout doors he entered a shop furnished for the sale of clothing, through the closely shuttered windows of which no sound nor light penetrated. A dim flame blazed from a wick which floated in a bowl of oil. A small, lean Chinaman, grotesquely yellow, moved out from a corner of the room. Li Din was peering through an aperture into the alley. A group of ugly cutthroats smoked grimly on the bunks or squatted chattering on the floor. Leu Suey looked them over from an expressionless face. He was now in the enemy's country; here was one who had belonged to them.

"Is it time, Lem Yek?" he asked.

The fellow grunted an affirmative reply. "The mind of Sen Ho is prepared," said he in the sullen fashion

of his kind. "She is hiding in Wong Yick's house across the way and below us five houses, and she waits there for my signal. But remember our bargain, Leu Suey, I must be protected from the hatchetmen of the Bing Kung Tong."

The highbinders exchanged looks of amused meaning. Leu Suey's face flushed with an excitement stimulated by the copious draughts from which he had so lately arisen. Caution fled before impatience.

"Go before, you," he exclaimed, harshly. "You shall be truly rewarded. Stay close there, Li Din, and be wary."

They stepped out upon the banquette. The moon gave but a dim light from behind a veil of fleecy clouds. The quiet was intense.

"Sh! She is there," whispered Lem Yek, pointing eagerly down the alley—"there in Wong Yick's door. See, she listens and looks."

"Sen Ho—it is she!" cried Leu Suey, under his breath. The woman saw him. She held out her arms appealingly and moved irresolutely. The highbinder bounded eagerly toward her. The woman disappeared within the house.

Crash! went the heavy door behind him. Bang! a pistol rang the echoes of the alley. He sohered at the sounds and whirled abruptly. Too late his senses returned. Lem Yek's second bullet burned through his breast. He staggered toward the door.

"Ah—Li Din—thou—"

He choked and lurched forward. A shot seared his skull and maddened him. He stared about unseeing. The alley spun around and around. Where was Lem Yek? He turned again. Where were the Bing Kung cowards? There they come! Wong Fong, Wong Yick, Wong Chee—Wongs everywhere. He raised his revolver and emptied it at them.

Zip! zip! sang the tearing lead.

The music over the roofs ended abruptly.

Brr-r-r-r! the wind of police whistles.

"Halt! stop! halt!" from the distance.

Leu Suey sank down heavily and groped stupidly. Who is that lying there? Glorious ancestors of his family! it is Wong Fong, his enemy—no, his old friend—no, to the last, his enemy. His long knife flashed up and splintered into the pavement through an already stiffening body. There was a fading patter of soft-shod feet; a rush, and violent confusion. Leu Suey grinned fixedly upward in the glare of the sergeant's lantern.

"In the expressive language of these foolish white devils," observed Li Din in his Sunday-bred English, "this might be called killing three birds with one stone. We played a smooth game, and we have won both ways. What a beautiful hole I put through Lem Yek!"

And Quan Him murmured satiny phrases of approval as he moved warily back from the shutters; but he ventured a furtive, calculating glance at his suddenly made lieutenant.

JEFFRY A. DE MONTAIGU.

Most of the lead produced in California has come from the Cerro Gordo, Darwin, and Modoc districts, all in Inyo County. The Cerro Gordo district has furnished by far the largest output, having yielded during its most prosperous years \$7,000,000 in silver-bearing lead. The Darwin district has probably produced between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. Darwin, the principal settlement of the district, is situated twenty-four miles southeast of Keeler on Owens Lake, the southern terminus of the Nevada and California Railroad. The name of the district is said to have been derived from Dr. Darwin French, who in May, 1860, led a party of fifteen men in search of the Gunsight lode. This lode was a mythical silver deposit, which at that time was widely believed to have been found by the emigrant party that was lost in Death Valley in 1850. In the early part of the decade between 1870 and 1880 silver-bearing lead ores were discovered in the vicinity of Darwin. A town soon sprang up here, and it is said to have had at one time a population of several thousand inhabitants. Three smelters were built in 1876 and a heavy production of base bullion was made. These furnaces, after the activities of the first few years, were operated in a desultory way only. Mining and smelting expenses were high, because prior to the completion of the railroad to Keeler in 1883 all freight had to be brought across the desert by teams from Los Angeles, a distance of 275 miles. The richer and more easily mined ore bodies were early exhausted, and the district soon lapsed into stagnation, occasionally interrupted by periods of activity. In the early part of 1912 interest in the district was renewed and considerable activity was displayed.

What is said to be the largest craft of its type in the world, the *Contra Costa*, a car-ferryboat, has just been launched in Oakland, California. It is 433 feet long and will supplement the *Solano*, between Port Costa and Benicia. The *Contra Costa* will be placed in service by the Southern Pacific Company on August 15. The new boat has a capacity of twenty-four passenger coaches, or thirty-six freight cars, and two engines on its four tracks, which run parallel in the center of the deck. The hull has fourteen bulkheads, any of which might be punctured without disabling the boat. The *Solano* has been in service for twenty-five years.

THE PICTURE HARVEST.

A Poor Crop of Art at the Royal Academy.

Art critics are envying the suffragettes. For what is a pen compared to a hatchet? Keenly though the pen may be sharpened and barbed with satire, its work is printed today and gone tomorrow. And there is the question of position and salary, too; the art critic who should attack the pictures of Burlington House with a chopper would lose his job and his income, to say nothing of a period of compulsory retirement in the shades of one of his majesty's prisons. But such trivial considerations do not disturb those gentle and refined members of the other sex who make up their minds to assail pictures in the interest of the "cause." Thus it happened that a few hours after the Royal Academy had opened its doors to the general public a sound of crashing glass was heard in the chief gallery, and when the curious looked in the direction whence the noise came it was discovered that an elderly white-haired woman was raining a few lusty blows at John S. Sargent's portrait of Henry James. Only a day or two earlier, at the private view, it had been objected of the portrait in question that it had a "wound-like gash" here and there; now the canvas showed several real gashes across the lower part of the face, while in other parts the paint was hanging downward in unsightly strips. We are getting accustomed to assaults on the Old Masters, but this attack on a New Master establishes a record in the annals of Burlington House.

And, as observed above, the critics are filled with envy. For the pictures which they have condemned as banal and commonplace and a general weariness to the esthetic sense are still shining on the walls in their resplendent frames, while the one which has been criticized with a hatchet has gone into obscurity for alterations and repairs. If the critics who have aired their opinions in print and by voice had emulated the suffragette the walls of the Academy would have looked like a hospital; there would hardly have been a sound piece of glass or an unscarred canvas. For it is the general verdict that this year's crop of art at Burlington House is one of the poorest on record. And that notwithstanding the fact that some eleven thousand pictures were submitted to the judges for the honor of "hanging." Less than two thousand were accepted, but if these are the cream of the lot the remainder must have been very skim milk indeed.

Why the lady with the hatchet should have made choice of Mr. Sargent's portrait of Henry James would provide a nice theme for speculation, presuming, that is, that a suffragette ever has any sane reason for her malice. Neither artist nor subject is a politician; and if the "horrible virago," as Edmund Gosse calls her, had an idea that she was injuring the bank account of the painter or the Academy she was woefully mistaken. For the portrait had been commissioned and paid for by a band of Mr. James's friends, and although it has been estimated that the hatchet wounds have reduced its value from £700 to £500 that loss will not fall on either the donors of the portrait or Mr. Sargent. If the "horrible virago" had not confessed that she wielded her chopper as "a protest," it might have been a problem in casuistry whether she had not designed a subtle revenge on Mr. James for his fictional enigmas. Doubtless there are many of his readers who would like to use a hatchet on his stories, but such a possible explanation of the outrage on his portrait is ruled out of court by the fact that Mr. Sargent has given us a surface view of the man rather than an interpretation of the puzzling novelist. That is to say, the portrait is not nearly so much of an enigma as one of its subject's novels. This is the Mr. James one sees on the street in a casual mood; it is a surface view rather than a glimpse of mind. In other words it is a mere likeness of a kind which the camera can produce almost as well.

Few, indeed, of this year's portraits are anything more. If there is an exception it might be made in favor of Gerald Kelly's counterfeit of Lady Gregory, which has an unconscious air even though it suggests the writer rather more than the woman. The politicians have fared worse than the lights of literature, for in Mr. Collier's portrait of Lord Morley "honest John" looks like a tailor's dummy, while Mr. Cope's attempt on Lord Haldane leaves one with as weary a feeling as one of its subject's interminable speeches. Nor is royalty in a better case, for the portrait of King George is almost forbidding in its set sternness. The portrait groups are not more pleasing than the single studies. One of the most pretentious of these groups is the late Sir Hubert van Perkomen's "Managers and Directors of the Krupp Firm," an ambitious attempt to emulate some of the old Dutch masters who were so successful with that type of composition. Here, however, the posing is so rigid and the models so self-conscious that while the canvas may adorn a boardroom it will never be a candidate for a picture gallery.

In the absence of great art, which seems to be singularly lacking in the British school of today as represented by the Royal Academy, the chief amusement of a visit to Burlington House consists in an effort to discover "the picture of the year." At the time of writing, and judging by the dimensions of the crowds by which they are usually surrounded, the choice seems to lie between Mr. Jack's "The Master" and Mr. Cowper's

"Lucretia Borgia." The former is the better picture as a composition, for the musician who is playing the fiddle to a rapt audience is well placed and the color scheme so graduated as to focus the attention where it should of right be held captive. If the public can only be started guessing the name of the piece the fiddler is playing, Mr. Jack's fortune will be made.

But he has a serious rival in Mr. Cowper. For when that painter decided to stake his fortune on an episode in the career of Pope Alexander's natural daughter he must have counted upon the weakness of the British public for pictorial anecdote. Here, then, is a rich interior of the papal apartments at Rome, the details of which, from the Pinturicchio ceiling to the embroideries of cardinals' robes, are painted with that minute realism so dear to the heart of the man in the street. Lucretia herself, who had been left by her papal father in sole charge of the Holy See during his absence, is ostensibly the centre of interest, for a friar is actually prostrate before her throne in the act of kissing her slipper. Yet Pope Alexander's natural daughter somehow fails to arrest as she should; it is not merely that Mr. Cowper has given her an insipid air foreign to the rôle she is playing, but that in his generous painting of the cardinals' robes he has introduced such a body of hot scarlet as kills all the other tones. Yet even that handicap will hardly prevent this richly adorned anecdote from securing the popular verdict. The faithful, however, may be inclined to resent the painter's insistence upon and over-emphasis of an incident which reflects so much shame on the history of the papacy.

Among the few pictures which stand the best chance of being remembered a century hence John Lavery's "Studio of the Painter" must take high rank. Since he abandoned Glasgow for London Mr. Lavery has made consistent progress in his art and has successfully survived the perils which beset a favorite portrait painter. If his studio is an unconventional apartment, more reminiscent of flower-bedecked drawing-room than the workshop of an artist, that is all to the good, while the blossomy way in which he has treated his theme greatly enhances his departure from use and wont. Again, Edward Scott's "Motherhood" is somewhat of a departure for that artist of patchwork designs and is a finely spiritual handling of a somewhat threadbare subject. The president of the Academy, Sir E. J. Poynter, is represented by one of those classic studies by which he won his reputation, but "The Sea Bath" is only another example of his gifts in spacing and in rendering green waves and marble masonry. More ambitious is the Hon. John Collier's "Clytemnestra," though the artist fails to suggest the strength of his subject's character.

While, then, the Royal Academy of this year of grace will not materially increase the "masterpieces" of the artist world, it has one claim to distinction in that an important experiment has been made in the matter of hanging. One of the galleries was handed over to Mr. La Thangue with absolute freedom to dispose of the pictures as he thought best. The result justifies the confidence. That is to say, Mr. La Thangue has arranged his materials in harmony with colors and themes; hence if individual pictures are not worth separate examination, the total effect of the room is wholly pleasing. If that plan were adopted with all the other galleries the Academy would be a pleasanter place to visit, for then one would derive some enjoyment from the general effect, whatever pains might have to be endured when the universal was lost in the particular.

LONDON, May 12, 1914.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

America leads the world in the production of talc and soapstone, and yet most Americans are far from appreciating how much of the joy and comfort as well as the success of life depends on the use of talc to smooth the rough places and lessen friction of all kinds. The cool and soothing toilet powder used by nearly everybody from the cradle to the grave is made of talc, which also absorbs grease from silks and other fabrics, bleaches cotton cloth, and cleans up things generally. The demand for talc is steadily growing in the United States and the production has responded. The largest amount of talc is used in the manufacture of paper of many kinds, from roofing to writing paper, not simply to give it body and weight, but to improve the quality. With the exception of a small amount produced in California, the entire output of talc in the United States comes from a comparatively narrow belt of crystalline rocks running through the Atlantic States from New York to Georgia. Like the talc of New York, that of southeastern California is in large measure derived from tremolite schist associated with limestone, but the indications of present development do not justify the belief that the California deposits are as extensive either horizontally or vertically as the deposits in New York.

So closely centred on coal and shipping is the capital of Cardiff that very little interest is taken in the encouragement of general import trade. This commercial centre of Wales, with a densely populated mining district within a twenty-five-mile radius, has witnessed no important concerted effort, with substantial capital, to supply these well-paid miners and their families with direct imported necessities and luxuries.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Brothered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in heauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low hed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent-knee!
They that with smile lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

Forever.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Angora goats have been used with profit to keep fire lines clear of inflammable vegetation on national forests in California.

MADAME WADDINGTON.

A Distinguished American Relates Some of Her Experiences as a Citizen of France.

Mme. Waddington, sparing us all genealogical details, plunges at once in *medias res* by telling us that she was married in Paris in November, 1874, after having lived seven years in Rome. She had a vague idea of going back to America, and Paris seemed to be a step in that direction. Her husband was a French deputy for the Department of the Aisne and she began her married life under the most troublous political conditions. The war with Germany was just over. Monsieur Thiers, the first president of the republic, had just been overthrown and Marshal MacMahon had taken his place. The French were sore and bitter after their defeat, and there was a strong feeling of violent animosity to the emperor who had lost them two of their fairest provinces, and there was a passionate desire for the revanche. The feeling was very bitter between the two branches of the Royalist party, Legitimists and the Orleanists, and the author tells us that one night she saw a well-known fashionable woman of the extreme Legitimist party turn her back on the Comtesse de Paris:

The receptions and visits were not always easy nor pleasant, even though I was a stranger and had no ties with any former government. I remember one of my first visits to a well-known Legitimist countess in the Faubourg St. Germain; I went on her reception day, a thing that all young women are most particular about in Paris. I found her with a circle of ladies sitting around her, none of whom I knew. They were all very civil, only I was astonished at the way the mistress of the house mentioned my name every time she spoke to me: "Madame Waddington, êtes-vous allée à la Opéra hier soir," "Madame Waddington, vous montez à cheval tous les matins, je crois," "Monsieur Waddington va tous les vendredis à l'Institut, il me semble," etc. I was rather surprised and said to W. when I got home, "How curious it is, that way of saying one's name all the time; I suppose it is an old-fashioned French custom. Madame de B. must have said 'Waddington' twenty times during my rather short visit." He was much amused. "Don't you know why? So that all the people might know who you were and not say awful things about the 'infected government' and the republic, 'which no gentleman could serve.'"

The position of Germans in France after the war was naturally a difficult one, and it seems to have been made all the more difficult by the arrogances of Count Arnim, the ambassador. Hostesses who had been in the habit of receiving Germans had to be careful in their invitations or run the risk of having their guests insulted. And in connection with the dark chapter of the war Mme. Waddington tells us that she saw the trial of Marshal Bazaine for treachery at Metz, giving up his army and the city without any attempt to break through the enemy's lines, or in fact any resistance of any kind. The court was presided over by the Duc d'Aumale, and the author tells us that it was melancholy to hear the report of Bazaine's career, so many long years of active and gallant service that were now to be finished by his judgment as a traitor, false to his trust when his country was in the death-throes of defeat and humiliation:

His attitude at the trial was curious. He sat very still in his arm-chair, looking straight before him, only raising his head and looking at the Duc d'Aumale when some grave accusation was made against him. His explanation brought the famous reply from the duc, when he said it was impossible to act or to treat; there was nothing left in France—no government, no orders—nothing. The duc answered: "Il y avait toujours la France." He didn't look overwhelmed, rather like some one who was detached from the whole proceedings. I saw his face quite well; it was neither false nor weak—ordinary. It is difficult to believe that a French general with a brilliant record behind him should have been guilty of such treachery, sacrificing his men and his honor. His friends (they were not many) say he lost his head, was nearly crazy with the utterly unforeseen defeat of the French, but even a moment of insanity would hardly account for such extraordinary weakness. W. and some of his friends were discussing it in the train coming home. They were all convinced of his guilt, had no doubt as to what the sentence of the court would be—death and degradation—but thought that physical fatigue and great depression must have caused a general breakdown. The end every one knows. He was condemned to be shot and degraded. The first part of the sentence was cancelled on account of his former services, but he was degraded, imprisoned, escaped, and finished his life in Spain in poverty and obscurity, deserted by all his friends and his wife.

Mme. Waddington tells us much of the social life of France. For example, we learn that the Conservatoire serves other purposes than that of music. When a marriage is pending the young lady is taken to the Conservatoire. She sits in front of the box and the young man in the stalls, where he can study his future wife without committing himself.

And she seems to think that the system works well, in spite of our national conviction that nothing can possibly work well that is in any way different from our own:

I think on the whole the arranged marriages turn out as well as any others. They are generally made by people of the same monde, accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes as nearly alike as possible. Everything is calculated. The young couple usually spend the summer with parents or parents-in-law, in the château, and I know some cases where there are curious details about the number of lamps that can be lighted in their rooms, and the use of the carriage on certain days. I am speaking of course of purely French marriages. To my American ideas it seemed very strange when I first came to Europe, but a long residence in a foreign country certainly modifies one's impressions.

The author tells us that she much enjoyed the "big men's dinners." Her neighbors were always distin-

guished in some branch of science, art, or literature, and she found the hour devoted to dinner a short one. When her husband joined the Ministry of Foreign Affairs they had to give receptions with music and comedy, and at one of her first big parties she had several of the Orleans family as her guests. She was rather nervous as to etiquette, as she had never even spoken to a royal prince or princess. Under the circumstances she thought it well to consult the Duc Decazes, the Foreign Minister, in order to get precise information as to deportment and ceremonial. She says he could not think what she wanted when she invaded his cabinet, and was much amused when she stated her case:

"There is nothing unusual in receiving the princes at a ministry. You must do as you have always done."

"But that is just the question, I have never done. I have never in my life exchanged a word with a royal personage."

"It is not possible!"

"It is absolutely true; I have never lived anywhere where there was a court."

When he saw that I was in earnest he was as nice as possible, told me *exactly* what I wanted to know,—that I need not say "Altesse royale" every time I spoke, merely occasionally, as they all like it,—that I must speak in the third person, "Madame veut-elle," "Monseigneur veut-il me permettre," etc., also that I must always be at the door when a princess arrived and conduct her myself to her seat.

"But if I am at one end of the long enfilade of rooms taking the Comtesse de Paris to her seat and another princess (Joinville or Chartres) should arrive; what has to be done?"

"Your husband must always be at the door with his chef de cabinet, who will replace him while he takes the princess to her place."

Music was one of the feature of Mme. Waddington's salon. Baron de Zuylén, the Dutch minister, was an excellent musician, and also Comte de Beust, the Austrian ambassador. And the mention of Comte de Beust is made the occasion for a story about Liszt:

Comte de Beust brought Liszt to me one day. I wanted so much to see that complex character, made up of enthusiasms of all kinds, patriotic, religious, musical. He was dressed in the ordinary black priestly garb, looked like an ascetic with pale, thin face, which lighted up very much when discussing any subject that interested him. He didn't say a word about music, either then or on a subsequent occasion when I lunched with him at the house of a great friend and admirer, who was a beautiful musician. I hoped he would play after luncheon. He was a very old man, and played rarely in those days, but one would have liked to hear him. Madame M. thought he would perhaps for her, if the party were not too large, and the guests "sympathetic" to him. I have heard so many artists say it made all the difference to them when they felt the public was with them—if there were one unsympathetic or criticizing face in the mass of people, it was the only face they could distinguish, and it affected them very much. The piano was engagingly open and music littered about, but he apparently didn't see it. He talked politics, and a good deal about pictures with some artists who were present.

But Mme. Waddington was to hear Liszt play many years later in London, but only as the result of an ingenious artifice:

We were again lunching together, at the house of a mutual friend, who was not at all musical. There wasn't even a piano in the house, but she had one brought in for the occasion. When I arrived rather early, the day of the party, I found the mistress of the house, aided by Count Hatzfeldt, then German ambassador to England, busily engaged in transforming her drawing-room. The grand piano, which had been standing well out toward the middle of the room, open, with music on it (I dare say some of Liszt's own—but I didn't have time to examine), was being pushed back into a corner, all the music hidden away, and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, statuettes, heavy books, all the things one doesn't habitually put on pianos. I was quite puzzled, but Hatzfeldt, who was a great friend of Liszt's and knew all his peculiarities, when consulted by Madame A. as to what she could do to induce Liszt to play, had answered: "Begin by putting the piano in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and put all sorts of heavy things on it. Then he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him." The arrangements were just finished as the rest of the company arrived. We were not a large party, and the talk was pleasant enough. Liszt looked so much older, so colorless, and his skin like ivory, but he seemed just as animated and interested in everything.

After lunch, when every one was smoking, Liszt and Hatzfeldt began talking about the empire and the beautiful fêtes at Compiègne, where anybody of any distinction in any branch of art or literature was invited:

Hatzfeldt led the conversation to some evenings when Strauss played his waltzes with an entrain, a sentiment that no one else has ever attained, and to Offenbach and his melodies—one evening particularly when he had improvised a song for the empress—he couldn't quite remember it. If there were a piano—he looked about. There was none apparently. "Oh, yes, in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt following, asking Comtesse A. if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys and by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. It was very curious; his fingers looked as if they were made of yellow ivory, so thin and long, and of course there wasn't any strength or execution in his playing—it was the touch of an old man, but a master—quite unlike anything I have ever heard. When he got up he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them." We tried to thank him, but he wouldn't listen to us, immediately talked about something else.

Nearly every one worth knowing seems to have passed through Mme. Waddington's salon. Count Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador, was particularly charming, but she complains of a general tendency

among the Anglo-Saxon and northern races to look down upon the Latins, and she then records her conviction that as a people, and she means the uneducated mass, the French are the most intelligent nation in the world:

We had a dinner one night for Mr. Gladstone, his wife, and a daughter. Mr. Gladstone made himself quite charming, spoke French fairly well, and knew more about every subject discussed than any one else in the room. He was certainly a wonderful man, such extraordinary versatility and such a memory. It was rather pretty to see Mrs. Gladstone when her husband was talking. She was quite absorbed by him, couldn't talk to her neighbors. They wanted very much to go to the Conciergerie to see the prison where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed the last days of her unhappy life, and Mr. Gladstone, inspired by the subject, made us a sort of conference on the French Revolution and the causes which led up to it, culminating in the Terror and the execution of the king and queen. He spoke in English (we were a little group standing at the door—they were just going), in beautiful academic language, and it was most interesting, graphic, and exact. Even W., who knew him well and admired him immensely, was struck by his brilliant improvisation.

Mme. Waddington tells us of a meeting with the unfortunate Archduke Rudolph of Austria. He was very good looking, with a slight, elegant figure and charming smile, not at all like a man whose life would end so tragically. When she saw him some years later in London he looked older and had lost his gaiety:

The late King Edward (then Prince of Wales) won golden opinions always. There was certainly something in his personality which had an enormous attraction for Parisians. He always seemed to enjoy life, never looked bored, was unfailingly courteous and interested in the people he was talking to. It was a joy to the French people to see him at some of the small theatres, amusing himself and understanding all the *sous-entendus* and argot quite as well as they did. It would almost seem as if what some one said were true, that he reminded them of their beloved Henri IV, who still lives in the heart of the nation.

Among the distinguished visitors entertained by the Waddingtons were President Grant and Mrs. Grant, who were received everywhere in Europe as royalties. When they dined at the Quai d'Orsay the Waddingtons went to the top of the great staircase to meet them, exactly as they did for the Prince and Princess of Wales, which caused the author to reflect on the treatment that some Presidents have received at home:

When we finally got to the table I found myself on the marshal's left—Mrs. Grant was on his right. The marshal neither spoke nor understood English. Mrs. Grant spoke no French, so the conversation didn't seem likely to be very animated. After a few moments Mrs. Grant naturally wished to say something to her host and she addressed him in English. "Mr. President, I am so happy to be in your beautiful country," then the marshal to me: "Madame Waddington je vous en prie, dites à Madame Grant que je ne puis pas répondre; je ne comprends pas l'anglais; je ne puis pas parler avec elle." "Mrs. Grant, the marshal begs me to say to you that he regrets not being able to talk with you, but unfortunately he does not understand English." Then there was a pause and Mrs. Grant began again: "What a beautiful palace, Mr. President. It must be delightful with that charming garden." Again the marshal to me: "Mais je vous en prie madame, dites à Madame Grant que je ne puis pas causer avec elle. Il ne faut pas qu'elle me parle, je ne comprends pas." "Mrs. Grant, the marshal is distressed that he can not talk to you, but he *really* does not understand any English." It was very trying for Mrs. Grant. Happily her other neighbor knew a little English and she could talk to him, but all through dinner, at intervals, she began again at the marshal.

The religious question was always a passionate one in France, and Mme. Waddington tells us that she found it almost impossible to persuade her friends that Protestants had any religion at all. After a long discussion with an acquaintance she did at last succeed in persuading her that Protestants believed in God, but it was evidently a revelation to the good Catholic:

Years afterward, with the same friend, we were discussing the proposed marriage of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the late King Edward VII of England, who wanted very much to marry Princess Hélène d'Orléans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, now Duchesse d'Aosta. It was impossible for the English prince, heir to the throne, to marry a Catholic princess—it seemed equally impossible for the French princess to become a Protestant. The Pope was consulted and very strong influence was brought to bear on the question, but the Catholic church was firm. We were in London at the time, and of course heard the question much discussed. It was an interesting case, as the two young people were much in love with each other. I said to my friend:

"If I were in the place of the Princess Hélène I should make myself a Protestant. It is a big bait for the daughter of an exiled prince to be Queen of England."

"But it couldn't be; no Catholic could change her religion or make herself Protestant."

"Yet there is a precedent in your history. Your King Henri IV of beloved memory, a Protestant, didn't hesitate to make himself a Catholic to be King of France."

"Ah, but that is quite different."

"For you perhaps, chère amie, but not for us."

However, the poor young prince died suddenly of pneumonia, so the sacrifice would have been in vain.

Mme. Waddington finishes her book as abruptly as she begins it, and it may be said that this is a good way to begin as well as to finish. Having come to the end of her story with her husband's loss of the ministry, she brings her writing to a conclusion with the reflection that it was no longer the time for the moderate and experienced men and that the young republic must have its fling. But she adds the significant question, "Has the country learned much or gained much in its forty years of republic?" And the question remains unanswered.

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN. By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Reconnaissance.

This curious story involves a problem of human courage that it is by no means easy to solve. Two soldiers find themselves alone on the African veldt during a war with the Amatongas. Sergeant Brown is badly wounded, but he orders his comrade, Trooper Leslie, to leave him and to make his way to the nearest post in order to carry the necessary warning of the native raid. Leslie refuses to do this, ostensibly because he will not abandon the sergeant, but actually, as subsequently transpires, because he is afraid to undertake the solitary journey and the risk of capture by the savages. Eventually he carries the wounded man on his back for ten days, almost without food or water and through a hostile country, and for this extraordinary feat he receives the Victoria Cross, although the true facts are well known to his immediate superiors. Then conscience begins to get in its work and he finds that praise and reward are unendurable to him. Now whether this poor fellow was actually a coward must be left to the determination of the reader, whose sympathies will probably incline him to a lenient judgment. Of course there is the usual love incident which is now supposed to be essential, but we may thank the author for an ingenious study of human motive as well as for a capital story.

THE RECONNAISSANCE. By Gordon Gardiner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Costa Rica.

That there are still great masses of unexamined and unclassified archives in the governmental storehouses of Europe is evidenced by this fine work on the discovery and conquest of Costa Rica. The author is himself a Costa Rican, and he tells us that the principal source from which he obtained his material is the Archives of the Indies at Seville. Here are stored thousands of forgotten documents, many of them of great historical importance and that would throw new light upon the story of the American republics. The author has made good use of his material, and the translator tells us in his introduction that there is still abundant wealth of the same kind to tempt the explorer.

The story of Costa Rica is one of exceptional interest, not only as a narrative of events, but as serving to a great extent to rehabilitate the character of the Spanish conquistadores. They were not the men of blood usually pictured for the edification of religious bigots. Blood there was in plenty, but it was not often shed in cruelty, and even then it was in disobedience to the express orders of the crown, which was "unswerving in its devotion to the principles impressed upon it by the humanitarian and benevolent Queen Isabella the Catholic." We may have our own views about Isabella, but they should be tempered by a realization of the times in which she lived.

The picture of the conquistadores presented by Señor Guardia is a pleasing one on the whole. He tells us of the intrepid Gil Gonzalez Davila and of the friar Juan de Estrada Ravago who was so adored, and with reason, by the Indians; of Juan Vasquez de Coronado and Don Rodrigo Arias Maldonado, who penetrated into the very heart of the terrible Talamancan country without firing a shot, and who afterwards entered the Bethlehemite Order. Nor, says the translator, can we withhold our admiration from the noble but unfortunate Diego de Nicuesa, or the valiant Captain Alonso Calero, or Hernan Sanchez de Badajoz, all men of superior mold, of whom any nation might be proud.

It would be interesting to summarize this admirable story, but it must suffice to praise its apparent historical accuracy and the energy and enthusiasm with which it is set forth. The author has rendered a marked service, not only to his own country, but to the cause of history in general.

DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF COSTA RICA. By R. Fernandez Guardia. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3 net.

Ravenna.

There are some cities destined by geographical conditions to be vortices of history, and the Italian city of Ravenna was among them. Like Venice, it was built upon the waters. It was an impregnable city and immediately commanded the pass between Cisalpine Gaul and Italy. It stood from fifteen to eighteen miles north and east of the Æmilian Way and some thirty-one miles north and a little west of Rimini. It was the deathbed and the tomb of the Roman Empire. The Emperor Honorius fled to Ravenna from Milan early in the fifth century. Here Odoacer dethroned the last Emperor of the West, only in his turn to be overthrown by Theodoric. From Ravenna the attempt was made by Byzantium to reconquer Italy and the West, while the fall of Ravenna in the eighth century brought Pepin into Italy in 754 to establish the temporal power of the pope.

With such a history to draw upon there is

abundant scope for a volume like this. The author begins with Julius Caesar, who chose it as his headquarters while he treated with the Senate before he crossed the Rubicon. He shows us the city in the time of the empire, the days of Theodoric, and its position as citadel of the Empire in Italy. There is a chapter on the Papal State and on the Catholic Churches of the Sixth Century, and the concluding sections are devoted to Ravenna in the Middle Ages, Dante in Ravenna, Mediæval Ravenna, and Ravenna in the Renaissance. The story is told with fine historical insight and in a graphic style that easily sustains the attention of the reader. Nor must mention be forgotten of the ten colored plates and the numerous illustrations in line, the work of Harald Sund.

RAVENNA. By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

Race Friction.

The author belongs to a small class of writers who are able to state a problem with accuracy and precision and to admit that it is insoluble by any other agency than time. His inquiry is directed toward the negro problem in America, and he believes it to be insoluble because it springs from those deeplying and slow-moving forces that make for ethnic solidarity or ethnic diversity. The color line has been drawn by nature, and it seems to indicate a natural evolutionary intention that can not be evaded or frustrated by artificial or legal rearrangements of the social system. It indicates, moreover, a natural caste which American democracy can not recognize without the negation of democracy itself. It is impossible to keep the negro in the enjoyment of an artificial state of equality until he shall he finally and slowly assimilated. It is equally impossible openly to relegate him to a class or caste which would practically be a perpetuation of slavery or of peonage, and so we have a third alternative, which is to accept the situation as it is and to insist upon a stern, even-handed justice based upon equality of consideration. This implies that each individual will eventually find his natural level, that the unfit will be eliminated and the fit preserved. In the end it means also a healthy and permanent and progressive civilization. Doubtless the negro will suffer a good deal in the process, and "apart from the sympathy and occasional helping hand of his white brother, he must indeed tread the wine press alone." The author is to be congratulated upon a clear and concise statement of conditions, and also upon a courage that helps him to refrain from the advocacy of a nostrum.

DEMOCRACY AND RACE FRICTION. By John Moffat Mecklin, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Tennyson.

Dr. Oliver Huckel is so well known as the writer of beautiful things that there will be no one to question his competence for this his latest work. Dr. Huckel has traveled through England and among all the scenes which readers connect with the memory of Tennyson. He describes the place of the poet's birth and boyhood days, his school and university life, his marriage, and his residence on the Isle of Wight and the Surrey hills. Dr. Huckel tells us not only much that is new about Tennyson, but also of some of his contemporaries, and he does it always with a fine and graceful skill that are beyond praise. Perhaps he lays rather too much stress upon Tennyson's religion, which was hardly definite enough for classification or label. To "faintly trust the larger hope" can hardly be considered as a profession of Christianity, and while there are more definite statements than this it is not easy to find a justification for enumerating Tennyson among the great advocates of the Christian religion. "The Higher Pantheism" is exactly what its name implies—Pantheism, and even "Crossing the Bar" is too vague in its theology for substantial service. And to compare Tennyson's Christianity with that of Gladstone is futile.

THROUGH ENGLAND WITH TENNYSON. By Oliver Huckel. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

Brief Reviews.

"The Yellow Angel," by Mary Stewart Daggett (Browne & Howell Company; \$1 net), is a collection of sketches of the Chinese in America. They are extraordinarily well told, vivid and dramatic, but to some they will seem to be marred by the apparent assumption that the progress of the Chinaman is to be measured by his success in imitating us. The same critics may object to the use of the word "heathen," which seems to mean no more than the holding of some religion that is not ours, although it may be much better than ours for the people who hold it.

"American Policy," by John Bigelow (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net), contains some valuable reflections on the Washington Precept, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Bolivar Idea, with appendices and bibliography. In his consideration of the cases that have already occurred under the Monroe Doctrine

the author points out the difficulty of making ethical comparisons between young and old nations, and he says "such wrong as our intervention in the Panama revolution would not have to be repeated very often to make a record that would be a shame to any people."

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a volume entitled "Right Living," edited by Homer H. Cooper, A. M., and made up of a number of essays on vital topics by distinguished men of today. Thus Walter H. Page writes on "The New Health Conscience," Admiral Dewey of "Three Mottos," President Schurman on "While in School," and Bishop Quayle on "Be Strong." There are nearly ninety of these little essays, and while there is always a tendency to platitudes among those who write for young people it seem to have been successfully avoided by most of the present writers. The price is \$1 net.

New Books Received.

THE TREND. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE MAKING OF A HOME. By Robert O. Lawton. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents net.

Its practical, religious, and ethical foundations.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

SHAKESPEARE PERSONALLY. By David Masson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

Lectures delivered during the author's tenancy of the chair of English literature at Edinburgh University.

THE NEW OPTIMISM. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

A volume of social philosophy.

THE ROAD TO LONDON. By David Skaats Foster. New York: The Franklin Book Company.

A novel.

CAMPING AND CAMP COOKING. By Frank A. Bates. Boston: The Ball Publishing Company; 75 cents net.

A book of vacation advice.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EULOGY OF RUFUS CHOATE ON DANIEL WEBSTER. By Charles Caverno, A. M., LL. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 50 cents net.

Delivered at Dartmouth College, July 26, 1853, and discussions more or less therewith connected.

STORIES AND POEMS AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6 net.

Compiled by Charles Meeker Kozlay. With an introductory account of Harte's early contributions to the California press.

THE INTERVENING LADY. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE CORNER-STONE OF EDUCATION. By Edward Lyttelton, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Asking the question how, where, and when character is formed in the growing human being.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND PARTY PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES. By James Albert Woodburn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A sketch of American party history and of the development and operations of party machinery,

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together with a consideration of certain party problems in their relations to political morality. A new and revised edition.

THE TITAN. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

THE ENLARGING CONCEPTION OF GOD. By Herbert Alden Youl. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A consideration of the fundamental issue of the twentieth-century church.

THE PURPLE MISTS. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In two volumes.

THEY WHO KNOCK AT OUR GATES. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A complete gospel of immigration.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A fantasy.

NOVEL WAYS OF ENTERTAINING. By Florence Hull Winterburn. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Suggestions of a practical and interesting nature to aid the perplexed hostess.

HISTORY OF THE SOLOIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON, D. C. Edited by Elva Anderson Lawton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With many facsimiles of official documents and letters.

MACONALD OF THE ISLES. By Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

A romance of the past and present. The record of a family history which for romance and interest it would be difficult to surpass in modern times.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Puritan Colonies.

Mr. Arthur Percival Newton gives us a striking example of the rich field of historical observation that rewards the diligent use of the historical microscope. In a general way we know that the colonizing activities of the English Puritans at one time extended to Bermuda, Barbadoes, Old Providence, Henrietta, and Association, but our knowledge is of no more than the loosest kind. The story has never yet been woven into the fabric either of English or American history, and perhaps for the reason that it was a story of ultimate failure and that the colonies were eventually captured by Spain. None the less Mr. Newton finds in it material for a book of 344 pages of well-written and consecutive narrative that throws a welcome light, not only upon the history of the two countries, but upon the Puritan and colonizing sentiments that were to be so incalculable an influence upon human destinies.

The narrative itself is of extraordinary interest and may safely be commended to the novelist in search of scenes and incidents. But of a more substantial value is the biographical and historical contribution furnished by the book. The colonists and their backers were the men who were finding England inhospitable to them during the revolutionary era. John Pym was the treasurer of the company. The Earl of Warwick, Viscount Saye and Sele, and Lord Brooke took an active part in its affairs, while Sir Gilbert Gerard, Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, and Sir Thomas Barrington were warmly interested in its fate. The eleven years of the company's activity coincide almost exactly with the eleven years of Charles I's autocracy, while the failure of the enterprise is shrewdly attributed by the author to the impossibility of combining the founding of an ideal community and the pursuit of a profitable investment for trading capital. Mr. Newton's work is therefore something more than the story of an adventure. It is an important chapter of history, and one that we now see to be indispensable.

THE COLONIZING ACTIVITIES OF THE ENGLISH PURITANS. By Arthur Percival Newton. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The present situation of this country with regard to Mexico, particularly the attempts at mediation, remind one of Frank Bartley Copley's striking little novel, "The Impeachment of President Israel." This is the story of a President of the United States who sought to avert a war by arbitration. Written long before the Mexican crisis arose, the incidents parallel existing conditions in a number of ways. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

In a well-known steel mill 26,000 men pass annually through the institution in order to maintain an average working force of 8000. It is this tremendous wastage of human energy that goes on in all big businesses that Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford and Arthur Newcomb discuss in "The Job, the Man, the Boss," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In June there will come from the press a new book by the old-time favorite, Opie Read. This new novel is entitled "The New Mr. Howerson." It is a story with a big theme, enlivened with the quaint humor and philosophy that has made Opie Read famous.

Sudermann's novel, "The Song of Songs," has been dramatized by Edward Sheldon. The English version of "The Song of Songs" is now in its fifth year and the demand continues unabated.

In "Stokes's Complete One-Volume Encyclopedia," just issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, the publishers have endeavored to improve upon the existing encyclopedias in almost every particular. Conciseness and thin but strong and opaque paper have made it possible to present in one volume of 1600 pages small but legible type a work that is much superior for quick and efficient reference to the cumbersome and expensive encyclopedia of many volumes.

"Children of the Dead End," a new story by Patrick MacGill, has just been brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co. Cast in the form of a novel, it is admittedly mainly an autobiography.

The four Gospels compose what is easily the most popular book in the world, outselling all poems, novels, and tales of adventure. No one knows from whence came this greatest of creations. Scholars, however, are agreed that Matthew, Mark, and Luke had a common source that has been destroyed, just as the sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles went to the same quarry seeking marble for their statues. Critics call this unknown source "Q," the original Gospel, lost perhaps in the destruction of the library at Alexandria in 656. For many years Newell Dwight Hillis has been studying old rolls and manuscripts in the light of recent discoveries in the Far East, and out of this has grown his new and fascinating

work, "The Story of Phædrus," from the Macmillan press, which brings, according to one of the best experts among the excavators in Egypt, the Memorabilia of Jesus down to date.

About June 10 Reilly & Britton will publish "Nancy the Joyous," by Edith Stow. "Nancy" is a story of the Tennessee Mountains.

William M. Raine's "The Pirate of Panama," just issued, is his ninth novel published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, and is said to be his best. It is a tale of old-time pirates and of modern love, hate, and adventure. The scene is laid in San Francisco, on board the *Argus*, and in Panama, where fabulous treasure is found.

The Putnams have just published "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph," by Francis Gribble, author of "The Romantic Life of Shelley," etc. There exists no other life of the Emperor Francis Joseph and no history of Austria in which the personal and political aspects of the subjects are considered in their relation to each other.

"The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon," by William Dean Howells, is one of the Harper books just published. It is a merry telling of merry doings in which the present and very much alive Mr. Howells spends a week with the gay ghost of Mr. Shakespeare.

For more than a century English-speaking students have heard Galileo referred to as the founder of modern physical science, but have had no opportunity to read in their own language what Galileo himself had to say. It is to supply this want that Henry Crew and Alphonse de Salvio have rendered into current English (with as little note or comment as is practicable) "Dialogues Concerning the Two New Sciences," by Galileo. The book was published May 6 by the Macmillan Company.

Vernon Castle, co-author with his wife of the recently published book, "Modern Dancing," was born and educated in England. A graduate from the School of Engineering, Birmingham University, he intended to take up electrical engineering.

A book of much current interest to women has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title of "Women Workers in Seven Professions," edited for the studies committee of the Fabian Women's Group by Edith J. Morley. Its seven sections are devoted to the Teaching Profession, the Medical Profession, the Nursing Profession, Women as Sanitary Inspectors and Health Visitors, Women in the Civil Service, Women Clerks and Secretaries, and Acting as a Profession. The writers include a large number of well-known women, who give their views not only on conditions as they exist, but also as they ought to exist.

CURRENT VERSE.

Night Song at Amalfi.

I asked the scattered stars
What I should give my love;
They answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go;
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping
Or I could give him song;
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?
—Sara Teasdale, in *Harper's Magazine*.

At Dayfall in the Streets of Samarcand.

At dayfall in the streets of Samarcand,
(Oh, that enchanted land!)
I saw two dusk-dark eyes above a veil;
And lo, it was as though the nightingale
Had voiced its deathless yearning; was as though
Hafiz had sung of love with all the glow
Of golden long ago!
Love took me by the hand,
At dayfall in the streets of Samarcand,
Led me and lured me in impassioned wise
And opened for me the gates of Paradise!
—Clinton Scollard in *Smart Set*.

The "Flying Dutchman's" Review.

Where the mid-Atlantic currents in their foam-
fleck'd surges sweep,
Ho, all ye craft that sleep beneath the blue!
The shades of all the ships that ever sank beneath
the deep
Meet once a year at midnight for review:
The war-tormented of Athens, the galleys oared of
Rome,
The sea-wolves of the Norseman and the rovers
of the Dane,
Their ghosts from deeps unsounded, where their
hulks lie century grounded,
To keep the tryst of ages rise again.

And in endless ranks extended, mann'd by wraiths
of wave-worn dead,
Ho, all ye craft that sleep beneath the blue!
They hoist their phantom anchors, and their phantom
sails they spread
To catch the spindrift's stinging breath anew:
The privateers and pirates, the Salley brigantines,
The men-of-war of England and the galleons of
Spain,
By grape and round shot shattered, with their
banners torn and tattered,
Once more aligned they ride the heaving main;

Till a phosphorescent ocean round the navies of
the dead,
Ho, all ye craft that keep the rendezvous!
In milky fire upboiling shows 'neath the blood-red
sails outspread,
The *Flying Dutchman*, admiral of the blue:
And every ghostly vessel dips its flag to him once
more,
As silent, she drives past him in review.
Into oblivion sailing with her time-gnawed ensigns
trailing,
In deeps unplumb'd to bide the call anew!
—Frederick H. Martens, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Avignon Erects Statue to Fabre.

A statue of J. H. Fabre, the French naturalist, by the sculptor Félix Charpentier, is to be erected at Avignon, where, at the Lycée, M. Fabre taught for many years. It is said to be a remarkable likeness of the naturalist as he looks at the present time. In his hand is the famous magnifying-glass with which he has so long followed the little dramas, until now ignored, in the world of insects. M. Fabre was visited in person by the President of France to be informed of this great honor. A further honor to be extended to M. Fabre is that a committee under M. Raymond Poincaré is to buy the "Harmas," made famous in Fabre's "Life of the Fly." "Harmas" is a Provençal name for a dry, waste land. The naturalist has abandoned to his insects a vast extent where they flourish all the pretty creatures that constitute his life study. This land has been the great outdoor laboratory where, under the open sky, for almost half a century, the Homer of the insects has studied the lives of his little beings. The French government thought it would be a sacrilege to have this land fall into strange hands, so the old naturalist is to be assured of uninterrupted enjoyment of his "laboratory" and his cottage home on its border. This committee also proposes to erect another memorial to M. Fabre in the commune of Sérignan, where he toiled and accomplished his life work.

The late Lillian Nordica was the first foreigner to receive the gold medal for merit, science, and art awarded by the Prince Regent of Bavaria. The award was made in 1872. Later, in speaking of it, Mme. Nordica said: "This was the third summer that I had sung the Wagnerian rôles at the Prince Regent's Theatre at Munich—I appeared as Elsa, Isolde, and one after the other the three Brunnhildes. When it was reported to the Prince Regent that I had filled the treasury of the theatre as it had never been filled before by an impersonator of the dramatic rôles, he thought I was entitled to the medal of merit, science, and art. It was just the same as if a German actor should come to America and enact the Shakespearean tragedy rôle in English with such success as to fill the theatres to overflowing and raise the receipts to a figure never before known. Only in my case it was not simply acting dramatic rôles, but singing them as well."

The \$10,000 prize novel, "Diane of the Green Van," by Leona Dalrymple, was published Saturday, March 7, by Reilly & Britton. To date over 100,000 copies have been ordered by the booksellers.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have put to press for reprints "Desert Gold," by Zane Grey, and the entire Author's National Edition of Mark Twain.



LAKE TAHOE

Mark Twain said of Tahoe, in comparing it with Como, "As I go back in spirit and recall that noble sea, reposing among the snow peaks 6000 feet above the ocean, the conviction comes strong upon me again that Como would only seem a belittled little courtier in that august presence . . . A sea, whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts 9000 feet above the level world; a sea whose every aspect is impressive, whose belongings are all beautiful, whose lonely majesty types the Deity!"

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"THE ISLE OF BONG BONG."

In spite of all the official changes at the Gaiety the very sensible policy of frequent changes in the personnel of the players continuously prevails. In shows as confessedly light as those offered in this temple of laughter every bit of novelty counts. Hence this week there was a warm welcome ready for the new lights that illumined the devious windings of plotless musical comedy.

The show begins with an amusing "foreword" given by a mysteriously hooded, masked, and gowned individual, who boldly and even defiantly announces that what symptoms there are of plot in the early stages of the entertainment will be summarily dealt with if they intrude in its later stages. And it may be added that there was no cause whatever for harshness in this respect.

The Isle of Bong Bong is apparently a Philippine dependency, judging from one or two inklings. However, that doesn't cut any figure. What is more to the point the chorus girls, of whom there are shoals, do. So does Frances Cameron, a coquettish, side-glancing, black-haired brunette, with a dainty figure that lends itself with irresistible effect to the allurements of masculine Spanish costume. This lady, who will be remembered by Orpheum habitués as having appeared there within a few months in a musical-comedy turn, in conjunction with Walter Lawrence, is now the leading light at the Gaiety. Miss Cameron has a light but quite pretty voice, and what with her looks, her costumes, her singing, and her coquettics, made an undoubted hit.

In marked contrast to the brunette beauty of Miss Cameron appears another pretty girl, Louise Orth, whose wonderful Dresden shepherdess tints have induced their fair owner to over-emphasize the natural bloneness of her hair. I thought all women had discovered the fallacy of thus depriving their features of the background tinted by nature, than whom, in her moments of inspiration, there is no better artist. However, Louise Orth is pretty, dainty, and pleasing, and forms a charming contrast to Frances Cameron.

The Philippine suggestion to "The Isle of Bong Bong" is brought out with tropical foliage, a verandahed bungalow, pretty girls with straw sombreros and fringed costumes, and a massive and imposing Sultan, whose pretty daughter, Paquita, coquettes her way along, giving the semblance of a plot.

Myrtle Dingwall is still in the company, and lent her dark eyes and effective speech to the rôle of a rather vague native widow who dealt largely in threats that matched her Philippine complexion.

Maude Beatty is another who is not new to our theatre-goers. She is a likable creature, with her massive proportions, clarion voice, and baby-blue eyes in amusing juxtaposition. So, also, is Arthur Clough, who does the masculine sentimentalities to the taste of the audience, while Walter Lawrence is the confident, rapid-tongued, patter man. Mr. Lawrence also gives an act of Irish specialties, and joins in with the lively quartet, who in the second act give an amusing travesty of Huerta and Villa and the Mexican aspects of Wilson and Bryan. Each man tries to resemble the character he caricatures, Will H. Sloan coming out particularly strong in a caricature of Bryan. It was the best of the new comedian's work, the rest of his material being of a rather gauzy description.

The play, or rather entertainment, makes, however, no pretense of being other than the lightest of the light. There are songs and stunts and stunts and songs in lively alternation in the last act. Margaret Edwards, very lightly draped in misty tulle, exhibits her youthful graces in a prettily postured dance, and the Tired Business Man, whose favor is bid for in the opening foreword of the masked anonymity, demonstrates conclusively by frequent applause that "The Isle of Bong Bong" is the kind of thing he wants.

THE ORPHEUM.

After such a super-excellent bill as that of last week there was bound to be something of a come-down in our house of vaudeville, but as three of last week's hits continue on the programme the bill still remains more than merely good. In fact it is excellent, although

I consider the left-overs outshine the new attractions, except "the aerial Lloyds," who give quite the most thrilling thing I have seen in acrobatics for many a day. The aerialists are four young men who do daring and wonderful feats on a lofty trapeze, and who keep one fairly jumping from one thrill to another. Two of them remain stationary on their lofty perch, to serve as levers and points of attachment to the other two, a marvelous pair, not only from the thrilling nature of their acrobatic feats, but from the gay unconcern with which they launch their young bodies into what might be annihilating space. To particularize, these two special performers did the old swinging acts that we haven't seen for a long time in vaudeville. But I have never seen anything more daring than the risks they took, nor, in this line of performance, more beautiful than the power and resilience with which their bodies served them as they soared, with splendid muscular impulses, higher and higher into space, and, releasing the hand of one of their number, would lightly and gracefully, and, it seemed, inevitably swing over and grasp those of the man at the other end of the trapeze. But the thrills that kept the beholders almost crying out with wonder came during those brief intervals between releasing one pair of hands and grasping another. In that short space of time they turned first half around while in mid-air, later completely around. And still the wonder grew. They turned one somersault first, then two, and finally three. And every time those wonderfully obedient bodies moved into the precise point for the meeting of hands as exactly as if they were guided by machinery. And all the time with that beautiful, free, spontaneous muscular action which is so gratifying to half-developed humans when they see it working in perfectly developed bodies.

Next in interest to this among the new attractions I would place Robert T. Haines in "The Man in the Dark," a very effective playlet which places a gentleman-burglar in the white light of a dramatic situation, quite exalting him at the expense of "those stall-fed society fellows" who, as Mr. Burglar scornfully points out, are always at hand "ready to offer first aid to an injured wife," and who are worse thieves than the ordinary burglar, in that they "sneak into a man's home and try to rob him of his dearest possession—his wife." From these transcripts the reader may divine that Mr. Burglar has stumbled on a projected elopement, and allows himself to indulge in the luxury of unbounded contempt for the male cloper.

I was amused last week at the attitude of those of the audience who were in the secret as to the sex of the seeming woman violinist. They were like children who had stumbled upon a secret, big with importance, and fairly bursting to betray it to the unenlightened. They actually interrupted the course of the act by various manifestations, and I can only conclude that the veritable disturbance made during the opening scene of Mr. Hurlbut's little drama arose from the same reason; certain of the audience knew that the burglar was there in the dark room listening to the love-talk of the illicit lovers in the lighted hall and ready to spring something unpleasant on them. It was comical, and argued such a complete entrance on the part of the disturbers into the interest of the thing that in spite of whistles and remarks called out from the dark one found one's self in a state of indulgence, as toward a naughty but artless child.

Robert T. Haines is supported by a satisfactory company, but after his spectacular appearance in the dark at the other end of a lighted match, he easily keeps in the limelight during the rest of the play, altogether outshining the others and showing himself possessed of looks, presence, and good stage individuality. The play, as I have said, rather exalts the burglar, but we know from actual happening that the crook has his moments of emotional expansion when he can pass by a big find; and, whether consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Hurlbut and the actor conjoined have given the burglar that little flourish, when he performs his graceful bit of chivalry at the final exit, which should characterize a thief who permits himself to temporarily scorn filthy gain for the sake of indulging in an ethical sentiment.

Oterita heads the bill, and, I fancy, was quickly forgotten by the audience when her act was over. She is a lithe, backward-bending, black-haired daughter of sunny something or other, but she will never set the Thames on fire, and her highly tinsel costume is murky.

Bessie Wynn, however, who has fallen heir to Lillian Burkhardt's vaudeville cognomen of "lady dainty," undoubtedly made a hit, partly due, I should judge, to youth, good looks, pretty clothes, and frequent changes of costume, as her contribution struck me as being slightly amateurish. She sang six or eight songs acceptably, threw in some dancing steps, and showed a self-confidence not quite warranted by her performance, although I must say she was backed up in it by the manifest approval of the audience.

Matthews, Shayne, and company's "Dream-land" opens rather better than it ends. Bob Matthews's song about "this dreamy old Chinatown" is, both in material itself and the way it is handled, in line with the motive of the thing. But the carrying out of the pipe-dream is not quite resplendent enough, considering what is aimed at. However, it, too, pleased the house, which is the main purpose.

I went to the Orpheum in the afternoon and to another theatre in the evening. Presumably the effect of the Orpheum performance would be displaced; or at least those left-over acts in it which I had seen the previous week would. But I woke up next morning in the immediate clutch of the dominant impression of the two performances. I saw a small, vivid, fiery, insurrectionary figure making luminous, fire-spurring darts across the stage, I felt a wave of hot-blooded Italian wrath, and I heard Lottie Shaw's accents spitting out in the Italian vernacular, "I gotta de rock!" Clever little woman! You can listen to this talented little comedienne all over again, absorb every point, admire the finish and the dexterity with which she drives her effects home, and come away feeling that she has risen superior even to the best of the novelties, so humorous, and discerning, and prehensile is her observation of humanity and her application of the same to the technic of her craft.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Late Tito Mattei.

Concerning the late Tito Mattei, the popular song writer, the London Times relates this anecdote: When he was five and a half years old he made his first public appearance as a pianist at a concert given by Michael-Angelo Russo. Tito had begged to be allowed to take part in the concert, and Russo, wishing not to hurt the child's feelings, had promised that he should. Tito sat in the front row impatiently, waiting his turn, and was put off with "After the next piece" until the end of the programme was reached, and the audience rose to go. Tito began to cry bitterly, and would not be pacified until he was taken to the piano. He was not tall enough to mount the stool, so he stood up to play. He chose Dohler's Fantasia on Beatrice di Tenda, and as he played the departing audience turned back and climbed upon the chairs to catch a glimpse of the performer. At the close they applauded loudly. Tito had made a successful début.

"The Miracle" for New York.

"The Miracle," Karl Vollmoeller's wordless mystery pageant, which has created a great stir in England and throughout the continent of Europe, is to be presented in America. Madison Square Garden, New York, will house the great spectacle in which over 2000 actors take part. The engagement will begin the first week in December. The money necessary for the undertaking has been pledged by a group of wealthy New Yorkers. The costumes, scenery, mechanical effects, and accessories alone represent an outlay of \$100,000. Max Reinhardt of Berlin is the producer. To accommodate "The Miracle" Madison Square Garden is to be transformed. The interior will be built over into the semblance of a Gothic cathedral. All the action takes place in the centre of the edifice, and no curtain is used. Reinhardt effects the eight necessary changes of scene by use of a curtain of light. The mechanical effects and appliances, as well as the costumes, used by Reinhardt in London,

where "The Miracle" was done at Olympia, will be brought to this country. The principals will also come from the other side, and Reinhardt will assemble his stage managers and assistants in Berlin. The orchestra and chorus of 500 will be recruited in America, however. The music is an important element of the success of "The Miracle." It is by Humperdinck, composer of the operas "Hansel and Gretel" and "Königskinder." Over 3,000,000 persons in Europe have flocked to see "The Miracle." In Vienna, for example, the average attendance at each performance was over 9000—the spectacle being presented in the Rotunda of the Austrian capital, the largest roofed amphitheatre in the world.

The post of musical adviser to the London county council has been given to Hubert Bath, who thus will have a voice in arranging the programmes of over fifty bands.

Preliminary Announcement

¶ D. Samuels take pleasure in announcing the completion of arrangements for the inauguration of a

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Road to Happiness" at the Cort.

William Hodge will bring the greatest success of his career to the Cort Theatre Sunday night, when he will be seen in "The Road to Happiness," in which he has just finished a twenty-two weeks' run in the Garrick and Princess Theatre, Chicago—the longest and most successful engagement for any play produced this season.

In his new play Mr. Hodge acts a young country boy who makes a living for himself and invalid mother by day by doing odd jobs about the small town he lives in, while his nights he spends in the study of law under the tutorage of an old country judge. So well does the boy progress in his studies that he is shown at the end of the play, just a year after the first act, a successful young attorney, much of the same type as Daniel Voorhees Pike in "The Man from Home."

Chief among the characters in the play is a crabbed village storekeeper, who, because of his wealth and position, seeks to order to his own measure the affairs of not only his own family, but the other villagers as well. He attempts, by an unjust accusation, to belittle in the eyes of his neighbors, and especially the village banker, his stepdaughter. His main reason for so doing is that he may bring about a marriage for his daughter to the banker, who is really in love with the stepdaughter. Only one person in the entire community dares to defy him, and that is the young law student. Needless to say, the old man is unsuccessful in his attempt.

All of the characters introduced are of the type familiar to all the semi-rural communities of our country. Supporting Mr. Hodge are Misses Reeve Greenwood, Gertrude Hitz, Marion Brust, Marie Haynes, George B. Lund, Adin B. Wilson, Taylor Carroll, A. L. Evans, and Howard Morgan.

"The Isle of Bong Bong" at the Gaiety.

The Gaiety's opening last Sunday night has rejuvenated that erstwhile house of mirth and made it merry once more. "The Isle of Bong Bong" registered a hit that was unqualified by "buts," and undiminished by any element of half-hearted praise. It was a complete suc-

cess judged from any standard of excellence that is applied against a traveling show costing twice the money to witness.

Musically "The Isle of Bong Bong" is a string of melodious pearls. "Come on Over Here" is a tune to set the town whistling, and it invariably "stops the show" for a half-dozen encores. Walter Lawrence performs a similarly obstructive but pleasant duty when he sings with "the ponies" his Irish song, and with Margaret Edwards, the "perfect girl," presents "My Havana Maid." The latter is a classic in song, such as Barrie's "Lady Nicotine" is in literature. It sings the praises of a "Havana Made." Meanwhile Miss Edwards, as light as thistledown, as nebulous as the eurling, wreathing smoke, and as alluring as the charming Lady Nicotine herself, weaves through the mazes of a dance, her fluttering draperies revealing vaguely the form that has been the admiration of artists.

There is not enough plot left to worry the most brain weary auditor and laughter ripples through every scene.

To Miss Cameron belongs the stellar honors for her singing, her grace in dancing, her personality in acting, and her beauty as revealed daintily in a collection of beautiful costumes.

In common with all the other Gaiety productions, the costumery, designed and made under the direction of Mme. Keeler, is a great feature of the production.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Eddie Foy, better known than any other comedian in the United States, and with more actual successes to his credit than any other American star, with the Seven Little Foyes, each of whom is a born comedian, will head the Orpheum bill next week. This will be their first vaudeville engagement in this city, and their act has proved an immense laughing hit in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit in which it has already been presented. Clever as he is, Foy is in serious danger of having his stellar fame somewhat dimmed from seven different sources, the sources being his little sons and daughters.

Irvin Cobb's "Sergeant Bagby," a big act in every sense of the word and a splendid dramatization of his story which proved so successful when published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, will be one of the best features of next week's bill. The dramatization was accomplished by Mr. Cobb and Bozeman Bulger, the famous writer of the *New York World*. Every detail of the production has been adequately provided for, including a very elaborate stage setting. A cast of seven prominent players do full justice to the sketch.

Harry B. Lester, the "Jovial Jester," will deliver his monologue, in which is introduced a number of impressions of stage stars, one of them being the late Sir Henry Irving. Lester is a good comedian and one of the best raconteurs of the day.

A pretty little musical comedy in tabloid will be presented by Harry Pauli and Hazel Boyne, two clever and attractive young people who combine ability with personality in the necessary proportion for a venture like this. The songs in their sketch are all written by Mr. Pauli.

Athletics, skill, and daring are combined by the Kramers in their decidedly graceful gymnastic exhibition. The two men are well skilled in their work and the girl is attractive and wonderfully clever.

Next week will be the last of Robert T. Haines and company, Matthews, Shayne, and company in "Dreamland," and Bessie Wynn, "the Lady Dainty."

"The Soul Kiss" Pantages Theatre Leader.

George Ford, the original Mephisto of the first cast of "The Soul Kiss," will head the company opening at the Pantages in a tabloid version of the same production. "The Soul Kiss" abounds in merry jingles and catchy song numbers, and was for many seasons the one bright spot in musical comedy. The company sent over the Pantages circuit embraces a coterie of pretty girls, a wealth of beautiful costuming, and is played in three magnificent scenes.

For a special added feature to the regular show a unique feature will be the first showing in film of the noted suffragette, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, who is the star of a great three-part drama called "What Women Want." Mrs. Pankhurst posed for the different actions shown of her in the production while on her tour of the United States a few months ago. The film drama is of intense interest and weaves a pretty story of love and politics, with women gaining the hard-earned right to vote.

Joseph Remington and a select company will offer a sparkling comedy, entitled "The Milinery Salesman."

The Wartenberg Brothers, direct from Berlin, have a novelty in foot-juggling.

Skipper, Kennedy, and Reeves will unravel fifteen minutes of mirth and melody.

A duo who sing their own songs and chatter laughable nonsense are Scott and Wallace.

Musette, the dainty little violinist, who scored a big bit here a few months ago, will

round out the rest of the vaudeville programme.

"Omar, the Tentmaker," the romance of a rose-scented garden, will be divulged at the Cort Theatre following the engagement of William Hodge in "The Road to Happiness." This spectacle-play by Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise," has astonished the most blasé of the country's reviewers in the lavishness of its scenic investiture. Guy Bates Post is starred in the play, and the original company in every particular will be seen here.

N. C. Goodwin is due at the Cort soon in "Never Say Die," a rattling good comedy that is possessed of plot, situations, a reasonable amount of easy action, coupled with some fine acting on the part of Mr. Goodwin and his support, which includes his wife, Marjorie Moreland.

Richard Strauss's so-called ballet, "The Legend of St. Joseph," for which seats sold at a premium, a 40-franc (\$8) seat bringing 75 francs (\$15), had its first performance at the Opera, Paris, on May 14. It proved to be a pantomime, with the characters in costumes by Bakst of the Venetian Renaissance period. The biblical story was travestied to an even greater extent for the new ballet than for "Salomé," but the music redeemed the inanity of the story. The most remarkable novelty was the introduction of Turkish boxers at the feast given by Potiphar. Six boxers without gloves indulged in a combat to illustrative music. The dancing of Joseph fascinates Potiphar's wife, who later on in her night dress goes to a couch on which Joseph is sleeping and strips off his cloak, leaving him practically naked. Joseph repulses her and she accuses him of having insulted her. When Potiphar's guards are about to take Joseph off for punishment on account of the accusation made by Potiphar's wife the archangel appears and Joseph's chains drop off. The archangel then leads him away. Potiphar's wife afterward strangles herself with a row of pearls which she wears around her neck.

A gala performance for the German emperor and the empress in Brunswick has been one of the early events of the present tour of the continent of Europe by Pavlova and her company and orchestra. At the close of the Brunswick performance the danseuse was invited to the imperial box. Pavlova will appear in all the principal cities of the two Teutonic empires, not omitting the Magyar section of Austria-Hungary. There will be a number of performances in Budapest. The tour will end in Vienna. Then "the divinity of the dance" must hasten to London. For Czar Nicholas and his consort will be in the British capital in August. Chief among the entertainments in their honor will be a special performance by Pavlova. From London Pavlova will follow the Czar back to St. Petersburg, there to give for him her annual special command performances. It is by returning early each fall to dance for the Czar that the ballerina retains her title of chief danseuse to his imperial majesty. The third American season of Pavlova and the Russian dancers will begin with a performance in New York City on November 2.

Strong protests have been made against the production of Gabriel d'Annunzio's first film drama in several of the leading Italian opera houses. The production was to have been made at the San Carlo in Naples, the Costanzi in Rome, and the Scala in Milan. In Naples an appeal was made to the royal commissioner to prevent the "desecration" of the home of opera by giving moving pictures in it. The directors of the Scala have refused to allow the production in that theatre.

The leading players of Italian birth of the various symphony and opera orchestras in America have formed an organization, called the Italian Symphony Orchestra of New York, for the purpose of giving two concerts yearly, one in the fall, before the beginning of the regular season of the various orchestras to which the men are attached, the other in the spring, following the disbanding of these orchestras. The organization is supported wholly by the dues of the members.

Of 101 plays submitted to the Russian Union of Dramatic Authors in this year's competition twenty per cent were characterized by absolute illiteracy. The element of comedy was almost completely lacking in the plays—"not a smile in them," one of the judges said. Murder, suicide, or mortal diseases figured in all but five of the pieces.

Dr. Charles William McFarlane in "The 'Gex' Portrait of Lord Byron," which is announced for the June travel number of the *Century*, will supply a great deal of interesting information on the physiognomy of Lord Byron.

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Irvin Cobb's "SERGEANT BAGBY," from the famous story in the *Saturday Evening Post*; HARRY B. LESTER, the Jovial Jester; HARRY PAULI and HAZEL BOYNE in a musical comedy, "Courtship"; THE KRAMERS, Graceful Gymnasts; ROBERT T. HAINES and Company in "The Man in the Dark"; BOB MATTHEWS, AL SHAYNE and Company in "Dreamland"; Last Week, Immense Success, BESSIE WYNN, "the Lady Dainty."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST

The noted English suffragette, in a three-part film drama, entitled
"WHAT WOMEN WANT"

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"THE SOUL KISS"

Big cast and special scenery

Seven Big Vaudeville Acts

VANITY FAIR.

It seems that women are bound to get the vote before long if they continue to show the fertility of resource that now distinguishes them. Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Havelock Ellis, who has just been entertained at a "tea" given by the suffrage societies of New York. Doubtless it was a festive occasion. It sounds like it, and there may be no impropriety in saying that a suffragette ought not to be held responsible for her words or actions while in her cups. Mrs. Ellis remarked that "Broken hearts are better than broken windows. If women would refuse to wash or cook for their husbands and refuse to kiss or even look at them I believe they would get the vote in a very short time." We were under the impression that washing and cooking had already been banished from the domestic Ten Commandments, and now it seems that kissing is to follow suit.

Now if this were just an ordinary occasion we should hasten to give expression to that exuberant gallantry for which we are noted and that has so often been voiced in this column. We should say that nothing remains to us but an abject surrender, and so we should tenderly press a ballot paper into the lady's hand and claim the chaste reward that has been sanctioned by usage and hallowed by custom. But in a matter of such import as this we must be frank. We do not believe that the heart of the average husband can be broken by any such method. In those moments of poetic afflatus that come to us on pay days and holidays we should welcome this beautiful comparison between the fragility of a window-pane and that of the male cardiac organ. We should arch our backs and purr quite audibly under the ministrations of Mrs. Havelock Ellis. But this is Monday morning, and therefore we are callous and resentful. There have already been occasions, less momentous than this, when our wives have refused to kiss us or even to look at us, and yet we managed to weather the storm under reefed topsails. In point of fact we whistled, and were then told that to whistle was cruelty within the meaning of the act. So we stopped that. None the less we have grown a little inured to this particular deprivation. We have found that we can still drag on a miserable existence even under a kiss stringency and that the great world rolls smoothly onward and carries us and our aching hearts with it, even when the good coin of the kiss has been replaced by clearing-house certificates. The osculatory famine never lasted very long and we always survived.

No, it won't do, Mrs. Ellis. Guess again. Remind yourself that "men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love."

Unless the new marriage rules are mitigated, and that speedily, it is hard to see how any of us can even think of matrimony. It seems as though church and state were in an unholy combination to strew tacks, point upward, upon the path of the unlucky lover and to drive him to all sorts of expedients as alternatives. For example, here is an Eastern clergyman who holds up pious hands in horror because bridesmaids come to church without their hats. Think of that. We seem to feel that our glorious institutions are rocking upon their foundations at such profanation. The scriptural rule, says this solemn donkey, is being violated, and presumably he refers to some remark of Paul about women keeping their heads covered in the synagogue. Paul also says something about women wearing their hair long and being in subjection to their husbands, and a number of other things of a like kind that no one now takes any particular notice of. And so this reverend imbecile says that it will be his duty to refuse the ceremony of marriage if this horrid sacrilege of bridesmaids without hats is repeated. In this case we may hope that the incriminated couple will step round to the city hall and be married in a sensible way and by some one who does not care a rap even though they should present themselves without hats, or boots either.

And now it seems that a Colorado judge, doubtless with an unobstructed eye to the suffrage vote, has decided that a wife may draw checks upon her husband's account and that the bank is bound to honor them. Is it to be wondered at that men should feel a certain coy reluctance to enter upon the state humorously described as holy? It is true that there are very few husbands nowadays who have any bank accounts to draw against. We can not usually afford to double the luxury of a wife and a bank account, and under the new Colorado ruling the difficulty is likely to grow greater. Personally we have been placed by fate in a position where these slings and arrows of outrageous matrimonial fortune pass us by unscathed. We committed what the newspapers call the rash act before marriage became a penitentiary offense, or at least a presumptive evidence of guilt, but we can not help wondering where this sort of thing will end or how we can be expected to make a good showing to the census man if things continue to go at their present gait.

Heaven knows our young men wish to do their duty, but the fates seem to be against them. The game has become hardly worth the candle.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, who from the safe seclusion of China has lately written a book about America, tells us that on one occasion he was the humble instrument under Providence of producing a happy marriage. At least we have no reason to suppose that it was not happy. The distinguished author says: "Once I was an involuntary match-maker. Some years ago, during my first mission in Washington, I was invited to attend the wedding of the daughter of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. When I entered the breakfast-room I saw the bridesmaids and a number of young men. Going up to one of the bridesmaids whom I had previously met, and who was the daughter of a senator, I asked her when it would be her turn to become a bride. She modestly said that she did not know, as she had not yet had an offer. Turning to the group of young men who were in the room, I jocularly remarked to one of them: 'This is a beautiful lady; would you not like to marry her?' He replied, 'I should be most delighted to.' Then I said to this young lady, 'Will you accept his offer?' She seemed slightly embarrassed and said something to the effect that as she did not know the gentleman she could not give a definite answer. After a few days I met the young lady at an 'at home' party, when she scolded me for being so blunt with her before the young men. I told her I was actuated by the best of motives, and a few months later I received an invitation from the young lady's parents inviting me to be present at their daughter's marriage. I thought I would go and find out whether the bridegroom was the young man whom I had introduced to the young lady, and as soon as I entered the house the mother of the bride, to my agreeable surprise, informed me that it was I who had first brought the young couple together, and both the bride and the bridegroom heartily thanked me for my good offices."

"I did not see you at the domestic science lecture yesterday," said Mrs. Twinkler.

"No," answered Mrs. de Vote. "There is no use in my studying domestic science."

"Why not? They tell you just what foods are to be fed to children to make them grow in a healthful manner and develop properly."

"My children don't want to hear about foods that are good for them. Neither does my husband. I don't dare tell them that a certain food is good for them. They will never touch it if I do. They think it in the medicine class. I used to feed them rice. Rice, as I learned when I attended the lectures, is rich in protein, and the body requires a certain amount of protein. I explained it all to my husband and the boys and that settled the rice question forever. They said they didn't care for drugs with their meals. They said they ate for the fun of the thing; not for their health. They made all sorts of fun of me. Mr. de Vote would say, 'Have some proteids, hoys,' and the boys would respond, 'Sidetrack 'em, dad.' It was the same with aluminous foods. They wouldn't eat eggs. They said they didn't care for albumen. I quit just in time or they would have abandoned their cereal in the morning."—*Chicago News*.

If we were all to follow the example of these admirable and intelligent men, how quickly we could exterminate the food faddist and the hygienist. And what a blessing that would be. And how much more healthy and happy we should all be. Was it not Browning who set us an excellent example in this respect? He sent for the doctor religiously whenever he was sick, but it was only in order to extract from him a comprehensive list of all the things that he must and must not eat. Then he did exactly the opposite. He ate all the things that were forbidden and refrained from all the things that were commended. And he got well invariably, and attributed his good fortune to the aforementioned procedure. If we were all to go and do likewise we should not only rid ourselves of our aches and pains, but probably we should all live, like Browning, to be over eighty.

Professor Charles W. Wallace of the University of Nebraska, Shakespearean scholar, who has devoted ten years to the study of documents in the public record office in London, has collected a mass of unpublished material consisting of newly discovered documents bearing on the theatre of Shakespeare's time and the people with whom he associated. He is especially happy over the fact that his new finds confirm the now famous Osteler-Heminges documents discovered by him and published in 1909. He says they settle once and for all the controversy as to the Globe Theatre site by confirming the boundaries given in the Osteler-Heminges documents, thus discrediting those who have maintained that the Southwark Brewery was the site of the old Globe Theatre, and who placed a tablet in the brewery walls in 1909.

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New Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

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Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

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Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man rather untidy in his personal habits was discussing the question of a new waistcoat with a friend. "What color would you advise?" he asked the friend. "Why," said the friend, "I'd get one of soup color."

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing-room. "And which one of my girls do you admire, might I ask?" "The married one," was the prompt reply.

Two Pullman porters, representing different railroads, met off duty and progressed from friendly gossip to heated argument. Their quarrel centred about which one worked for the better road. Their claims, figures, and arguments came fast and furious. At last the tall, thin porter settled the dispute with these classic words: "Go on, niggah; we kills mo' people den you fellahs tote."

Sam's friends were reasoning with him patiently at the street corner. "Now, Sam, it's time you went 'ome. That's the best place for you." "It's this way," argued the erring brother. "If I go 'ome now she'll say I'm drunk—if I don't go 'ome she'll say I'm drunk. It's this 'ere sulfrage movement that's set 'em harguing. I've a good mind to go 'ome and break the winders."

Evidently the neighbors didn't think much of the singing of Antonio, a Sausalito fisherman, for he was arrested and fined on a charge of disturbing the peace. "Dees town she no lika da moos," said Antonio sadly, in speaking of his vocal excursion. "Dees peop' no on'erstan'. New York she geeva da Carus' \$2500 for seeng one song. Me I seeng da Sausalit' for not'ing and da judge say twent'-fi' dollar!"

Judge Hanington, when leader of the opposition in the New Brunswick legislature, representing the county of Westmoreland, was once delivering a vigorous address in the House against some measure of the government, then led by Mr. Blair. "Oh, that my constituents in Westmoreland could hear me now!" exclaimed the opposition leader in violent tones. Mr. Blair motioned to an attendant. "Open the windows," he said.

In the biography of William Stokes, published in London fifteen or more years ago, it was related that Stokes was sent to Dublin during the famine to show people how to make soup. He asked one starving beggar why she didn't go and get some of the free soup. "Soup, is it?" said the woman. "Sure it isn't soup at all." "If it isn't soup, what is it?" "It's nothin' but a quart av wather boiled down to a pint to make it strong!"

The Prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage at a dinner: "Through marriage a French woman gains her liberty, an English woman loses hers, and an American woman—!" The prince paused and looked quizzically about him. "Yes? The American woman?" said a debutante. "The American woman," ended the prince, "continues to do as she likes."

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the swimming-hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water. And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge. "Come out, Chawncney," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

Towards the end of a long life old Mr. Barleycorn, a well-known brewer in a quiet old town, joined the church, so with a view to their eternal welfare he made it a custom for his workmen and draymen to turn up on Sunday morning at the brewery, all dressed in their best smocks and top hats, when he would march along with them to church. This had been going on for some time, when one day the parson met him, and, after stopping to chat, mentioned at parting, "Oh, by the way, Mr. B., I do wish you would cease bringing your men to my church; they snore so that I can't hear myself preach."

He was an illiterate product of the English slums and he had just "got religion." Meeting some of his old cronies, he told them of his change of heart. "Sin 'as been driven out o' me like Adam an' Eve was turned out o' th' Garden o' Eden," he said. "Ow's that?" asked one genial heathen, for whom the allusion was all Greek. So the religious chap proceeded to enlighten them. After a few preliminary details he proceeded: "Eve ses:

'Adam 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite.' 'Garn!' ses Eve. 'Garn, 'ave a bite.' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam." He repeated this dialogue once or twice, his voice gradually rising to a horrible shrillness. "An' then Adam took a bite," he finished up, dramatically. "An' th' flamin' angel come along wiv 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ah-side!'"

At considerable expense a certain Scottish town council had erected public swimming baths, and they were opened by one of the leading men of the neighborhood. Of the proudest there was Sandy, who had been appointed bath superintendent. Sandy had two hobbies—dog breeding and swimming. Just prior to the opening ceremony one of the local councilors slipped and fell into the six-foot end of the bath. "Come out o' that!" roared Sandy, leaning over and catching the unfortunate one by the hair. "Come out o' that! That bath's no' opened yet." When on firm foothold the councilor tried to laugh the matter away. "Anyhow, I have had the first swim," he said. "'Deed ye hadna," responded Sandy calmly. "Me and th' dogs had a dip this morning."

Mr. R. B. Waterston, who spoke recently at the labor demonstration at the Hippodrome, London, introduced to the English platform a method of silencing an interrupter which was as novel as it was effective. It consisted in his telling the interrupter a story about another interrupter. "There was once a meeting," he said, "addressed by a great speaker, and he was constantly interrupted, as I have been; but he turned on the interjector and gave him a very rough passage. At the end of the meeting a young lady went to the speaker and said, 'I think you were rather hard on him.' 'Why,' said the speaker, 'he was embarrassing me and deserved the dressing down I gave him.' 'Yes,' rejoined the lady, 'but you were very hard on him all the same. He is an idiot.' Mr. Waterston, needless to say, had a perfectly attentive audience for the rest of his oration.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Out of It.

O, see the man! In utter gloom
He leaves the gayly lighted room.
He hears the sound of laughter gay.
He has a look of dull dismay.
While others wear a joyous grin
As loudly sounds the ragtime din,
He turns away and lets them prance,
The man who never learned to dance.

A man may study all the arts,
May read the sea and sky by charts,
May know the history of the law
From Moses down to Harry Thaw.
He may have treasure locked away
And power other men to sway,
But where's the use? He stands no chance,
The man who never learned to dance.

—Washington Star.

The Sermon.

Before he got to Secondly,
His hearers all began
To give their minds with industry,
To dream or scheme or plan.

One deacon built a mansion big,
Another sold a cow;
A leading member raised a pig,
Another bought a plow.

Mis' Doctor Hazard trimmed a hat;
Jane Meadows made a gown;
Her mother newly papered that
Back parlor all in brown.

Job Skinner figured how he'd do
His partner, Abner Wait;
Judge Clark elected himself to
The senate of the state.

The lawyer planned a speech and hoped
He'd win his case next day;
And Johnny Weatherby eloped
With little Susie Gray.

And, when the services were done,
And they were passing out,
They all agreed the sermon one
They'd profit by no doubt. —Puck.

Omitted.

I met a little debutante.
She looked so young and sweet—
I thought to talk of birds and flowers
Would be extremely neat.

"Why yes," she smiled, "it is right nice
When many questions vex
To see how well they illustrate
The mysteries of sex!"

I gasped a bit but plunged again,
"What books do you like best?"
"Why Mrs. Shocker's on White Slaves
Are franker than the rest.

"And plays?" I stammered, blushing red.
"I write myself," said she.
"My masterpiece, 'Disease and Sex,'
You very soon will see.

"Tis full of wise eugenic lore,
No subject's barred you'll find."
"Yes, one's left out," I growled in rage,
"A pure eugenic mind!" —Club-Fellow.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

From Los Angeles comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Edith Metcalfe and Mr. John Van Cartwell. Miss Metcalfe, who is a daughter of the late Captain John Metcalfe, formerly resided in this city, but for the past year has made her home in the southern metropolis. She is a sister of Mrs. John B. Kaufman and Miss Constance Metcalfe and a cousin of Mrs. Rollo Fay and Mrs. Frank Glass of Berkeley.

Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alyce Warner, to Mr. Benjamin Upham. Miss Warner is a sister of Mrs. Stuart Rawlings and Mr. Moulton Warner and a cousin of Mrs. Charles Merrill. Mr. Upham is a brother of Mr. Isaac Upham of this city. The wedding will take place Friday, June 19, at the home in Mill Valley of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anita Bertheau, to Mr. John Fulton. Miss Bertheau is the sister of Miss Helen Bertheau and the Messrs. Rudolph and Cesar Bertheau, Jr. Mr. Fulton, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fulton of Reno, Nevada, is a mining engineer and associated in business with Mr. William Deveraux at Angels Camp, California. Mr. Fulton is a brother of the Messrs. Margaret and Helen Fulton, frequent visitors in this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lurline Matson and Mr. William Roth took place Wednesday evening in the First Presbyterian Church. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home on Jackson Street of the bride's parents, Captain William Matson and Mrs. Matson. Miss Metha McMahon was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marguerite Doe, Marie Louise Tyson, Lillian Van Vorst, Grace Gibson, Franc Pierce, and Jane Hotaling. Mr. Frank Thompson of Honolulu was Mr. Roth's best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. George Leih, Harry Weihe, Roy Ryone, Alfred Swinnerton, Alan Taylor, and Joseph Hutchinson. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Roth will reside on Green Street near Polk, where they have taken an apartment.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Carrigan and Mr. James N. Thompson took place Wednesday morning in New York City. Miss Carrigan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan of this city and a niece of Mr. John Carrigan and Mr. Lawrence Harris. Mr. Thompson is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James N. Thompson and a brother of Mrs. Charles Norris, Mrs. William Benet, and Mrs. Charles Hartigan. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will reside in Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Gailliard Stoney have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Margaret Stoney, to Lieutenant Francis D. Pryor, U. S. N., at St. Luke's Church, Wednesday, June 17. Miss Stoney will be attended by her cousin, Miss Florence Stoney, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donzel Stoney of this city. Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., will be Lieutenant Pryor's best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside on Pacific Avenue, where they have taken an apartment.

Miss Edith Slack entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her home on Sacramento Street. The affair was in honor of the Misses Lillias and Olive Wheeler and Miss Frances Jewell of Kentucky, who were the complimented guests again in the evening, when Mrs. William Denman gave a dinner at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson was hostess at an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Arguello Boulevard in honor of Miss Constance Wilkinson of Boston, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Wilkinson, is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Hattie Schultz and Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn were the complimented guests yesterday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Louy Cummings. Mrs. Stanley Vail also entertained at a similar affair recently at her home in San Anselmo in honor of Miss Schultz.

Mrs. M. E. Hebbard was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday at her home in Oakland.

Miss Katherine Burke entertained a number of the alumnae of her school at luncheon recently at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. John E. D. Trask gave a luncheon Wednesday, when she entertained the members of the women's board of the exposition and their daughters.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was hostess at a luncheon at her home at Millbrae Sunday preceding the dedication of the Catholic Church of St. Dunstan. Mrs. Reid's guests included the Right Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Rev. William J. Cantwell, Rev. P. C. Yorke, D. D., Rev. Philip Ryan, and Rev. James A. Grant of Burlingame.

Mrs. Norris K. Davis entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore entertained the Bridge Luncheon Club, of which she is a member, Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann gave an elaborate reception yesterday afternoon at their residence on Washington Street.

The members of the Menlo Golf and Country Club entertained their friends at a dinner-dance Saturday evening. Among those who had house guests over the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Miss Prentiss Cobb Hale and her daughter, Miss E. E. Ryan, entertained a number of friends at a Thursday afternoon at their residence on Valley Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Helen Long, who recently announced her en-

agement to Lieutenant Charles Nulson, U. S. A., and Miss Helen Cowles, the fiancée of Mr. Kenneth Davis.

Miss Olive Wheeler, whose engagement has recently been announced to Lieutenant Curtis Nance, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at a reception Sunday afternoon given by her fiancé's parents, Major John T. Nance, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nance, at their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George T. Maye, who came to California on a brief visit and left on Saturday for her home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. D. Marshall Wotkins of Pasadena was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by her sister, Miss Katherine Redding, at her home on Lombard Street.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer entertained a number of friends at a thé d'asant Thursday afternoon at her home on Steiner Street in honor of Miss Marian Long.

Mrs. Bernard Ford was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Johnston entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening.

Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mrs. Keeney gave a dinner Saturday evening at their residence on Buchanan Street in honor of Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Miss Lurline Matson and her fiancé, Mr. William Roth, were the complimented guests at a dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Bentley.

Mrs. Duval Moore was hostess at a luncheon recently at her home in Ross in honor of Miss Bernice Bromwell, who recently announced her engagement to Mrs. Moore's brother, Mr. John Martin, Jr.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a dinner and theatre party Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Marian Zeile, who with her cousin, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin, will spend the summer in the East. Mrs. William H. Taylor gave a dinner Friday evening at her home at Menlo Park in honor of Miss Zeile.

Mrs. Walker Coleman Graves entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday in honor of Mrs. I. C. Windley of Nevada.

Mrs. Stow Ealand gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Edgar Bruce, who was formerly Miss Peggy Stow. Before returning to her home in Manila Mrs. Bruce will visit her mother, Mrs. Sherman Stow, at her ranch in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Jordan entertained a number of friends at luncheon Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Lieutenant B. H. L. Williams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williams entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Richmond Pearson Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. Richmond Pearson Davis was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Harrison and Miss Leila Harrison, who are the house guests of Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoodie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoodie. Mrs. Harrison and Miss Harrison were the complimented guests again Tuesday, when Mrs. Ralph Crystal Harrison gave a luncheon, and Thursday evening, when Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tobin entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Mrs. J. L. Hines entertained the Sixth Infantry Bridge Club Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Miss Louise Janin, and a party of friends have returned from a week's motor trip. En route home they spent a night in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller were at last accounts traveling through Italy. They expect to return to their home in Oakland in October.

Miss Einnim McNear will arrive tomorrow from Miss Spence's school in New York and will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., in Piedmont.

Mrs. John McMullin has gone to the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia to spend several weeks and will later visit relatives in Kentucky. Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Virginia Jolliffe, who were to have sailed from Honolulu Friday, May 22, have postponed their return until June 6.

Miss Augusta Foute has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the past few weeks with Miss Helen Wright.

Mrs. Henry Scott Jeffreys left last week for the East and will spend the summer with relatives on Lake Superior.

Dr. Langley Porter, Mrs. Porter, and their children are en route to Europe, where they expect to remain a year. They are accompanied by Dr. Robert Richards and Mrs. Richards of Mendocino.

Mrs. George Washington Baker and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cleveland Baker, are established in their new home in Piedmont. The latter is the daughter of Senator George C. Perkins.

Mrs. Herbert Gallagher has gone East to spend a few weeks with her relatives.

Miss Elva De Puc spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Helen Hooper and her daughter, Miss Helen Hooper, left last week for their summer home at Carmel-by-the-Sea. They were accompanied by Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles.

Miss Bernice Bromwell has returned to her home in Oakland after a visit in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, parents of her fiancé, Mr. John Martin, Jr.

Mrs. Spencer Buckbee has recently been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Curry, at her home in Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge are established for the summer in their country home near Saratoga.

After an absence of twenty-one months Dr. and Mrs. Louis Lisser have returned from their trip around the world, and are again at their home, 3899 Washington Street.

Mrs. Murray Warner, formerly of Shanghai, but now living at 2590 Green Street, this city, has been appointed delegate of the American Women's Club of Shanghai to the biennial of the Federation of Women's Clubs, which meets at Chicago in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Gailliard Stoney, Miss Margaret Stoney, and Lieutenant Francis Pryor, U. S. N., have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Pryor at their home in Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Dr. Max Rothschild and Mrs. Rothschild.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore are contemplating a trip to Honolulu, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Marguerite Doe, who arrived last week from her home in Montecito, has been the guest of Miss Metha McMahon.

Mr. Robert Sullivan has returned to his home in Chicago after a two weeks' visit with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan.

Miss Isabel Chase has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne at their home in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Hayne have gone to Santa Barbara, where they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody spent a few days last week in Woodside, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss have closed their town house and are occupying their country home in San Rafael.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie are en route home from the Orient. They sailed May 20 from Yokohama. Mrs. Brodie's son, Mr. Austin Tuhhs, who accompanied her as far as Manila, will remain there until December.

Dr. Gustavus C. Simmons, Mrs. Simmons, and their daughters, the Misses Eleanor and Edna Simmons, of Sacramento, departed Monday for New York and will sail next week for Europe, where they will remain a year.

Miss Ethel Cooper has been spending the past week in Burlingame, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Miss Marie Louise Black has gone to Portland, Oregon, to spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Carey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have gone to Woodside to visit Mrs. Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's new home in San Mateo is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle have returned from Europe and are again occupying their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle and their daughter, who have been at the Hotel Wolcott in New York since their arrival from Europe a few weeks ago, are en route home after an absence of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Hanchett spent a few days last week in Sacramento.

Mr. Arthur Hill Vincent, who spends a part of each year in California, has returned to New York, where he will remain until the holidays.

Miss Charlotte Tuttle and Mr. Curtis Tuttle entertained a house party over the week-end at their ranch in Colusa County. Among their guests were the Misses Ruth Winslow and Isabelle Beaver and the Messrs. Algernon Gibson and Richard Bertheau.

Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Miss Eleanor Tay, and Miss Dorothy Danforth returned Monday from a week's visit at the Henshaw ranch in Shasta County.

Mrs. Marshall Wotkins of Pasadena has been spending the past two weeks with her father, Mr. A. P. Redding, in this city.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara has recently been visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Alfredo Monteverde came from his home in Mexico, to visit his brother-in-law and sister, Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto will spend the summer in Miramar, where they have rented a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Hathaway and their daughter, Miss Marie Hathaway, are established for the summer in their bungalow at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Edward Goodrich has moved from the St. Xavier apartments to Los Gatos, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Margaret Nichols is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, at their ranch near Merced.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace has been spending the past week at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard has recovered from a recent operation on her throat and has returned to her country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will sail the first week in June on the *Imperator* for Europe. They will be accompanied by Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Jane Hotaling.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clarke and her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Porter, have joined Mrs. J. B. Wright and Miss Laura Baldwin in Paris. Mrs. Wright and Miss Baldwin spent the winter in Egypt.

Miss Janet Crose has returned to her home in Mare Island after a visit at Yerba Buena, where she was the guest of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove.

Paymaster Frederick Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins who until recently have been stationed at Yerba Buena, are established at the League Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. Joseph Leroy Nielson has gone to Kentucky to visit the relatives of her husband, Lieutenant Nielson, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *Jupiter*. Mrs. Nielson was formerly Miss Helen Nicol of Berkeley.

Mr. Frank Fechteler of California, now residing in Washington, has successfully passed the examination for admission to the Naval Academy at

Annapolis. He is the appointee of Senator Perkins, and is the son of Captain Fechteler, well known in California, and who is at present aid to the Secretary of the Navy. The young man is a grandson of Judge William W. Morrow of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. This is Judge Morrow's second grandson admitted to the Naval Academy within two years.

Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoodie, U. S. A., and Miss Dunwoodie are entertaining Mrs. George Harrison and Miss Leila Harrison at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel William Q. Glassford, U. S. A., and Mrs. Glassford have returned from the Philippines and are temporarily residing at the Hotel Cecil.

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Electricity in the Home

Modern inventors have not at all ignored the woman in the home. As time goes on, housework becomes less heavy and woman begins to realize more and more that to be a little less parsimonious and indulge in a few of the luxuries of labor-saving devices results in health, happiness, economy, and in the end to a saving of money.

It is a little too much to expect an instantaneous jump from the old-fashioned methods of housekeeping, which invariably have caused physical and mental fatigue, to the adoption of all the electrical contrivances which, in this day of enlightenment and advancement, make housekeeping delightfully easy and add a charm and grace which has hitherto never been approached. However, that time is coming, and the fact that electrical restaurants have come to stay is but a forerunner of what may be expected in the strictly up-to-the-minute home in the near future.

The beauty of electricity is that it can be applied to any home in any part of the country. There is no section of north-central California which is not covered by the wires of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company or which can not be easily covered if there be a chance of any fair future demand for electric power. Eventually the country home will be rendered independent of all old-fashioned problems of light, fuel, and power. Electricity will solve them all. A slender wire will convey the mysterious "juice" to the country estate and to the snug farm house. "Pacific Service" now supplies two-thirds of the population of California, and is steadily enlarging its field of activities. It is familiarizing the people with the many uses to which electric power can be put, and by so doing, and also offering the free services of its engineers in solving power or water questions which may trouble its patrons, this company is advancing the cause of the home in innumerable ways.

For instance, in building, one wishes to arrange for the most convenient way in which to install electric washing machines, wringers, and ironing boards in the laundry. The "Pacific Service" man is at command and is glad to give all the information necessary and install everything quickly and quietly. Of course the day of the broom, with its clouds of dust, is waning fast. The modern home has cast it into the discard for the vacuum sweeper, and here again "Pacific Service" makes play of what was once a dreaded piece of drudgery.

The kitchen nowadays can be the pride of the house; in fact, many beautiful homes are being built with electrically equipped kitchens, for the coal range, convenient in the city if one has plenty of time, is disappearing in the fine country places. There are electric ranges, smaller electric plates, toasters, percolators, chafing dishes, water heaters, and nearly everything conceivable for the home. The pressure of a button gives instantaneous heat, steady heat, which can be regulated and modified at will. There is absolute cleanliness. There are no waits for the fire to get going, and there is a cool kitchen on a hot day.

Aside from its many other uses, electricity is a great feature in the sick room. The electric massage is a part of the modern home, for it can be used in innumerable ways.

The time will come—indeed it is fast approaching—when electricity and electrical furnishings will be just as essential to everybody as gas, wood, and coal are now. The home will be fitted for electricity in every department, and in this marvelous work of progress the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is leading the way.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor John Bassett Moore, who resigned recently as counselor in the Department of State and first assistant to Secretary of State Bryan, is to resume his work at Columbia University next fall.

Zentaro Kawase, professor of forestry at the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, has been making a tour of the national forests of this country to learn the government's methods of selling timber and of reforestation.

Rudolph Schou, a councillor of state of Denmark, who is noted for his labors to give his country pure foods, has returned after a short stay in the United States. For the last fifteen years he has been conducting a campaign against impure foods in Denmark. Two years ago, largely as the result of his agitation, a law was passed by the Danish Parliament penalizing the adulteration of foods and laying down strict rules for labeling food products.

M. Spahlinger, a young Swiss scientist, the latest to bid for fame as a discoverer of a possible cure for tuberculosis, has spent a fortune in his experiments, and is credited with many cures. The Spahlinger treatment consists of intra-muscular injections of antigenic tubercules and ferments. He was originally a lawyer in Geneva, but attracted by the study of biology he gave up the law, and for the last four years he has been experimenting in his laboratories on behalf of suffering humanity.

Dr. William C. Braisted, present surgeon-general of the navy, whose report was responsible for Secretary Daniels issuing the order abolishing the "wine mess," was born in Ohio fifty years ago. He has been largely instrumental in raising the naval hospitals to their present high plane, having made a study of hospital work during the Russo-Japanese war. During that conflict he was at the front, and it was for his report upon the Japanese hospital service that the Mikado decorated him. He was also in Venezuela during a period of fighting, and at the battle of Puerto Cabello his services in caring for the Venezuelan wounded earned him the Order of Bolivar. He has been president of the Association of Military Surgeons, an honor granted only to eminence.

Willy Ferrero, the wonder child of seven and a half years, whose consummate abilities as a conductor have caused all Europe to talk during the last few months, was born in Russia, but of Italian parents. Recently he appeared in England before Queen Mother Alexandra, and a few months ago, while in St. Petersburg, conducted the Russian Imperial Orchestra in the presence of the Czar. Genius that he is in conducting orchestras, he does not know a note of music and can not play a single instrument. Landon Ronald,

after watching him direct the New Symphony Orchestra in Albert Hall, declared that the curly-headed boy "is the most unaccountable genius I have ever met."

Joseph R. Darling, who for five years has been special agent of the Department of Justice at Washington, and prepared for the government the evidence in important anti-trust cases, has resigned from the Department of Justice to take up work with corporations. During the terms of the last three Attorney-Generals Mr. Darling prepared the cases for the department against the bathtub trust, the barvester trust, the Pacific Coast Plumbing Supply Association, the motion-picture trust, the Santo Dominican revolutionists, and others.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Amnesia is the theory now advanced in the coastwise search for Frank A. Swain, the realty broker who disappeared recently.

George W. Towle, lumber man and a resident of California for more than half a century, died at his home, 2500 Broadway, after a brief illness. Heart failure is given as the cause of death.

On Wednesday ceremonies marked the installation of the first exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. An American-made Deisel engine was placed in Machinery Palace.

A referendum petition has been filed with Registrar Zemansky holding up the Southern Pacific franchise granted by the supervisors after months of controversy, and under which the company will build its new Third and Townsend Street depot and enlarged terminal facilities. The petition was filed by C. W. Eastin and E. P. E. Troy and others of the Public Ownership Association.

Won Doo King, one of the richest Chinese on the Pacific Coast, was on Monday ordered deported. The order came from the Secretary of Labor and ends a year's fight in which Won has expended a small fortune to stay in America. He was implicated in the smuggling of Chinese, as well as in other transactions, besides his gambling, which drew to him the attention of the government.

Michael J. Roche, lately appointed as justice of the peace by Governor Johnson, was on Monday inducted into office.

The Spring Valley Water Company has filed suit in the superior court against the City and County of San Francisco to recover \$64,957 taxes paid under protest in the last fiscal year. The corporation alleges that the assessor discriminated against it in placing the



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valuation of its San Francisco holdings at \$6,865,497, whereas the properties are valued at only \$3,968,218.

William P. Glynn died on Friday of last week at his Menlo Park home. For twenty years he was paying teller of the Hibernia Bank.

State Senator John J. Cassidy, stricken with paralysis more than a year ago in Sacramento, has passed away at his home on Twentieth Avenue. The funeral was held last Monday.

For the purpose of raising \$4,000,000 to be spent chiefly in the betterment of the City Investment Company properties and other realty held by heirs of Claus Spreckels, a trust deed has been executed by Rudolph Spreckels, Claus Spreckels, Jr., and Mrs. Emma Ferris, their sister. The property covered by the trust deed includes the Claus Spreckels Building and annex and property at 733-737 Market Street. The nine parcels of realty, with their improvements, have an estimated value of \$7,500,000.

Charles A. McConaughty has been appointed assistant district attorney by District Attorney Fickert. He is to be prosecutor in Police Judge Sullivan's court. The salary will be \$200 a month.

Fred Fox and Maurice Pettinger were sentenced Wednesday by Federal Judge Dooling to eleven months each in the Alameda County jail for smuggling Chinese into the country. Their arrest followed the landing of the launch *Calypso* in Monterey last winter.

A plan was proposed this week by Jesse W. Lillenthal, president of the United Railroads, whereby the United Railroads and the city engage in a partnership business. His plan in brief follows: The refinancing of the United Railroads with either local or foreign capital; the issuance by the city to the United Railroads of indeterminate franchises; an agreement that these franchises shall be revocable at any time at the will of the municipality upon the purchase by the city of the physical properties of the United Railroads at a valuation determined at the time of entering into the agreement; the sharing of profits between the municipality and the corporation.

Mayor Rolph on Wednesday announced the ousting of Fire Commissioner W. H. Hammer, thus breaking a long deadlock. Charles T. Spader, a realty dealer, was appointed to fill the vacancy. At the evening session S. D. Russell was made first assistant fire chief and John J. Conlon second assistant.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Gray deals in plots." "Is he a writer, detective, or sexton?"—*Town Topics*.

"Why do you keep such a careless servant?" "She is the only one that my clothes wouldn't fit."—*Judge*.

Izzy—Max, I hear your uncle died. Vat vas der gompaindt? Max—None. Ve vas all satisfied.—*The Chub-Fellow*.

"What do you charge for your rooms?" "Five dollars up." "But I'm a student—" "Then it's \$5 down."—*Cornell Widow*.

"I hear there is going to be a congressional inquiry into Packmay's business." "I had no idea he was so prosperous as that."—*Life*.

Pinhead—'Tis the mind that makes the body rich. Miss Pickles—Don't worry. Poverty is no crime.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Prospective Employer—Young man, where is your house of worship? Young Man—It changes, sir, with my divinity.—*Town Topics*.

Mother—George Washington couldn't tell a lie. Billy—What a shame, when there were so many then that hadn't been told.—*Princeton Tiger*.

College Chum (in the doctor's office)—Well, how are they coming, old top? Young Doctor (gloomily)—In the best of health, curse the luck!—*Puck*.

He—Darling, refuse me, and I shall never love another girl. She (briskly)—What I want is a man who will promise me that if I accept him.—*Judge*.

Browne—What ever became of Digg? You remember he took a Ph. D. in Greek poetry. Grey—He's scanning meters for a gas company.—*The Smart Set*.

"Every time I see grandfather's sword I want to go to war." "Well?" "But every time I notice grandfather's wooden leg I cool down."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mother (reprovingly)—When I was young, girls never thought of doing the things they do today. Daughter—Well, that's why they didn't do them.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

It was an ardent and successful reformer who remarked quite confidentially that "you could propagate almost any kind of a propaganda if you could find the proper geese."—*Livingston Lance*.

"Did you stop in the employment agency to get a cook?" asked Mrs. Crosslots. "Yes," replied her husband, gloomily. "Eight of 'em looked me over and decided that I wouldn't do."—*Washington Star*.

Mudge—Here's a man figured out that if all the money in the world were divided equally each adult would get about thirty dollars. Meek—He's wrong. My wife would get sixty dollars.—*Boston Transcript*.

Madge—I'm not just sure that I'm in favor of the present tendencies. Marjorie—But just think, dear, how comforting it is to know that while you're enjoying naughty novels and sex plays you're helping in the great moral uplift.—*Puck*.

The Chaperon—Young man, you have your arm around that young lady's waist. The Young Man—Thanks! I've been trying to find the spot all evening, but with these new gowns a fellow hardly knows where he's at.—*New York Globe*.

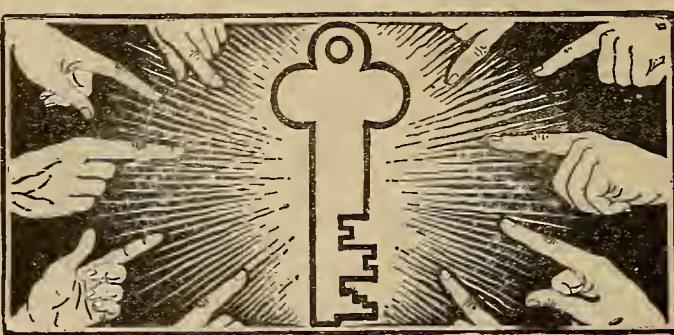
"Can I interest you in an attachment for your typewriter?" asked the agent, as he entered the office. "No chance," replied Mr. Grouch. "I'm still paying alimony on the strength of the attachment I had for my last typewriter."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Would George enlist?" "No, I don't think he would." "What's the reason? He comes of fighting stock." "That's the reason. He's soured on fighting. His grandmother is a Colonial Dame, his aunt is a D. A. R. and his mother is a militant."—*Boston Globe*.

The Counsel—How do you know this night letter was forged by a man and not written by the woman whose name is signed to it? The Expert—Because it contains just forty-eight words, and a woman would have used two more to get her money's worth.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You don't seem to hold me in the same regard that you did when you married me," said the sentimental woman. "You must remember," replied her tactless spouse, "that you don't look the same as you did then. Fashions change so remarkably that I don't see how any man and woman can feel really well acquainted."—*Laricety*.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" teacher inquired in her sweetest manner. "Drawin'," was the sullen response. "Drawing what, Tommy?" "Drawin' a picture of God." "But, Tommy," said the shocked teacher, "nobody has ever seen God. Nobody knows what He looks like." Tommy was undaunted. "Well, they will when I get this picture drawn."—*Washington Star*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Theodore Roosevelt.

One who sat face to face with ex-President Roosevelt during his visit to Washington last week and had deliberate converse with him writes to the editor of the *Argonaut*: "He has altered remarkably. His face appears elongated—it is drawn, almost haggard, and his eyes show large and staring in wasted sockets. His skin is bronzed, but somehow it does not look healthy. He walks awkwardly, even uncertainly, the lameness in his injured leg being markedly in evidence. He talks as a once strong man trying gallantly to overcome an unaccustomed and embarrassing weakness. It isn't the rapid, easy flow that once came from him, but comes in halts and jerks—something after the fashion of water gurgling out of a bottle. He looks what he is, a man who has been very sick. It is my judgment that he will never be quite the same physical man again; and if I were his doctor I would advise against any day as strenuous as any one of the ten which he has passed since his return."

That day at Washington last week was significant of many things. Published reports have given the impression that during the whole of it Mr. Roosevelt was

in the hands of the Progressive politicians. As a matter of fact the Progressive leaders, eager as they were, did not get a chance at the ex-President until the hour he had fixed for a conference after the delivery of his Smithsonian lecture. During the day he neither saw nor talked with any politicians, Progressive or Republican, unless the fact that he was a guest at the house of Senator Lodge may be assumed as a political incident, which it was not. The day was spent with Smithsonian people, a call on President Wilson, visits with two or three old friends, with an hour given over to the Spanish ambassador. Then dinner and the lecture, followed by the conference with Progressives. Then the train for New York. If, as has been reported, an effort was made on the part of certain Republican leaders to get into touch with the ex-President, it failed.

These facts and incidents are significant because they are indicative of the state of Mr. Roosevelt's body and mind. He is clearly a bit aged and a bit sobered. As yet he evidently does not know with whom or in what alley he is to play. If he intended to give himself over body and soul to the Progressive party, or if he intended to make up with the Republican party, he would in his day at Washington easily have found means of exhibiting the fact. What he did was to avoid anything suggesting a definite enlistment with either the Progressive or Republican groups—to so order the most conspicuous day since his return as to give assurance neither to the one group nor to the other. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt intends to keep in line with affairs political. As evidently he intends to be absorbed at present neither by one party nor the other. True, he has announced that he will speak in Pennsylvania in the coming campaign against Penrose, but this is in satisfaction of an old grudge. Likewise in Ohio he is to lend aid to Garfield. But Garfield as Secretary of the Interior was once a member of his official family. He is, it is reported, coming to California to speak for Johnson, but Johnson was his running mate on the Progressive ticket, which creates what may be construed as a species of obligation, albeit Mr. Roosevelt does not personally like Governor Johnson.

Be all this as it may, Mr. Roosevelt reached home, spent a week in New York and one day in Washington without making any one the wiser as to his political plans. The most important of his outgivings, made upon the hour of his departure for Europe, affords no answer to questions which many are asking. It leans neither to the one side nor to the other. It may as well serve as a basis for a future connection with the Republican party as for a future connection with the Progressive party.

The statement itself is significant. It charges the Democratic party now in power with having made no real progress with the problems to which it promised solution. The cost of living has not been reduced. Nothing has been done with the trust problem. Business has been crippled by the policies of the government; and tends from bad to worse. These outgivings, taken in connection with other general statements previously made, exhibit Mr. Roosevelt as taking issue with the Democratic administration for its failure to better conditions within the country and for what he esteems its blunders without. He classifies as blunders the Colombian treaty, the proposal to repeal the free Canal tolls law, and the general course of administrative policy towards Mexico.

Whatever anybody may think of Mr. Roosevelt—and there is no secret as to what the *Argonaut* thinks of him—it must be conceded that he stands before the country a tremendously potent figure. He looms especially large because the political field is so spare of

available men. The effect of recent events, particularly as relates to the Republican side of the political fence, has been to kill off many men hitherto regarded as large or growing, without raising up anybody in their places. Progressivism in the three or four years of its active career has brought to the surface a goodly number of men, but no one of them is precisely of presidential stature. La Follette bowled himself out early in the game. Hadley rose like a rocket to fall like a stick. Cummins never quite got within the true line of presidential vision. Borah is still in sight, but somehow he has not grown in recent months. Our own Hiram J., despite the vantage ground of a vice-presidential nomination, never got anything approaching presidential recognition in any group larger or more significant than a California Progressive conference—most of whose members are in office through his favor. Today looking over the field of Republicanism and Progressivism—or the two together—there stand in view but three men of presidential size—Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, and Justice Hughes. Mr. Root would be added to this group but for the fact that he stands too closely associated, too definitely committed, in relation to men and things against which all the forces of contemporary politics tend. Possibly new figures may appear between now and 1916. Some new man may arise through a governorship in New York or elsewhere; or Mr. Borah, in whose mentality and courage we cherish a special faith, may find the means to demonstrate higher qualities than he has yet exhibited. But apart from these chances there remain now in open view only the three men named.

Progressivism as a political party is a rapidly declining quantity. Records of registrations and reports of local elections everywhere betray its essential weakness. The Pennsylvania primary has marked in a striking way the decline of the Progressive movement in a state where it was notably strong two years ago. Everywhere it tends to eclipse. Its rank and file are falling back into the Republican party and its leaders are finding acceptance and welcome in the old party as they return to it.

Mr. Roosevelt denies that he has said to anybody that he will be a candidate for the presidency in 1916 only in the event of a united Republican party, accepting the Progressive programme as laid down by himself two years ago. He may or may not have said it; his memory is often bad. But it hardly matters. His acts speak stronger than words. He is a man of insatiable ambition, of unquenchable vanity. He was deeply wounded by his failure in 1912. It would be balm to his spirit to succeed in 1916. No matter what he says or does not say, he would like again to make the presidential race, and he will do it if he can get anything looking like the support of the combined regular and progressive elements of the old party.

There is strength in his position. First, in the man himself, for no other man in the country has his gift of placating political enmities or of so adjusting his personal sails as to catch the drift of all the winds that blow. Second, he has a special strength due to the disposition all round for mutual conciliation, with the wish for oblivion for things past which this spirit always promotes. Although Progressivism as a separate political movement is dead, the spirit out of which it grew is still very much alive, and on the whole Mr. Roosevelt better represents that spirit than any other man, excepting possibly Justice Hughes, who has the disadvantage of a cold temperament and a rather forbidding personal atmosphere—an atmosphere which does not fall in with the spirit of the time.

The objections to Mr. Roosevelt are many, but would first of all in re-allying himself with the

publican party—and this very definitely will be necessary if he shall appeal for the Republican nomination—antagonize the more furiously radical element among the Progressives. Men of the La Follette type might not follow him. Among strictly regular Republicans there are multitudes who can not be brought to give cordial or even passive support to a man who betrayed the party out of pique and by his leadership of a bolting movement brought upon it the humiliation of defeat. Then there are large numbers who resent and who will continue to resent his unmannerly and unmanly attitude towards Mr. Taft from the time of the latter's entrance upon the presidential office until his defeat in 1912. Still again there are many—the *Argonaut* among them—who will not support a man, however available or however placed to command popular strength, whose word they do not regard as good in relation to anything.

All these considerations taken together form a tremendous obstacle to Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions. Even if he should succeed in getting the combined nomination of the Republican and Progressive elements, there would be hundreds and thousands who would not stultify themselves by approving his candidacy and giving him their votes. No matter who might be nominated on the opposing side there would be many Republicans to prefer a Democrat and many others who in conscience and consistency would refrain from voting at all.

On the whole we regard Mr. Roosevelt today as the most likely man for the next presidential nomination on the part of those who two years ago supported either the Republican or Progressive tickets. Yet the objections to him are so vital and so persistent that his nomination would be a hazardous act of policy. The hope of success on the part of those elements in the country opposed to the Democratic party would, we believe, be better assured by the nomination of some other man, possibly that of Governor Hughes.

Much of course will depend upon Mr. Roosevelt himself. His gifts of conciliation are great. His opportunity is exceptional. The Democratic administration has failed at vital points. It is not solving the great issues with respect to which its assurances were positive. It is in many ways hurting the prosperity of the country. It is disturbing and complicating our foreign relations. It has brought us to the verge of an unnecessary and foolish war and is likely to lead us still further. It is failing at the point of administrative competence. In brief, it is disappointing the country—it tends to nothing less than to deepen the universal distrust of Democratic capacity for efficient and prosperous maintenance of all the varied interests dependent upon the intelligence, the consistency, and the force of governmental policy. It would be idle to deny that all this makes a situation curiously suitable to Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar genius.

The Home Rule Bill.

The Home Rule for Ireland bill has now been passed by the House of Commons for the third time and the House of Lords may accept it or reject it without influence upon its fate. Any bill that is passed three times by the same Parliament in identical form becomes law after it has received the royal assent. The veto of the Lords is impotent after it has been exercised twice.

There is no doubt that the bill will be amended before it actually goes into effect, but this can not be done by governmental initiative before it becomes law in its original form, since its identical wording must be preserved through all its three passages of the House of Commons. It is generally understood that the counties of Ulster will be allowed to vote themselves out of the act for a term of six years, and this can be done in two ways. An amendment to that effect can be passed by the House of Lords and accepted by the Commons, or the Commons can pass a separate bill which would naturally be accepted by the Peers. But the Commons can not themselves change the law without vitiating the principle of identity insisted upon by the new procedure.

The possibility of a royal veto need hardly be considered seriously. The king is neither strong enough nor weak enough to provoke a conflict that would throw all other conflicts into the shade. The temper of democratic England is not now of the kind to tolerate a deliberate departure from constitutional monarchy back to a kind of absolutism. There is no doubt that aristocratic

pressure is being brought to bear upon the king to prevent the final passage of a bill passed in defiance and over the heads of the Peers, but he is hardly likely to forget the fate of the Stuarts or to force an issue that would inevitably mean the repetition of that dreary page of history. So far as it is possible to judge the meaning of human events we may consider that the Home Rule bill is an accomplished fact, and that even the contemplated measure of relief for Ulster is a concession by grace and not by compulsion. Mr. Asquith has the whip hand, and he has had it from the beginning.

It is equally difficult to believe that there will be any serious trouble in Ulster, in spite of the rather opera bouffe drillings and gun runnings. Ulster has great commercial and manufacturing interests. Her grievance, if she actually have a grievance, is a sentimental one, since the bill leaves no possible loophole for injustice or tyranny by the majority. She is not likely deliberately to court her material ruin and to isolate herself from human sympathies, although not from human ridicule, by a forcible resistance that in the very nature of things could not last for more than a few hours. If she accepts the six years' immunity from the bill that is offered to her she will not have even a sentiment to fight for. Religious bigotry will go a long way, but it usually stops short of material ruin. And it will do so here.

The next few weeks will decide the issue, attenuated as that issue now is. If the Liberals display magnanimity and conciliation, if the Conservatives show that their patriotism is something more than a party cry, there will be no conflict in Ulster, and a long step will be taken toward that day when three centuries of unreasoning passion will take their proper place in the domain of political nightmares.

Wastefully Waiting.

For three days last week the Department of State at Washington busied itself declaring (1) that the German ships had not landed munitions of war for Huerta; (2) that if they did land, only one ship and not two was unloaded; (3) that if two ships were unloaded it was not in violation of anything. With a little easy paraphrasing something like this would be fairly descriptive of what the mediators at Niagara have done during the week. They have had no end of private conferences besides regular formal meetings, but there is nothing to indicate that they have made any progress towards agreement among themselves. And if they had, what of it? Things have now come to a pass where they don't represent anybody immediately interested, since according to the latest reports the Huertan envoys have retired in anger.

As an effect of United States policy in devitalizing Huerta and supporting Carranza and Villa, the former is now all but down and out. He is without arms, without money, without any resource enabling him to meet the colossal problems which stare him in the face. He is still in possession of the capital and will probably be able to maintain the nominal dictatorship for some time longer. But his race is run. There is nothing left for him to do but to get out, and he will be lucky if he can do this with dignity or safety.

The real force to be dealt with now in Mexico is that of the so-called Constitutionalists. Aided by American policy, Carranza and Villa have overrun the whole of northern Mexico and are in the way of possessing the capital and taking over the machinery of government. They now plume themselves as "conquerors," and as such claim the right of recognition by the governments of the world. Even as did Huerta they will appeal to the United States for countenance and moral support. And it will be seen if President Wilson will treat them even as he did Huerta. Whatever may have been charged against Huerta in his period of power is now chargeable against Carranza and Villa. They have even less show of legal warrant for assuming control of the country. They have attained their present position by the grossest means. There is no crime that they have not committed, no infamy of arbitrary and ruthless power which may not be charged against them. Will Mr. Wilson, whose friendship and support have helped these robbers and cutthroats to lift themselves into the position of "conquerors," now give them the recognition for which they ask? We think not. After his treatment of Huerta he will hardly go so far as to bestow American recognition upon a régime having no

other mandate than a rough-riding force illustrated by a career of murder and rapine.

Practically—for we assume that the Niagara mediation will come to nothing—there remain but two courses for Mr. Wilson. He must either bring our armies home or he must march them to the City of Mexico and assume a protectorate over the country. The conditions which he has named as a satisfactory adjustment in Mexico can not be established by any other means than those dependent upon physical possession of the country and absolute authority over its affairs. In other words, the President must either abandon his highly conceived schemes or become in effect the dictator of Mexico.

This is what the *Argonaut* thinks will happen: The mediation will drag on for a while until everybody gets tired of it. It will not be able to do anything acceptable to anybody in Mexico. In the end it will probably authorize, in so far as it may, the United States with some nominal show of assistance from the A. B. C. countries to forcibly pacify Mexico. Then upon this mandate President Wilson will order the armies to march forward to conquest and possession of the country. It may take time for all this, but in the end something like it is bound to happen.

In the meantime, although nominally there is no war, the United States government is sustaining all the conditions of war excepting only those attendant with actual clash of arms. We have one army under stress of an onerous inactivity at Vera Cruz. We have another army suffering many forms of hardship at the northern Mexican border. We have a hundred or more ships on the two coasts of Mexico. At every military post in the country, every arsenal, and every factory which turns out military goods there is intense activity in preparing for war. There is no fighting. Nobody is being slaughtered. But leaving out these particulars, the war is a very real thing. The hardship of it is very great and the cost is something frightful. Certainly a million dollars a day is a low estimate of what we are paying to maintain a supine state of inactivity—without the nerve either to march forward or to pull up and come home.

Washington Topics.

There is a "goat" in every cabinet. The tradition was established at the beginning of the government in the person of General Knox and it has been religiously maintained ever since. In the Wilson cabinet it is a shifting quantity, the distinction having been passed round now until pretty much everybody excepting Frank Lane has had a touch of it. Bryan takes on the distemper intermittently. Burleson suffered under it for a while. Josephus Daniels of the navy has had two or three acute attacks. Houston has had it in mild form. McReynolds has suffered the preliminary spasms and is not yet in the immune list. The immediate case is that of McAdoo. Along with the persuasive grace of Southern character Mr. McAdoo has the dilatoriness of Southern breeding. Business is hung up most of the time in the Treasury Department. In the early months of the administration Mr. McAdoo was more or less occupied in getting rid of his private business engagements, and this took much of his time and energies. Then he was afflicted with the tango microbe and got to playing tennis; and, falling in with the President's fair daughter, all other things in the universe, including his official duties, became secondary. Nobody, of course, expected things to be done promptly in the period between the announcement of Mr. McAdoo's engagement and his wedding. But that is some weeks ago and Mr. McAdoo has not been on the job one day since. Will he do better when he comes back? This question is being asked by a good many who have business with the Treasury Department and find difficulty in getting it done. It is a common opinion that embarrassment is certain to result from the mix-up of official and domestic relations between the Treasury Department and the White House. Naturally prospective embarrassments and difficulties are seen more clearly by critics of the administration than by others. Mr. McAdoo, too, has enemies of his own—people who don't like a hair of his head by reason of old contentions and past grievances. For example, the Riggs Bank people and all their connections lose no opportunity to swat McAdoo, and there is some reason if not some justification for it. Before McAdoo came into the Secretaryship he was put out of the

Seaboard Air Line by the National City Bank people; and since he came into the Secretaryship he has shown distinct evidences of a vital memory. The Riggs Bank at Washington, which is affiliated with the National City Bank, is therefore a centre of criticism. But not all is from this source. A good deal of criticism has come as a result of difficulties incident to getting business before the Treasury Department properly expedited under a Secretary who keeps very short hours when he is at home and who spends most of his time diverting himself.

The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill, now before the Senate—having already passed the House—carries an appropriation of \$139,000 for the Children's Bureau as against \$65,000 allowed last year. A good many people are wondering what it's all about. In some unexplained and mysterious way it is presumed that the bureau is going to prevent little children from being worked to death in manufacturing establishments. Anybody who opposes increased appropriations for the bureau is an enemy of child life. Curiously enough, the people who make up the bureau are not persons who have had anything to do with children or child study. There are plenty of physicians and others in the country who have specialized on the subject, but none such have anything to do with this bureau. Its head is Julia Lathrop of Chicago, fifty-six years old, unmarried, a college graduate, and long devoted to reform movements. She has made a special study of the care of the insane and has spent a good deal of time in Hull House, Chicago, in the character of all-round humanitarian. But there is no record of any connection with child life. Somehow the very suggestion in the case of Miss Lathrop seems indelicate. The assistant chief, a man, is a college graduate, and under the tutelage of a statistical expert was joint author in the preparation of the report of statistics of paupers in almshouses and of the insane and feeble-minded in institutions, published by the Census Bureau. The statistical expert, a woman, is thirty-eight years old, a college graduate, and a Doctor of Philosophy. She was a special investigator for woman suffrage in Colorado and once made a report for the Labor Bureau on women and children in industry. Her report was severely assailed as being untrue in many respects and not scientifically prepared. These three, with eleven minor employees, make up the force of the bureau. There is apparently nothing it can do besides gather statistics. The Census Bureau and the Labor Department already are doing this, and overlapping one another constantly. The bureau might study the environment of children, if that would be of any use, but such studies are already being made by several bureaus of the Department of Agriculture as well as by the Department of Labor. Really it is difficult to see what this bureau does or can do. The one thing it does with regularity is to draw down its pay. But with a lot of other useless bureaus doing the same thing there seems little need to get excited over this particular waste of public money.

The old soldier element in the minor public services at Washington is growing old indeed. It is now fifty-three years and more since the war began and there is not a head among those engaged actively in it which has not long been gray. During the war and after its close, multitudes of ex-soldiers found jobs in the departments at the capital; and during the long period of Republican rule a slouch hat and a G. A. R. button were very considerable advantages in competitions for jobs under the government. The old boys now range in age from sixty-five to God-knows-what, and they form a difficult problem with which every department head has to deal. If there were a civil service pension list it would be easy. But without it there arises the alternative of retaining in the various services a very considerable number of decrepit and incompetent men, or of turning them loose in the streets of Washington to starve. The other day fourteen old men, all ex-soldiers, were dismissed from the postoffice. Twenty-five more have been "demoted."

The matter has been taken up by the G. A. R., which maintains at Washington a "headquarters" whose real functions is that of an organized lobby. "Many of the men thrown out," said Commander Gleeson, speaking of the men dismissed from the postal service, "present pathetic cases. They are thrown out without prospect of obtaining other work. Their age precludes that.

The postmaster told them point blank that their age and the fact that there was no work for them to do was the cause of their dismissal." The average age of those forced to resign was seventy-three years. Among these one man of seventy-three had served thirty-seven years. Two men of seventy-seven had served twenty and fifteen years respectively. One man of eighty-one had spent twenty-four years in the service. The youngest of the men removed was sixty-nine and two others were seventy-seven. "We draw the line," said Commander Gleeson, "at the throwing out on the streets of men with families who have fought for their country, and who have spent their best years in government service. It is bad enough for a private concern to do that, but when a government shows so little concern for men who risked death, and who gave their lives to her, it is time for a protest. If we can get relief for these men in no other way, we have the law to fall back upon, which expressly forbids the removal of old soldiers if they are making a rating of 'good' or better in their efficiency records."

The question involved in this discussion is reaching an acute stage. Men charged with administration claim and with obvious reason that if they are to sustain an efficient and businesslike service they must have men who are competent for the work. They can not maintain an efficient service on an economical basis and at the same time carry on the rolls numbers of men past the age of health and energetic service. The suggested remedy is a civil service pension system, against which there is throughout the country a natural and strong sentiment. The matter is already more or less under agitation at Washington, and it is bound to be heard from with increased emphasis as time goes on.

Critics of the administration have not failed to note the fact that when William J. Harris, director of the census, became a candidate for the governorship of Georgia recently he did not, as is customary under such circumstances, give over his government job. When Secretary Redfield, in whose department the bureau belongs, was asked the other day if Harris was to resign, he denied it with emphasis and with some heat. "There is no reason," he said, "why Mr. Harris should abandon the Census Bureau because he is running for governor in Georgia." All the same such an incident in the Taft administration would have been regarded as scandalous and the changes would have been rung throughout the country, and particularly in the Democratic press. Mr. Harris's retention of his job fits in harmoniously with the general practice of the administration. Mr. Wilson, be it remembered, wrote and published a book setting forth political and administrative ideas between election and inauguration. Mr. Bryan has made half a dozen profitable lecture tours and is now considering a three-stunts-per-day contract with the Chautauqua people for the coming season. Thriftiness is a distinct mark of the present régime.

In spite of the fact that Washington might easily find more important things to talk about, there is a constant buzz of gossip over certain aspects of domestic practice in the White House. In other days the doormen or ushers at the White House were white and all wore blue serge sack suits, not precisely a uniform, but something to the same effect. With the opening of the new executive offices in the wing to the west, erected during the Roosevelt administration, the main White House took on a more distinctively private character. But in respect of democratic tradition, Mr. Roosevelt did not venture to install liveried servants. But Mrs. Taft did. The door service was given over to negroes, and they were put into a livery of dark blue, dress coat, silver buttons, etc. The Wilsons have carried along the idea and advanced upon it. Very recently Mr. Wilson introduced a new fashion in automobile service. His chauffeur, a white man, is now accompanied, on the front seat, by a negro footman. They wear the same livery, olive drab, much like the cavalry uniform, with visored cap identical in shape with the army cap. Whoever is familiar with Washington will understand what a cruel blow it is to local sensibilities to see a white man and a negro in the same uniform upon the same box. For Washington, in spite of its diplomatic corps, its large proportion of Northern senators and congressmen, etc., is still Southern in domestic character and in its social prejudices.

Editorial Notes.

It was not on the announced programme that Colonel Roosevelt should see the Spanish ambassador during his hurried visit to Washington last week. However, he did see him and have a talk with him of nearly an hour at the house of Senator Lodge. The interview is presumed to have had reference to Mr. Roosevelt's forthcoming visit to Madrid, where he goes to attend the wedding of his son Kermit. There is a good deal of speculation as to just what the attitude of the Spanish government will be towards Mr. Roosevelt—how it will contrive becomingly to entertain an ex-President of the United States and at the same time avoid offense to the Spanish populace, which ever since the war of 1898 has held everybody and everything American in furious detestation. Mr. Roosevelt is not only an American, but he was a Rough Rider in that same Spanish war and personally is identified by the Spanish people, particularly the lower orders, with the "eat-'em-alive" phase of that conflict. It is suspected that Mr. Roosevelt consulted the ambassador with respect to his reception in Spain, and it would be interesting to know what the ambassador said in reply. Ordinarily the matter would be of small importance, and under any circumstances the punctilious Spaniards of the court circles may be expected to do the courteous and gracious thing. But democratic feeling is rife in Spain and more than ready to seize upon small pretexts and make much of trivial incidents. It is certain that any special courtesies shown to Mr. Roosevelt will be construed offensively in revolutionary circles and employed to stimulate popular feeling against the court.

The second conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker for the murder of the gambler Rosenthal may be regarded as serving a double purpose. In the first place it is actual proof of guilt, since the difficulties of a new trial are usually fatal to the chances of success, and in the second place it serves to vindicate a criminal law that is badly in need of vindication. The acquittal of Becker and his subsequent reinstatement would have been nothing short of a public disgrace. He used his official position to enrich himself by the blackmail of gamblers, and when one of his victims threatened to prove restive he deliberately ordered his murder by a gang of thugs whom he had terrorized into obedience. Four of these depraved wretches have already been executed, and rightly so, while capital punishment remains upon our statute books. But Becker was worse than any of them. That a police official should fatten on crimes that it was his sworn duty to suppress is bad enough in all conscience, although it is by no means a novelty. But that this same official should actually be at the head of a murder gang ready to kill any one without question and on receipt of orders is a phenomenon so portentous as almost to be incredible. It is a terrible thing that the law should take five lives in exchange for one, but it would be still more terrible if Becker, the arch criminal of them all, should be allowed to escape.

It is an axiom in maritime matters that some one is always to blame for a disaster at sea. In every eventuality there is a right thing to do, and it is indicated by the rules and regulations. If that right thing is not done we must look for the cause of the omission among the incalculable factors of human consciousness. That is now all that remains to be done in the case of the *Empress of Ireland* and her sorrowful cargo of a thousand dead. No doubt the inquiry will show that "some one had blundered." A long and leisurely discussion will determine what some individual ought to have done, but failed to do, in the sudden shock of emergency at sea and in a fog. There will be a new emphasis upon rules and regulations, but without much bearing upon the one element that can neither be ruled nor regulated—the mind of man. Such disasters as this are a part of the price that we pay for speed and magnitude and comfort, and at intervals that price will be inexorably exacted.

Scandinavians lead the world in point of literacy. Among every twenty German immigrants over fourteen years old is found one illiterate. Of immigrants from other nations it is claimed there is found an illiterate among every twenty-three Dutch, thirty-eight Irish, fifty-two Welsh, fifty-nine Bohemians, seventy-five Finnish, 100 English, and 143 Scottish; but the proportion among those who come from Scandinavia is 250. Among the Lithuanian immigrants and those from southern Italy half of them read no language.

THE NEW FEMINISM.

During the last few months we have become unpleasantly aware that the suffrage movement is slowly merging into something far larger, something that is beginning vaguely to be known as feminism. With that fatal proclivity to laugh at tragedies and to reserve our tears for comedies the new movement has been received with glee by our humorists and with a slightly interested silence elsewhere. The only passports to public attention nowadays are a dollar and a laugh. Nothing else matters, and so we are hearing more and more about feminism, but without any distinct disposition to applaud or to condemn. Ten years ago we were told from a thousand platforms that the coping-stone of feminine ambitions was the vote. Today we find that the vote is a mere triviality, useful enough as a means, but insignificant in comparison with larger issues. Miss Jane Addams, writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, says: "Suffrage is a simple thing—merely putting a piece of paper in a ballot-box." Later on, speaking before a congressional committee, she said: "The franchise is only a little piece of mechanism which enables the voter to say how much money shall be appropriated from the taxes of which women pay so large a part." It was a staggering view for those accustomed to look upon the conduct of human affairs as a somewhat difficult art and involving an incalculable aggregate of weal and woe. It was disconcerting for those who supposed that the science of government consisted of something more than voting money. But it marked a new departure, and the new departure is feminism.

Feminism has lately found various American exponents, and since they nearly all agree that it implies a freedom from sex restraints we may suppose that this is actually what it does mean. Three of these exponents are now occupying the public stage, and although their utterances are much curtailed in the process of transmission we may suppose that the reports are reasonably accurate and representative. At least they have not been denied nor corrected. First we have Jane Olcott, who says: "A man or woman should be free to give love wherever it is natural. Love is volatile, and when it goes I believe it is unnatural for man and wife even to appear to live together except for the sake of their children. In that case each should be free to bestow love elsewhere by mutual agreement." Now it would be interesting to ask this lady to define her terms. What does she mean by love? Does she mean the ordinary sexual attraction that goes by that name? In that case it will certainly prove to be volatile as soon as it is satiated. And what does she mean by natural? Does she intend to say that all natural impulses should be gratified? In that case it would be unsafe for any woman, or man either, to appear on the streets without a guard. If the word natural has now any definite meaning—which it has not—it must be applied to all acts that are instinctual or habitual among those unrestrained by civilization or religion. All the appetites, even the grossest among them, are natural. If civilization is capable of a precise definition it might be said to consist of the restraint of natural appetites, of the not doing of things that are natural to us to do. The new social idea, according to Jane Olcott, is a condition in which men and women do whatever is natural to them, irrespective of the misery they may inflict upon others, no matter how offensive to others their actions may be. The new system, according to Jane Olcott, would resemble nothing so much as a poultry yard, or a hutch of rabbits, where sex relationships are governed wholly by nature. Under such circumstances it would seem that the chief difficulty with regard to the children would be to determine their paternity.

The next feminine exponent is Mrs. Florence Wise, secretary of the New Woman's Trade Union League of New York. Mrs. Wise believes "only in voluntary motherhood." Now those of us who have the misfortune to be men will probably feel that instinctual diffidence in speaking of delicate matters of which the feminist seems wholly to have rid herself. But I was under the impression that motherhood was already voluntary, and that the whole agitation against race suicide was based on the fact that women may determine whether or not they will be mothers and that they so often decide not to be mothers. But what does Mrs. Wise want? Does she want a law to regulate this matter, and if so, what law? There are many people, says Mrs. Wise, who are not fit to be parents, and this is obviously and lamentably true. On the other hand, she continues, "many unmarried women want children and there ought to be some opportunity for the expression of their innate mother love." Once more, what does Mrs. Wise want? Surely she does not demand the appointment or election of official or state fathers? The penalties inflicted upon the unmarried mother were not invented by men, but by women. They exist only by the will of women. The furnace seven times heated that is reserved for the unmarried mother is tended and stoked by women. Never by men. Men are invariably compassionate in such matters. Women are never compassionate here. If Mrs. Wise wishes to ameliorate the lot of the unmarried mother she has only to persuade her sisters to dilute the extraordinary venom and cruelty with which they now pursue the "offender." But you will notice that Jane Olcott and Florence Wise are diametrically opposed to each other except on the general principle that women ought to be able to do whatever they want to do. Jane Olcott puts love first as the only possible justification for the children, and Florence Wise puts the children first. The woman who wants to have children, she says, is entitled to have them, even though she does not love their father. Once more we are reminded of the beautiful laws of nature are so beautifully unrestrained.

The third on the list is Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who was always sane and helpful until she got the bee of leadership in her honnet, when she became at once coarse and repulsive. Mrs. Gilman says that women "believe their duty to be far outside of merely being mothers." Now Mrs. Gilman is right. Their duty includes not merely being mothers, but being good mothers. "Even a kitten," says Mrs. Gilman, "could be a mother." In this connection I have a copy of the *Forerunner* before me, in which Mrs. Gilman writes an article on "The Model Home." It is a home supplied with food from the Food Supply Company, and it comes in underground tubes, like the drains, but let that pass. Mrs. Gilman tells us that in this home the woman "would have as much to do as the man—no more." So we turn with curiosity to another page to ascertain the fate of the wretched little children. Where would they be in the home in which the woman had no more to do than the man? Mrs. Gilman tells us they would be "asleep in their rooms or awake in the common rooms or the garden." But who is to feed these children while they are infants, since the woman is to have "as much to do as the man—no more"? Are they also to be fed from the underground tubes? Now an infant, if I remember right, must be fed every two or three hours and even oftener, day and night, and if it is to be a healthy infant it ought to be fed in a particular way, and it is a way in which the father has not been qualified by nature to assist. No doubt that little matter may be put right by some future legislature, but in the meantime it remains a fact that the young baby can not be fed except by the mother, who is to have no more to do in the house than her husband. So what actually does Mrs. Gilman mean? Does she mean anything? Or is she merely silly? Why does she pretend that her "model home" with infants in it can be run by the equal labor of mother and father, when she knows that nature has otherwise ordained and that no young baby can live without continuous feminine care? Is she addressing herself to the weak-minded as well as to the vulgar? It would seem so.

There is still another feminist on the list. Dr. Annie Yates said recently on the public platform that the determination and control of sex had either been already achieved or was about to be achieved. "When this doctrine becomes generally known," she said, "women can bear only girl babies." This does not appear to have been meant as a joke. It was just feminism. It was also a rank and unclean form of idiocy, and one is inclined to commiserate with the patients of this unpleasant woman.

Now one is inclined to wonder what women in general are thinking of this sort of thing. They are curiously silent about it all. Do they sympathize with this shrill scream of contempt for matrimony and motherhood? Do they really want the establishment of free love, which would of course be free love for the man as well as for the woman? Do they look forward to the day when men may discard their wives and wives may discard their husbands on the chance discovery that they "love" some one else? Are they willing to believe that the having of children is in some way a badge of servitude, and that the labor and toil involved in the care of children is something that must be jealously divided into halves like a job on the rockpile? Do they think that Mrs. Gilman's model home, where every one is fed through a tube and where new-born babies are cared for by the husband, would be a nice place to live? For it may be noted that a scarcely veiled contempt for motherhood runs all through these abominable utterances. It must be so. Free love, or what one hypocritical lady calls the freedom of love, is incompatible with motherhood. The child intervenes all the time. The mother of the young baby can not earn her own living out in "the world." The wages that support her and her child must be earned by some one else. She can not be a stenographer or a lawyer or a doctor and at the same time care for that child. And because motherhood is an absolute bar to "financial independence"—whatever that may mean—motherhood has to go. Motherhood is already going. We all know that, and decadence is taking its place.

It is hard to believe that these witches of the free love and feminist platform are actually enlisting the sympathy of women in general or even that women in general are appreciating the purport of their teachings. And yet there seems to be no protest against a movement that regards the individual as the unit instead of the family. And there is no hope for a civilization that slights or discourages the family. A nation is rich and prosperous in precise proportion to the number and the solidity of its families. It is happy in proportion to the harmony of the family. SIDNEY CORYN.

Japan, responsible for much that is unusual, has given the world a new kind of farm—the pearl farm. Its crop is pearl-bearing oysters, and the owner is Dr. Mikimoto, a wealthy Japanese scientist, who, it is said, discovered that the bivalves could be trained to work for man and bring forth the highly prized stones at his will. At his farm, where the pearls are now produced as a regular crop, some fifty square miles of water area is under cultivation. The water varies in depth from five to fifteen fathoms. From three to five years are required for the oyster to produce a good-sized pearl after having been subjected to scientific treatment. The task of collecting the trained oysters on this big Japanese farm is all done by women divers.

Paraguay is the home of a giant wasp so terrible that most native forest hunters fear it more than they do snakes, centipedes, or spiders.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLLY.

The Victory of Daikoku Over the Demons.

No evil spirit in Japan will pass the door above which hangs a sprig of holly. The legend of the green spray is told by Ishi Black in the *Far East*:

Many hundreds of years ago, before Buddhism was introduced into Japan, Daikoku was considered one of the most important of the Shinto deities. Being the God of Wealth he was one of the seven household gods of Good Fortune, and ranked only next to Yebisu, the God of Happiness; but as wealth is generally supposed to bring happiness, people thought more of, and paid more honor and attention to the worship of Daikoku than to that of any other god, and when Buddhism was introduced, although the people were quite willing to adopt the new religion, they still adhered to the worship of Daikoku with unabated fervor.

The Buddhist deities saw, therefore, that the first thing to be done before they could hope to predominate was to get rid of this troublesome God of Wealth. But how! How accomplish his overthrow! That was the question. None could answer until at last some one suggested that they should appeal to Yemma Dai-o, the great king of Hades. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the lower regions, requesting his assistance in getting rid of the rival god.

Yemma readily agreed to help them, and proposed that he should send some of his demons to destroy Daikoku or drive him out of the country.

Summoning Aka-oni (red demon), Ao-oni (green demon), Kuro-oni (black demon), and Mandara-oni (mottled demon), he ordered them to go at once in search of Daikoku, and to dispose of him in such manner as that he should no longer interfere with the Buddhist deities.

The oni, bowing low to their master, at once started to do his bidding. They traveled many, many miles, and searched in many places before they could get any information as to where to find the god. At last, aided by a little sparrow, they reached the Palace of Wealth, the residence of Daikoku.

Finding the gate open, they entered softly and passed through numerous large store-houses filled to the rafters with gold, silver, and all manner of treasures. Still they found no one about the place, the palace was absolutely deserted. Presently they come to a spacious courtyard in the middle of which stood a vast square granary, in shape resembling a large masu, or measure for rice. There was neither door nor window, but a long ladder reaching to the top, which had no roof, was the only means of ingress.

Aka-oni speedily mounted this, and peering down into the interior found that the building was full of beautiful white rice, with Daikoku seated in the midst, taking care of his grain, it being more precious than all his gold and silver.

The god was a little bit of a creature with an enormous head, and oni thought to himself that they would have a very easy job of it to make away with such an insignificant thing; he was much pleased to think how rich he and his companions would be when they had executed their commission and taken possession of the palace and all it contained. Hastening to descend the ladder, he told his friends what he had seen and they consulted on their further proceedings.

In the meantime, Daikoku, turning to a favorite rat that was playing about near him, said: "There are some strange, unclean creatures prowling about: I fear they have been sent to destroy me, but as they and their master are below my personal notice, go you, and chase them out of my palace, giving them such a lesson that they will never return."

The rat with a squeak to call his companions scuttled out into the garden, where each rodent seized a sprig of the holly tree, which it carried in its mouth. With these they attacked the oni, who, taken by surprise, were so alarmed by the army of rats and so hurt by the sharp prickles of the holly, that they took to their heels and fled. Stumbling and falling over the loose peas and beans which covered the floor of the courtyard they presented a comical sight, and utterly routed by the valiant little rats, they never halted till safe within the precincts of Yemma-cho, the stronghold of their master.

The Buddhist deities thought after this that as it was impossible to get rid of Daikoku they had better make an ally of him. With this view they made an offer of peace, and it was agreed to the satisfaction of all that he should be added to their company and be worshiped as a Buddhist, as well as a Shinto god.

This is the legend of the victory of Daikoku over the demons, and explains why, even to this day, holly and parched beans are used at the Setsubun to frighten away oni and all evil spirits, and this explains why rats are to this day sacred to Daikoku, the god of wealth.

The modern character of Michigan's manufacturing establishments is indicated by the fact that most of them are equipped with mechanical stokers using slack coal that is obtained cheaply from West Virginia and is of better quality than the Michigan product. Michigan slack thus becomes a drug on the market, and the coal mines are obliged to depend almost exclusively on the domestic trade, which requires lump coal.

THE FEUD IN HICKEY TOWNSHIP.

— Begun by a Calf and Ended by Fire. —

It was certainly a first-rate feud, and a source of much pride to the settlers in and about Hickey Township, just as a haunted house, or a murder mystery, or a long-lived scandal might have been—only the feud was much more satisfactory, because it had been on for four years, and hardly a month had passed during all that time that had not witnessed some new episode in the affair, and each one seemed more startling than its predecessor. And so it was that the good people of Hickey Township held their heads just a little bit higher than their less fortunate friends who resided in more peaceful portions of the country.

It—the feud—all started on account of a yearling calf—than which, permit me (a stock-raiser of limited but fruitful experience) to interpolate, there never was nor can there ever be a creature more hopelessly, unreasonably "ornery," and one more productive of sinful language and display of sultry temper on the part of its keepers. Yearling calves have caused the recording angel more trouble, broken up more old friendships, produced more family jars, and, in the form of veal, begotten more indigestion and the insomnia resultant therefrom than—but this is not an essay on the sinful, sportive steerlet and his shortcomings.

The Walkers and the Benedicts had been old neighbors for years, "back in loway." In fact, the elder Walkers and the elder Benedicts had been married about the same time, at the beginning of the war, and had just settled on adjoining homesteads when the first gun was fired on Sumter. The men enlisted in the same company, fought side by side, ate and slept and suffered together; and at home their young wives waited and wept together. When the little Walkers and the little Benedicts grew large enough to run about, they were playmates and boon companions; the children of one family felt as much at liberty in the home of the other as they did in their own—for twenty-eight years the two families had lived in peace and amity, and then that miserable calf precipitated an irreparable row. It was too bad, all the neighbors said, but it is a noticeable fact that none of them attempted to patch up a peace—life in Hickey Township and at Hickey Corners would have been dull, indeed, but for the feud; so everybody sat by and watched each new phase of the affair with nervous, morbid interest, and commented thereon, but not in a manner likely to prove conducive to a truce on the part of the disputants.

It was this way. The Benedict and Walker houses had been built on adjacent corners of the homestead quarters, and were quite close together; in fact, one well, sunk on the quarter-section line between the two homesteads, had furnished water for both families for the first four years after coming to Dakota, and it was only a short distance from either house.

But it came to pass that on the Walker domain there was born, and grew, and waxed fat and "sassy," a brindle calf, with a right smart chance of white in its eye and a plethora of deep-dyed mischief in its soul—and he (for it was a young gentleman "critter"), while yet of tender age but tough record, engendered the feud. He had wandered away the day before, and when he returned at night the gate of the calf-pen was shut against him; and in the morning, when Papa Benedict arose from post-breakfast family prayers and, followed by the younger male Benedicts, hied him toward the stable, he beheld his neighbor's incipient steer nipping in the bud sundry young and toothsome cabbages and kicking out of the earth, in his bovine abandon, all he could not eat.

Then was Papa Benedict wroth, and thereupon did he give way to naughty, profane words, while the young Benedicts surrounded the offending calf and brought him up for judgment.

Now, Papa Benedict was a man of hasty temper, but easily calmed; so, when the calf was tendered him at the end of a long picket-rope, his wrath had decreased several degrees, and he wound the rope around his hand and started to lead the calf home.

It was while he was pondering on what to say to the calf's owner that the calf suddenly remembered a previous engagement, and started, in some haste, to keep it, heading directly across the croquet-ground. Papa Benedict wished to follow with more dignity than the calf desired; and presently his feet were scraped from under him by a wicket and he was being handled the way the vaqueros in South America are supposed to make butter—at the end of a lasso. He did not look very neat when, a few minutes later, he reached the Walker residence and called his neighbor out. He was holding the calf up short, but his temper had slipped its tether, and caused him to say bad words, to which Papa Walker replied in kind—whereat Papa Benedict seized a convenient neck-yoke and killed the cause of the trouble.

Of course there was a fight and considerable ill-chosen language; then, as soon as possible, Papa Benedict sued Papa Walker for the damage to his cabbages, and Papa Walker sued Papa Benedict for the value of the calf. After that they prosecuted each other for assault and battery; the younger members of both houses "sassed" each other at every available opportunity; Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Benedict did no more

"neighborin'"; and Mort Benedict and Nellie Walker "busted up" with each other. That is, Nellie broke with Mort, who, for his part, had a wholesome contempt for feuds and such nonsense and would feign have ignored the state of affairs, so far as Nellie was concerned, except for the opposition any overtures from him would have received on all sides, and especially from Nellie. So he had to grin and bear it, leaving, however, all hostilities to the others, and speaking pleasantly to any of the Walkers he chanced to meet.

But finally, through a rash act of his own, he was forced into the feud. There was a husking-bee of the good old-fashioned sort at Thompson's one night, and the younger members of the hostile houses attended. During the evening Mort found a red ear in his pile, and—he never knew what impelled him to do it, unless it was that Nellie looked so pretty and tempting—he took his former sweetheart in his arms and kissed her, not once, but three times.

As soon as it could be done without the girls knowing of it, Bud Walker and Harvey Free invited Mort and Pel Horner out into the moonlit pasture, where Bud insisted on "having it out." Mort demurred, but in vain, and, much to his regret, was forced to "lick" to a standstill not only the man he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law, but the latter's second as well; Pel Horner being a cripple and unable to accommodate young Free, who was "pinin'" on account of his principal's defeat.

That settled it. Thereafter even tender-hearted Mrs. Walker—who, like Mrs. Benedict, sincerely but silently regretted the trouble that kept her apart from her old-time friends these four long years, and who had always had a pleasant greeting for all the family, especially for Mort, who was a great favorite of hers—cut him dead when she happened to meet him, and even the frigid inclination of the head with which Nellie had been wont to recognize his presence on those rare occasions on which they met was now denied him.

All this cut Mort deeply, but he was made of too tough fibre to show it; so till the end of the feud he tried to act as though he did not care—just as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself once in awhile that she did care, "lots."

The spring of 188— is a memorable one in the history of many portions of the Dakotas. The amount of rain in the fall and the snowfall of the winter preceding had been very slight indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creek-beds and coulees were dry; the lake-beds and sloughs were as innocent of water as powder magazines; and the matted grasses and reeds standing in them were as dry as was the grass on the prairies. Everything invited the fire-fiend, whose work on the plains is so swift and thorough—and he accepted the invitation.

From the wheat regions up north came tales of his deadly work—of counties almost entirely laid waste, of hundreds made homeless and penniless, with nothing left, even wherewith to wring their bread out of the soil.

In C— County and its neighbors, however, all felt secure; the fires were far north of them, and being gradually exterminated. Besides they were in the Jim River Valley; it is curious how much confidence the proximity of a river will give to the settler who is threatened by prairie fires.

Mort Benedict and his father were returning from the county town one day, having been in to leave "mother" for a two days' visit and to have the breaking-plow repaired. For a day or two there had been rumors of fires only twenty miles or so to the north, and they were talking of this as they crossed the bridge, four miles from home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern horizon, which was not distant, on account of a range of hills running east and west, and—

Did his eyes deceive him, or was that smoke, just rolling up above the line of hills?

"Look, father!"

Startled, the elder man did so.

"Good God, Mort! She's a-comin', an' comin' 't' beat hell, too! We got 't' race, 't' save anything!"

And race they did, but the fire was racing, too; and when they drove their panting horses into the doorway, the flames were only a few miles away and coming down at lightning speed.

While Tom and Roy saddled their ponies and rounded up the live-stock Mr. Benedict and the three elder boys and Bessie in an incredibly short space of time put into the two wagons everything that it was possible to save, after which Hal and George saddled their ponies, joined Tom and Roy with the herd, and the whole procession, headed by the two wagons, driven by Mort and his father, moved off at a rapid pace toward the river.

Then, and only then, did Mort notice that there was no sign of human life about the Walker place. His heart gave a leap.

"Bess!" he said, sharply; "did—did they git away? Did ye notice 'em movin' 'round?"

The girl's eyes opened wide. "Oh, Mort! I haven't heard or seen a sign of 'em all day!"

"Take them reins. I'm goin' back an' see."

He leaped from the wagon and ran back, noting as

he did so how hot the air had become and how near the big wave of smoke was.

Mrs. Walker, singing softly as she bustled about the kitchen, was a bit startled to see who her unannounced visitor was.

"Mis' Walker, where's all your men-folks? No, I didn't come fer trouble—only th's a prairie-fire only a little ways off, an' comin' down like mad!"

Mrs. Walker sank into a chair. "Oh, heavens! An' father sick a-bed an' all th' boys over t' Berry's on a breakin'-bee!"

"Good Lord! Aint I glad I come back! Where's th' hosses?"

"Oh, Mort! They're all loose in the pasture!"

"Git what things ye wantuh save t'gether real quick! They aint no spare time." And Mort tore out of the house like a madman, and down to the pasture, not noticing that Nellie had entered the kitchen and was staring at him open-eyed.

Both Mr. Walker's wagon-teams were composed of animals usually as docile as lambs; but today, bunched together in a corner of the pasture, they sniffed the coming flames, and it seemed to put wild imps into their lumbering carcasses, and it was a long, trying time before Mort could catch two of them, swear, pray, try as he might—and the great fire rolled swiftly nearer. The wind had shifted from northeast to northwest. Mort saw, with a sinking at his heart, that there was an even chance of getting cut off from the river.

* * * * *

Mr. Walker was on a feather-bed on the floor of the wagon, and Mrs. Walker crouched beside him. Nellie ran back into the house for the family Bible, then climbed up beside Mort.

"Git up! Clk!" The heavy whip came down hard on the horses' flanks, and the race was begun.

Faster came the flames; the billow of smoke rolled over them, now and then dropping feathery grass-cinders as it passed; they could hear the roar of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim River so far away!

Nearer came the great wave of flame; the air was dense and suffocating. Mort in his frenzy lashed the now running horses incessantly, cursing, praying, saying he knew not what. Mrs. Walker wept and prayed; Mr. Walker now and then gave a feeble moan; Nellie, on the seat beside Mort, kept her lips tight closed and said nothing, only clinging to the seat more desperately as the wagon bounced and lurched.

Mort looked at her; her silence angered him. "Git off'n th' seat!" he roared. "How d'ye think I c'n drive with you sittin' thar?"

The girl obeyed, and fell, rather than climbed, back into the box.

Mort Benedict's recollections of what occurred after that are very dim. He remembers driving deeper and deeper into the terrible heat and smoke, of tearing through a volume of flame that seemed endless—flame that burned his eyes, his nostrils, his throat, and scorched his hair and eyebrows—then, with a final leap, the horses dashed down the slope into the shallow river, and he knew no more.

* * * * *

When Mort awoke he could not for some time realize where he was, and lay for some minutes trying to remember. Oh, yes; he was in Will Berry's room. He remembered the antlers on the wall and the white curtains at the windows. Some one came in softly from the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.

It was Nellie, and she came and leaned over him. "It's me, Mort. I've be'n here all th' time. I thought ye knew me, sometimes. You've he'n sick."

"Are ye here 't' stay. Nell—always, I mean?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his shoulders.

"If ye want me to, Mort."

He drew her face down to his, but put her at arms' length presently.

"But how about th' feud, Nell?"

"They aint no more feud, Mort."

R. L. KETCHUM.

Shamrock II. Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challenger, is a radical departure from the old English traditions. The boat will carry an immense sail area and will be fitted with a hollow wooden mast. A steel mast will also be substituted for the wooden mast if the latter proves defective. The centreboard is a thin metal plate housed in a trunk coming well above the cabin floor. *Shamrock IV* has a length over all of 110 feet, with a length on water of seventy-five feet. The upper lines of the boat are snubbed in, and the stern cut off. When the boat is heeled over in a stiff breeze this produces a sawed-off effect, which detracts from her appearance, but Designer Nicholson has paid no attention to beauty, his aim being speed, and that he seeks to obtain through the driving power of the big sail spread, rather than through fineness of model. Like the *L'antile*, she will be fitted with a single headsail; hence her bowsprit outboard will be very short.

Good oak trunk logs are so much in demand in the Spessart region, Germany, that some fine trunk logs sold for over \$314 per thousand feet board measure.

JOSEPH AND MRS. POTIPHAR.

Richard Strauss Sets the Old Biblical Story to Ballet Music.

As all the world and the other man's wife are well aware, Richard Strauss is an adept in composing music which is an excellent tonic to after-the-opera orgies. There is "Salomé," for example, not to insist upon the earlier "Don Juan" from the same pen, the former of which has become famous for other than its musical qualities. Hence when it became known that the composer had tackled the old story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife Paris was avid with excitement and feverishly anxious to assist at the first production. Consequently the Opera House was "sold out" weeks in advance of the première, and as the great event drew near speculators in tickets who loved lucre more than melody were able to make more than a cent per cent profit on their investments.

For even in musical Paris the production of "La Légende de Joseph" was an event fraught with novelty. That the French capital was to witness the first performance of the latest work of the most famous German composer would have been significant enough; but when it is added that "The Legend of Joseph" is Herr Strauss's first ballet and that the production owes its existence to the promoters of the Russian Ballet it will be seen that the occasion was rendered still more unique. An additional interest was imparted to the initial performance by the fact that the famous singer, Marie Kousnetzoff, was to appear for the first time as a mime and that the new Nijinsky, the seventeen-year-old marvel, Léonides Miassin, was to make his début as a dancer.

That Herr Strauss has lent the authority of his name and genius to the Russian Ballet is a triumph for Count Harry Kessler. Some fifteen years ago, while paying a lengthy visit to Paris, the German composer became so fascinated by the art of Watteau that he began to think of writing a ballet in the manner and spirit of that artist's most famous picture, "Embarkation for the Isle of Cythera," a project, however, which he never carried out. But the ballet idea remained in his mind, and when, a few months ago, Count Kessler urged him to compose a work for the Russian Ballet he did not require much persuasion. The scenario as penned by Count Kessler evidently appealed to him as offering greater possibilities than Watteau's canvas, especially as it was suggested that the scene of Joseph's temptation should be removed from biblical Egypt to the Venice of Paolo Veronese. Herr Strauss had not seen the Russian Ballet until some six months after he had begun his score for "The Legend of Joseph," but when he did make acquaintance with that novel form of drama he declared that it was a "sudden revelation of a new art." In other words, the musician became as enthusiastic as Count Kessler himself for that type of drama in which gesture and music, plus pictorial art and the most gorgeous stagecraft, are offered as substitutes for mere words. This conversion of the famous composer is hardly surprising, for his "Don Juan" and "Macbeth" have been described as "Tondramen ohne Worte." It was almost inevitable, then, that he should turn his attention to sound-dramas without words.

When the curtain rose on the first scene the reason for the transference of the Joseph legend from Egypt to the Venice of the sixteenth century became obvious. All Parisians are familiar with that gigantic canvas by Paolo Veronese which occupies almost the entire south wall of the Salon Carré in the Louvre, the "Mariage at Cana," which is the most famous of all Veronese paintings. And the opening scene of "The Legend of Joseph" was in many respects a replica of that great picture. On the stage was revealed a brilliant atrium such as that in the Louvre canvas, with majestic pillars, numerous guest-surrounded tables, servants hurrying to and fro with splendid vases, groups of musicians, the principal figures clad in gorgeous raiments, and here and there vistas of the opulent outer world of the Venice of the sixteenth century. Count Kessler had acted wisely in giving a new setting to the old story from Genesis, for it had enabled his scene painter, M. J. M. Sert, to revel in the light and color of Paolo Veronese and repicture an age which was abandoned to sensual enjoyment. Just as in the Venice of that period there was an intense appreciation of beauty of a non-moral type, plus a devotion to all licentiousness, so this setting for the old story of Joseph removed the episode from the unreality of biblical days and linked it with those primal passions which know no land or age. Count Kessler had no desire to provide a commentary on Genesis; his sole concern was to concentrate attention on the tragic contrast between the rich world of Mme. Potiphar and the idealistic world of Joseph.

So the opening scene depicted a festive gathering at the end of a sumptuous banquet. The hall is a magnificent building of the kind familiar to all students of Venetian art, with splendors of black and gold, majestic pillars, costly mural decorations, gorgeous plinths, and a vast company of hosts and guests arrayed in rich costumes. As the feast is at an end various devices are introduced for the amusement of the guests. But Potiphar and his wife are bored with everything. "Disgust and secret loathing" and "deep weariness and sated rest" were evident in their every movement and look. Abandoned women dance a measure descriptive of

erotic love, but not a gleam of interest awakens on the faces of Potiphar or his wife. Next enter a corps of boxers, but even their strenuous bouts of wrestling and fighting leave the couple unmoved. Nor is Potiphar other than languid when a lad of seventeen, almost nude, enters to dance a measure typical of his childlike devotion to God and the things of the spirit. This shepherd youth, the son of a shepherd, who exhales the mystery of boyhood and the dreamy thoughts of desert lands, in short Joseph himself, is the note of contrast between his own world and the sensual, over-rich world of Potiphar's wife. And because he is so different, because his movements and bearing suggest to her a something wonderful of which she is ignorant, she is at once consumed with a passion for his possession. This lad is a new treasure, to be bought for a price and added to her gold and jewels. As Potiphar is nothing loath, the bargain is struck, and Joseph becomes the property of his admirer.

When the scene changes the youthful shepherd is shown asleep in an apartment of the palace, and soon Potiphar's wife is observed approaching with a candle. On the threshold of the room she pauses for a moment in admiration of her new treasure, but quickly moves forward to bend over his couch and almost smother him with her mass of black hair. For an instant the sleep-stupefied lad imagines his visitor to be his guardian angel, but when full consciousness returns and he divines the meaning of the woman's advances he spurns her with a gesture of contempt. From that moment Potiphar's wife is possessed by a maddening rage, true to the old saw that "no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman." Here the story follows the biblical legend somewhat closely, for the baffled woman at once proclaims Joseph as the tempter, and when Potiphar enters he orders the youth to be taken hence and tortured. At this juncture, however, his protecting angel rescues him and bears him aloft, while his temptress, in an attempt to follow him, is strangled in her necklace of pearls.

Such is the story which Herr Strauss has set to a score that more than compensates for the lack of words. It is all mimetic from beginning to end, but such is the gesture and the environment, plus the music, that at no moment was there any doubt as to the meaning of the action. If M. Miassin is not yet so supple in his motions as Nijinsky his dancing did give a vivid conception of innocence, temptation, and triumph; while Mme. Kousnetzoff as Potiphar's wife approved herself as remarkable a mime as she is a singer. It should be added, too, that in addition to the scenery by M. Sert being a triumph of form and color, not a little of the success of the production must be placed to the credit of those fantastic costumes by Léon Basket which are becoming familiar in Parisian toilettes. Yet after all it was the music which counted for most in this new effort to evolve an unspoken drama. Its chief characteristic is its amazing variety, ranging as it does from passages replete with tender emotion to melodies heavy with sensuality. Of rare charm and haunting beauty is the melody of Joseph's dance; equally effective is the phrase typical of seduction as the temptress leans over his couch; thrilling beyond expressions is the fortissimo which celebrates Joseph's triumph. In fine the ballet seems destined to be a notable landmark in the history of that wordless type of amusement which has its popular expression in the moving-picture play.

PARIS, May 18, 1914.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Early in the year occurred the devastating eruption of Sakurajima, a "sleeping" Japanese volcano. On a recent date it was visited by Mr. Henry B. Schwartz, who tells of his unusual trip and the strange sights which met his gaze: "The lava flow on the west side," he writes, "has ceased. One side of the great field has pushed out into the sea about a mile and a half, while a slender arm projects along the beach to the north a mile or so. It terminates in a sharp bluff some 250 feet high. Under the edge of the bluff a row of rest houses for excursionists has been hastily constructed, and parties of visitors are landing and embarking pretty much all day. The old system of brooks and rivulets is quite obliterated and the heavy rains which have recently fallen have washed out a most complicated system of gullies which have not yet become regular water courses. In the Asumi channel, where before the eruption there were fifty-five fathoms of water, the lava is now piled up right across to the main land at least thirty feet high. Kurokami did not suffer from fire as did many of the other villages, but the fall of pumice and ashes was so heavy that most of the houses are completely buried. The tiled roofs have mostly fallen under the great weight of ashes piled upon them, but the thatched roofs having a pitch of fifty degrees or more are still nearly all intact, though all of them are buried up to the eaves and many of them are entirely covered. It was strange to hear the sound of an organ under such circumstances and I had to search a little before I could locate it in a buried schoolhouse nearby. It was being played by some of the villagers who had returned, and who were busy mining into their houses to recover their household effects or taking down—perhaps I should say pulling up—their houses to set them up again in Osumi, where land had been assigned to them."

OLD FAVORITES.

Sir Galahad.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard hands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shaft crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
How sweet are looks that ladies lend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I hattle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More hounteous aspects on me heam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.
When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill hell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.
Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic hark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels hear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! hlood of God!
My spirit heats her mortal hars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.
When on my goody charger home
Through dreaming towers I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow,
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height:
No brachy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.
A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.
The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So I pass hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Lord Lovel.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.
"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries far to see."
"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she;
"In the year or two—or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."
But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries far to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go to see.
So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.
"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."
So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.
Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.
They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.
—*Unknown.*

THESE SHIFTING SCENES.

Charles Edward Russell Describes the Formative Period in a Great Journalistic Career.

This volume of reminiscences by Charles Edward Russell derives its chief interest from its picture of old-time conditions in the newspaper world when the tramp printer was still something of a hero and when every country reporter looked hungrily to New York as the Mecca of his hopes. But the book is something more than this. Mr. Russell saw more than is given to most men of the politics of his day. He tells us why Harrison was nominated in 1888 and how he was nominated in Minneapolis in 1892. He gives us the story of Cleveland's nomination. He knows the history of the Chicago anarchists from start to tragic end. He was the first reporter on the scene of the Johnstown catastrophe, and his memory is stored with the details of some of the great crimes that were the sensation of their day. All this makes capital reading, the best of its kind, but perhaps the average reader will still find his chief interest in the general survey of newspaper conditions wherein the human element played a part that is now so largely occupied by routine and mechanism.

Mr. Russell came from Detroit to New York under the firm conviction that his experience on the *Detroit Tribune* would at once open for him the portals of metropolitan journalism. He seems to have had very little money, for he tells us that his first day's experience convinced him that he must get quickly to work before his small store of funds was exhausted. A dollar in New York was equivalent to a quarter in Detroit, and there were other things about New York sadly different from the friendliness of the West:

I had been vaguely conscious from the time of my arrival that the people around me were different from the good folks of the West. No one seemed to look at nor care for anybody else, but all were rushing frantically and self-absorbed upon some indiscernible goal. Everybody with whom I came in contact seemed to take pains to be disagreeable, and that was not at all the way with us in the West. The clerk and porter at the hotel had been sour and curt; the ticket chopper on the elevated railroad cursed me because I didn't know that the ticket was to be deposited in the chopping box; the guard only laughed evilly when I asked what was the next station after Twenty-Third Street. In a curious way these repeated observations seemed to shake me internally until in a strange new confused world I was losing all familiar anchorage.

The first two hours spent by Mr. Russell in his search for a job convinced him of the amazing fact that in New York it was impossible to see a city editor. He went first to the New York *Herald*, climbed three long flights of stairs to the city department, and found a locked gate bearing the legend "Ring":

So we rang and after a time there appeared a youth that regarded us with manifest contempt and then said, out of one side of his mouth, "Well, whadda youse want?" We said we wished to see the city editor. With his left hand he flung at us a small card thus worded:

Mr. _____
wishes to see the City Editor
about _____, 188—.

With which he vanished. One of us filled out the blank as best he could, stating that we were experienced newspaper men and had called to mention to the city editor our willingness to accept positions with the *Herald* if sufficient inducements were offered. This, the youth having returned, we intrusted to his care. After a long interval he reappeared and this was his remark:

"Hey, youse! City editor says he regrets t' say there's no vacancy on the *Herald* staff." Whereupon he disappeared.

The same fate was in store at the *World*, the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *Tribune*, and then things began to look serious. A small check was due from the *Detroit Sunday Tribune* for a weekly letter, and this arrived in the nick of time when the joint capital of the author and his companion had been reduced to twelve cents. But it was not easy to cash a check in New York without identification. The bank teller picked up the check, flipped it over, and flipped it back to him:

"Don't know you, Mr. Russell," he said, and waved me aside.

"I know you don't," I said, making a desperate attempt to be jocular, "but you ought to. I'm a good fellow to know."

Strange to say, he seemed to thaw a little at this, for the shadow of a smile hovered about his mouth. He said:

"You will have to get some one that we know to identify you."

"My dear sir," I said, "I don't know a soul in New York, but I have here some letters that may satisfy you," and making this last chanceful play, I drew forth a package of papers.

"Nothing will do but an endorsement by some one we know," he said, but his eye ran over the envelopes nevertheless. Most of them were from Detroit.

"Do you live in Detroit?" he asked with a sudden access of interest.

"I did until a month ago," I said.

"Tell me about that nine they've got there this year," he said, leaning eagerly toward the window.

The man was a baseball fan! It happened that Detroit that year had secured players of phenomenal excellence and all the baseball world was eager to know about their performances. Baseball was the teller's one joy in life. I was myself an old player and as much in love with the game as he. I told him about the Detroit stars until the customers began to accumulate behind me.

"Give me that check," said the teller suddenly. "I'll take the chance. Here you are"—and he counted out the money.

It was on the staff of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* that Mr. Russell found his first newspaper home, if indeed it could be called a home. He received space rates, and without a time allowance such as all other

newspapers paid their reporters, and moreover he had to find his own car fares. The *Advertiser* was a slow, dull, respectable journal circulating among old residents of the conservative and wealthy sort, and it was a common experience with the reporters to explain that the *Advertiser* was a newspaper and that it was published in New York. The author's first assignment was to cover the Jefferson Market police court, and so rapid were the judicial proceedings that the task was of no ordinary difficulty:

Court opens about half-past eight. By that time there is a line of prisoners extending from directly in front of the magistrate's bench back to the prison door and by the side of this line is another line of the policemen that have made the arrests, each conveying a prisoner. The door behind the bench suddenly opens. Officer Curry, a very fat and wheezy policeman, pipes out, "Hats off in court!" and the magistrate, advancing swiftly to his seat, says as he comes:

"S'lemnly swear aff'davit by you s'scribed 's true so help y' God what about this man?"

By the time he has said the word "man" he has taken his seat and reached for the first of the affidavits which the clerk has neatly piled by his right hand.

The policeman briefly recites that he found this man drunk and unable to care for himself.

"Five dollars," says the judge and makes a scratch with his pen. "Stand down," says Curry, while the magistrate utters again the formula about the affidavit and the process is repeated.

There was very little opportunity to take notes, and the reporter had to trust largely to his intuition to determine whether the case was worth reporting. It was a matter of memory and swift apprehension, although the difficulties were eased by the development of the sixth sense that so often comes to the rescue in emergencies:

Two impressions were very strong upon me. The first was the marvelous rapidity with which the cases were judged. The sitting magistrate was named Solon B. Smith: a spare, keen man, cold, poised, and with manifest desire to be just. He seemed to be like a skillful and experienced diagnostician, passing upon symptoms so familiar that he recognized them, or thought he recognized them, with hardly a glance. On this faculty he seemed to rely more than upon the testimony, which often was plainly false. The policeman would swear to one story, the saloon-keeper or fighting woman to an explicit contradiction, and the magistrate, sweeping both with one keen look from behind his spectacles, would cut them short with a curt and icy decision. The swiftness of these judgments at first appalled me: the line of prisoners might be said hardly to stand still, but to move from one door to another, receiving judgment as it passed. It was in a way a ludicrous thought and in another it was not in the least funny, but a spur to grave reflections.

The magistrates, says Mr. Russell, were usually kind men. So far as they could in the swirl of that swift machine they tried to discriminate in favor of the clearest cases of misfortune, and to mitigate the savagery of the methods they were compelled to use; but the sum of their humane impulses was but little, and in the main the tide set evenly toward punishment, merited or unmerited. They were but the agents of a system, and they were usually superior to the system:

Another fact forced more and more upon my attention was the vastness of the misery of New York. I had always thought of poverty in my country as rare and the result either of vice or of idleness. After a time in the police court and a variety of experience elsewhere I began to see that poverty was the condition of the majority of the people, with areas and depths of which I had never dreamed; and the well-to-do might be judged to dwell upon an island amid a black sea of destitution.

To this day I know of no spectacle more instructive than that bare and filthy police court of a morning; the long line of prisoners gathered for all conceivable offenses from all kinds of repulsive regions; the benches filled with the wives, children, friends, or fellow-gangsters of these; the boys that had been arrested for playing ball in the streets aligned with hardened criminals and worse; the court-room badly lighted and filled with mephitic odors; the railings, the wainscoting, and the backs of the benches covered with an indescribable greasy scum from a million dirty hands; all visible aspects squalid and sordid and forlorn; it seemed the perfect epitome of the slums, as it was truly their product.

Mr. Russell tells us that he rarely earned more than twelve dollars a week on the *Advertiser* and that there were others who did not earn half that amount. And yet the *Advertiser* turned out an unusual number of able newspaper men, which lends some weight to the theory that hard times are favorable to the development of genius:

Of a Saturday we were wont to inflict upon the public six pages instead of four, the two additions consisting of scissored miscellany of a dignified but indigestible kind, a few trifles of local interest, and sketches that the staff was allowed to contribute. By writing industriously for these columns, I added something to my earnings, which occasionally reached the dazzling figures of twelve dollars a week. At that I fared better than some others. I remember a man of really excellent ability and character, a university graduate and afterwards famous as an art critic, who did the Yorkville police court for an average weekly compensation of six dollars. I wonder now that we had any staff. Most of us went without luncheons because we had no money to buy them with. Some dietists advise no more than two meals a day. I can conscientiously testify that working without food from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night is inadvisable if one is a reporter and gets one's two meals at a boarding-house.

All this time Mr. Russell had a letter of introduction to Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, but the last drop of faith in such documents had long since been wrung from him. In fact his letters of introduction had seemed to earn for him a colder reception and a curter refusal. But a move of some kind had to be made, and so one afternoon found him waiting at the foot of the elevator in the old *World* building, opposite the postoffice:

Five minutes later I stood, rather frightened, beside an old-fashioned, high-topped desk at which a long, blonde man was writing, his legs and arms curled under and about him.

He looked up after a time, regarded me sharply through eyeglasses, touched Dr. Miller's letter with his pen, and said: "Did you send this in?"

I said I did. I had expected from all I had heard and read to hear from him a marked foreign accent, but he spoke like an American.

"Are you suggestive?" he said swiftly.

I said I did not know, but I was a good reporter.

"Hum," he said, as if the words were full of good reporters. "I am looking for suggestive men. What experience have you had?"

I ran over briefly where I had worked. I think he hardly listened, but regarded me furtively out of a corner of his eye.

"Go and see Colonel Cockerill about four o'clock tomorrow afternoon," he said, and dived into his writing. The next afternoon at four o'clock I was at Colonel Cockerill's door, whence I departed a member of the *World* staff.

Mr. Russell tells us that he might have remained forever an unknown member of the *World* staff but for a lucky accident that brought him to the favorable notice of the city editor. Some months later the *World* desired to send a staff man to Chicago as its correspondent, and the grateful city editor pushed him into the opening.

Of the trial of the Chicago anarchists we have a long account, although not one that materially adds to the facts already known, and which we would gladly forget:

Some of the aspects of that trial were of a nature that most persons believing in justice would gladly forget. Men that admitted a deep-seated prejudice against the accused, or even a conviction of their guilt, were allowed to sit on the jury. I doubt if any fair-minded man reviewing the evidence would give credence to much that was admitted as a basis for the verdict of guilty. One witness testified that he heard Parsons and Fielden make incendiary harangues at the Desplains Street meeting. He produced in court notes that he said he had written in his overcoat pocket confirming his assertion. He was far more skillful than I, then, for I have tried to take notes in the same way and have never been able to decipher so much as one word that I had thus written.

Mr. Russell gives us a concluding chapter of some interest on the art of reporting. The inaccuracy of reporters, he tells us, is usually a myth. Anything that is worth writing about in a newspaper has in its veritable aspects enough of human interest, if one will but look upon it attentively. Superficial observation, finding nothing that smites it with a bill-hook, falls to faking, which is not reporting at all, but mere laziness and slovenliness:

Whether truth is stranger than fiction I do not pretend to say, but I know it is always better than fiction. I remember now an instance related to me by Abraham Cahan, the creator of the great Jewish daily, *Forward*, and long a star reporter in New York. An old man had committed suicide; his violin lay upon his bed. Faking reporters imagined a story of an old violinist that found his fingers becoming too stiff to play his beloved instrument and so killed himself. This made what is called a good story; of the kind. Cahan rejected fiction and went patiently to discover the truth. He learned that the man was an artisan that all his life had cherished the ambition to play the violin. He worked and saved, and gathering a little competence set out to realize his ambition. He engaged an instructor and took many lessons and then discovered that he could not learn to play. That was the real reason why he had killed himself and made a story far better than the other. For one thing it had the subtle art values that pertain only to what is true. No matter how clever the faking it can never command those values, which, after all, are the ultimate goal of writing as of painting.

Reporting, in the opinion of the author, is a form of high art. To be a good interviewer demands a knowledge and skill beyond the ready belief of a layman. The fundamentals of successful interviewing go down to the roots of human nature; its complex difficulties can be solved only by those that are willing to study life with enthusiastic and unflagging zeal.

Mr. Russell tells us of one striking reportorial feat which may well serve to bring this sketch to a conclusion. When the *Oregon* mysteriously sank off Fire Island the steamer *Ems* took off her passengers. The reporters chartered a tug and went out to the *Ems*, but after collecting the facts they found to their amazement that the captain refused to allow them to return to their tug, and even placed each reporter in charge of two brawny seamen:

Attempts to dodge these encumbrances having failed and this being years before Marconi, the reporters were now in a desperate situation. Their newspapers had but the bare fact that one of the most famous steamers afloat had been sunk at the doors of the city, but they had not a detail nor a name and at this rate would assuredly get none.

The New York *Times* on this occasion was represented by an excellent reporter named Thomas Fielders. He went to the upper deck and surveyed the distance to the rolling tug below. Then he unbuttoned his coat and swiftly climbed upon the rail. His two sailor guards, with a glad cry, grabbed at him and seized the coat. Fielders threw his arms up, the coat slipped over his head and came free, and he shot down to the deck of the tug, where, by good hap, he landed on his feet. Then he called up to his associates to throw down their copy. They let go with all they had or could write, and Fielders took the tug up to New York, arriving in time to supply every morning newspaper.

This was a case where a reporter violated the traditional rule of the craft that every newspaper man should serve only the journal that employed him and seek in all ways to surpass and embarrass that journal's rivals. Fielders put the interest of the community above the rules of the competitive game and the community got the news to which it was entitled.

Mr. Russell has his ideals for the newspaper of the future, but with them we need not concern ourselves. He believes that the newspaper will improve, but not until it is published only for information, and not for profit. And that day can hardly be considered as imminent.

THESE SHIFTING SCENES. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: George H. Doran Company; net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Last Shot.

Mr. Palmer has every possible qualification for the writing of a war story. He has been a war correspondent for the greater part of his life, and he already has a respectable list of books to his credit. Therefore in writing of war he is writing of the things that he has seen and known, while his ability as a story teller needs no fresh demonstration.

Mr. H. G. Wells is one of many who have written of war as it might be if natural forces that are now beyond our control had been harnessed to the service of wholesale murder. Mr. Palmer puts all such imaginative efforts to one side. He supposes that two great European nations are in conflict with the weapons that now actually exist and with the experience and intelligence that would be at their command. He does not show us the whole field of war, but a corner only. And in this way he is able not only to increase the intensity of his narrative, but to fulfill the main object of his work, which is to show the effect of war upon a small group of people. He chooses as his heroine a beautiful girl who lives close to the frontier and who is loved by both the rival commanders, and it is this girl who is eventually forced into the position of a spy and whose activities in this way decide the fate of the great conflict.

Mr. Palmer tells his story with an admirable skill. The temptation to indulge in a mere carnival of horrors must have been a strong one, but it is resisted. His object is not to "wallow in gore," which almost any fourth-rate writer can do to perfection, but to show the moral effects of war upon a small and typical group of persons. The story is therefore lifted from the ordinary plane of horrors and becomes a social study of great importance, while considered only as a romance it has a marked and convincing interest. In fact Mr. Palmer has attacked war in the only way in which it should be attacked. He shows its effects upon human hearts, and not merely upon human bodies and human pockets.

THE LAST SHOT. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

On Nature's Trail.

The magazine reader is already familiar with the nature stories of Mr. F. St. Mars, and because of this familiarity he will be anxious to possess them in volume form. Certainly there has been a reaction against the method of depicting animal psychology as though it were no more than an incomplete version of human psychology. We know nothing about the mind of the animal and we have no means of knowing. It may be something far more than the mere immaturity that we usually associate with it. In comparison with the human mind it may have plus faculties as well as minus, and therefore the story teller may be well advised to confine himself to the record of the things that animals do rather than to guess at what they think. From this point of view Mr. St. Mars is the ideal story teller. He by no means excludes the use of the imagination. Indeed his stories are vibrant with imagination, but it is an imagination that is built upon a close observation of facts, and his record of facts has all the energy and vigor of a war correspondent. He gives us sixteen stories printed in large type and upon thick paper and with half a dozen tinted illustrations by Ernest Aris that come gratifyingly close to perfection. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that better stories of the kind have never been told nor stories that appear to be more exactly true.

ON NATURE'S TRAIL. By F. St. Mars. With introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D. S. O. New York: George H. Doran Company.

At Artist in Italy.

Mr. Walter Tyndale modestly says that his volume is little more than a painter's record of the places he visited while in search of material for his professional work. But no artist can set up his easel without feeling the appeal to his historic sense and the desire to know the story of the scene he paints, and so in addition to the wealth of color with which he beautifies his pages we have just enough of history to give added zest to the delight of the illustrations. But the historical portions are never overdone, and they are never dull. Indeed the author writes nearly as well as he paints, a felicitous combination and one that we may well wish were more common. Moreover he has a sense of humor, as witness his account of the old heggar woman who appealed to his sympathies by telling him that she was the widow of a water-color artist who was able with work, such as his own, to earn twenty-five lire a day, and now she hardly knew where to turn for a meal. "I felt," says the author, "that she had me at a disadvantage; I couldn't pass by on the other side, and I was too occupied to begin a cross-examination to ascertain whether this was a genuine case. I gave her a trifle, accompanied by that fatuous remark (which appar-

ently lessens the hardship of parting) about people not putting by for a rainy day while earning good wages. 'He had a large family to provide for, signore; and then you know what artists are.' Yes, I did; and I was relieved when she fell asleep, or she might have asked uncomfortable questions, which would have made my remark still more fatuous."

Those who know Mr. Tyndale's art work need no more than the information that there are here no less than twenty-six of his illustrations in color, each of them worthy of a frame and a place of honor on the wall. It is a beautiful book and as fine a tribute to scenic Italy as has yet been seen.

AN ARTIST IN ITALY. Written and painted by Walter Tyndale. R. I. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Sandy.

We naturally expect a Scotch story from Mr. S. R. Crockett, who knows his native land so well that his narrative measurably falls off in excellence as soon as he quits it for those inferior regions south of the Tweed. His hero is Sandy Pryde, whose amazing worldly successes fill us with envy and an intense but futile desire to be a Scotchman. Sandy begins an express business and with surprising rapidity we find him with four automobile vans, but then we all know that the express business is a veritable Golconda even in Scotland. But Sandy writes a novel and is paid \$2000 for it, which of course raises the incident into the domain of wild and impossible romance. Novelists do not get \$2000 for their work nowadays, although in this case we should like to believe that Mr. Crockett was drawing on his own experiences. But Sandy's luck still pursues him. He falls in love with a quite delightful young actress, but for this misbehavior he loses his job with the kirk, which of course is another blessing thinly disguised. And so it goes as the story wanders from London to Scotland and we fall in love more and more with the actress and wonder how it is that the good things of this life are usually reserved for Scotchmen, who are ill equipped by nature to enjoy them as they should be enjoyed. Mr. Crockett has made us familiar with a crowd of nice people and some people who are not nice, and they will linger in the memory for a long time in spite of the inequality of narrative merit that has already been noted.

SANDY. By S. R. Crockett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

American Ideals.

Dr. Ephraim Douglass Adams, Ph. D., professor of history at Leland Stanford Jr. University, considers in this volume the true purport of some of the ideals that have animated American life. He selects Nationality, Anti-Slavery, Manifest Destiny, Religion, and Democracy. There are of course many other ideals that are not noticed here. Indeed we might perhaps say with truth that there can be no life at all without ideals, and that individuals and nations alike must see some picture in the sky to lead them onward or else cease to move at all.

But there must always be a conflict even in ideals, seeing that selfishness and greed have their visions also. Every high ideal becomes tainted as it descends into daily life, and so they come eventually to be regarded as no more than a sort of spiritual hypocrisy and a cloak for baseness. It seems to be the author's intention to show that there is an actual gravitation upward in the national ideals, however much they may become soiled in the stress of living. These papers are well worth reading, not only for the sane and helpful philosophy that animates them, but for the sound historical knowledge upon which they are based.

THE POWERS OF IDEALS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Ephraim Douglass Adams, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

Brief Reviews.

"How to Rest," by Grace Dawson (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net), is a valuable little book designed to show that rest is actually a mental process and that the well-regulated mind will necessarily produce the well-regulated body. It may be heartily commended to those who suffer from nerves and temperament.

The Ball Publishing Company, Boston, have published a timely little book on "Camping and Camp Cooking," by Frank A. Bates. A glance through its pages causes us to put this little book on one side where no one is likely to find it in order that we may personally profit by its practical and sagacious advice. Price, 75 cents net.

An ample endorsement of the claims made by Professor Hiram Bingham in his "The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth" (Yale University Press) has recently appeared from the pen of Dr. R. Saenz Peña, President of Argentina. "The Monroe Doctrine," President Saenz Peña declares, "is one cause of the Latin hostility to the United States."

"Regulation," by W. G. Barnard (Regulation Publishing Company, Seattle), is an attempt to solve the problems of labor, unem-

ployment, trusts, land monopoly, vast private fortunes, high cost of living, money, and the tariff, and it is all done in 124 pages. The author's plan for regulating everything everywhere would work to perfection, but for the trifling obstacle of human nature.

Seizing greedily upon this little volume, entitled "How to Be Beautiful," by Marie Montaigne and others, we find to our disappointment that it is intended only for women, who are told how to handle each part of the body separately in such a way as to develop all its latent possibilities. Moreover, there are illustrations of massage and physical exercises, so that there is no excuse for error. The concluding chapter is entitled "Bernhardt's Secrets of Beauty." The book is published by Harper & Brothers and the price is \$1 net.

"Who's Who in America."

"Who's Who in America," for 1914-15, edited by Albert Nelson Marquis and published by A. N. Marquis & Co., is out. The work is thoroughly revised, brought down, and reissued biennially in May. The next edition will be for the years 1916-1917 (Volume IX), and will be issued in May, 1916. "Who's Who in America" aims to give a brief, crisp, personal sketch of every living American whose position or achievements make his personality of general interest, and tells just the things every intelligent person wants to know about those who are most conspicuous in every walk of life. A valuable feature of the book will be found in the address appended to each name. No other work has ever attempted the difficult task of finding and furnishing the addresses of leading Americans in all parts of the world. Thus the book possesses not only the best attributes of a biographical dictionary, but is also a handy directory of those living people of America in whom almost everybody is interested. The geographical index, which first appeared in the 1908-9 edition (Volume V), is a feature which adds greatly to the usefulness of the volume. It groups by states and postoffice address all the names in the book, making it

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easy to find quickly the names for any particular place or locality. The volume contains 2920 pages and 21,459 sketches.

James Oliver Curwood, whose new novel, "God's Country—and the Woman," begins in the June Red Book Magazine, is a real authority on the North. He has made several trips of research for the Canadian government, and in addition has led several exploring expeditions into the unknown country of British Columbia, and the Hudson's Bay Territory.

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Romantic America.

Mr. Schaffler suggests that although the credit of discovering America is usually given to Columbus the country itself still awaits the pioneer explorer who will make us understand what a beautiful country it is. Innumerable volumes have been written about Asia, Africa, Europe, and the South Seas, but the romance of America, while not wholly unnoticed, has been noticed so inadequately that its true attractions are still hardly felt by the traveler and tourist. We sometimes forget, says Mr. Schaffler, that the hoary ruins and manors of Tidewater, Virginia, the half-deserted Georgian villages of New England, the little Paris of Creole New Orleans, all belong to us as truly as Hoboken or Oshkosh. Last year the American people spent something like two hundred millions in seeing Switzerland, but we know next to nothing of our own more splendid Sierras. We enthuse over small French and German caverns, but we remain ignorant of the stupendous underworld of Kentucky. We make pilgrimages to the colored terraces and geysers of New Zealand, yet will not pause on the way home to see whether Wyoming does not hold in trust a more astonishing museum of natural marvels and beauties. We scramble among Himalayan gorges without realizing that deep in the bosom of Arizona there waits the supreme vision.

Therefore there must be many persons to whom Mr. Schaffler's book will be a revelation, and possibly it will do something to arouse the interest of Americans in America and to divert them from familiar paths into other paths at home that should have all the charm of unfamiliarity. Certainly no book could be better adapted to such a purpose. It has the charm of enthusiasm and of a delighted surprise, while as an example of excellent book-making it leaves nothing to be desired. It is sumptuously printed on quarto pages, while its eighty illustrations are well chosen and admirably executed.

ROMANTIC AMERICA. By Robert Haven Schaffler. New York: The Century Company; \$5 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

On June 3 the Houghton Mifflin Company published the following books: "Clark's Field," a new novel by Robert Herrick; "What Is It to Be Educated?" by C. Hanford Henderson, author of "Education and the Larger Life"; "The Sister of the Wind," a collection of poems by Grace Fallow Norton, the first since her "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's"; and a Western nature book, "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, author of "The Vanishing Race," which tells the wonderful and tragic history of the American Indian, recently returned from an expedition to all the 189 Indian tribes in the United States.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have been the first to take a step that will doubtless be made sooner or later by all publishers. They have initiated a moving-picture department, under the charge of Mrs. Alberta S. Eagan, which will take care of the problems of motion-picture rights for all their books, and prepare scenarios of novels for consideration by the producing companies.

Interest continues regarding the authorship of "Overland Red." One dealer who has offered a prize to the first person sending in the correct name has received so far more than one hundred guesses. Of the many authors to whom the book is attributed B. M. Bower has twenty-four guesses, Zane Gray sixteen, Jack London seven, Alfred Henry Lewis fourteen, William McLeod Raine nine. The announcement of the author will be made the first of July by the publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company.

While Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice is writing a new novel, the interest in her "Loves Mary" continues, making a new printing—the twenty-fifth—necessary to supply the demand.

"The Strength of the Strong" is a typical Jack London title and the new book to which it applies is a typical Jack London book. There are six tales in the volume, no two of them alike, and all representing the best that Mr. London has done in the short story field. The volume is published by the Macmillan Company.

In the case of the Macmillan Company this month will see the publication of a more than ordinarily important list of novels. These include Eden Phillpotts's "Faith Tresilion," May Sinclair's "The Return of the Prodigal," Miss Mary Murfree's (Charles Egbert Craddock) "The Story of Duciehurst," Herbert Harrison's "A Lad of Kent," and "They Who Question," an anonymous novel which considers with much power one phase of the relationship of religion and life.

The Putnams announce among their publications of the spring "Vital Issues in Christian Science; with Facsimile Letters of Mary

Baker Eddy," prepared under the auspices of the New York City Christian Science Institute, Augusta E. Stetson, principal. At the urgent request of a large body of Christian Scientists throughout the world, and many others who are interested in the Christian Science movement, to have an authentic statement of the controversy, this book has been published.

John Nolen, author of "Replanning Small Cities," has just returned from a month in Dublin, where he was engaged in connection with the approaching civic exhibition. Immediately upon returning to America Mr. Nolen was unanimously chosen to make a new plan for Bridgeport, Connecticut.

When Myra Kelly, author of "Little Aliens," "Little Citizens," etc. (Scribner's), wrote the first of these stories she had small faith in the judgment of magazine editors, because so many of her friends, who had tried, told her there was no chance for an unknown author. So she sent copies of her stories to six different editors at the same time. Every one of them accepted. She had the greatest difficulty in arranging the matter, so unwilling was each of them to relinquish his claim.

The Century Company announces June 12 as the issue date of Holworthy Hall's "Henry of Navarre—Ohio."

New Books Received.

A STEPOUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE. By Margaret Lynn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A collection of sketches of prairie life.

WHERE NO FEAR WAS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Fear, in the expansive sense in which Mr. Benson uses the term, is traced as an influence whether for good or for ill in the lives of various great men.

WHERE PHAROAH DREAMS. By Irene Osgood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75 net.

Being the impressions of a woman-of-moods in Egypt.

GREAT DAYS. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

NEW MEN FOR OLD. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MOTHERHOOD. By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A consideration of certain problems connected with woman's most important mission.

JUDICIAL INTERPRETATION OF POLITICAL THEORY. By William Bennett Bizzell, A. M., D. C. L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A study in relation of the courts to the American party system.

MISALLIANCE, FANNY'S FIRST PLAY, AND THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50 net.

Including two essays.

PUNCH AND JUDY. By Edwin Pugh. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE BOY SCOUT. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

A short story.

THE INCANDESCENT LILY. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE DRY FLY AND FAST WATER. By George M. L. La Branche. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

A book for the fisherman.

TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH A DOG SLEO. By Hudson Stuck, D. D., F. R. G. S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net.

A narrative of winter travel in interior Alaska.

NARRATIVES OF THE WITCHCRAFT CASES, 1648-1706. Edited by George Lincoln Burr, LL. D., Litt. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Issued in Original Narratives of Early American History.

ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN AMERICA. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

A review of the tendencies conspicuous in Roman society and their duplications or antitheses in the society of today.

THE HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

New and revised popular-priced edition. With map and illustrations in color and black and white.

CHANCE IN CHAINS. By Guy Thornc. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1 net.

A tale of the control of a roulette wheel by wireless telegraphy.

FLORIAN MAYR. By Ernst, Baron von Wolzogen. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.35 net.

A new edition of a fine story of musical life in Germany.

JEHANE OF THE FOREST. By L. A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A novel.

IN CHEYNE WALK AND THEREABOUT. By Reginald Blunt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3 net.

Containing short accounts of some ingenious

people and famous places that were by the riverside at Chelsea.

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY. By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50 net.

The complete history of "D'Arcy of the Guards," with full copies of letters, contracts, and telegrams.

FORUM STORIES. Selected by Charles Vale. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50 net.

A volume of short stories.

DREAMS. By Henri Bergson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 60 cents net.

An explanation of the mechanism of dreaming.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS. By Lillian Pascal Day. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

A book of practical suggestions for entertaining.

A FREE HANO. By Helen C. Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volumes III and IV. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net each.

Domestic Dramas, and Symbolic and Legendary Dramas.

ANIMALS IN SOCIAL CAPTIVITY. By Richard Clough Anderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A humorous book about animals, human and otherwise.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Prayer.

"Many worlds have I made," said the good God,
"But this is the best of all."
He slipped the round earth from his lap;
Space held the circling ball.

"Six days have I labored," said the good God,
"To make it very fair,
And man and woman have I moulded fine,
Set them together there.

"Open ye night windows," said the good God,
"For I would hear them pray."
Up from the spinning globe there came
Loud cries from far away.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,
"The chastening of my foe,
His vineyards grant me—his slaves and oxen,
So shall I lay him low."

"Give to me strange beauty," said the young maid,
"More fair than all to be,
So I anoint my body and go forth
To draw men's hearts to me."

"Behold, this is not good," said the good God,
"Nor made to my desire."
Then cried his little Son, "I shall go forth,
To save them from thine ire."

"O reach ye down your arms," said the good God,
Unto the seraphim,
"Lift up the broken body of my child,
For they have tortured him."

"Open the windows of the night," said the good God,
"For I would hear them weep."
Up from the spinning world's tumultuous sound
Man's prayers imperious leap.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,
"My foe to bend and break,
Burst thou his strongholds and his ships entomb,
So I my vengeance take."

"Give to me rare beauty," said the young maid,
"More fair than all to be,
So I in silk attire shall go forth
To draw men's hearts to me."
—From "New Poems," by Dora Sigerson Shorter.

A Dixie Lullaby.

Laughin' wif yo' dinneh in de cohnch ob yo' mouf—
Sweetes' pickaninny in dis po'tion ob de Souf.
Lookin' at yo' mammy fum de tail-end ob yo' eye—
Make has'e dar, brack baby, fo' yo' mealtime slippin' by.
Make dem sof' lips wiggle—yo's a triffin' li'l coon!
Mammy up en take yo' dinneh fum yo', putty soon!

Laughin' wif yo' dinneh in de cohnch ob yo' mouf—
Yo' aint fear'd de craps will fail en aint askeered o' rrouf.
Rollin' droun' dem chiny eys at mammy—li'l scamp!
Mammy she aint lub yo' none—she fling yo' ter a tramp!
Huh-uh! Nee'n't pucker up yo' baby lips en cry;
Mammy gwine ter lub yo' twell de salty sea run dry.

Sleepin' wif his dinneh in de cohnch ob his mouf.
Wahm lips on de proudest mammy boozum in de Souf.
Belly full o' dinneh en his skeer all druv away—
Lawd! Huccome day caint stay small fohebe en a day?
Bofe dem ehiny windchs got dey shettahs farstened down—
Fix dat haid, Sis' Lindy, w'ile he slumberhin' so soun'!
—Strickland Gilhlan, in the National Magazine.

Tolstoy is the chief figure in a series of "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" by his son, the Count Ilya, which is announced for the Travel (June) number of the Century Magazine. Intimate and revealing impressions of the great man in his home are said to be in store for the reader.

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"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS."

At present, according to the bill-boards, to reach that delectable region one must go to the Cort Theatre. And, truly, some do find it so. I confess my tastes incline to less simple-hearted drama, and yet there is much shrewdness in the disposition of character, motives, and setting as set forth in this play of rural types and country-town lives. For some reason or other the authors of rural plays run to realism of setting and artificiality of histrionism, partly, I think, because they consider that they are appealing to a more simple-minded order of spectators. But the fact of the matter is that we all have a taste, for rurality on the stage, provided that our pet standards as to taste and probabilities be duly observed. There is no reason whatever why the ruralists should not be just as simple and natural as the city denizens. Mr. Lawrence Whitman has really had this standard in view in writing his play, and that he has occasionally departed from it is due to the preponderance of melodrama, and the unnatural accentuation of stage rusticity, in the Lottie Blair school of dramas. Yet it is a fact that, true or false, the public enjoys a sense of refreshment in witnessing these rural dramas, and when, as in the present instance, a special emphasis is laid on the elimination of militancy and bad blood in village antagonisms, the optimist feels confirmed in his better views of human nature. Here and there the author has allowed himself to fall into the stage vernacular of the old-style melodrama that is dead. Some of his characters run too much to monotony of traits, as, for instance, the old maid sister, who delivers herself of one prolonged monotonous snap, like a perpetually chained watchdog. Indeed the author had his idea there, too, for Martha Hardcastle was supposed to have had her gentler parts driven out of sight by the domestic tyrannies of a blustering bully of a brother. Still the character fails to wholly appeal to one's sense of the logic that should underlie all drama, just as the bully himself is too highly colored and too sharply drawn.

The author's idea is to develop the sense of contrast between the bull-like Benjamin Hardcastle and his utopian young neighbor, Jim Whitman, the character that is impersonated by the star. That it has been done from a too-theatrical standpoint does not, however, seem to lessen the pleasant effect made by the play on the receptivities of the public, which receives it with the pleasure generally accorded to plays of this type, and offers a special welcome to William Hodge's Jim Whitman.

Mr. Whitman—I wonder if it was for luck that the author gave his name to the leading character?—has built up a representation of family life in the Hardcastle homestead which is shadowed over by the glum and tyrannous presence of the bully. A complicated family tangle, more or less improbably brought about, ensues, in which the bull-like rage of Hardcastle, the aggressor, and the gentle yet shrewd philosophy of Jim Whitman, the optimist, are placed in a light of comparison that fails to develop into the red glare of battle, on account of the steady self-control of young Whitman.

William Hodge does nothing wonderful in the line of acting, but in appearance, temperament, and manner he fits perfectly into the rôle. In these last two points he might well claim that they are a part of his histrionic assumption. At any rate in slow, gentle cadences which convey the idea of the deliberation of those who live the unhurried, rural life he pours forth a continuous stream of homely wit and humor, trenchant occasionally in its application, which sometimes causes the human bull to toss his head and bellow in blind rage, and sometimes brings him to a stupid pause, arrested by the sudden pricking of a barb which penetrates his dull brains and rankles there.

As so often happens in plays of this type the author has laid out something interesting for the men to do, while as to the feminine characters he merely outlines purely conventional, unindividual types. Any actress of suitable age and fair amount of experience will do to fill such rôles, and consequently one can scarcely find opportunity to give more than a perfunctory word of approval to what is but be almost satisfactorily done, as there is so slight a tax on talent in the doing of it.

I thought the girls a little raw in attitude and gesture, but the male rôles were well acted and the principal scenes of the play contained a flavor of excitement that made a pronounced appeal to the interest even of those who prefer their drama to be more subtle, and enjoy complications that hinge on the less obvious psychologies of human intercourse. There are a number of minor touches in the play that agreeably and almost unconsciously to the spectator affect his sense of enjoyment. For one thing Mr. Whitman—or perhaps it is Mr. Hodge—is perfectly aware that the public likes to see characters in a play engaged in some occupation that is either real or apparently so. Thus, in the first act, when young Whitman comes to the house of his surly neighbor to court his willing daughter, he calmly takes out one sash of the "setting-room" window and begins replacing a broken pane. Mr. Hodge does this deliberately but deftly, occasionally pausing and waving his putty knife to lend emphasis to his discourse. Not a word is said, no allusions are dragged in as to young Whitman's being handy or liking to see things in ship-shape even in his neighbor's house. We infer all that, and see the trait worked out in other employments of his hands during subsequent acts.

We have grown quite familiar with the shower of stage rain, as in "The Country Boy," for instance, in which actual water drops descended and wet hastily upraised umbrellas. But Mr. Whitman—and I find myself always suspecting Mr. Hodge of complicity in these devices to please us on our unconscious side—while invoking a thunderstorm projects the realistic effect to us on the outer rim of the storm by sending the curtain up and down there or four times just previous to the evident rainstorm that is due; and during its ascents we catch glimpses of an agitated household hastily collecting an invalid lady in a wheeled chair, a caged canary bird, a box of tools and such other impedimenta as had accumulated under the pet shade tree in the dooryard. Another popular device that in rural drama always tickles the public is the introduction of livestock, which, in the present case, besides the canary already mentioned, consisted of a horse, a dog, and a dreamy and well-conducted hen. In fact, as may be seen, the play, except for a few tense passages set in motion by the blind, malevolent obstinacy of the bully, is really made of the pleasant, wholesome trifles which make us idealize country life in our minds and carefully avoid it in our lives. The only unpleasant character in the play, except for a very anemic attempt at a villain, is the bully, and he is put in there for the purpose of showing how decent everybody else is. In the end his influence for bad is so nullified by Jim Whitman's influence for good that all the human pawns begin comfortably moving whither they should go, and the falling curtain intervenes as a screen between happy faces on both sides of the footlights.

The audiences of our day know so little of the country barn and the old-time family sitting-room that they manifestly enjoyed to the bottom of their boots the two particularly well-set representations of these once familiar haunts, respectively, of the male and female of the species. Every one took very kindly, too, to the simplicity and fidelity of Mr. A. L. Evans's representation of an ancient, dyed-in-the-wool, Uncle Sam type of rustic farmer of the vintage of old New England. For it was New England that sired all the Middle West rustics that spread over by the great central river valleys. Perhaps such old figures of simplicity do not exist now. Perhaps they never did. But we think they did, which is just as much to us as if they were once seen in the flesh. But whether they did or didn't, Mr. Evans's impersonation had the homely, naïve charm which the actor sought to invest it with, and all the other male players, although Mr. Scott Cooper's work merits special praise, did so well as to make us almost if not quite overlook the uninterestingness of the feminine proportion of the company.

THE ORPHEUM.

The glories of the Orpheum are diminished this week, as the left-overs of their record bill, which practically all theatre habitués went to see, are finally withdrawn.

In Eddie Foy's seven-barreled act, however, the audience fell in line with the title "For Joy," and received the enterprising parent and his juvenile brood with every sign of laughing appreciation. Mr. Foy certainly hit on something new when he conceived the idea of ranging his youthful family in an engaging row, so that the regard of the child-loving public would rest

On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.

It is the idea, in fact, that catches the public, and, naturally, not the execution, since the children are too young to have as yet developed even the artistry of the music hall. But hilarity reigns during the Foy act, and

although, sooth to say, the united warbling of the youngsters is calculated to put a lover of song to flight, the children themselves are engaging, with their manifest enjoyment of the situation and their comfortable at-homeness on the stage. Eddie Foy's stage tricks are a little worn with use, but he seems to make a tacit appeal to his public's long-tested friendliness in drawing their attention to these tender young shoots springing out from weather-worn boughs. And who knows? Perhaps among these bright-eyed and precocious youngsters, with their premature acquaintance with the exactions of stage life, there may yet develop some future lights of the stage.

Although the Foy act takes precedence of Irvin Cobb's "Sergeant Bagby," the latter is, in point of merit, the leading attraction. The sergeant himself transplants very well from the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* to the vaudeville stage. But the merit of the little play does not lie in the exploitation of one character, since the author, while making Sergeant Bagby the chief spokesman of the play, very sensibly gives two other characters almost equal prominence. The play gives a little picture of the old soldiers in gray in a Southern town celebrating one of the anniversaries of the Confederacy, and firing up, half testily, half good-naturedly, over the dead issues of the war, when they find that the new justice of the peace is a man from Massachusetts and a Yankee in sentiment. The piece has an atmosphere which is very acceptable to the taste fevered by the speed with which we pace in this twentieth century. The old soldiers indulge in reminiscences, josh each other, occasionally touching on the raw, and make up over drinks, incidentally extending their good-will to a pair of young elopers who are fleeing from the step-paternal wrath of the most unpopular man in town. The chucklings, and jokes, and raileries of the old fellows, the red-faced joviality of Sergeant Bagby, the Yankee genuineness of the Massachusetts man, and the simple-hearted truculence of the peppery Georgian make up a triangular picture of national types which in this sophisticated age appeals to us more particularly from their very infrequency. In fact it struck me that Irvin Cobb's play, while not appealing to the intellectualist, affords an example of one of the best types of the purely popular vaudeville playlet; a piece that perpetuates the better sentiment that finally sprang from the rank soil of our great internecine quarrel, that humorously and sympathetically depicts fast-vanishing national types, and that gives us the local atmosphere of one of the strongly characteristic sections of our country. It is a piece that is worth the work of the really good actors who represent it, of whom the impersonators of the convivial trio deserving of special mention are Messrs. George Neville, Lawrence Edinger, and Neil Burton.

COLUMBIA THEATRE STOCK CO.

Something out of the ordinary is promised us for the Columbia Theatre, at the conclusion of the two weeks' season of the Brieux play, "Damaged Goods." There is to be an interesting midsummer season at that popular playhouse, to last six weeks or more, of a star stock company headed by Charles Richman, who is also to superintend the staging of the plays. These are to consist of high-class comedies, some of them new to California

audiences, others the revival of notably successful pieces, such as "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is to be the opening bill. The plays, in fact, are to match the personnel of the company, which is to be of unexceptionable quality.

Associated with Messrs. Gottlieb and Marx in this enterprise is Mr. Wallace Munro, who has gathered together a group of players which includes such names as that of Charles Richman, already mentioned, Rose Coghlan, Charlotte Tittell, of the well-remembered California family of that name that has made its theatrical mark in the East, Charles Cherry, Ada Goodrich, Carol McComas, Joan Dana, Lucile Gardner, Frank Kingdon, John Raymond, George F. Christie, Horace Mitchell, and J. G. Wadsworth.

This enterprise is not dissimilar from that which was more particularly identified with James K. Hackett a summer or two ago, when, at the Columbia, a number of interesting plays were given with Hackett acting as star. What will more particularly appeal to us out here, accustomed as we are to seeing lights of the stage in one rôle only during a one-or-two-week season, is the opportunity of witnessing interesting histrionic individualities transforming themselves in highly dissimilar rôles. We tasted that pleasure all the more keenly during the Shakespearean season, because it is so rare, and few will forget the intense enjoyment with which we saw Mr. Murray Carrington adapt his supple talent to markedly different characterizations.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Le Bourgeois is the name of a new society in Paris, the purpose of which is to bring young dramatists and composers together and make them known to the public. Once a month the organization gives a paying public performance, comprising dramatic and musical works. The members form their own orchestra, and the artists among them paint the scenery.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Damaged Goods" Monday at Columbia.

Writing in the Chicago Tribune, Dr. Louis Levine tells of an interview which he had with Eugene Brieux recently. In answer to the inquiry whether the writing of Brieux's most successful play, "Damaged Goods," had been accidental, the playwright replied:

"It was no accident that I wrote 'Damaged Goods.' If you have read my other dramas you certainly have noticed that one theme runs through them all, like a dominant leit motiv, that is the problem of the position of woman in modern society. Throughout my entire literary career I have tried to awaken society to the fact that woman is mistreated and maltreated, and that as a weaker being she needs a helping hand to win a better position in life.

"Like the philosopher Mark Guyau, whom I love very much, I feel that I have more tears than I need for myself. I have turned to those who are weak and need pity—and I found that there are two members of society who are most neglected, though they are the weakest—and that is the woman and the child. I took up their cause as if it were my own."

Richard Bennett and his original New York company will present "Damaged Goods" at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, June 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Gaiety Continues the New Hit.

"The Isle of Bong Bong" is proving at the Gaiety that taste for real musical comedy—that is, genuine comedy wedded to genuine song—is as alert today as ever it was; for the audiences during last week and thus far into the second week of its engagement have been larger than the Gaiety has housed in months, while "sold out" houses are frequent.

The success of "The Isle of Bong Bong" is easily explained. It marks the first of the Gaiety productions under the new régime of that playhouse, and it is staged and mounted regardless of the expense incurred in the remarkable garments of the pretty principals and the large beauty chorus. The principals are every one of them capable of starring at the head of their own company, as indeed many of them have. Frances Cameron is a delicious personage in the rôle of the fiery Paquita, daughter of the Sultan of the mythical isle. Her singing and her dancing and her piquant personality were never exhibited to better advantage, even when she was the hest of Sonias in "The Merry Widow." Walter Lawrence, in the rôle of a breezy American willing to instruct the natives in anything from graft to poker, retains all the popularity he has won in recent seasons with San Francisco theatre-goers. Louise Orth, as blonde as Miss Cameron is brunette, is a delightful singer, possessed of grace of manner

as well as beauty; Myrtle Dingwall, Maude Beatty, Arthur Clough—he with the exquisite tenor voice—and the comedian on whose competent shoulders most of the fun-making rests, are some of the others who are "putting the show over big." One of the delights of the entertainment is dainty Margaret Edwards's interpretative dance to Mr. Lawrence's singing, "My Havana Maid."

Six New Acts at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week another great show with six entirely new acts and two splendid holdovers.

There is no more dazzling personality on the American stage today than Valeska Suratt, who will head the new bill in her latest and greatest triumph, "Black Crepe and Diamonds," a fantasy by George Baldwin. It is a most magnificently mounted extravaganza, introducing in a decidedly attractive manner the cream of artistic excellence. The characters in "Black Crepe and Diamonds" are Damosel, Love, Woe, Dance, Light, and Gaiety, and they are impersonated by Miss Suratt, George Baldwin, Ada Dunhar, Paul Higgins, Vera Higgins, and Alfred Gerard. The musical director is Leon Pelochok and the production was staged under the direction of Jack Mason. Miss Suratt's "Tea Time Tango" was written especially for her by L. Wolfe Gilbert and Lewis Muir. The time of the extravaganza is eternity and the place a woman's heart.

The home-coming of Walter de Leon and "Muggins" Davies should prove most gratifying to themselves and to their friends and admirers, for these artists return to their native city after having scored a brilliant triumph in New York and other great cities of the East. They will introduce their song hits from "The Campus," of which Mr. de Leon is the author.

"New Stuff" is the title of the one-act play in which Irene Timmons is the bright particular star. It gives a new twist to the crook idea and is a decidedly gripping act with a refreshing termination much out of the ordinary.

James H. Cullen, "the Man from the West," who is making his fifteenth tour of the Orpheum Circuit, will introduce a new monologue. He requires no eulogy. The mere mention of his name is readily accepted by the public as a guaranty for most enjoyable entertainment.

Uproarious fun is the object successfully aimed at by Stelling and Revell, English comedians and acrobats of renown.

The Belleclair Brothers, internationally famed athletes, will return after a three years' tour of the world. These two young men are models of physical development and possess the muscular force of giants. Their feats of strength and of catapult variety have never been equaled.

Next week will be the last of Harry B.

Lester and Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes.

Cort Continues "The Road to Happiness."

William Hodge has once more endeared himself to San Francisco playgoers by a characterization quite as fine as his well-remembered "Man from Home." In Jim Whitman, the sunny mainstay of "The Road to Happiness," which starts on its second week at the Cort tomorrow, this unique star has found another rôle that allows full play for his peculiar gifts.

Mr. Hodge has been particularly fortunate in his vehicles. He made a "hit" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and after that was trusted with the leading part in "The Man from Home." It was all an experiment, for Hodge, as well as the play, was an unknown quantity. But both caught on, and Mr. Hodge was starred. He continued in that rôle, now famous, until one always thought of Hodge and "The Man from Home" as equivalent terms. He toured in the play for five years. This past season Mr. Hodge was fortunate enough to find "The Road to Happiness," and he has been in most pleasant paths ever since.

The next attraction at the Cort Theatre will be Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tent-maker," Richard Walton Tully's Persian love play, which has been the success of the season in New York. It comes here direct from its long metropolitan engagement, with the same large cast and massive production that have been the talk of New York.

Problem Playlet at Pantages.

"Virtue," the fourth of a series of problem playlets which have been arranged for production on the Pantages circuit, will be the big attraction on one of the strongest bills that the local vaudeville house has presented in many months. Like its predecessors, "Vice," "Hanged," and the recent sensation, "The New Chief of Police," it tells a tale with a striking moral lesson. "Virtue" is a true story taken from an actual incident in the life of a woman of the tenderloin, who related the dramatic episode to a newspaper writer. Briefly, the plot of "Virtue" revolves around the infatuation of a prominent business man with a notorious woman. The wife, a devout and religious lady, visits the resort and endeavors to persuade the siren to give up her husband for the sake of the child of the man. The sketch is said to be crowded with dramatic scenes and has a compelling climax with an intensely religious ending. Myrtle Vane, a well-known stock favorite, and Archibald A. Avery, a celebrated English actor, will take the leading rôles. Other characters will be portrayed by Maude Mason, Mary Jackson, Helen Hill, Clyde Burroughs, and Alfred Dolsie.

The other big feature on the bill is Pony Moore and her rollicking musical-comedy favorites of twelve chorus girls in "The Jolly

Tars." It is a tabloid brim full of bright songs and comedy scenes.

Frank Bush, without question one of the greatest spinner of comedy stories in vaudeville, will be the laughing hit of the show.

Other good acts are the Four Military Maids, Brown and Jackson, and Edwin Crapo and company in the classic posing attraction, "The Garden of Passion."

The special all-star company coming to the Columbia Theatre for a series of important comedy and dramatic revivals commencing Monday, June 22, will arrive here in a few days direct from New York City, where rehearsals have been going on for two weeks past.

The final presentations at the Columbia Theatre of the Annette Kellerman motion pictures, entitled "Neptune's Daughter," will be given on this Saturday afternoon and night.

Whatever controversies may have arisen as to the hest dramatic contribution of Oscar Wilde, consensus of critical analysis awards the palm of comedy construction and delightful satire to his deliciously written "The Importance of Being Earnest," which has been selected as the premier vehicle to present the company that will inaugurate a brief summer engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

When the two years' run of "Peg o' My Heart" closed in New York on May 30 Miss Laurette Taylor, as Peg, had played the part for over 650 consecutive performances, breaking every record ever set by a feminine star in the history of the stage in New York City.

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"VIRTUE"

A Sequel to "Vice"

7 OTHER GREAT ACTS



LAKE TAHOE

Mark Twain said of Tahoe, in comparing it with Como, "As I go back in spirit and recall that noble sea, reposing among the snow peaks 6000 feet above the ocean, the conviction comes strong upon me again that Como would only seem a bedizened little courtier in that august presence. . . . A sea, whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts 9000 feet above the level world; a sea whose every aspect is impressive, whose belongings are all beautiful, whose lonely majesty types the Deity!"

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VANITY FAIR.

Would you not like to be queen for a few hours, not of course that you might order people's heads to be cut off, although that in itself would be very nice the way things are now, but just that you might know what a queen thinks about? Of course we all of us live in little worlds of our own, and we all of us believe vaguely that humanity at large is merely a magnification of our own little circles with a fringe of barbarism around the edges. But the queenly circle seems so small and it is so peculiarly unrepresentative of anything save itself. A few weeks ago we read of Queen Mary's consternation at the discovery that the London music halls were not occupying themselves exclusively with spiritual allegories and "turns" from the "Pilgrim's Progress." Whether any one had actually told the queen any genuine facts about music halls may be doubted, but she had been told enough to make her very uneasy. Now what do you suppose the queen did in this awful emergency. It seems almost incredible, but what she actually did was to send confidently for the Archbishop of Canterbury and request that dignitary to attend to the matter forthwith and to see to it that the music-hall stage was purified and uplifted. Probably it never occurred to her for one wild, delirious moment that the archbishop was unable to do that thing, and that the music halls would care no more for his admonitions than they would care for those of the man in the moon.

And now we have another stupefying item of a similar kind. The queen has bought a vast and complicated jigsaw puzzle containing 700 pieces in the expectation that when her ladies in waiting see this glorious diversion before their eyes they will lose their interest in all the modern dances, for which they seem to have a lamentable predilection, and devote themselves with enthusiasm to the orderly arrangement of those 700 inane pieces of wood.

It might have been known that Queen Mary would disapprove of the tango. The royal ban was as certain as death and taxes. But we hardly thought she would strike as hard as this. We hardly believed that she would cut the ground from under the feet of the new dances by providing a competing interest of so delirious a nature as a jigsaw puzzle. How we should like to visit the English court for just one evening. Probably one evening would be all that we could stand of the court, and all that the court could stand of us. But it would be nice to have an abiding mental picture of that scene of chaste decorum, the maids of honor with their jigsaw puzzle, and King George with his collection of postage stamps, and the queen with her pious knitting, all of them "setting an example" to the nation and the nation quietly grinning and going on its old evil way.

Mme. Pavlova seems to have had an awkward contretemps with the German emperor. She was summoned to the royal box after a performance at Brunswick, and we are told that she greatly pleased the emperor by an assurance that his ban had completely killed the tango in America. Now we have not noticed any dead tango lying around, although we have noticed a good deal that bears signs of animation, but doubtless the lady felt that she must say something likely to give that blushing and sensitive monarch a little of the self-assurance that has always been his chief lack. However that may be, the emperor presented his hand for the chaste salute customary under such circumstances, and it seems that in bestowing the salute Mme. Pavlova left a small red mark on the white glove of royalty. It was rouge. There was no concealing the fact, and it was small consolation to think that matters might have been very much worse, and that it was only a glove that bore the marks of the tender encounter. Mme. Pavlova was in the lowest depth of despair when she saw what she had done, and was only partially restored to composure by the royal assurances that it did not matter. She said: "I was never so frightened in my life. Such an offense would have had the most serious consequences in Russia." And as for the emperor himself, let us hope that he is gentleman enough to preserve that glove among his most cherished souvenirs.

Dazie, the American dancer, tells us that there is a profound psychological reason for the popularity of the dance. She says: "People are dancing mad because they have found a diversion in which they are themselves the principals. It was always the fault of the American man and woman that he and she never knew how to amuse themselves except by hiring professional entertainers. They sat inert and watched stage plays and listened to music; they basked on benches and gazed upon husky athletes beating baseballs with clubs or booting leather on a gridiron. They were nothing themselves in amusement, no matter how efficient in business. They began to tire of the professional mime and sportsman, and longed to be themselves the players in the game. And then,

like a gift from Heaven, came the new dances, and men and women awoke to the fact that they had bodies which moved rhythmically to the strains of exciting music, gave them delightful exercise and fascinating comradeship. They found an inspiration in the rhythmic expansion and contraction of their muscles, their brains cleared, the fire of life burned up brightly, and existence was renewed. They are now the dancers and the dance; the actors and the play. Each is important; each has something to do, and the desire of sitting like an alligator on a sandbar watching hired tragedians, comedians, and strong men has gone like smoke. We depend no longer upon extraneous aids to amusement. The finest diversion life offers lies in music and our own bodies. The dance is tonic, bracing, and progressive. It is the sworn enemy to stagnation and reaction. On with the dance, for its exhilaration is beyond all other stimuli! Approached in proper mood, with a pleasing partner, it is more invigorating than a sea voyage or a mountain climb. We are all principals in the dance; we are protagonists and contenders. Go to with your plays and your bridge tables and your athletes!"

A PROTEST.

In the present style of bonnet,
With its stuck-up stick-up on it,
We have something to admire and yet to fear;
For each bristling, jabbing feather
Has a way that's altogether
Inconvenient when it bristles in your ear.
In the crowded elevators
Men are turned to woman haters,
When each nose is scratched and tickled with a
spear;
Unsung heroes, tortured martyrs—
Knights, indeed (without the garters)—
Men who sneeze and meekly murmur, "Not so
near!"
Lovely women, vote aspirants,
Shed your stick-ups, gentle tyrants!
Tickle not the said proboscis in your rear.
—Judge.

The cause of woman's emancipation in Turkey has received a check (says the London *Standard*) through the issue by the Sheikh-ul-Islam of an "encyclical" condemning the tendency of Turkish women to discard the veil and adopt European fashions. A Constantinople correspondent, who forwards the news, adds, however, that the Turkish people are at the same time warned never to use any arbitrary measures against the offenders, and to leave the matter to the competent authorities. Those who venture, on their own accord, to adopt means of reprisal or punishment will be themselves liable to undergo imprisonment. Policemen must never interfere if they see a Turkish woman "indecently" dressed; they must only draw the attention of the competent authorities to the matter; and these will administer justice themselves.

These injunctions, adds the correspondent, are considered a great improvement on the former procedure, when every Moslem offended at a "hanum's" dress could there and then deal with her in anything but a gentle manner. It is the general opinion amongst enlightened circles in Constantinople that the emancipation of woman from the restrictions of the harem is too far advanced to be restrained by religious edicts. As the result of frequent visits to Paris, Berlin, and London, Moslem women have already learned the advantages of Western civilization and culture, and will no longer submit to Old World usages and traditions.

The cup candidate *Defiance*, which has been launched at Bath, Maine, will carry the tallest set of spars ever used on a racing yacht. One set is of wood and the other of steel. Whichever is used will give the big cup candidate a tremendous sail spread. The yacht is designed by George Owen of Newton, Maine. Unlike the *Resolute*, the *Defiance* has rather full underbody and the displacement will be higher. She has a centreboard that when down will give the *Defiance* a draft of considerably over twenty-one feet, the draft of the *Resolute*. The *Defiance* will steer with a wheel on a considerable angle. The deck will be flush with no rail. It is of spruce and will be canvas covered. The *Defiance* has a steel frame. It is made light and from the present appearance of the boat she will be able to move fast in light air, although she looks to be a heavy weather craft.

Howard Palmer, in his book on "The Selkirk Mountains," cites a case from his own experience that represents a test of endurance probably unequalled in the history of the canning industry. Speaking of his return from a fourteen-hour climb and the rations partaken of at its close, he remarks: "That the tin of corned beef, devoured so ravenously, was no less than eighteen summers old, did not in the least disturb us. We had discovered it nearby on the site of the Topham and Forster camp of 1890, undoubtedly abandoned by them at that time when the weather compelled their return to the Glacier House."

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Del Monte and Monterey

Charming hotel in beautiful park and gardens. 40-mile auto scenic boulevard skirting ocean. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf and Tennis.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs

New Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts

Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

Lake Tahoe

Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake

Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees

Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Comfortable Hotels and auto-stages. Trout fishing.

Paso Robles

Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf. Tennis. Horseback riding.

Santa Barbara

The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea-fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe

In charming surroundings. Easily reached by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young pitcher making his first appearance in big league company hit the first batter, passed the next two, and made a wild throw in the first inning. As he went to the bench the manager of the team asked, "What's the matter? Are you nervous?" "Naw," he said angrily, "but my darn limbs shake."

A Pennsylvania farmer was the owner of a good Alderney cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer: "What will you take for your cow?" The farmer scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "Look a-here, be you the tax assessor, or has she been killed by the railroad?"

An eminent Scotch astronomer once explained in a lecture that a certain star looked no bigger than a threepennybit a hundred miles away. After the discourse one of the audience said to him: "I know you for a Scotsman, for no one but a Scotsman would trouble about a threepennybit a hundred miles off."

A German farmer was in search of a driving horse. A friend directed him to a liveryman. "I've got just the horse for you," said the liveryman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar and goes ten miles without stopping." The German threw his head skyward. "Nod for me," he said, "nod for me. I lif eight miles from town out, and mit dot horse I haf to walk back two miles."

An English minister, who guarded his morning study hour very carefully, told the new maid that under no circumstances were callers to be admitted—except, of course, he added—in case of life and death. Half an hour later the maid knocked at his door. "A gentleman to see you, sir," "Why, I thought I told you—", "Yes, I told him," she replied, "but he says it is a question of life and death." So he went downstairs and found an insurance agent.

Two actors were discussing their professional careers. One of them mentioned that since he last saw the other he had left the stage. "But why did you leave the stage?" his friend asked in surprise. "Well," the other replied, "I had a hint that I was not suited for it." "I see," was the friend's comment. "The little birds told you, eh?" "Well, no; not exactly," was the reply. "But they might have become birds if they had been allowed to hatch!"

Royalty was on a visit to Doncaster. An old Yorkshire woman had gone on the course for the sole purpose of seeing England's greatest, and she called out excitedly: "Which is the king? Which is the king?" "There he is," said some one near. "That's him with the handkerchief in his hand." "Ah!" gasped the old lady, a touch of reverent awe in her tone. Just then his majesty, who had a cold in the head, performed a commonplace little operation. "Goodness me!" the old lady exclaimed aghast, "he—he blows his own nose!"

A woman wearing an anxious expression called at an insurance office one morning. "I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company." "Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars." "And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?" "Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam." "Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

An old Scot came down from the Highlands to visit his son, a student at Edinburgh University. Together they attended a learned lecture, in the course of which the professor frequently referred to the wonderful part which microbes play in human existence. On their way out the son asked his father how he liked the lecture. "I dinna ken whit mak's him pit sae muckle stress on whit the McRobes hae done," replied the old man. "I've no heard o' them afore, but I ken aye thing—they've never done whit th' McGregors an' th' Macphersons hae accomplisht, an' there lives no siccan a glorious clan as th' Campbells in a' th' world!"

The cannon-ball express was crawling up the Blue Ridge not far above Warrenton when a small yellow dog dashed snarling out of a house near the track and ran after the train, barking with great fury. "Well, sir," exclaimed the conductor, proudly, to a passenger from the North who stood beside him on the rear platform, "that's a most amazing dog. He tears out of that house every day and chases this train for miles. He's—", "Pahdon me, captain," interrupted a long, solemn Virginia farmer, the other occupant of

the platform, "but what do you s'pose he's aimin' to do with the train if he does catch it?"

Senator Vance was one of a large family of boys. Their mother hoped that at least one would have been a good Presbyterian minister, but they slipped through her hands. Zebulon was the youngest; and all her hopes centred in him until he said: "Mother, I am sorry, but I can not become a minister." "Why not? What is the reason?" He answered, "I am not good enough to be a minister." She was sorely troubled, but at last faltered out, "Zeb, don't you think you are good enough to be a Unitarian minister?"

An auction was under way and the room was crowded. An excited man burst through the gathering and, reaching the auctioneer, whispered rapidly. The auctioneer nodded, held up a hand for silence and said, "I am informed that a pocket-book containing \$500 in banknotes has been lost in this hall to-night." A hush fell over the assembly. "Because of the valuable documents it also contains," continued the auctioneer, "the gentleman will offer \$50 to any one who returns it, and no questions will be asked." Silence once more reigned in the hall. Then a chap in the rear spoke up: "I bid one hundred dollars."

The carter brought a heavy load of coal to the doors of an English county lunatic asylum, and, getting no answer to his ring, entered and strolled along the corridors. No one was about, and seeing a door he opened it and stepped inside. No one was there. Then the door closed, and he found himself in a padded cell. Presently some visitors entered, and peered pityingly through an aperture in the door. "Please open the door," he pleaded, "I've brought a load of coal." "Ah," said one of the party, "that's his delusion. Some think they are the king, or the Mikado, or Napoleon Bonaparte. This poor fellow thinks he's a coal porter. Come along." Then they went on and left him.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Ever It Was So.

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Full many a lid is covering a bean
From which no barber ever clips a hair.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Insight.

Sometimes at night, when the eternal script
Is written once again upon the scroll,
I read the inner meaning of your soul,
And, desolate and lost, and wonder-lipped,
I fare to regions where Life's words are stripped
Of ancient mystery; where dawn may roll
Up the imperial highway, and control
What hearts have gained in Nature's silent crypt.

Oh, then I know! In that hushed hour I find
Lost echoes; and with many a breathless cry,
I mount to ultimate ramparts of the sky,
And to the hidden bastions of the mind. . . .
O Love, in such an hour be not unkind,
For in it you are You, and I am I.

"I wish that I could tell you what this strange poem doth mean;
But I can't because I found it in a monthly magazine.

—Charles Hanson Towne, in Life.

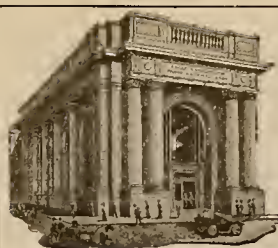
The Way to Success.

McInnis T. McInnis had a comfy restaurant,
The food was just as tasty as an epicure could want;
The wines were of a vintage and were delicately cooled,
The service simply perfect, for politeness always ruled;
There wasn't any hat-boy there nor any other pest,
McInnis T. McInnis didn't like to rob a guest,
But somehow business languished and the people didn't come,
McInnis T. McInnis grew irascible and glum;
"I've done my best to please 'em," he was heard at last to say,
"And since that doesn't profit I will try another way!"

He hired a crew of bandits as the waiters in his place,
He set a rim of tables 'round a tiny dancing space,
He doubled all his prices and he cut the quality,
And ordered that his patrons should be treated shamefully;
Then he roped the only entrance and he put a waiter there
Who should greet the hungry people with a rude and hostile stare;
He was out to make "improvements," he never stopped or swerved,
Till he'd planted every table with a printed sign, "Reserved."

And when the people entered they were trampled on, and then
He robbed 'em and he jobbed 'em till they'd left the place again,
He let 'em do the tango and the various dips and sinks,
But he gave no ventilation and he kept 'em buying drinks.
So the crowd just fought to enter—as you easily may guess—
And McInnis T. McInnis was a towering success!

—Berton Bracey, in Puck.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

At a reception Friday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Tillmann, to Baron J. C. Van Pantaleon Van Eck. Miss Tillmann is a sister of Mr. Frederick Tillmann, and a cousin of the Messrs. John D., Adolph, Claus Augustus, and Rudolph Spreckels, and Mrs. John Ferris of England. Baron Van Eck is a native of Holland, but has resided for several years in this city, where he has large business interests. The wedding will take place June 20. After a visit with Baron Van Eck's family at The Hague, the young couple will return to this city, where they will reside.

Dr. William Augustus Bryant and Mrs. Bryant have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Bryant, to Mr. Roland C. Foerster, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Foerster. No date has yet been set for the wedding, as Mr. Foerster, who is a graduate of the University of California, contemplates taking the law course at Harvard.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Mary Woods and Mr. Francis Alvin Worth took place Monday at high noon, in St. Clement's Church in Sandwich, England. The bride's cousin, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Jr., gave her into the keeping of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Worth departed in the afternoon for a wedding trip through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Upon their return in August they will reside with Mr. Worth's mother on her estate in Walmer, Kent. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods of this city, a granddaughter of Mrs. C. R. Peters, and a niece of Mr. Charles Rollo Peters. She is also related to Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mrs. George Howard.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Rees and Lieutenant Raymond Cramer, U. S. A., took place at noon Saturday at the home on Locust Street of the bride's parents, Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees. Upon their return from their honeymoon at Monterey the young couple will sail for the Philippines on June 5, where they will reside for two years.

Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in Berkeley. The affair was in honor of the Misses Lillias and Olive Wheeler and Frances Jewell of Kentucky.

Mrs. Thomas J. Pearce gave a luncheon and matinee party Saturday, when a coterie of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. Benjamin Upham was host at a barbecue Sunday at his country home near Mill Valley. The affair was in honor of his fiancée, Miss Alys Warner.

The Misses Genevieve and Hazel Kent entertained a number of friends at a tea Friday afternoon at their residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Sherman Stow of Santa Barbara was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her two daughters, Mrs. Stow Ealand and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce, the latter of Manila.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday afternoon at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Helen Finnell of Chico, who, with her mother, Mrs. James Finnell, is spending several weeks at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. W. P. Plummer was hostess at a luncheon Friday in honor of Miss Doris Wilshire, the fiancée of her son, Mr. Harold Plummer.

The Misses Rebecca and Elizabeth Shreve gave a picnic Sunday in the hills back of San Mateo. The affair was in honor of their house guest, Miss Gertrude O'Brien.

Mrs. John Gallois entertained a number of friends at luncheon recently at her home in Palo Alto.

Miss Edith Rucker was hostess at an elaborate dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Gough Street.

Mr. Wesley Smith entertained a number of friends recently at a dance at his home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin gave a dinner at their home on Van Ness Avenue Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Miss Helen Mahone was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at the Palace Hotel in honor of her house guest, Miss Helen Fish of Pasadena.

Mrs. Adam Andrew entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Elizabeth Jacobs of Portland, who is spending a few weeks in this city as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. William P. Lawlor.

Miss Isabelle Brennan was hostess at a matinee party and tea Wednesday afternoon. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Richards, whose marriage to Mr. Francis Vincent Curtis will take place Wednesday, June 10.

Mrs. Sylvanus entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was in honor of Miss Marian Long, whose engagement to Lieutenant Charles Nulson, U. S. A., has recently been announced.

Miss Charlotte Tuttle gave a house party over the week-end at her home in Colusa.

Miss Janet Coleman was hostess at an informal tea at her home on California Street Tuesday afternoon, when the members of the Sewing Club enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Hattie Schultz was the complimented guest at a tea Tuesday afternoon given by Mrs. W. W. Keller.

Miss Minerva Lovell entertained a number of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon at her home in Belmont in honor of Miss Margaret Stoney, whose wedding to Lieutenant Francis Pryor, U. S. A., will take place June 17.

Dr. Frank Wolven, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wolven gave a luncheon Sunday at their home at Fort McDowell.

Major Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs.

Rowan entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at their home in Mill Valley. The affair was in honor of General Fredericks, U. S. A., and General Estudillo of Havana.

Mrs. Lincoln Karmany was the complimented guest at a luncheon Wednesday, given by Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray at her home on Green Street.

Miss Virginia Tobin entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at the home at Fort Winfield Scott of her parents, Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tobin. The affair was in honor of Miss Leila Harrison of Washington, D. C., who is visiting Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoody, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoody.

Mrs. William P. Lewis was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Friday at her home at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at the Hotel Oakland, where they have been spending several days.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Wednesday at the Cliff House.

Miss Dora Wian gave a tea Monday at the residence on California Street of her grandmother, Mrs. George C. Boardman. The affair was in honor of the Misses Olive Wheeler and Agnes Tillmann, who have recently announced their engagements.

Miss Helen Hamilton entertained a number of friends at a tea Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Aileen Code, who will leave shortly for the East to remain eight months.

Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara was the guest of honor at a dinner Friday evening given by Mr. Joseph Redding.

Mrs. Frank Deering entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her home on Russian Hill in honor of Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles S. Stanton is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Weber, who are residing in Louisiana. Before returning home Mrs. Stanton will spend a few weeks with relatives on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mendell, Miss Louise Janin, and Mr. Covington Janin will spend the summer in Carmel, where Miss Janin will continue her art studies with Mr. William Chase, who is coming West with his school.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bain and the latter's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, are expected to arrive next week from New York, and will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Oscar Schultze of Dixon is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton, at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels and their children left last Friday for their country home, Sobra Vista, in Sonoma County, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Augusta Foute spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Judge Wilder and Mrs. Wilder sailed Wednesday for their home in Honolulu, after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have been spending the past week in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing have gone to Bolinas to spend a month. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins have rented their home in Mill Valley to Dr. Frank Dray and Mrs. Dray.

Miss Corenna De Pue left Thursday to visit Miss Beatrice Nickel, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, are established on their ranch near Gilroy.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois, who returned recently from Honolulu, have moved to Belvedere, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Cora and Frederica Otis have closed their home on Broadway, and are established for the summer in Belvedere.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Virginia Jolliffe will sail today from Honolulu, where they have been spending the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and their two little daughters have arrived from Norway and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin at their home on California Street. For the past two years Mr. and Mrs. MacGavin have resided in Norway, and they have returned to this city hoping to remain here permanently.

Mrs. Lane Leonard and her little daughter Jean have returned from a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Hearst at her home at Pleasanton.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, have recently moved into a new home on Spruce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt have returned to this city after having spent a month at their ranch near Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton have moved to Belvedere, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois have leased the Livermore house on Russian Hill and will reside there upon their return from Palo Alto in September.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace has returned from a visit to Miss Gamble's school in Santa Barbara. She was accompanied home by the Misses Marie Louise Winslow, Florence Bandman, Genevieve Rothin, and Gertrude Hopkins.

The Messrs. Dudley Gunn, Robert Rathbone, and William Mintzer, Jr., have returned from an automobile trip to Lake Tahoe.

The Misses Lee Girvin and Sophie Beylard and Mr. Lloyd Tevis spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have returned to their home in Ross after a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld motored down from their home in Sacramento to attend the Bankers' Convention in Oakland. They spent a

few days in town before returning to the Capital City.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden will spend the month of July at Shasta Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham have gone East for a brief visit in New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have closed their home in Woodside and have gone to Santa Barbara, where they have rented the William Miller Graham cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore have arrived in New York from Europe. Upon their return to this city Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore will sail for Honolulu.

Mrs. William Miller Graham returned Saturday to her home in Santa Barbara after a few days' visit in town.

Dr. Florence Ward, the Misses Dorothy and Jean Ward, and Miss Irene Ferguson are en route to Europe, where they will remain several months.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mrs. William Penn Humphreys, and Miss Matilda May Humphreys have gone to San Mateo to spend several weeks at the Peninsula Hotel.

Miss Leslie Miller, daughter of Mr. C. O. G. Miller, has returned from New York, where she graduated from Miss Spence's school. Her cousin, Miss Elinor McNear, arrived Sunday from the same school and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla and Miss Stella McCalla have returned from Washington, D. C., and have opened their home in Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, and Miss Newell Drown left last week for a fishing trip in Shasta County. They will be joined next week by Mrs. Pomeroy, who is at present visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke, in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan spent the week-end at their country home, Beaulieu, at Cupertino, where they entertained Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin and Master Charles A. Baldwin, Jr.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, and Miss Jane Hotelling sailed Thursday on the *Imperator* for Europe.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman have opened their country home in Sonoma County for the summer. They are anticipating a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Robert McMillan, who is residing at Fort Banks, where her husband, Captain McMillan, U. S. A., is commanding officer.

A congenial party spent the week-end in Inverness at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Seheld. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reis; Misses Harriet Alexander, Ysabel Chase, Elva and Corenna De Pue, and Natalie Campbell; Messrs. Douglas Alexander, Frederick Van Sicken, Al Humphreys, Major Newhall, U. S. A., and William and George Leib.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne spent the holidays in Santa Cruz.

The origin of the word "gringo," used in Mexico and throughout Latin-America as a contemptuous nickname for a foreigner, particularly a citizen of the United States, has been explained in ways more picturesque than trustworthy. According to a legend which now receives larger credence than it deserves (says the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican*), the United States troops in the Mexican war of 1846 were accustomed to sing a marching song, "Green Grows the Leaves of the Hawthorne Tree," while another version makes the song the more familiar, "Green Grow the Rushes O," said to have been sung by the men who followed Walker, the filibuster. A derivation of "Gringo" from "Green Grow" would at least be plausible. But the less romantic but more dependable Spanish dictionary gives "Gringo" as a corruption of "Griego" or "Greek," thus "hablar en gringo," meaning "to talk gibberish" (literally "to talk Greek"), and a gringo being one who talks a foreign tongue.

"The Vivandiere," Humperdinck's new opera, the première of which was recently seen at Cologne, is considered a failure by most German critics. They say that the creator of "Hansel and Gretel" and "Konigskinder" has not even approximately risen to his old-time standards. Several critics blame the libretto for the unconvincing character of the new opera, declaring that the "spread-eagle" patriotism on which the work is founded would be better suited for a musical hall revue than for grand opera.

Begun more than five centuries ago, the cathedral of Arezzo, a picturesque little town between Florence and Perugia, has been completed, and the event will be duly celebrated this month. The cornerstone was laid in 1277. Arezzo was the birthplace of Cilnius Macenas, the patron of Virgil and Horace.

Lady (English-born) of education and refinement, good linguist, excellent pianist, stenographer and typist; executive ability; very adaptive; has traveled extensively; wishes Position as Private Secretary in wealthy family. Would assist socially—or travel. "G. A." care Argonaut Pub. Co.

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A Year's Record

A year in the life of a large business concern brings to light many interesting facts and figures which may have an important bearing on the future operations of the firm or company. They may be encouraging or discouraging, but if the concern is backed by the proper progressive business spirit there can be but one outcome—progress. Today's promise is tomorrow's business and tomorrow's business means still more business and a greater growth next month or next year. To attempt to stand still and let well enough alone is to invite swift disaster.

There is nothing like looking into the future and planning accordingly. Viewing the future of the great central and northern part of California with the keen eye of business, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company last year invested \$10,274,889 in plant additions, a large portion of which was absorbed in the new hydro-electric developments on the South Yuba and Bear rivers, the first unit of which, comprising 33,333 horsepower, was brought into operation towards the close of the year and which it is anticipated will enable the company to make substantial addition to its net revenues in 1914. Other important construction work during the year was the completion of a new steam turbine station at Sacramento of 5000 K. W. capacity; the addition of a 15,000 K. W. turbo-generator at Station "A," San Francisco; the completion of a new four-story reinforced concrete office building in Sacramento; the installation of two additional 6,000,000-gallon pumps for the domestic water supply system at Stockton; and the construction of new gas holders at Richmond and Marysville.

From January 1, 1906, to December 31, 1913, the company has made a cash investment of \$38,481,177 in plant additions. Interest alone is a surprising feature to the general reader, and an increase of \$333,101 interest charges was brought about by the extensive addition to the company's properties in 1913, many of which have not yet contributed their full quota to the earnings.

There were 2948 stockholders of record at the close of the year, and, including bondholders, it is estimated that there are 17,000 owners of the company's securities.

During the year 1913 there was a splendid increase in the number of consumers of "Pacific Service," a gain being established of 28,325. In all 349,417 consumers were connected to the company's lines.

In the electrical department the connected load during the year increased by 56,108 horsepower, making a total at the close of the year of 425,783 horsepower.

Sales of gas increased 739,000,000 cubic feet, making the total sales for the year 7,430,000,000 cubic feet.

The total length of the company's electric transmission and distribution system was 5090 miles and its gas distribution system comprised 2374 miles of mains.

The company's gross revenue comprised 36 per cent of the gross revenue of all gas and electric utilities operating in the State of California.

The aggregate of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's pay-rolls in California in 1913 was \$6,955,817, as against \$6,157,528 in 1912; and the average annual compensation per employee in 1913 was \$1026 as against \$1008 in 1912.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Ernesto Nathan, who has come to San Francisco as Italy's envoy to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is a former mayor of Rome.

Adlai E. Stevenson, vice-president of the United States during Grover Cleveland's second term as President, has been taken to Chicago from his home in Bloomington, Illinois, for medical treatment. He is now seventy-nine years old.

Professor Albrecht Penck, on whom the American Geographical Society has conferred a medal for geographical research and his important contributions to science, is the originator of the international world map on a uniform scale of one to a million. The presentation was made in Berlin, the home of the scientist.

Professor G. Arndt, now in this country on a tour of hospital inspection, is a member of the medical school of the University of Berlin. The observations of Professor Arndt will be included in a report to the faculty of the University of Berlin, which is pursuing an investigation of hospital operation in the principal countries of the world.

Dr. George Brandes, who has long held a commanding position in the world of letters, is now in this country on a lecture tour. He will lecture in English, German, and Danish. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Dr. Brandes was born in Copenhagen seventy-five years ago. He has lived, however, in Germany, France, Italy, and Russia.

Rear-Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow, who has been placed in command of a special service squadron, owing to the uncertainty of the Mexican affair, comes of famous navy stock, his father having commanded the *Kearsarge* when she sank the *Alabama* off Cherbourg during the Civil War. Rear-Admiral Winslow is a graduate of Annapolis. During the war with Spain, while in command of the gunboat *Nashville*, he cut the cables off Cienfuegos harbor and was wounded in the hand. Recently he has been in command of the War College at Newport, and it is possible that he will succeed Admiral Badger when the latter relinquishes command. He is known as one of the expert navigators in the service.

Rear-Admiral Thomas B. Howard, commander of the Pacific fleet now in Mexican waters, was a protégé of General Grant, who interested himself in securing him an appointment to Annapolis. He is a native of Illinois, but of Vermont stock, and is silent, conservative, a disciplinarian verging on the stern, and in the service they speak of him as a "reformer." That is because he is a sort of a first aid whenever a ship or a station has "gone bad" from executive causes. He is a

member of the American Society of International Law. Three of his sons have graduated from Annapolis.

Mr. Max Rooses, since 1876 the director of the treasure of the Belgian nation, the Museum Plantijn-Moretus, is about to retire from active participation in the affairs of the institution. He is now at the end of his seventy-fifth year, and feels that a younger man should be in the exacting position. He is both an essayist and art critic, and during his régime the institution has attained worldwide renown.

Count Kozui Otani, who recently resigned the exalted position of abbot of the Western Honganjii, has traveled much abroad, and is a profound scholar. In addition to his native tongue he has a thorough knowledge of Chinese and is proficient in English, German, French, Italian, and has long been a student of Sanskrit. As abbot of Nishi Honganjii he was the central figure in the Sinshu sect, which numbers over a million followers throughout the Japanese empire.

Dr. Beverly T. Galloway, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has resigned, and in leaving the government service he becomes dean of the agricultural college of Cornell University, a position recently tendered to him. He has been connected with the Department of Agriculture in various capacities since 1888, and is recognized as one of the most prominent men in his work in this country. He was chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry for eleven years. Dr. Galloway is the author of a number of works on botany, horticulture, plant diseases, and their treatment. He is a native of Missouri.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The Santa Fe Railroad will pay its usual dividends on its common stock at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, according to the statement made by Charles Sumner Glead, a Santa Fe director.

C. E. Skidmore, a well-known realty operator, was dangerously injured in an automobile accident near Cloverdale on Saturday.

On Tuesday the site of the Italian pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was dedicated. Envoy Ernesto Nathan took a prominent part in the ceremonies.

According to figures that have been submitted to the board of supervisors by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company there are 1150 free telephones now in use by the various branches of the municipal government and in private homes, offices, and places of business of those connected with the adminis-



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tration entitled to the use of them. The company says that the money that would ordinarily be derived from this number of phones would pay the interest on \$1,000,000.

S. P. Young has resigned as special deputy superintendent of the California State Banking Department, and will retire from active business. He has been identified with the banking interests of San Francisco for the past twenty-five years. He was chosen treasurer and manager of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, reorganizing that institution.

William R. Wheeler, traffic manager of the Chamber of Commerce, returned with his family from Sacramento Sunday to find that his home at 1901 Pacific Avenue had been ransacked during his absence and at least \$1500 worth of valuables stolen.

Thomas Magee, of the real estate firm of Thomas Magee & Sons, and one of the best-known realty operators and promotion men on the Pacific Coast, was killed Saturday afternoon, when his automobile overturned two miles south of Cloverdale, Sonoma County, crushing him beneath the tonneau. The funeral was held on Tuesday from the family home in Oakland.

George H. Luchsinger, president of the Humboldt Savings Bank, committed suicide early Wednesday morning by taking gas in the basement ballroom of his mansion at 3221 Washington Street. Nervous strain, without specific cause, led to the tragedy, according to members of the family and the banker's associates. The bank, according to its figures, is more prosperous now than ever before, and his personal affairs were in good shape.

According to rulings made by the election commission on Wednesday the Municipal Ownership Association was nearly 500 short of the required names necessary to hold up the Southern Pacific Third and Townsend Street franchise and submit it to a vote of the people. As soon as the company has official knowledge of this action it will immediately resume its work on the new depot and trackage facilities.

The Railroad Commission has made an order for an investigation of the financial condition of the United Railroads. Call is also made for the replacement of the \$1,096,000 used by Patrick Calhoun in the Solano Farms project or else the submission of a plan by which this money will be restored to the company's funds.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Gramercy—What do you think of a man who can deceive his wife? *Park*—I think he's a wonder.—*Club Fellow*.

"Isn't he somewhat free in his language?" "Very. He's hound by no rule of grammar or propriety."—*Town Topics*.

Young Attorney—What rotten luck! That prisoner has a roll that would choke a chimney and a perfect alibi!—*Toledo Blade*.

Husband—Dr. B. said an alcohol sponge would do me good. *Wife*—To which of your cronies did he refer?—*New York Sun*.

"I understand Bogsworth's boy is making a name for himself." "Which one?" "Clarence Augustus." "He had to."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Speedrich (to chauffeur who has just run over a fat man)—For heaven's sake, James! If you must run over people and get us lumpy, pick out the thin ones.—*Life*.

"What do you intend to do after you leave college?" "Well, I haven't decided on anything definite for the first year, except to come back for the class reunion."—*Princeton Tiger*.

Restaurant Monog—Virtuoso here was offered \$1000 by a millionaire for that fiddle last week. *Guest*—I can't go that high, but I'll give him \$50 if he'll quit right now.—*Judge*.

Little Willie—Pa, what's a redundancy of expression? *Pa*—Using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning, such as "wealthy plumber," "poor poet," "idle rich," etc.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Wise men make epigrams and fools quote them," observed the tall man. "That's fine!" answered the short man, appreciatively. "By the way, who was the author of that one?"—*Dallas News*.

Sandy (newly arrived in the Canadian forest land)—Whatna heast's yon? *Native*—A young moose. *Sandy*—Och, haud yer tongue. If that's a young moose whit like is ane o' yer auld rats?—*Punch*.

"Fadder," said Ike, as they passed an ice-cream stand, "I'm awful varm. Puy me some ice-cream." "No, no. But I tell it you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold."—*Livingston Lance*.

First Girl (in the crush at the parade)—Mercy! What a dreadful crowd. I wish now I'd stayed at home, don't you? *Second Girl*—Certainly not; but I wish to goodness those others had.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Oneymun—If you never go to church with me, how are people to know that I am married? *Mr. Oneymun*—Oh, take the kids with you. I guess that will make people suspect the truth at least.—*Dallas News*.

"There's one thing, though," said the stranger, "that I can't understand." "What's that?" asked the old settler. "Nohody around here has assured me that this is the garden spot of the state."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"It must be great to be a man! One dress suit lasts you for years and years, and a woman must have a new gown for every party." "That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

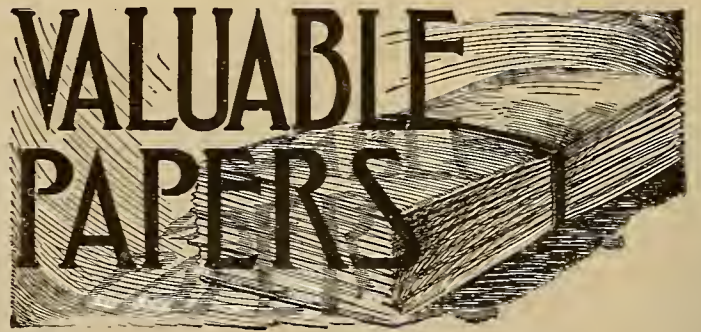
"What's the matter?" a colleague asked of the advertising manager. "Matter enough. The fools have placed Mme. Soprano's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—*Topcho Journal*.

"I assure, you madam, these kitchen knives represent the greatest value ever offered at the price." "They certainly look nice and seem very cheap. The only question is—will they cut?" "Ah, madam, if you ask me that I'm bound to say that they will not; but that is their one fault."—*Punch*.

"Do you try to make home life pleasant for your son?" "Yes," replied Farmer Corn-tossel. "But it's mighty hard to live up to the refined ways he insists on. I'm annoyin' him terrible because when I'm workin' around the barn I keep forgettin' to refer to the hayloft as the mezzanine floor."—*Washington Star*.

Wife—Well, how was the circus, Hiram? *Hubby*—Rotten! The folks at the door made me pay full price for little Hiram. *Wife*—Well, he's a good deal more'n twelve, you know. *Hubby*—Course he is, but fer the sake ov a year or two I don't see why them graspin' circus interests should antagonize the farmin' community!—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Biggs—Hello, old man, how are you? Haven't seen you for a long time. How's your brother doing? Has he pulled himself up yet? *Miggs*—Do you know that my brother has given up smoking, drinking, gambling, and all bad habits, and has gone to a quiet little place in the country. *Biggs*—You don't say so! Where? *Miggs*—To the graveyard.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Beach.

An Eastern city possessing such an ocean beach as that of San Francisco would long ago have made it one of the surprises of the world. And for the benefit of those who are unable to think except in terms of money it may be said that the revenue from such a beach would also be a surprise.

The Chamber of Commerce is doubtless aware that the public inertia in such a matter can not be overcome by the mere presentation of reproachful facts. If facts could conduce to our civic salvation we should have been among the blessed long ago. But a beginning must be made, and the Chamber of Commerce is to be congratulated on having made it by its circular showing what a place of delight the beach might be instead of the rather unkempt back yard that it is now. There is no kind of aquatic recreation that might not flourish there on a space big enough to accommodate all the pleasure-seekers of the country and naturally beautiful enough to put Coney Island to the blush. Who knows? Living as we do in a city that is practically surrounded with water, we may yet see the day when we shall be able to get into that water without either danger to life or a shock to those personal proprieties and

modesties for which we are already so justly famed. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the Chamber of Commerce will persevere in well-doing.

The Mexican Diary.

Two events of varying importance may now be added to the diary of the Mexican imbroglio. It is now authoritatively stated that Carranza refuses to agree to an armistice and that the mediators are still insistent that he shall do so as the price of his participation in the conference. Therefore unless the mediators yield upon this point the Constitutionalists will remain unrepresented. In the meantime Carranza's armies under the interesting Villa will continue to sweep up the country according to programme. It is hard to understand why the demand for an armistice was ever made in view of the certainty of its rejection. Carranza has now conquered the entire northern part of Mexico above the twenty-sixth parallel and he controls an army that has been uniformly successful in a dozen pitched battles. Why he should have been expected to play into the hands of his enemies by an armistice it is not easy to understand. The conference is supposed to proceed on the lines laid down by The Hague, and The Hague treaty specifically says that "the acceptance of mediation can not, unless there be an agreement to the contrary, have the effect of interrupting, delaying, or hindering mobilization or other measures of preparation for war. If it takes place after the commencement of hostilities, the military operations in progress are not interrupted in the absence of an agreement to the contrary." But the demand for an armistice was made and it has been refused, with the result that the conference lacks one of its most important elements.

The other incident originates on Huerta's side of the fence and is even more significant. Learning that the Ward line steamer *Antilla*, loaded with ammunition for Carranza, was about to clear from New York for Tampico, a blockade of that port was declared by Huerta and two gunboats were sent to enforce the blockade. The Washington authorities were therefore called upon to determine whether they would assent to the blockade and consequently to the capture of the *Antilla* by Huerta's gunboats—assuming them capable of capturing anything—or whether they would forcibly prevent the blockade and so cooperate in the munitioning of the Carranza armies. For a time it looked as though the latter course would actually be followed and that the same force that was used to prevent the delivery of arms to Huerta would now be used to facilitate the delivery of arms to Carranza. But better counsels seem to have prevailed. At the moment of writing it is reported that the United States has notified Huerta that no more ships loaded with arms will be permitted to clear from American ports and that the best offices will be used "to dissuade the Ward line from having the *Antilla* unload at Tampico." In return for this concession Huerta is said to have countermanded the order for the blockade of Tampico and to have consented to the submission of the whole question of the freedom of the port to the commission.

Evidently the honors of the incident rest with Huerta, although it is said that his gunboats were notified by Admiral Mayo that they would not be allowed to interfere with the *Antilla* on her arrival. It still remains to be seen whether the "good offices" of the United States with the Ward line will prevail and whether the cargo will actually be landed, but that these good offices were tendered is a sign of grace to be welcomed by lovers of fair play who were disgusted when the German cargo for Huerta was intercepted by United States ships. The spectacle of the so-called dictator held in a corner like a rat so that the terriers might worry him was not one to be remembered with credit. The nausea

that it caused would have been renewed and increased if the *Antilla* had practically been escorted by American ships to the comfort and support of Villa.

We may still ask why the *Antilla* was ever allowed to leave New York. Her destination and her cargo were well known. She carried three million rounds of cartridges and large numbers of shells. The collector of the port was aware of the circumstances and was on the watch for the orders from Washington that never came. An official of the Ward line is quoted as saying: "There is nothing to hide about our consignment. . . . Whatever is done is with the full permission of the United States government. They are in possession of the facts, and if word should come from Washington the consignment would be stopped." The officers of the ship were in readiness to discharge the war part of their cargo and evidently expected to have to do so. But nothing was said or done in Washington to prevent the ship from sailing, and she was evidently intended to sail and to deliver her freight or Admiral Mayo would hardly have taken the stand that he is said to have done in warning Huerta's gunboats to keep their hands off. Now if the *Antilla* is to be stopped so far as "good offices" can accomplish that end, if no more ships of the kind are to be allowed to clear from American ports, why was the *Antilla* ever allowed to sail. That Huerta would do what little he could to prevent the landing of the ammunition was evident. That there might easily have been a collision and a renewal of fighting was equally evident. It looks as though we had here another example of that fatal tendency, illustrated at Vera Cruz, confidently to assume that people will not do what they are morally certain to do, in other words to allow a theory to override the patent and aggressive facts.

Elsewhere, matters remain largely *in statu quo*. The A. B. C. commissioners promise a speedy statement of progress and some sort of a tentative programme for a settlement. At the same time we may remember that it is easy to make suggestions from the soothing sounds of Niagara Falls and quite another thing to force those suggestions on armies that are flushed with victories and drunk with hate and vengeance. General Villa—and we may easily substitute his name for that of General Carranza—does not exactly commend himself as a figure of sweet reasonableness, or as that of a Caracticus drawn unwillingly from the fields and eager to return to them. Villa probably has his own ideas of a profitable day's work, and the turning of swords into plowshares is not among them. But we shall see what we shall see.

Exemption for Labor.

If the amendment to the Clayton anti-trust bill is actually an exemption of labor unions from the operations of the Sherman Act it is an insult to every principle of democratic government. If it does not exempt labor unions it has no conceivable reason for its existence. And its worst condemnation is to be found in the fact that until the courts have spoken no one knows what it will do, that no one is intended to know what it will do, that it is a pitiful juggling of words, and that it has been accepted by each side because each side believes that it will not do what the other side believes that it will do. The labor men have welcomed it on the ground that it will completely exempt the unions from the prohibitions of the act. Their opponents welcome it on the ground that it will leave matters very nearly where they were before. The passage of such an amendment by Congress—itsself the most flagrant combination in restraint of trade now in sight—is a degradation of the law-making function almost without a parallel. It reduces legislation to the status of a bucket shop.

The amendment that is thus supposed to play a

body, and that must now be interpreted by the courts before it can please anybody, is worded as follows:

That nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural, or horticultural organizations, orders, or associations, instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations, orders, or associations from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof. Nor shall such organization, order, association, or the members thereof be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the anti-trust law.

Now what are the "legitimate objects" that are thus sagely declared to be legitimate? Does this refer to objects already lawful under the scope of the Sherman Act? If so there is no need of a special enactment in order to declare that legitimate acts are lawful. But if it refers to those ordinary activities of labor unions, such as the interstate boycott, that have so often been brought under the censure of the public, then we have here a veritable exemption from the whole operation of the act and a total surrender to the Gompers claim. And in any case the amendment takes from the courts the power to declare that labor unions, as such, and irrespective of their actions, are contrary to the statute. Nor need we have much doubt that the whole ground has actually been surrendered, in spite of a dishonest verbiage intended to conceal that surrender.

That the President should be willing to accept such a clause would seem incredible but for the fact that he has accepted it. We were asked to believe that he signed the Sundry Civil bill last year with extreme reluctance and only on the express understanding that there were other funds always available for the prosecution of labor unions. We were offered multiplied assurances that his action at that time would not be regarded as a precedent and that the whole principle of exemption was abhorrent to him. Now we see what those assurances were worth. They were worth nothing, and it was obvious at the time that they were worth nothing. The whole principle of labor-union exemption was conceded when that bill was signed, and every one knew that it was conceded. Fresh demands and still more impudent ones were as certain as the sunrise. And now we have them, granted and legalized, in the present bill. If its ambiguities should be decided by the courts in a way adverse to labor-union claims—a very improbable event—it will make no difference in the end. In that case Mr. Gompers will return to Congress complaining that the "obvious intention" of the bill has been frustrated and demanding as a substitute something that shall be plain and unequivocal. The President himself can not say what will be the ultimate interpretation of the present bill. No one can say. But he is prepared to sign it knowing that its interpretation may be, and probably will be, what he has pledged himself not to tolerate. And he knows that the labor unions have accepted the bill under the conviction that it will do the very thing that he has virtually pledged himself never to do. And he knows that but for that conviction they would not have accepted it at all.

It is a situation that is discouraging and disquieting. It displays the impotence of the country before the determination of a small knot of men who are so well organized and so truculent as to make their influence a formidable one. It is unthinkable that the electorate at large should look with complacency upon a measure that deliberately divides the nation into two classes, one of whom must obey the law under all kinds of pains and penalties, while the other is specifically chartered to disobey it. A more evil precedent could hardly be imagined, nor one more certain of disastrous results. If Congress may do such a thing, with the President assenting, why should not the states and the municipalities follow suit? If labor unions are to be exempt from Federal laws, why not also from police laws? If they are specifically empowered to commit one sort of crime, why not to commit all crime? And any one who supposes that the appetite for exemption can be satiated or abated by concessions is likely to be undeceived. The amendment was urged upon Congress for the double reason that it would finally satisfy the demands of labor and that it would furnish definite guidance to the courts in the interpretation of the Sherman Act. Already we are told that it will do neither the one nor the other. The labor advocates—Victor Murdock, for example—announce that they will now ascertain the precise ex-

tent of the step that has been gained before preparing for the next one, while there is no concealment of the fact that the situation is more chaotic than ever and that no one can know anything about it without the aid of the courts. The only clear fact emerging from the situation is the determination of Mr. Gompers to give his orders and the willingness of the President to obey them.

It may frankly be conceded that there seems to be no remedy in sight without some fuller public recognition of the gravity of a situation that has created an aristocracy that is to be above the law. But when that recognition shall come the remedy will be in sight. This bill has been carried through the efforts of congressmen who are about to face their constituents and who are anxious to conciliate an organized labor vote. It will presently be necessary to show these congressmen that the vote of decency and law is still more formidable. It will be necessary to show every congressman who so misconducts himself that he has thereby signed his own political death warrant.

Militancy.

Americans will probably be able to restrain their natural feelings of indignation when they read of the enterprising suffragette who made her way to the inner sanctity of the British court and there presented her personal appeal to King George to refrain from his well-known practice of torturing unprotected women. British impassivity may account for the fact that both king and queen maintained their attitude of composure under circumstances ordinarily so provocative of laughter. But it might have marvelously cleared the air if an outburst of royal mirth had for once shattered the decorum that has been sadly overdone. Laughter as an instrument of government still awaits a trial. Tears are evidently a failure.

Indeed everything has so far been a failure so far as the English militants are concerned. The outbreaks of the last few weeks surpass all previous efforts of incendiary violence. Houses have been burned, works of art destroyed, unresisting officials have been assaulted, and one unlucky attendant has been attacked with an axe and severely wounded. And now we are told that shouts of "shoot the king" filled the hall in which the militants recently assembled in London. Apparently the only method of suppression is to incarcerate the fair ones in one of his majesty's prisons, but with the understanding that they may go out to their meals and return when they please. Now this is neither severity nor leniency. It is perilously like idiocy.

There seems to be nothing else for it but so far to surrender to these irate ladies as to establish a system of equality before the criminal law. Every one of these outrages is committed under the conviction that the sex of the offender, and nothing but her sex, will prove to be her protection. If a man were to destroy some work of art or to call for the shooting of the king he would be sentenced without fail at ten o'clock the following morning to a term of imprisonment, and if it pleased him to go without his food it would be a matter of supreme indifference to every one except the jail physician. If public officials were thus to be assaulted by men instead of by women they would defend themselves in the ways familiar to the baser sex, but the women who thus wield whips and hatchets do so with the full knowledge that their victims can not and will not defend themselves. The sex equality that these surprising hags demand is the one thing they assume they will not get. They cover themselves with a mantle of sex privilege and under its shelter they commit crimes they would otherwise never dare to commit. What seems to be needed in England is some official strong enough to give these women a taste of the sex equality for which they are clamoring.

Among all the fatuous suggestions that are now being aired perhaps the most fatuous is the suggestion of a governmental surrender. Such a surrender would cover very much more than the franchise. It would be an abnegation of all government, a collapse of all authority. Does any one seriously suppose that these women would renounce militancy because they were granted the franchise? We might as well suppose that a glass of whisky would cure a dipsomaniac. Precisely the same methods would follow the disappointment of an election or the chagrin of a defeated bill. The English militants are just as incapable of understanding the ways of constitutional government as are the Mexi-

cans or the Chinese, whom they strikingly resemble. Their law of action is to take what they want, and to take it forcibly.

There seem to be only two possible eventualities in England. If the law were enforced without distinction of sex, enforced impersonally and automatically, there would be a speedy end to the outrages, since there is not material enough in the whole force of militants to furnish forth one real martyr. Silence is an invariable accompaniment of martyrdom. The other eventuality is the intervention of the crowd and a popular retaliation that would mean the final measure of governmental paralysis. This was foreshadowed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and already there are signs of its approach. What seems to be needed in England is, not the votes of either men or women, but the iron hand of some single responsible official. For that matter this is what all countries need.

A Psychological Condition.

When President Wilson said that the depression in business is due to psychological causes we may wonder whether he was merely coining one of those academic phrases that seem to mean so much but that actually mean so little. All human actions have a psychological cause. They can not conceivably have any other cause. Behavior is based on an attempted foresight of the results of such behavior, and although the attempt to foresee results may fail, it is none the less psychological as well as inevitable. The man who leaves his house because he believes that the roof may fall upon his head will not be comforted by a suggestion that he is actuated by psychological causes. Of course he is. What he needs is proof that the roof will not fall upon his head, and he will then change his psychological condition from one of apprehension to one of confidence. But he will not be satisfied with anything short of proof.

And the business man is afraid that his own particular commercial roof will fall upon his head. He knows that numbers of wholly incompetent persons are ceaselessly tinkering with the fabric of the building, not even from a stupid intention to do good, but only that they may be conspicuous and that they may be applauded by the crowds in the street. It is of no use to tell him that the building will not be injured, seeing that it has already been injured. The bricks are even now falling about his head. Indeed some of them have struck him. And when he complains he is presidentially notified that his condition is a psychological one.

A single concrete example, on however small a scale, is worth many generalities. A recent issue of the *New York Evening Post* contains a letter from Mr. Cyrus E. Jones of that city. Mr. Jones tells us of a New York factory inspector who ordered the erection of a new fire escape on a four-story factory of modern mill construction. This happened in July, 1913, and the work was done under the supervision of the inspector and to his satisfaction. Eight months later a second inspector appeared and ordered this fire escape to be removed and another erected. There had been no change in the law or in the conditions. But there had been a change of inspectors, and each had his own individual whims and the power to enforce them. Would it be surprising if this particular mill-owner, thus ruinously persecuted, should decide to leave the mill business, to retire from business altogether, and to discharge his hands? If so, he would indeed have been actuated by a psychological state, but it would have been induced by a reasonable fear that his business under the law had become impossible. And there are now innumerable business men who are anticipating just such persecution, and by methods that range all the way from a Federal law to the inspector with a whim and a sense of his own autocratic importance.

This is a small example, but every one knows that it is typical of an universal condition. Business men in general know that the sword of Damocles is perpetually suspended over their heads and that they are wholly at the mercy of half-witted legislators who are determined to destroy, not whatever is dishonest, but whatever happens to be noticeably big. How can it be supposed that capital should feel any attraction toward enterprises, undertakings, or investments that will have no guaranteed security under the law, no matter how wholesome they may be nor how honest, that will be wholly subject to any *sansculotte* Jacobin with a capacity for popular speech and a determination to be

conspicuous. And with the air vibrating with threats against anything and everything that is large and successful or that promises to be either, how can we expect that the small investor—always cowardly—will part with his money. He does not know what is going on, but he knows that something is going on, and so he determines to "wait a while."

It is not of course the state governments alone that have raised the hue and cry against success. Indeed they did not even initiate it. They but imitated the evil example of Washington, an example that is still being continued with unabated zest. The average congressman has now been saturated with the conviction that whatever bears the name of corporation is therefore to be hunted and baited. Almost any kind of legislation, so long as it bears an anti-corporation label, is welcomed with acclaim and passed with enthusiasm, no matter how crude it may be nor how vindictive. And by way of coping-stone to the edifice of legislative folly we now find a solemn congressional ultimatum to the business of the country that it must henceforth expect no protection from the law against the aggressions of organized labor and that such iniquities as the interstate boycott are henceforth to be sanctioned and legalized.

What, then, does the President actually mean when he speaks of a psychological condition? Does he mean that there are no substantial reasons why the business man should be apprehensive, and with the record of Federal and state legislation before his eyes? Does he think that the business man has no cause to fear the deliberate legislative elevation of Mr. Gompers to a Jove-like position where he can blast any enterprise in the country that refuses to accept his orders, orders that in themselves are fatal to business? Does he think that the recent proceedings in Congress and throughout the country are conducive to commercial stability or that there can be any business confidence in the presence of a practical ultimatum that neither honesty nor good intent will protect against legal persecution, or against the pestilence of the inspector, or the fatal animosities of labor? So far, then, from deploring a psychological condition, it would be the better part of statesmanship to remove that condition by removing its causes that are as real as they are menacing.

A Suffrage State.

Twenty years ago Colorado granted the suffrage to women, and during that twenty years we have been invited to gaze upon Colorado as an evidence of the beneficence of feminine rule. If Colorado was able to place herself on the giddy eminence of civilization and by so simple a means as the enfranchisement of women, why should other states be disinclined to follow her example?

We have now been gazing on Colorado for several weeks, not because Colorado allows women to vote, but because Colorado has been in a condition of anarchy, with bloodshed, murder, and sedition stalking through the land. We have seen the complete paralysis of the state government, the disorganization of the militia, and the surrender of the authorities to panic. And finally we have seen the frenzied appeal of the governor for Federal aid and the marching of Federal troops to do for Colorado what she was incapable of doing for herself.

Perhaps it would be unjust to blame the women's vote for this tragedy, seeing that the problem of cause and effect is too obscure for solution. But at least we may say that the women's vote did not prevent this tragedy. At least we may say that the officials, and notably the governor, who were elected by the women's vote, proved themselves to be poor, spineless creatures unable to cope with violence and riot. At least we may say that a situation arose in Colorado that had to be handled by men and that could not conceivably have been handled otherwise.

And so we are reminded once more that all government rests upon physical force, however successfully we may conceal that last and ultimate appeal. Civilization, we are constantly told, has now reached a point where government has become a matter of intelligence and virtue, and where physical force has largely ceased to be an asset. But it seems that we have not yet reached that point. A state that has been practically controlled by women and where women sit in the legislature has slowly and steadily drifted into anarchy, has lost all pretense of orderly self-government, and has been com-

pelled to appeal to the President of the United States for a sufficient force of men to end a veritable carnival of anarchy, cruelty, and murder.

The Birth of China.

Mr. W. W. Rockhill, lately ambassador of the United States to Turkey, has just finished an Asiatic tour and his report on affairs in China has now been published by the Asiatic Institute. So far from crediting Yuan Shi Kai with despotic designs, Mr. Rockhill seems to regard him as an enlightened patriot who was the one man strong enough to see what had to be done and to do it. That this involved the taking into his own hands of all the reins of government was the result of a situation that permitted no other course.

China, says Mr. Rockhill, did not embark upon her revolution in order to secure for herself a republican form of government. She had never heard of such a thing. It was absolutely alien to her tradition, modes of thought, and culture. Her one idea was to secure the reform of certain grievances, and as the government was too decrepit and anæmic to execute reforms it collapsed under the pressure. When the Manchus had been overthrown a republican government was suggested by a few enthusiasts and idealists and accepted by the people, who knew nothing of it and who were persuaded that it would automatically restore peace, order, and prosperity. The men elected to parliament were hopeless incompetents without any conception of their duty and wholly unable to govern themselves or any one else. It was to save the situation that Yuan Shi Kai finally dissolved the parliament and the assemblies and placed himself in the temporary position of dictator. None the less it is his "persistent determination to build up a workable, popular, and representative form of government," and he has always borne "with extraordinary patience the constant remissness of the self-elected, hopelessly inefficient members of the parliament."

Mr. Rockhill makes an important reference to the recent memorandum of Professor Frank L. Goodnow, once adviser on constitutional matters to the President of China. Professor Goodnow says that China has two courses open to her. She can choose between a succession of temporary dictatorships, which means a military despotism, or she can adopt some form of parliamentary government. If she chooses the latter course her task will be difficult and slow of accomplishment, but it is the only one that can save her. In the meantime China is practically where she was under the Manchus, with the exception that she has a good ruler instead of a bad one. If Yuan Shi Kai should fail to make at least the beginnings of popular government he will merely be the first of a series of despots and China's latter end will be worse than her first.

Of course the real danger is foreign interference. China's difficulty is Europe's opportunity, and Mr. Rockhill does not hesitate to say that her present crises are due largely to the great powers, who are ceaselessly watchful to advantage themselves at her expense. If she is let alone there is no reason why Yuan Shi Kai should be unable to lead her out of the wilderness, and it is at least satisfactory to learn on such high authority that the so-called President of the Chinese Republic is determined that his country shall ultimately be a republic in fact as well as in name.

Editorial Notes.

At a time when the waning of church influence is under constant discussion it is strange that the churches themselves do not try to stiffen their vertebrae and to deserve their place in a world of men and women. A glance at church activities would seem to show that the neglect of which they complain is due, not to the unmorality of the day, but rather to their own exceeding silliness. Thus we find the recent Presbyterian church conference at Kansas City in mighty travail to determine whether real wine or grape juice should be used at communion services. What can it matter? Elsewhere we find whole weeks of discussion devoted to the damnation of infants, with the result that this momentous problem remains in doubt. The evils of card-playing, tobacco, and dancing are of course stock subjects and always to be relied upon, although the conclusions invariably arrived at have about as much effect upon public opinion as the chirp of a grasshopper. With such a constant outpouring of piffle what wonder that the public should smile with contemptuous indiffer-

ence and pass by on the other side of the road. One would suppose that there were enough real evils in the world awaiting the earnest efforts of good men, but so far as one may judge from the published reports there seems to be a preference among many church organizations for the childish and the silly.

It is said that the publication of the report on the Balkan war atrocities has been received with gratification at Washington, and for the moment we are tempted to rub our eyes and to wonder why any one should be gratified by so hellish a picture. But the explanation is simple. If Greeks and Bulgarians—assumed to be civilized peoples—could inaugurate such a carnival of blood and murder it would become us to be charitable to Villa, whose exploits have thus been surpassed. Evidently the Mexican chief was doing no more than give free rein to an exuberance natural among primitive nations and yet wholly incomparable with the exploits of his competitors in eastern Europe. Villa, measured by Balkan standards, becomes almost inoffensive. Now heaven forbid that there should be any denial to the Washington authorities of whatever solace they can extract from a perusal of the Balkan report. But we may usefully remember that two blacks do not make a white and that the American mind will hardly be reconciled to having Villa for a bed-fellow on the ground that there are other bed-fellows still less desirable or still more blood-stained. There, indeed, is one of the ugliest evils of the whole situation—that an unreasoning antipathy to Huerta implies an alliance with Villa, and it is just for this reason that we now see such anxious efforts to rehabilitate Villa. But whether Villa's hue can be improved by a demonstration that there are still blacker villains upon earth is very much open to question.

Governor O'Neal of Alabama and Governor Hodges of Kansas are both before the public in stern condemnation of the state legislatures. Governor O'Neal says that in many, if not in a majority, of the states, a session of the legislature is looked upon as something in the nature of an unavoidable public calamity. Both governors believe that the remedy may be found in a smaller membership of trained men, but Governor O'Neal would also increase the powers of the governor, while Governor Hodges would abolish the bi-cameral system and institute a single house of trained men who would remain in practically perpetual session and who would regard legislation as a business proposition. The discussion is a useful one, and probably we shall hear more of it. But it is hard to see how decency and intelligence can ever be attracted to the state legislature in face of a continuing and increasing tendency to reduce all officials to the status of marionettes who will move only in response to the pulling of strings, and so long as cliques of vanities and irresponsibilities have it always within their power to inflict the humiliation of the recall. Big men will not occupy undignified positions, and we shall never get big men on any understanding that they must come to heel at the crack of the whip. With such a system we shall get nothing but lackeys, and we must be content with lackeys and sycophants until we change the system. To demand the "trained men" and the "first-class talent" spoken of by Governor Hodges is a futility under present conditions. We might just as well ask for first-class talent in a bank manager on the understanding that he will be instantly removable by a successful combination among the office boys.

Among the many ruined cities of Mexico dating back to antiquity is Mitla, of unusual interest to the sight-seer. The name is a contraction or corruption of the word Mictlan, meaning "the place of death." The modern village and the ancient ruins occupy the centre of an arid plain or valley, surrounded on all sides by equally arid hills, on the highest summit of which are the well-preserved remains of a great fortress, whose walls are of a rough construction and without ornament of any kind. Nearly in the centre of the plain five great groups of buildings stand out completely exposed. Many of them are now nearly shapeless mounds and masses of ruins. Two great groups, however, are in comparatively perfect preservation, a third is incorporated with an old church, and a fourth, the great sacrificial mound, is surmounted by the ruins of a very ancient church. The principal buildings are of stone masonry.

The first passage through the Gatun locks on the ocean liner was successfully carried out on June 13.

FRANCISCO VILLA.

There are few men so bad as wholly to lack defenders, although this may sometimes mark a state of grace in the defenders rather than even the most obscure virtue in those whom they champion. I knew once a lady of heart and education who selected the Duke of Alba for her historical hero, and she explained her choice on the ground that the duke had a very disagreeable duty to perform in the Netherlands and that he did it in a gallant way. Also that he was a fine figure of a man. The poet Robert Buchanan once said a kind word, or rather a kind poem, for Judas Iscariot, who is a singularly friendless person. Zantippe has had many defenders, and probably now has more than ever in these days of feminism. And as for Nero, who was not quite so bad as he has been painted, we shall probably fit a halo around his head as soon as we can find time to get around to him. But the defense of rascals has usually taken the form of a contention that they did not actually do the things that they were supposed to have done, or that if they did do them they had good and sufficient reasons. But Villa seems to stand rather alone. He, too, seems to have his friends. Madero was his friend, and it is said that Villa's voice breaks when he speaks of Madero. But Villa's friends do not deny nor palliate the little vagaries that have been associated with his name. They admit them, but they remain his friends. It is hard to understand, but so it is.

One of Villa's friends and admirers is John Reed, who writes all about his hero in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for June. Mr. Reed himself is something of a revolutionist, but then one may be a revolutionist without wallowing in gore, so to speak—Oliver Cromwell, for example, or William Tell. Mr. Reed admits that Villa was an outlaw for twenty-two years, but then again there have been quite nice outlaws, such as Robin Hood and Rob Roy. But Mr. Reed admits some other peculiarities on the part of his hero, and most of them are quite unheroic. For example we are told that Villa has "at least" two wives, which suggests a matrimonial vista incompatible with strict Puritan prejudices. One of these wives is a patient, simple woman who was with him during all the years of his outlawry and who lives in El Paso, and the other is a catlike, slender young girl, who is the mistress of his house in Chihuahua. Mr. Reed says that Villa is perfectly open about it, and what can he more detestable than a secretive and furtive disposition? Now if Villa had concealed his practical views on plural marriages—but there, he admits them. He has "at least" two wives.

Villa, says his admirer, always executes the Federal volunteers whenever he catches them. With irresistible logic Villa argues that no man would volunteer in such a cause unless he were hopelessly bad, and what can he do with the hopelessly bad except to kill them? He also kills the officers on the equally valid plea that as educated men they should have known better, which seems to argue that education has its responsibilities and penalties as well as its privileges. Villa's most intimate friend is Fierro, the man who killed Benton. Fierro is beautiful to look on, but lacking in the finer morals, the more delicate ethical shades. His favorite amusement is to shoot large numbers of prisoners with his own hand, only stopping long enough to reload his revolver. He killed, says Mr. Reed, for the pure joy of it, but there was always a curious relationship between him and Villa. It was a kind of David and Jonathan business. Villa "loved him like a son" and always pardoned him. Thus by one touch of tender sentiment does the whole world become kin. What should we do without these occasional touches of an inner harmony transcending the strifes and ill-wills of the common life?

So much for Mr. Reed, who doubtless intended to lay a humble wreath as a tribute to the reputation of his friend. But he is not our sole source of information concerning Francisco Villa. The *Congressional Record* of May 5 contains the report of an interposition by Mr. Lodge in a Senate debate on the Canal bill. Mr. Lodge wanted to say something about Villa, and it is to be feared that the distinguished senator has not yet rid his mind of certain prejudices against the Mexican leader to which he had previously given expression and which are doubtless due to a Puritan strain. Mr. Lodge's information was based on an article that had appeared in the *London Daily Telegraph*, described by him as a responsible newspaper, and he hastened to offer it for the consideration of the State Department, which he understood was preparing a biography of Villa. It seems that Villa is wholly uneducated, being unable to read or write, and barely able to scrawl his name. At the age of fourteen he began his distinguished career by a sentence of imprisonment for cattle-stealing, and thereby registered his detestation of a capitalistic system with all its odious conceptions of private property. Soon after his liberation he again fell under the shadow of the law for a little matter of homicide, and after his second liberation he organized a body of outlaws, doubtless as a protest against the land system that was holding his unhappy country in thrall. His method of operation was of the simplest kind. He stole cattle in Chihuahua and sold them in the United States. He then stole horses and mules in the United States and sold them in Chihuahua, but in consequence of a slight disagreement with his partner he was compelled to murder him. In 1910 he attacked the factory of Mr. Soto and killed him. Threatening his daughter with all sorts of horrors, he compelled her to surrender her father's money, and with this "pay" of capital he joined Madero's revolution and blew it to smithereens, forth into a patriot of the most approved type, which he has been ever since.

In 1910 we find Villa at Batopilas, State of Chihuahua,

where he playfully tortured a lady named Señora Maria de la Luz Gomez in order to persuade her to pay him the sum of \$30,000, which she did, and then died as a result of the torture. When Ciudad Juarez was taken from the Federals in 1911 he sent for Señor Ignacio Gomez Oyola, a man over sixty years of age, asked him if he had any arms, and then shot him dead, rifled the body, and threw it out into the street. After the triumph of the Madero revolution Villa resumed his quiet, pastoral life as a cattle thief, but suspecting one of his subordinates of dishonesty he murdered him. In May, 1913, he attacked a train at Baeza, killed all the crew and several passengers, and secured a large sum of money. In the same month he assaulted the house of Señor Sahas Murga in San Andrés. Murga escaped, but Villa caught his two sons-in-law, tortured them in an effort to compel them to give up Murga's money, and then had them killed. At the end of the same month Villa took the town of Sta and murdered a large number of persons, and notably Señor Montilla, whom he killed in the presence of his wife, and while she lay on the dead body of her husband Villa kicked her in the face. He tortured a large number of people at Sta. Rosalia and then shot them. One of the persons tortured was Señora Maria B. Coviero. In July we find the patriot at Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, where he shot eighty non-combatants and violated several young girls, among them two young ladies named Castillo. He took the town of San Andrés and shot more than one hundred and fifty prisoners, many of them being women and children. Being rather short of cartridges, he made the prisoners stand one behind the other up to five at one time, and very few of them were killed outright. Then the bodies of dead and wounded alike were soaked with petroleum and burned, and the remaining prisoners were forced to do the work.

The remainder of Villa's biography is little more than a catalogue of murders. At Carretas he killed an old man of seventy in order to get his money, and he seemed always to prefer to do the killing himself. On September 29, 1913, he overcame five hundred Federals at Aviles and shot them all. At the end of November he took the city of Juarez, killed nearly all the officers, and about sixty non-combatants. On ordering all Spaniards to leave the town of Chihuahua there were two who disobeyed and remained, and Villa ordered them to be beaten to death. He also shot about one hundred and fifty non-combatants, most of them persons who were too poor to escape. Señor Irogoyen and Señor Yanez were tortured for several days and they finally paid \$20,000 each and received Villa's written permission to leave the city. But their train was overtaken by an engine in which were several of Villa's officers and the refugees were taken from the train and shot in the presence of the other passengers. There were also innumerable isolated murders and outrages of which the repetition might be tiresome. And the Villa methods are said to be still in full swing.

There is another incident in the Villa career, disclosed for the first time by Mr. Jack London, who is acting as the special correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. London says that one of Huerta's great mistakes was in not killing Villa when he had him hacked up against a wall and facing a firing squad. It was on this occasion that he compelled Villa, on his knees, arms clasped about Huerta's legs, to beg Huerta for his life. Villa, says Mr. London, has not forgotten that little episode and looks forward hungrily to the day when he can wipe out the memory of it in Huerta's blood. And if Huerta should have the chance he would doubtless be delighted to remedy his little omission and to do now what he should have done then. But how came Huerta to display such an act of mercy? We do not associate deeds of mercy with the little unpleasantnesses in Mexico, but perhaps it would be unkind to remember an act of weakness that is so distinct only because it is so isolated.

Now it may be that all these horrors will have a certain salutary effect upon the consciences of men. The difference between Mexican and Balkan methods on the one hand and the methods of "civilized" war on the other are mainly in degree rather than in kind. There is always something repellent and horrifying in deliberate cruelty, in killings that are accomplished in cold blood, but so far as the sum total of misery is concerned there is not very much to choose. Civilized armies do not kill in cold blood, and they do not deliberately torture, but so far as the actual victims are concerned it does not matter much to them whether they are killed in cold or hot blood. And as for torture there could be none more excruciating than that suffered by soldiers left on the field after the battle, or sweltering or freezing in the hospital tents. There may therefore be a certain virtue in thus realizing what war means, what it must always mean, whether civilized or uncivilized. When realization reaches a certain point, when finally it pierces the epidermis of the imagination—and this must happen—the world will suddenly wake up to the conviction that there are few things on earth that are worth fighting about, and that nine times out of ten the remedy is a thousandfold worse than the disease. And in that much to be desired consummation it must be conceded that Francisco Villa has borne his not inconspicuous part.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Within the next four years it is expected that the United States government will dispose of all its reindeer in Alaska, having decided to quit the business. The government now owns only 3853 reindeer, and officials of the Alaska division, Bureau of Education, are planning to give them up as fast as they can train natives for individual ownership.

MY BROTHER JUDAS.

Two Souls Inhabit and Direct the Same Body.

I was born twins. But I did not discover this until I, or rather we, had grown to manhood.

Up to my eighteenth year I was not conscious of being different from other youths, except that my ambition was graver and my conscience more sensitive. A strong sense of the sinfulness of the world abode in me and bred a fervid desire to become a preacher of the gospel. Among the people of the church with which I allied myself, I at once became conspicuous. My intensity at the prayer-meetings, my patient submission to scoffings and contumely as a distributor of tracts, my zeal as a worker for the upbuilding of the church's mission offshoot in the slums, and, beyond all, my purpose of fitting myself for the functions of the sacred desk, won me a high repute for sanctity.

But this gave me no pleasure, since I was devoid of vanity. I knew myself as God knew me, and more pleasing conceptions of my character were, I well understood, due to ignorance. Human penetration is limited and forbids one man to know another as he is.

The elder brethren, themselves grown placid and serene in the faith, were wont to say, and truly, that the spirit had been poured out on me in rich, exceptional abundance. They invited me to their homes and tables, where I met their sons and daughters. With these I was not a favorite. Youth has no natural sympathy with holiness. Young women in particular, especially when themselves attractive, evince, indeed, an instinctive aversion to those who, like myself, incline to an intense spiritual life. The carnal heart is enmity toward God.

Although at the prayer-meeting, when upon my knees in supplication or on my feet exhorting sinners, I had ever the candor to own that I was a prey to doubt, weakness of the flesh, and other temptations of the Adversary, these confessions, being couched in general phrase, as is the prudent usage, were imputed to me as righteousness. Nevertheless they were sincere confessions, coming from a heart that had some knowledge, as I at the time believed, of its proneness to evil. Saintliness is of grace only.

Holding with Paul that marriage is a surrender, a compromise without honor, the doctrine of celibacy for the clergy ever commended itself to me, nor could opposite custom reconcile to my sense of fitness the spectacle of a preacher of the Word dividing his devotion between his holy work and a wife. Yet, being but human, my mind was often assailed with the sophistries of argument wherewith the ordained and wedded soothe their conscience. The occasion of these assaults, I could not hide from myself, was Elizabeth, daughter of Elder Henry Braddock, a stern man who sold harness, and at the family altar, as in our public meetings, made more of the law than the promises. Elizabeth, comely in person, but of a light mind, brought herself often under reproof by the laughter that danced in her eyes—which were large and dark and of peculiar beauty—and that broke from her mouth, which, when parted, disclosed teeth singularly even and white, making a pleasing contrast to the redness of her lips. Her intellect was shallow, and though she attended with seemly regularity upon the means of grace, it was plain that her volatile spirit had never wrestled with the problems. I could seldom, without disturbance, gaze upon her rounded pink cheeks and merry person—for, though of dainty smallness of stature, her health was excellent and no angles appeared anywhere. For her soul's good and self-discipline, I spoke my message in accompanying her to her home from service. Her answer was a laugh and a query as to why I was so much more solemn than other young men who, she mentioned, found pleasanter things to talk of when with her than death and judgment. There was, I trust, grave reproof in my voice when I said at parting:

"Good-night, Sister Elizabeth."

"Good-night, Praise-God Barebones," she made answer. And the sounds of her soft laughter, the swish of her garments, and the closing of the door came together to my ears.

Two years of this life of well-doing and growth in spiritual strength had been spent, and I was about to mark my twenty-first birthday by entering the theological seminary, when those events began which finally revealed to me my twinship.

It was early evening, and it being yet a good hour to the time for prayer-meeting, I went into a restaurant for supper. The place was well filled, and I seated myself at a small table for two, opposite a young man, whose careless air, curled mustache, and luxury of raiment proclaimed him to be of the world. Howbeit, there was in his manner a certain good humor and frankness which attracted. He proved himself to be of that sort who out of mere emptiness of mind find speech a necessity and acquire the habit of garrulity.

"Going to the fight tonight?" he asked in the tone of one inviting conversation and giving signal of amiable intention.

"Fight? What fight?" I inquired.

"What fight?" he said, astonished; "why"—and he mentioned two names—pugilists, as I now know.

"Who are they, and why should they fight?" I questioned, mildly.

The young man placed both hands on the edge of the

table and pushed himself back, so that his chair tilted, regarding me for a space with shrewdness from under half-closed lids. Then he spoke, slowly:

"Say, what's your game?"

"Game?" I murmured, not comprehending; "game?"

Satisfying himself that the pugilists mentioned were unknown to me—alas, their names, and those of others, became in time familiar to my ears—the young man laughed, and stretching forth his hand across the table, took mine, saying:

"Well, you *are* a daisy. Why, it's a privilege to know you."

Then he poured out to me not only his knowledge of these fighting men, but sought to amuse my mind with accounts of races between horses, incidents of a mirthful character occurring at his club, and brief narratives of his conquest with the other sex. He gave me a glimpse into a world altogether strange. Curiosity arose, and I listened with intentness. As he talked he poured me a glass of his claret, and, unthinking what I did, I drank it.

The thing being done, I paused, more in surprise at my sin than for sorrow. Never before had I tasted wine, but often reprobated its use. Thought departed, however, and a sensation as of my veins vibrating to music charmed my being and made this physical life a new thing to me. I made merry. I drank again. I chattered and was gay. My worldly friend bade me to dinner with him on the evening to follow, and eagerly I consented.

The closing hymn was being sung as I reached the church. I was in season only to offer my arm to Elizabeth Braddock. Her father, who lingered for a business meeting of the session, smiled on seeing us depart together. He had no fear. Nor had she. Indeed, truth requires it to be set down that Elizabeth, presuming doubtless upon my well-known views touching the celibacy of the clergy, was wont to court me at times in mockery for the entertainment of others, and so had induced the thoughtless smiles of even the fathers and mothers in Israel.

"Well, Barebones," said she, ever moved to railery, on this evening when we had parted from the throng of worshipers—"well, Barebones, what on earth was it that could keep you away from prayer-meeting?"

And I made answer with laughter:

"Barebones be hanged," and kissed her.

Yes, with my arms about her sweet body, in the shadow of the trees, I kissed her.

Her breath came for speech only when she had ascended the steps of her father's house, I standing below upon the walk.

"Well, Willard Humphrey," she said, with a reproof that to my distorted ear sounded like approval, "I never thought you had it in you!"

On my march to my lodgings I sang hymns, not in the spirit of devotion, but out of a wanton gladness of heart.

Of that awakening in the gray of a raining morning I scarce dare write. It is not the sickness of body, nor the hot heaviness of brain that I recall, but the agony of soul. The seeds of this wickedness I had known to be in me, but whither had gone that mastery of action, of thought, which grace had given? Upon my knees I sought pardon, and it was vouchsafed. Yet peace with heaven did not suffice. Atonement to man, the penance of humiliation by confession, remained.

Straightway I went forth to the father of Elizabeth. On the road it was borne in upon me that in his stern eyes not I but the light-minded, though in this innocent, daughter would receive the blame. Often at the meeting had I heard him warn the giddy of the allurements of the flesh.

Returning, I made haste to write to her contritely. But the letter was difficult, and the words of repentance, I perceived with alarm, brought back with vividness my act of sin and imparted a frightened joy.

That man of the restaurant, oh, that creature of the world! To him I owed this fall into the pit, this knowledge of the seducements of life without the pale of the law. I would see him again, and witness his cowering under the threatenings which the Word reserves for such as he.

A thought came under which wrath died. Could I not convert this man, and wear his saved soul as a jewel in my crown? That would be atonement!

So I met him. Confident in my strength, I went. I sat with him in his club, amid his luxury, and dined, awaiting with the serpent's guile the moment for awakening speech.

He prated of gay companions, his bettings won and lost, of travel, of nights of wassail on shipboard, of adventures, perilous and amorous, in strange lands—spoke of this godlessness with smiling gusto which revealed no thought of penalties. He was glad in his sins.

And I envied him!

It is true. I envied him the courage wherewith thus to march caroling down the broad highway to destruction. There arose in me a revolt against the pure calm of holiness. I drank his wine.

I drank, and with shining eyes and pulsing temples asked to share his pagan revels—I, who had gone to him, confident in my strength, on the errand to save his soul.

* * * * *

During the days of my illness, when I was visited by

the brethren, I concealed from them the truth. This secret was my own. In the long night through which, with fevered body and unstrung nerves, I lay and thought, the truth was revealed to me.

There were in one form two Willard Humphreys.

One spiritual, craving only righteousness; the other of the earth, and drawn to the earth's pleasures.

Prayerfully I sought my duty, and it was given me to see it. I was my brother's keeper.

A burden lifted itself from my soul. These impulses and deeds of sin were not mine, but his—this hidden other self, whom I named Judas, he being in his essence a betrayer. In my charge were two souls, souls to be saved, his and mine.

The man of the club, the pagan, with whom I had rioted, invited again. Without reply I turned from him on the street and fled to my chamber, bolting the door.

There we fought, I and my brother Judas. "Since we have but one body," I said, "I and not you shall direct it." Thus was won the first battle, and the Judas within me grew weak and silent.

In that blessed moment of quiet, when the sermon has been preached and God's ambassador, on the point of tears by reason of the stress of his closing appeal to sinners, sinks upon his knees for an interval of silent prayer—at that moment of hallowed stillness in the sanctuary, as my head was bending to the pew before me, my eyes rested on the face of Elizabeth Braddock, subdued in gentleness.

"Willard, wouldn't you like to kiss her again?"

The voice, mocking and sharp, broke upon the air with a distinctness so awful that it shocked me from my seat.

No head was turned. Then I knew that none but I had heard. It was the voice of Judas.

I hastened at once from the house of God and made myself prisoner for the conflict.

Three days later he came—the man of the club, the pagan—with outstretched hand, abloom with jovial health.

In the warm sunshine we strolled abroad. My step was light, my gait was swagger. I bore myself as an old-time gallant, sword on hip, plume in hat, ready for dicing, drink, or quarrel. The joy of life was in me, and on women I cast glances that cowed theirs or brought bolder glances in return. Blowing our cigars, we sauntered.

Thus we met Elizabeth, and I made the two known one to the other.

She left us, smiles upon her lips, admiration in her eyes, and we went our pleasuring way.

Straight from the club and the pagan and his wine I strode to the church.

And the preacher, Brother Ijams, whom I had loved, bent his eyes upon me where I sat and said, as many times he had said in the sacred place before:

"Will Brother Humphrey lead in prayer?"

"No," I said, rising, not kneeling; "no, I will not. Why should I? To whom," I asked, gazing with calmness upon the dear faces, all aghast—"to whom would you have me pray? Who knows—*knows*—if there be a God? And if a God, why should we affront with our petitions One who is all-wise and has planned from eternity what is and is to be? Why should we fancy that our wishes can affect his designs? Pray? Pooh! it's nonsense—blasphemous nonsense."

"Are you mad?" asked Brother Ijams, in a whisper of horror; "remember you are among Christian people."

"Christian people!" I repeated lightly, and smiling round me; "wherein do Christian people differ from other people? I know you all, and your lives are the lives of your neighbors. You are plodding phantoms scaring your souls with other phantoms of your own making. Your minds, if they were free and trained to think, would still be the minds of pygmies. Yet you bind your little mental legs to please your sightless idol. Billions of tons of forms like yours have crawled upon the earth through the stretches of the past, their activity as resultless and ugly as the squirming of worms in the fisherman's can. You are not followers of the Hero of Nazareth, who had a soul—a soul too great to be safely let at large in this world. He scorned common sense, which is the god of your sincerest worship. Common sense! That is the sense of those to whom life is small and hard and literal. It is the foe of the impulses of the heart, the insect enemy of the imagination, the large, the noble, the real. I'll do no praying. Life is but a needle-point of light in an infinity of gloom. That instant I shall not squander in groveling to the Fire from which it came. I shall spend it in joy, in love, in splendid life. If worship you must, worship the sun!"

I stretched out my arms to Elizabeth Braddock. With lips parted, quick-coming breath, and eyes from which shone ardor that yet was dashed with fear, she rose and moved toward me, as one drawn by another's warmth and will, her face upturned and glowing.

But they kept her from me, and beaming smiles of lofty pity on all their white, dumb visages, I left them.

* * * * *

Brother Ijams and Brother Braddock were troubled by the serenity of my manner as they stood beside my bed the day following.

The first said gently:

"You are feeling better, Brother Humphrey?"

"Physically," I answered, "I am prostrated, but my mind is at rest and my spirit much refreshed."

"Your faith in God has returned to you, then?" asked Brother Braddock.

"My faith in God has never departed from me," I replied.

"You have no memory of last night?"

"A perfect memory, Brother Ijams. It is right you should know. All the world must know now. It was not I who was guilty of that hideous blasphemy. It was *he*."

I pointed to my brother Judas, where he sat behind them, his arm flung carelessly along the back of his chair and an amused smile upon his lips.

We had come to an understanding in the night. We must part. He joyfully acquiesced. I bade him take half of my body and of the material things I possessed. When he had clothed himself from my wardrobe he did not depart, but went about lifting and replacing articles, viewing himself in the glass, and in many small ways testing and enjoying his separate existence.

I yearned toward him strangely. He seemed my younger brother, fresher, stronger, handsomer than I.

"Think of your soul, brother," I said, opening my eyes, which had been closed in prayer.

"I have none, Willard," he made answer.

I saw that what he said was true. With selfish gladness I knew that the spirit which we had in common while we remained one was now with me alone. Yet there was compassion in his bright, bold eyes as he took in his firm, cool hand mine, which was thin and fevered.

"It was *he*," I repeated to Brother Ijams and Brother Braddock, pointing to indicate Judas, "my brother Judas, who sits there, without a soul."

* * * * *

At the beginning it seemed an inexplicably unjust and cruel act to immure me in this asylum, but the necessity for it presently became apparent. Though Judas has a body of his own there is a tie between us which can not be severed. Where I am there must Judas be also. There are in God's providence many mysteries.

Our inseparableness is so well understood by others that at first they would put but one bed in the room to which we are confined. They yielded to Judas on this point, however. He refused to occupy the bed with me. Since our incarceration he is much changed. His gaiety is gone and he has grown morose, for there are none of the joys of carnal life to be had in this asylum. Having a soul, I find occupation in meditation and prayer, but Judas, being of the earth only, loathes restraint. I am calmly cheerful and content to be here, for if at large with Judas I should, because of our inseparableness, be dragged from one godless festival to another, and spend a life that would end in hell—hell for both of us, perhaps, since there has arisen in me a hope that prolonged absence from pleasure may, under heaven, cause a soul to germinate in Judas.

There is but one thing to sadden my quiet hours, and this is not, as might well be thought, the blighting of my career as a fruitful bearer of the saving gospel to those who live in sin. Neither is it the knowledge that Elizabeth, against her father's will, has become the wife of the man of the club, the pagan—but this has incensed Judas greatly. The grief which I bear is that though my love for my unhappy brother has increased day by day it is met by a hatred on his part which waxes in proportion to my love. This unnatural hatred of his is so deadly that but two night ago the stranger introduced of late to our room and who shares Judas's bed—the asylum being unusually crowded with the unfortunate beings who have lost their reason—was the means of saving my life. In the darkness my brother seized me by the throat, and would have made an end of me had not this stranger torn his grasp away. Others were called, among them the physician in charge, and on the report of the stranger—who has conceived a warm, though conscienceless fondness for my brother—that it was I who had clutched my own throat, the doctor, in spite of my statement in contradiction of this obvious fiction, ordered that large and thick leather mittens be placed on my hands at night hereafter.

And while this was being done, Judas, whom I love, though he thirsts for my life that through its sacrifice he may gain his own freedom, sat on the edge of his cot opposite, smiling in malice.

But my love is not passing. Not until Judas, the unhappy, the spiritually maimed, shall gain a soul that may clasp mine in comprehension, will I cease for his sake to wrestle with the Lord in prayer.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

During the season of 1913 a special type of steel windmill tower was adopted as the standard lookout tower for forest fire lookout purposes. The platform on top of the tower is enclosed to protect the lookout from sun and wind, and is large enough to provide room for his bed and working equipment.

Between 30,000 and 40,000 Sicilians emigrate to Palermo to the United States each year, and a large course of time almost all of them go back permanently or for a visit.

A WOMAN AND THREE MEN.

London's First Hearing of "L'Amore Dei Tre Re."

Even the incidence of Derby Day and the defeat of all the favorites by a French-bred and American-owned "outsider" did not deplete the dimensions or damp the enthusiasm of the Covent Garden audience for the first hearing of Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Perhaps the title accounts for it. Pleasure-seekers are so familiar with the eternal triangle of a woman and two men that the prospect of the trio being extended to a quartet may have induced temporary forgetfulness of the hard cash lost to the bookmakers earlier in the day.

Certainly an opera with an extra man is sufficient of a novelty to explain the crowded house which gathered for the first London performance of the young Veronese composer's "lyric tragedy." And for the rest there was keen curiosity to learn how the third man was to be brought in plus a natural interest in the music of the latest candidate for opera fame. Besides, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" is one of the only two new operas included in the programme for the present season.

By laying the scene of his legend in the middle ages the librettist, Lem Benelli, was able to rely upon such a drama of mad jealousy and animal passion as made the introduction of a third lover seem less forced than would have been the case if he had concerned himself with a more modern period. His theme is the contest between old barbarism and Christian forgiveness, the latter quality being represented by the husband of the heroine, while all the other principal characters belong to the ruder world of pre-Christian ages. Prior to the opening of the story a barbarian lord named Archibaldo has made a ruthless conquest of the kingdom of Altura, but a kind of peace has been patched up by the marriage of Fiora, the princess of that land, to Manfredo, the son of the conqueror. In her earlier days, however, Fiora had loved and been betrothed to Avito, a noble of her own race and kin, and her union with Manfredo was powerless to subdue her prior affection. Her third lover is none other than Archibaldo himself, who in addition to his lawless passion for his son's wife is tormented by strange sentiments of "family honor." That is, while condoning his own illicit desire he has no intention of allowing the interference of a third lover. He has acute suspicions that there is such a third in existence, for although he is blind his other senses are so sharpened by his affliction that he is ever on the alert to discover who the interloper may be.

Occasion is kind to Archibaldo. Fiora and Avito meet every night during Manfredo's absence at the wars, but those interviews are carefully hidden from the suspicious father-in-law. When his son returns, however, and soon after sets out again for a new campaign the blind old man comes to the castle walls just as Avito is imploring Fiora not to wave her veil from the battlements in a farewell salute to her departing husband. But ere Archibaldo can identify the lover who is pleading with Fiora the culprit slips away. Balked of his prey, the blind man seizes Fiora and strangles her. But that is not the final climax. Determined to learn the identity of Fiora's third lover, Archibaldo smears her dead lips with a deadly poison, convinced that he will seek her in the chamber of death for a last farewell. His ruse succeeds more thoroughly than he anticipated, for while Avito takes the death-kiss from the lips of his mistress, Manfredo also suddenly returns and becomes the victim of his father's plot in the same way.

Such is the story which Signor Montemezzi has elaborated in the terms of music. And in its setting he has had the consummate stagecraft of Josef Urban of Vienna. Rarely if ever has a new opera been so superbly mounted at Covent Garden. Each of the three acts was magnificent in every detail. The first disclosed a stately hall in Archibaldo's castle, with carved arches, marvelous mosaics, and gorgeous coloring; the second depicted the terrace of that building with a noble tower; the third was a more impressive chapel ardente than was ever seen as a climax to "Romeo and Juliet." These brief details, however, will do little to suggest how new a note M. Urban has introduced into operatic scenery, the effect of which is intensified by the novel costuming of the characters. It may prove that he has overloaded his picture, for now and then one had a feeling that all this faithfulness to the middle ages lent an aloofness to the story which robbed it of a sense of reality.

But the music is the chief thing after all, and it is by its harmonic system that "L'Amore dei Tre Re" will survive or be forgotten. It may be admitted at once that Signor Montemezzi has original ideas, that he can produce the effects at which he aims, that he has a great command of varied and flexible melody, that when he so wills he can search the spirit in a haunting manner, yet in his total impression he shows such a lack of proportion that it may be questioned whether this opera is destined for a place among the classics of music. In brief, he begins on too high a key and indulges too generously in superlatives. There are passages of rare beauty and thrill, such as the pizzicato chords to which the blind Archibaldo makes his entrance, or the flute and subdued strings of a scene between Fiora and Avito; but the effect of these and

kindred softer passages is marred too frequently by the agitated strings or snarled trumpets which accompany the more elemental episodes of the story. That is to say, Signor Montemezzi has allowed the melodrama of his theme to get the upper hand. If it is the chief mission of opera to convey surprise, dismay, thrill, or any of the painful emotions, then "L'Amore dei Tre Re" would take high rank, but if opera lovers are still wedded to pleasure and beauty and interest they must seek their gratification elsewhere.

Perhaps, however, opera taste is in a transition stage. It is impossible to forget that "La Tosca" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Madame Butterfly" have their enthusiastic admirers; and certainly the climax of the second act of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," which culminated in the strangling of Fiora, evoked more applause than has been heard at Covent Garden for many a day. If this change of taste is no more than a passing whim it follows that operatic singers will need to cultivate the dramatic art more than they have done in the past. Signor Montemezzi was singularly fortunate in his exponents, for Adamo Didur as Archibaldo and Louise Edvina as Fiora approved themselves no less accomplished as actors than as vocalists. M. Didur gave so pathetic a picture of the blind old man as to actually win sympathy for his unnatural passion, and Mme. Edvina's final confession of her love for Avito was portrayed with such abandonment as to condone her offense. If superb acting, then, can always go hand in hand with consummate vocalization in the rendering of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" its chances of popular favor may be enhanced; otherwise it seems too probable that its preponderance of high lights and massive sonority will prove too heavy a handicap.

LONDON, May 29, 1914.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Many things that have been firmly established in Japan for centuries in reality had their origin in China, and among the more noteworthy of these is the highly colored variety of goldfish. The goldfish is possibly native to Japan, but there is no evidence of the existence of the brilliant, cultivated fish prior to its importation from China. The history of the introduction is lost in obscurity, but it appears to be established that as early as the year 1500 some goldfish, probably of the simplest variety, were brought from China to a town near Osaka; and many other importations were doubtless made from China and Korea (Chosen). As early as the first decade of the eighteenth century a Japanese breeder of goldfish began business at Koriyama, and at that place may be seen a goldfish farm that was started about 1763 and has since been in continuous operation. The cultivation of goldfish in Japan is conducted in open-air ponds, the number and size of which vary considerably. The proprietors of the "farms" have their residence in close proximity to the ponds and carry on a large part of the practical work in rooms in which they and their families live. There is no such thing as a goldfish hatchery in the sense of a special building devoted to the purpose. It is likely that the yearly production and sale of goldfish in the whole of Japan exceeds 20,000,000 and may reach a considerably higher number, and the aggregate value of the output can not be less than \$500,000. The value of goldfish increases so much with their age that it is very desirable for breeders to keep their best fish until full maturity is attained.

Production of chromic iron ore in the eastern portion of the United States, where the demand is greatest, ceased years ago. The supply is now obtained wholly by importation, mainly from South Africa. California has been the only producing state for nearly a decade. Deposits have been found in thirty-two counties in this state, but practically the whole output in 1913 came from one mine near Dunsmuir, in Shasta County. Chromite is one of the most difficult minerals to fuse. It will stand a temperature of about 2180 degrees Centigrade, and this marked resistance to heat makes it valuable for refractory purposes, furnace hearths, chrome bricks for lining furnaces, etc. A large amount is consumed in the manufacture of pigments, dyes, and various chemical compounds, as well as for tanning, in which it imparts to the leather softness and durability under exposure to dampness. The most rapidly growing use of chromite is metallurgical, in the manufacture of steel alloys. Chromium gives to steel a marked degree of hardness, and if added in the proper proportion does not produce brittleness.

In Argentina the grape is the fruit which has attained the greatest commercial importance, and the Mendoza country seems to lead all other sections. The net profit from vines in good bearing condition is said to be about \$170 per acre. In 1910 the production of wines was 92,674,000 gallons, valued at more than \$25,000,000. Leaving Mendoza and passing over the barren heights of the Andes at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet the traveler arrives in Chile. One seems to have reached another California. There are many similarities, and all of the fruits grown in California are produced in Chile, probably in equal perfection, but with far less care, and the industry has not developed as in North America. The grape industry is a large one, and a good quality is produced, most of which is consumed at home. The apple grown in Chile is said to rank with the finest in the world.

OLD FAVORITES.

June.

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benediction;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,
And hark! how clear bold chancicleer,
Warned with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—James Russell Lowell.

A Midsummer Song.

O, Father's gone to market-town, he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with a will:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound—
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time a day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders what's the matter.
O, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly! —Richard Watson Gilder.

Survey has demonstrated the practicability of constructing a bridge on the rocky reef called Adam's Bridge, which connects the Island of Ceylon with the mainland of India. The distance is twenty-two miles, and an estimate has been made giving the cost of the work, which probably includes a good deal of causeway, at about \$4,000,000—an amount much less than was previously thought necessary.

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY SLED.

Dr. Hudson Stuck Writes a Narrative of Winter Travel in Interior Alaska.

That this substantial volume about Alaska was written by a missionary and an archdeacon ought not to prejudice it in the eyes of a discerning public. We need have no doubt that Dr. Hudson Stuck is a good missionary. Indeed his few references to his religious work are sufficient evidences of its excellence, but as he himself very properly says we can always consult the church publications for informations in this particular department, an indication that we shall not fail to remember should need arise. But the main object of his book is to tell us about Alaska and its people from the secular rather than from the religious standpoint, and it is an object that is admirably accomplished. That his title claims ten thousand miles of travel by dog sled is a figure of speech. It might have been fourteen or fifteen thousand miles, but ten thousand is a good round titular number and is none the worse for being well within the mark.

Dr. Stuck's winter journey of 1905-6 contemplated a visit to Point Hope, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean between Kotzebue Sound and Point Barrow, and a return to Fairbanks. Midway to Clear "City," his first day's run, he encountered the gold train, a posse organized to make the rounds of the creeks and gather up the dust to be transported under the escort of half a dozen mounted and armed men:

These raw, temporary mining towns are much alike the world over, one supposes, though perhaps a little worse up here in the far north. It was late at night when we reached the place, but saloon and dance-hall were ablaze with light and loud with the raucity of phonographs and the stamping of feet. Everything was "wide open," and there was not even the thinnest veneer of respectability. Drinking and gambling and dancing go on all night long. Drunken men reel out upon the snow; painted faces leer over muslin curtains as one passes by. Without any government, without any pretense of municipal organization, there is no cooperation for public enterprise. There are no streets, there are no sidewalks save such as a man may choose to lay in front of his own premises, and the simplest sanitary precautions are entirely neglected. Nothing but the cold climate of the north prevents epidemic disease from sweeping through these places. They rise in a few days wherever gold is found in quantities, they flourish as the production increases, decline with its decline, and are left gaunt, dark, and abandoned so soon as the diggings are exhausted.

An incident that happened at Bettles gives us a glimpse of the tragedies that are peculiar to the great frozen north. The author tells us that his service was interrupted by an Indian who had traveled seventy-five miles in one run to bring the news of a white man frozen to death on the trail. The poor fellow had fallen forward on hands and feet, and as it was impossible to straighten the body without several days' thawing in a cabin it had to be buried in a coffin like a packing case:

One supposes that the actual death by freezing is painless, as it is certainly slow and gradual. The only instance of sudden gelation I ever heard of is in Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," where the skipper, having answered one question, upon being asked another,

Answered never a word,
For a frozen corpse was he.

But if the actual death be painless, the long, conscious fight against it must be an agony; for a man of any experience must realize the peril he is in. The tingling in fingers and toes and then in knees and elbows is a warning he recognizes only too well. He knows that, unless he can restore warmth by restoring the circulation he is as good as frozen already. He increases his pace and beats his arms against his breast. But if his vitality be too much reduced by hunger and fatigue and cold to make more than a slight response to the stimulation, if the distance to warmth and shelter be too great for a spurt to carry him there, he is soon in worse case than before. Then the appalling prospect of perishing by the cold must rise nakedly before him. The enemy is in the breach, swarming over the ramparts, advancing to the heart of the fortress, not to be again repelled. He becomes aware that his hands and feet are already frozen, and presently there may be a momentary terrible recognition that his wits begin to wander. Frantically he stumbles on, thrashing his body with his arms, forcing his gait to the uttermost, a prey to the terror that hangs over him, until his growing horror and despair are mercifully swallowed up in the somnolent torpidity that overwhelms him. All of us who have traveled in cold weather know how uneasy and apprehensive a man becomes when the fingers grow obstinately cold and he realizes that he is not succeeding in getting them warm again. It is the beginning of death by freezing.

The Esquimaux, says the author, are extraordinarily dirty, but then every one is dirty in the north, where liquid water is obtainable only with the greatest difficulty, and where the unclean habits of the winter are apt to become the habits of the whole year:

On the trail, where snow must usually be melted for water, it is obvious that bathing is out of the question; even the water for hands and face is sparingly doled by the cook, and two people will sometimes use the same water rather than resort to the painful though efficient expedient of washing with snow. If this be so despite aluminum pots and a full kit of camp vessels, it is much more so with the native, whose supply of pots and pans is very limited. I have seen a white man melt snow in a frying-pan, wash hands and face in it, throw it out, fry bacon and beans in it, then melt more snow and wash his cup and plate in it. There is, however, this to be said ament the disuse of the bath in this country, that in cold weather most men perspire very little indeed, and the perspiration that is exuded passes through to the outer garments and is immediately deposited upon them as frost; and there is this further to be said about dirt in general, that one blessed property of the cold is to kill all odors.

With the methods of gold mining in Alaska the world is already familiar, at least in its main details, and the

author wisely refrains from telling an oft-told story. But at Bluff he found an ingenious expedient in use for mining under the water, and one that is well worth its place in the record:

At Bluff was the most interesting, curious gold mining I have ever seen, the extraction of gold from the sand of Norton Sound, two hundred yards or more out from the beach. There it lies under ten or twelve feet of water with the ice on top. How shall it be reached? Why, by the exact converse of the usual Alaskan placer mining; by freezing down instead of thawing down. The ice is cut away from the beginning of a shaft, almost but not quite down to the water, leaving just a thin cake. The atmospheric cold, penetrating this cake, freezes the water below it, and presently the hole is chopped down a little farther, leaving always a thin cake above the water. A canvas chute is arranged over the shaft, with a head like a ship's ventilator that can be turned any way to catch the wind. Gradually the water is frozen down, and as it is frozen more and more ice is removed until the bottom is reached, surrounded and protected by a cylindrical shaft of ice; then the sand can be removed and the gold it contains washed out. They told us they were making good money and their ingenuity certainly deserved it.

Dr. Stuck has much to say in praise of the Alaska schools, and also a word of deserved censure for a certain scholastic routine that is imposed without the slightest consideration for local conditions or needs. It seemed to him irresistibly funny that these children must be taught to sing "The Old Oaken Bucket," since they had never seen a well and never will see one. He wishes that some teacher with a spark of genius would take Goldsmith's hint and write a simple song for Esquimaux children that should

Extol the treasures of their finny seas
And their long nights of revelry and ease,

Or the splendor of summer's perpetual sunshine and the weird radiance of the Northern Lights:

The thing is a vain, artificial attempt to impose a whole body of ideas, notions, standards of comparison, metaphors, similes, and sentiments upon a race to which, in great measure, they must ever be foreign and unintelligible. Here were girls reading in a text-book of so-called physiology, and, as it happened, the lesson that day was on the evils of tight lacing! The reading of that book, I was informed, is imposed by special United States statute, and the teacher must make a separate report that so much of it has been duly gone through each month before the salary can be drawn. Yet none of those girls ever saw a corset or ever will. One is reminded of the dear old lady who used to visit the jails and distribute tracts on "The Evils of Keeping Bad Company."

The author gets another glimpse of northern tragedy, although this time not a fatal one, at Saint-John's-in-the-Wilderness, where an Indian brought news of a white man he had found starving fifteen miles away. A dog team quickly effected a rescue, and the poor, emaciated fellow, looking like a man of sixty-five or seventy, though he was really no more than forty, crawled out of the sled and tottered into the house:

That man's hunger was tremendous, but Miss Carter, having knowledge and experience of such cases, was apprehensive that if any large quantity of food were taken at a time there would be serious danger to him. So for a day or two he ate frequently but sparingly. A little later, as he grew stronger, to such extremes did his hunger pinch him that he would watch till there was no one looking and would go into the kitchen and steal food that was preparing, even taking it out of the frying-pan on the stove. He would be hungry immediately after having a full meal. In ten days he was sufficiently recovered to resume his journey to the diggings, and when I saw him at Coldfoot two months later I did not recognize him, so greatly had he changed from the poor shrunken creature that crept into the mission. We all think we have been hungry time and again; if ever we have gone a few days on short rations we are quite sure of it; this man had sounded the height and depth and stretched the length and breadth of it, and none of the rest of us really know what hunger means. I tried to get him to talk about it, but he said he wanted to forget it. He said he was ashamed to think of some of the things he had done and of some of the terrible thoughts that had come to him, and I pressed him no more. I have always felt that, even in its last hideousness of cannibalism, only God Himself can judge starvation.

The author confesses to a creditable sympathy with Esquimaux superstitions that are apt to linger as traditional practices even when actual credulity has been dissipated. In these days of psychic research it would perhaps be well to walk warily in the denunciation of practices that at the very moment may be undergoing rehabilitation by the savants of civilization. Dr. Stuck himself does not say this, but he does say that men of feeling do not wantonly lay hands on ancient traditional custom:

I think that if I were an Esquimaux and knew that from immemorial antiquity fires had been lighted on the trails and outside the doors upon the death of my ancestors, I should be tempted to kindle them myself upon an occasion, however firmly I held the Communion of Saints and the Safe Repose of the Blessed. And I am quite sure that if I were a Thlinket I should set up a totem-pole despite all the missionaries in the world. When one comes to think about it dispassionately, there is really nothing in Christianity averse to the kindling of corpse fires or the blazing of native heraldry. When all the little superstitions and peculiar picturesque customs are abolished out of the world it will be a much less interesting world than it is today. If there were any evidence or reason to believe that morality and religion will be furthered by the brow-beating or cajoling of the little peoples into a close similitude of the white race in dress and manners and customs, all other considerations would, of course, be swallowed up in a glad welcome of such advance. But almost the exact opposite is true. The young Indian or Esquimaux, who by much mixing with white men has been "wised up," as the expressive phrase goes here, is commonly one of the least useful, the least attractive, the least moral of his kind.

There are plenty of other evidences of a sound common sense in dealing with native customs, and we can only wish that they were more prevalent among missionaries in general. "Show me," says the author, "an

Indian who affects the white man in garb, in speech, in general habits, and external characteristics, and it will be easy to show an Indian whose death would be little loss to his community or his race":

Of all the photographs that illustrate missionary publications—and I have contributed enough villainous half-tones to warrant me in a criticism—the ones I dislike most are of the "Before and After" type. Here is a group of savages clad in skins, or furs, or feathers, or palm fibre, or some patient, skilful weaves of native wool or grass; in each case clad congruously with their environment and out of the products it affords. Set against it is the same or a similar group clad out of the sloop-shop, clad in hickory shirts and blue-jean trousers, clad so that, if faces could be changed as easily as clothing, they would pass for any commonplace group of whites anywhere. And, as if such change were in itself the symbol and guarantee of a change from all that is brutal and idolatrous to all that is gentle and Christian, there follows the triumphant "Before and After" inscription. All the fitness has gone, all the individuality, all the clever adaptation of indigenous material, all the artistic and human interest; and a self-conscious smirk of superiority radiates over made-by-the-million factory garments instead.

There are real native problems far greater than those of dress and tradition, and the most serious of all is the demoralization caused by the white man himself. It is a demoralization, says Dr. Stuck, that goes on apace and the outlook is dark:

"Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints," we are told; sometimes they seem to grow into drunken, lustful devils without compassion for childhood, not to mention any feeling of magnanimity towards a feeble race. And when a girl who has been rough-handled, or who has been given drink until she is unable to resist the multiple outrage practiced upon her, is told to pick out the malefactors from a company of soldiers, all clean-shaven, all dressed alike, all around the same age, she generally fails to identify altogether. So the offense goes unwhipped, and the officer is likely as not to address a reprimand to the complaining missionary for "preferring charges you are unable to substantiate." Yet an officer who had himself written such a letter told me once that all Indians looked alike to him. Even should the girl identify one or more men, they have usually half a dozen comrades ready to swear an alibi.

At Hot Springs there was another tragedy, and this time a canine one. One of the dogs was found to have been kicked by a horse and injured internally to a frightful extent:

I doubt if all the veterinary surgeons in the world could have saved the dog, but there was none to try; and there was only one thing to do, hate it as we might. Arthur and I were grateful that neither of us had to do it, for the driver of the mail stage, who had some compunctions of conscience, I think, volunteered to save us the painful duty. "I know how you feel," he said slowly and kindly; "I've got a dog I think a heap of myself, but that dog aint nothin' to me an' I'll do it for you."

Nanook knew perfectly well that it was all over with him. Head and tail down, the picture of resigned dejection, he stood like a petrified dog. And when I put my face down to his and said "Good-by," he licked me for the first time in his life. In the six years I had owned him and driven him I had never felt his tongue before, though I had always loved him best of the bunch. He was not the licking kind.

The Esquimaux were always willing to be taught a new religion, and there was never the slightest sign of incredulity. It does not occur to them as possible that a man should be sent all that way to them unless what he said were true. They are profound believers in magic, and whatever they were told was received instantaneously:

I have seen Indians and Esquimaux mixed, hearing for the first time the details of the Passion, stirred to as great indignation as was that barbarian chieftain who laid his hand on his sword and cried, "Would I and my men had been there!" or those Western cowboys, so the story runs, bred in illiteracy and irreligion, to whose children a school-teacher had given an account of the same great events, and who rode up to the schoolhouse next day with guns and ropes, and asked: "Which way did them blamed Jews go?"

We are told a good deal about the exploitation of the natives by the white trader, who not only debauches them by his whisky and his immorality, but who loses no opportunity to rob them by playing on their curiosity and love of novelty. Of this the author saw an example at the tiny native hamlet of Talida:

Standing proudly up against the wall in one corner of the cabin was a rather pathetic object in my eyes—an elaborate gilt-handled silk umbrella. There needed no one to tell its story; it spoke of a visit to the Yukon with furs to sell and the usual foolish purchase of gay and glittering trash—novel and quite useless. What easy prey these poor people are to the wiles of the trader! Said one of them to me recently, when I asked the purpose of an "annex" to his store with a huge billiard-table in it—at an exclusive native village—"It's to get their money; there's no use trying to fool you; if we can't get it one way we've got to get it another." This gorgeous silk umbrella was concrete expression of the same sentiment. It was bought outside, it was brought into the country, it was set on exhibition in the store, because some trader judged it likely to attract a native eye. No one, white or native, uses an umbrella in interior Alaska.

On the whole it is not a pleasant picture that is given to us by Dr. Stuck, but perhaps it is all the more salutary for that reason. And it is certainly painted with an admirable skill and energy.

TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH A DOG SLED. By Hudson Stuck, D. D., F. R. G. S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net.

The national forest reservation commission has just approved the purchase of the Pisgah Forest from the estate of the late George W. Vanderbilt at an average price of five dollars an acre. The tract consists of 86,700 acres. The Pisgah Forest has been developed by its former owner into one of the best forest properties in the country. The tract includes portions of Transylvania, Henderson, Bencombe, and Heald counties, in North Carolina.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Full Swing.

Frank Danby fails to arouse any abiding interest in her latest collection of characters. They are, of course, astonishingly well drawn, but we are inclined to wonder if they were worth drawing at all. Lady Grindelay, who is too conscientious and too conventional to marry until at last she marries the calamitously wrong man, is a distinctive piece of work, but we grow a little impatient with her positive genius for making foolish mistakes. Her son Desmond is a rather ordinary young aristocrat, while Eunice who is the heroine of the story, nearly, but not quite, makes us love her by forgiving Desmond his little flutter with an adventuress and actually adopting the resulting baby. The Boer war is made the occasion for a little exceptionally fine descriptive work, as well as a rather aggressive patriotism, but the scene among the wounded in the Pretoria hospital is as good a thing as the author has ever done. No one is likely to leave the story half read, but there will be adverse comparisons with earlier work that showed not only more energy, but also more originality.

FULL SWING. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The South Sea Savage.

Dr. Williamson gives us here a surprising proof of what an inexperienced traveler can do who is determined and not afraid. The author is a London lawyer who set forth alone to explore the Solomon Islands and New Guinea. He was ill most of the time and he was surrounded by savages who would have taken his life without the slightest compunction if it had seemed profitable to them to do so. But he seems to have set about his work with extraordinary tranquillity, going wherever he wished, asking questions, amassing information, and taking photographs. It is hard sufficiently to admire a courage and an intelligence almost unsurpassed in the history of travel.

Dr. Williamson has abundantly justified his efforts by this fine and well-written book. He reaches the general conclusion that the New Guinea mountain savages resemble the degraded natives of the Upper Congo Valley and that they are a remnant of some aboriginal negro stock. But however slight may be our interest in origins it is impossible to turn these pages without a sympathy for the enthusiasm that produced them. No more complete and fascinating account of savage races has ever been written, nor one more inclusive of everything that we may wish to know. And the many illustrations are extraordinarily good.

THE WAYS OF THE SOUTH SEA SAVAGE. By Robert W. Williamson, M. Sc., F. R. A. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50 net.

The Terms of Surrender.

It is a peculiarity of young women to marry the wrong man, especially if the wrong man has money and is therefore able to invoke the parental influence in his favor. But usually the unlucky suitor takes his defeat with the philosophic reflection that there are other good fish in the sea who may be caught by skill and patience.

But John Darien Power of Colorado is made of sterner stuff than this. When he returns to the mines from California and finds that Nancy Willard has married his employer he first of all proceeds to get rich by one of those lucky accidents so common in novels, and then he finds Nancy in New York and carries her off, the lady cooperating and ahating. Subsequent events are naturally of a strenuous kind and involve various happenings that the reader will not be able to foresee. The author has not written a great novel, but he has written one that is quite suited to a railway journey, where the critical faculties are lulled into leniency.

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

Unemployment.

This late addition to the Home University Library comes opportunely at a time when unemployment is one of the great problems of civilization. It must suffice here to say that the author deals with the question, not from the standpoint of sentiment and still less of passion, but in the light of profound economic knowledge. Among his conclusions there are two that should have at least some of the publicity they deserve. Professor Pigou says that "any attempt on the part of a particular trade union to force up the wages of its members above those current in the general run of similar occupations is a cause of unemployment, and the abandonment of that policy is, *pro tanto*, a remedy for it." Furthermore we are told that "when humanitarian considerations lead, in effect, to the establishment of a minimum wage below which no work will be engaged, the existence of a large body of persons not worth this minimum wage is a cause of unemployment." Professor Pigou's book will probably not com-

mend itself to those who legislate by impulse, but it is one that ought not to be overlooked by students of economy who are in search of facts and remedies.

UNEMPLOYMENT. By A. C. Pigou, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

The Peacock Feather.

The author makes good use of a rather old theme. Peter Carden, son of General Carden, goes to jail for the crime committed by his friend. On his liberation he refuses the grudging aid of his relatives and elects the life of the tramp. He writes an anonymous book, and this gets him into correspondence with Lady Anne Garland. The letters are exchanged through Peter's publishers, and Lady Anne is therefore unaware that the interesting vagabond who is camping near her estate and who plays the penny whistle so divinely is actually the author with whom she is corresponding. And when Peter himself discovers the identity of his divinity he is wise enough to keep silent about it. Of course we know how the story must end. The real criminal confesses on his deathbed and there is general rehabilitation and festivity. The plot is a little thin and quite improbable, but it gives occasion for some delicate writing and the development of a pleasing romance. And what more can one want?

THE PEACOCK FEATHER. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Child of the Orient.

Such a book as this gives a better comprehension of the Balkan problem than many official reports. Demetra Vaka, otherwise Mrs. Kenneth Brown, is already a familiar writer on Turkish life, and now she tells us of her childhood in Constantinople. She was the daughter of Greek parents and brought up in the conviction that enmity towards the Turks was the highest form of religion. For a time these early impressions continued to be dominant, but she slowly succumbs to the charm of Turkish life, and when at last we leave her she seems to be more of a Turk than a Greek. She writes with great vivacity and charm and her book is one not to be overlooked by those who would know Turks and Greeks as they really are rather than as prejudice would paint them.

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Love Stories.

Practice makes perfect in all things save the telling of love stories. Indeed it would seem that our skill in the art of the love story has steadily retrograded, since there is nothing of the kind in the product of the day that even approaches in excellence and purity the romances of long ago. In this volume we have seventeen of the stories once told by Marie de France, who, setting forth to speak of love, speaks of nothing else, and speaks of it as though it were the most beautiful thing in the world and in no way to be soiled by contact with grosser things. If men fight they fight for love, and they live for love, and they die for love. And this, at least, is very much better than to live and die for money and for ugly things, or, worse still, for nothing at all so far as any one can see.

The book itself is beautiful as well as being full of beautiful things. It is of large size and printed on heavy paper and the colored illustrations by Reginald L. Knowles are worthy of the subject.

OLD WORLD LOVE STORIES. Translated from the French by Eugene Mason. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

A Wise Son.

Mr. Charles Sherman can always be relied on for a story that has both humor and philosophy. In this case his hero is a wealthy young aristocrat who accidentally meets with a drunken old wastrel in whose pitiable plight he sees a sort of prophecy of his own end. Reggie is very drunk when he encounters the equally drunken old Timothy in Central Park, but Timothy was once a gentleman, and as gentlemen do not accept money gifts from gentlemen there seems nothing for it but the formal adoption of Timothy as Reggie's father. The story is intensely vivid and amusing, but it has a note of unusual strength, seeing that these extraordinary characters mutually redeem each other from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Mr. Sherman has achieved a distinct success in a story that seems to be as light as foam, but that none the less leaves a wholesome impress on the mind.

A WISE SON. By Charles Sherman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A Term of Silence.

This is one of those terrible stories written with a purpose, one of those stories that we shiver over and then lay aside with the narcotic thought that perhaps they are not true. It describes the imprisonment for embezzlement of a young bank cashier who has been lured to his fall by social ambitions. The heart of the story is a description of prison life and its secret tortures, a description that

we are unwillingly compelled to believe may be true in many instances and which, if true, is a shame to humanity and a denial of civilization.

A TERM OF SILENCE. By Forrest Halsey. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Lure," by George Scarborough (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net), is described as founded directly upon the "great" play, but it seems to be a little belated, since the white slave agitation has had its unreal day and ceased to be.

"The Four Faces," by William Le Queux (Brentano's; \$1.35 net), is described as a mystery. Certainly it is a mystery, a mystery how any one could write so preposterously impossible a detective story, a story so full of the things that could not conceivably have happened.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published the "History of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.," by Eba Anderson Lawton (\$2.50 net). The object of the author is to prove that Major Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, was the originator and founder of the Soldiers' Home. The author is a daughter of the distinguished soldier, and she presents numerous facsimiles of documents and letters that seem to prove her contention, and that at least have marked historical value and interest.

The story of a man who married four wives—consecutive, not contemporaneously—and loved them all should give occasion for all the persuasiveness that any writer ought to have. But Margaret Vandercook is equal to the occasion. Ambrose, her village hero, is not only a singularly delightful example of rustic life, but we quite understand his matrimonial proclivities and sympathize with them all. The story is called "The Loves of Ambrose," and it is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1 net.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "Reminiscences of the Eulogy of Rufus Choate on Daniel Webster Delivered at Dartmouth College, July 26, 1853, and Discussions More or Less Connected Therewith," by Charles Caverno, A. M., LL. D. (50 cents net). The author, then a junior at Dartmouth, made one of the vast crowd that for hours listened spellbound to Choate's eloquent periods, and his impressions of the speaker, the eulogy, and the circumstances surrounding its pronouncement therefore carry the weight of personal knowledge.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "The Making of a Home," by Professor Robert O. Lawton (80 cents net). The author has a good deal of the obvious kind to say about marriage and the undoubted advantages of the pious life, but we may well doubt if any one is actually advantaged by being told, for example, that marriage should be based on love and not passion. It would seem that in such matters we are suffering not so much from ignorance as from what Artemus Ward would call "cussedness," and that we are not greatly helped by being told so much that we know already.

"Eight Plays for the School," by Frances Helen Harris (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents

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net), have all been written with a view to school acting, especially those of them with long casts, but some of the shorter plays, with few characters and little or no change of scenery, are quite suitable for home theatricals. Six of them deal with interesting periods in French or English history, and three introduce historical characters. A glance through the pages shows that the plays are well adapted to the purpose for which they were designed.

Miss Alice Brown, winner of the Winthrop Ames play contest, carrying a prize of \$10,000, is the well-known writer of New England novels and stories. In all 1646 manuscripts were entered in the contest. Miss Brown's prize-winning play, "Children of Earth," is said to have a strongly dramatic plot. Its characters are the same rural New England types that have made her work famous. Miss Brown was born of farmer folk in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, and her first fourteen years was spent in that neighborhood. She then went to a girls' seminary at Exeter, New Hampshire, taught for a little while, and left teaching to write. Her first book, "Meadow Grass," a collection of short stories, brought her immediate recognition. Miss Brown now lives in Boston.

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GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Virgin Birth—The Ideal of Religion—The Basis of Unity," an eight-page reprint of an essay from the pages of the Easter number of *Christian Work*, is from the pen of Mr. C. Leonard-Stuart. It is chapter from a new book that is being prepared for publication in the near future, which hears out the author's contention as expressed in "The Great God Pan—An All-Time Story." "No new gospel is needed, simply the elemental truth retold and lived in such a way that it is possible for humanity to understand and believe it true," he writes.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has just published "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni Visconti Venosta; "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart; "The Place of the Church in Evolution," by John Mason Tyler; "Nurses for Our Neighbors," by Dr. Alfred Worcester; "The Ministry of Art," by Ralph Adams Cram; "Religious Confessions and Confessants," by Anna Roheson Burr; "The Monroe Doctrine and Mommson's Law," by Charles Francis Adams; "A Handbook of Mexico," by T. Philip Terry; and "The Art of Spiritual Harmony," translated by M. T. H. Sadler from the German of Wassili Kandinsky.

Doughleday, Page & Co. announce for immediate publication in the Drama League Series of Plays "The Sunken Bell," by Gerhart Hauptmann; "Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas; and "Mary Goes First," by Henry Arthur Jones. It is also announced that a forthcoming volume in the series will be "Change," by J. O. Francis, the well-known Welsh industrial play.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have put to press for re-printings "New Leaf Mills," by William Dean Howells; "Eve's Diary," by Mark Twain, and the editions illustrated by Edwin A. Ahhey of "Old Songs" and "Selections from the Poems of Robert Herrick."

Elmer Russell Gregor, author of "Camping on Western Trails," has just started off for what he calls his "annual rattlesnake hunt" in the mountains of Pennsylvania. "Camping on Western Trails," which was published a few months ago, is an account of the exciting adventures of two boys in the Rockies, where Mr. Gregor is much at home.

Since the publication of the translation of "Florian Mayer," published by B. W. Huebsch, readers have asked, "Who is Wolzogen?" To go back a few generations, his grandfather was the teacher and guardian of Schiller's children and a friend of Goethe. He and his sons were figures in the classic period of Weimar and Jena. Wolzogen acknowledges much of his humor as an inheritance from his English mother.

Isabel McIsaac, whose "Bacteriology for Nurses," has just been published by the Macmillan Company, is not only an author; she is superintendent of the Nurse Corps in the United States Army. Her attention has been divided lately between seeing her book through the press and the Mexican situation, which in her official capacity she has followed very closely.

On May 29 the John Lane Company published two notable books relating to Europe, one on its art and one on its life: "What Sculpture to See in Europe," by Lorinda M. Bryant, showing by engravings one hundred and fifty-nine of the leading examples and giving running comment on the work and life of the sculptor; "Europe After 8:15," by H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Willard Huntington Wright. These three authors have spent some time penetrating districts little known to the tourist, in the five representative cities of Europe, finding out where the fun is and how to enjoy it.

The seventieth birthday of the great French novelist, Anatole France, has just been celebrated by the publication of his latest story, "The Revolt of the Angels." The English translation is in hand and will be published as soon as possible in New York and London by the John Lane Company.

Graham Wallas, author of "The Great Society," is a man of wide connections in England. He has been for many years a university extension lecturer. Since 1896 he has been a lecturer at the London School of Economics. He has served on the Senate of London University, as university reader in political science, and on the Royal Commission on Civil Service.

The Century Company, having recently purchased the plates, is now about to issue a revised edition of "Constructive English Grammar," by Mathilde Edith Holtz, of the Logan School, Minneapolis. This is the adopted text-book in that city.

Carl Crow, author of "America and the Philippines," writes from Tokyo about the Japanese translation of President Wilson's "The New Freedom," just published there. "The book is selling well," he says. "With Count Okuma as premier the Japanese people

are promised a new freedom they never before enjoyed and the publication of President Wilson's book here is especially timely." The translation is by Mr. Seki, a leading member of the Japanese parliament. One of the interesting features of the volume to the Western mind is the reproduction in facsimile of the correspondence that passed between the President, Mr. Seki, and Doughleday, Page & Co. in regard to this translation.

Books on war are at a premium now. Doughleday, Page & Co. announce that "War and Waste," Dr. David Starr Jordan's condemnation of militarism, has gone to press for a new printing.

Books have been written about the prairie before, but none from quite the standpoint of Margaret Lynn in "A Stepdaughter of the Prairie." Miss Lynn has not chosen wild adventure as her theme, neither has she dwelt upon the vast wastes, the oppressive silences and the solitariness of existence there. But rather, through the medium of a child's mind, she has endeavored to paint a picture of the human side of prairie life and of the physical characteristics of the prairie as they affect people. The Macmillan Company is the publisher.

Doughleday, Page & Co. announce the Deep Sea Edition of Joseph Conrad's works, seven volumes, bound in "Conrad blue." This is the first attempt to collect a uniform edition of Conrad.

"Social Justice Without Socialism," by John Bates Clark, is a little volume that has just been issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company and that is designed to show that we can reach a state of economic justice without resort to socialism. Doubtless we can, but we seem to detect the error of enthusiasm in the author's assumption that the extension of democracy marks a movement in that direction. Unfortunately we have no reason to suppose that the "People" are actuated by any higher ideals than those of the systems that it is sought to displace. As a matter of fact it is the most democratic of peoples that are now the most discontented and the most threatening. The tyrannies of the hallot-hox are quite as cruel as any others, and far more crude.

"The New Foolish Dictionary," by Gideon Wurdz (Charles Wayland Towne), illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith, has just been issued by John W. Luce & Co., Boston. Ten years ago the same author, publishers, and illustrator brought out "The Foolish Dictionary," which for two years was among the "six best sellers" and was a notable addition to the galaxy of American humor.

New Books Received.

HE WHO WON THE WORLD. By Edward Payson Powell. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A dramatic poem.

THE HUSSITE WARS. By Count Lutzow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.50 net.

A sequel to the author's "Life and Times of Master John Hus," mainly founded on documents written in the Bohemian language, most of which are quite unknown to English readers.

DRIFTWOOD AND FOAM. By Cary F. Jacob. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

EUROPE AFTER 8:15. By H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

The special characteristics of night life in the five most prominent cities of Europe.

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUD. By John S. Wright. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

CANOE FLAME. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A play.

THE COUNTY LIBRARY. By Saida Brumback Antrim and Ernest Irving Antrim, Ph. D. Published by the authors at Van Wert, Ohio.

The pioneer county library and the county library movement in the United States.

WHAT SCULPTURE TO SEE IN EUROPE. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

A concise guide to the best sculpture in Europe.

POEMS OF HUMAN PROGRESS. By James Harcourt West. Boston: The Tuft's College Press; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

NOVA HIBERNIA. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

Irish poets of today and yesterday.

A WANDERER'S TRAIL. By A. Loton Ridger, F. R. G. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$3 net.

Being a faithful record of travel in many lands.

JUNIPERO SERRA. By A. H. Fitch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The man and his work. A biography.

AT THE SIGN OF THE VAN. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$2 net.

Being the log of the Papyrus with other escapades in life and letters.

THE CONTINENTAL DRAMA OF TODAY. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Suggestions, questions, biographies, and his-

tiographies for use in connection with the study of some of the more important plays of today.

THE CHANGING ORDER. By George W. Wicksham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Essays on government, monopoly, and education, written during a period of readjustment.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Love Song.

What were heaven
Without the moon?
What the year
Without its June?

And what were flowers

Without the dew?

And what Life's hours,

Love, without you?

—Charles Hanson Towne, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Transfiguration.

My Lady's eyes look straight in mine,
And lo! a mystery divine
Takes fire and motion from her glance,
And thrills and kindles with romance.
All Nature's dear and common things,
The rook that preens his rugged wings,
The red cock crowing as we pass,
The crested plover in the grass,
The spangled poplar's whispered tale,
The yellowing maple's dotted veil,
The startled pheasant's heavy whirr,
The distant thrasher's drowsy purr,
The great hare hopping on the road,
The wain-man whistling on his load,
Are more, far more, than sight or sound,
Because, O mystery profound!
My Lady's eyes, where none can see,
With so great kindness look on me!

—James H. Cousins, in *Irish Review*.

The Last Shrine.

Not all my treasure hath the handit Time
Locked in his glimmering caverns of the past;
Fair women dead, and friendships of old rhyme,
And noble dreams that had to end at last.
Ah, these indeed, and from youth's sacristy
Full many a holy relic hath he torn,
Vessels of mystic faith God filled for me,
Holding them up to Him in life's young morn.
All these are mine no more; Time hath them all—
Time and his adamant jailer Death,
Despoilure vast! yet seemeth it but small
When unto thee I turn, thy bloom and breath
Filling with light and incense the last shrine,
Innermost, inaccessible—yea, thine!

—Richard Le Gallienne, in *June Century Magazine*.

Leather Leggin's.

Whin you want to build a railroad through the
jungle or the veldt
Where there's niver annyhoddy bin before,
Why, you call on Leather Leggin's an' he hitches
up his belt
An' he takes it as his ordinary chore
To go slashin' through the forests where the
monkeys chatter shrill
An' the lazy snakes are bissin' down below.
Or to drag a chain an' transit over gulch an'
grassy hill,
As he marks the route the right av way will
go!

He's a nervy, wiry divil with his notebook an'
his livil,
An' he doesn't seem to know the name av
Fear,
He's a sort av scout av Progress, on the pay
roll as a Civil—
Though he aint so awful civil, if you say it on
the livil—
On the pay roll as a Civil Engineer!

Whin you need to dam a river or to turn it up-
side down
Or to tunnel underneath it in the mud,
Or to hore an' blast a subway through the
innards av a town
Or to hlow aside a mountain with a thud;
Whin you want to bridge a cañon where there
aint no place to cling,
An' the cliffs is steep an' smoother than a wall,
Why, you call on Leather Leggin's an' he does
that little thing,
An' then comes around an' asks you, "Is that
all?"

Oh, he always has a fire in his old an' hlackened
hrier,
An' he tackles anny joh that may appear,
An' he does it on the livil, this here divil of a
Civil—
Though he aint so very civil, if you put it on
the livil—
This here divil av a Civil Engineer!

Now the bankers down in Wall Street gits the
profits whin it's done
While us heavy-futted diggers gits the can,
But we lifts our hats respectful to the Engineer,
my son,
For that feller, Leather Leggin's, is a Man!
Yes, he takes a heap av chances an' he works like
Billy Hell,
An' his joh is neither peaceable nor tame,
But you het he knows his business an' he does it
mighty well,
An' I want to give him credit for the same!

He is plucky—on the livil—and you'll niver
hear him snivel
Though Fate does her best to put him in the
clear,
He's the Grit that niver finches—on the pay
roll as a Civil—
For he's sometimes pretty civil an' he's always
on the livil—
On the pay roll as a Civil Engineer!
—Berton Braley, in the *Popular Magazine*.

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"DAMAGED GOODS."

Mr. Richard Bennett's engagement at the Columbia Theatre with "Damaged Goods" welded as a social sledgehammer is under the auspices of the California Social Hygiene Society. As an intimation to the public that there is no attempt at purulent sensationalism in this engagement the Rev. Mr. Aked on Monday, the opening night, made a preliminary address before the curtain, in which he expressed belief in the efficacy of a play of this nature as a social cleanser.

In recognition of the necessity that the public should appreciate the purely French social traditions of a piece which is thus presented as a whole, without any suppressions whatever, the French atmosphere is maintained as faithfully as is possible under the circumstances. Messrs. Bennett, Bennisson, and Weber give a slightly Gallic touch to their make-up, the salon of young Mme. Dupont is of French aspect, and the French signal of three heavy knocks is given for the rising of the curtain.

As this column is devoted to the discussion of drama as drama, it is from that point of view that I shall discuss Mr. Brieux's now famous play. Whether or not the public wants propagandist drama, the public decides for itself, for whatever the public wants eventually gets on the stage. For a time it wanted white slave drama, and it got it until it was sick of it. But it was drama, true, real drama. Some of it was ugly and depressing, but all of it was exciting, thrilling, and strongly emotional, which is what the people want.

In plays like "Damaged Goods" and its sister pieces by the same author one receives a strong impression of their being propagandist literature cast in dramatic form. Oddly enough, "Damaged Goods" is not anything like as dramatic as either "The Lure" or "The Traffic." It is a highly logical piece of propaganda. It has probably done a vast amount of good, and will doubtless do much more, whether it is read in the closet or witnessed in play form on the stage. But it is very doubtful if it will make its way on its merits as acting drama. It is of course more interesting played than read. Characters endowed with the personality of the actor naturally stand out much more strongly. But still, even with this aid, there is little individuality to Mr. Brieux's characters. They merely serve as types, and such is the impression they make. The mind of the author is strongly logical, and the cause he advocates, which is the banishment of the prevalent ignorance concerning vice disease for the protection of men, women, and unborn children, is strongly advocated, principally by inference, in every scene and almost every line of the dialogue. The play deals a series of remorseless blows at the policy of ignorance and reticence. It is strongly convincing. But it is not drama.

Why? Well, principally because it appeals to the reason instead of to the emotions. The appeal is made interestingly, the play is not dull, but one always detects the advocate of a cause behind every scene. There are several scenes of emotionalism, but there is only one that awakens a thrill of response, and that is a thrill of sympathetic horror when the girl-wife learns that the blood of her infant is poisoned at its source by the husband whom she has adored, and she fights off his remorseful caresses with screams of instinctive loathing. In fact there is a sort of rigidity unfavorable to the exercise of the emotions, a mathematical exactness in the orderly arrangement of the scenes and the gradual unfolding of the various sides of a question that has loomed so big in the author's mind; so big and so threatening that in this particular he has undertaken the regeneration of humanity. For this reason the spectator does not feel the mental and moral refreshment derived from the exercise of the sympathetic emotions. We see the dread and despair of young Dupont when he learns the doctor's diagnosis of the disease from which he is suffering. In a later act we witness the anguish of the grandmother when she discovers the nature of the disease transmitted to her infantile grandchild by the young father.

But there's the rub—the whole thing is permeated with the ugly suggestion of disease, and that one a scourge from the very thought

of which all humanity shrinks in loathing. And this brings up the question: Can the representation of sad, or terrible, or tragic events in the drama that are thus closely connected with physical disease attain to the same mental or moral dignity attached to the more conventional woes of the heart? I think not. Disease is sad and terrible, but it is also ugly and repellant, and when it is a vice disease, with a name the mere utterance of which influences the pulses to give a Munsterberg leap of horrified recognition, the influence is too unpleasant to be dramatically assimilable. Take "Camille," for instance. Modern knowledge concerning germs is too much for us and except in operatic form it has virtually been banished from the stage.

There is another element in the play that is antagonistic to sympathetic emotion; Mr. Brieux has represented the grandmother as entirely callous toward the nurse, and the young husband-to-be as actually conscienceless concerning the woman who is to fill the perilous rôle of wife to him. This had to be. Mr. Brieux is a propagandist, and he was painting truth. But propaganda and drama do not agree. In the character of young Dupont he wishes us to recognize the usual type, a young man no worse than his fellows, heter, perhaps, than many. He is the victim of the follies, the tolerations, the reticences, and the easy standards of society, and he proposes, to himself, quite simply, to accept these standards and victimize others in his turn. His mother has merely the usual human selfishness. Both are caught in the terrible grip of traps that Brieux proposes to break.

Mr. Richard Bennett, who impersonates the young husband, is a clever actor who has, I think, made a mistake in rather intensifying the young man's reprehensibility. He has done it from the actor's instinct to put more character and individuality in a rôle that merely stands for a type. He wanted to introduce as great an element of naturalness as was possible, and he has succeeded in making the character of George Dupont stand out with a certain effect of clearness and reality. But in his attempt to banish heaviness from such a weighty undertaking as a stage representation of "Damaged Goods" he has introduced too much of a comedy aspect here and there. Why, for instance, does he insert that rather feeble comic business about the doctor's fee? Why does he say "Ex-ex-actly," and "Wb-wh-wh-what?" This is a play that treats of serious things and, while naturalism is naturalism, flippancy in serious moments interferes with the creation of a mood. In spite of this criticism, however, I must do Mr. Bennett the justice to say that the abandon with which he represented the weepings of young Dupont in his accesses of self-pity, and a certain pitiful grotesqueness which sometimes attaches to the human animal when abandoning itself to emotion, struck me as very real and quite the right thing.

Mr. Louis Bennisson gave a very dignified portrait of the doctor, whom he made a handsome and imposing personage of slightly French appearance. Mr. Bennisson showed his usual talent for sinking his own identity, and was all but unrecognizable. This character, like the others, is cast in type-form, and lacks individuality. It is very French in its conventional aspects, as the doctor is calm, scientific, just, immovable in his decisions, but kindly. The scenes that this Brieux physician had to live through must have made many people feel that they do not envy the doctor his job of being father confessor to faulty and rebellious humanity.

All the other characters were well although not super-excellently represented. Elsa Berold and Adrienne Morrison gave particularly good representations of two feminine victims of the dread disease, the latter representing "the girl," who, in her unconscious revenge on mankind, serves as a whip to scourge her own flagellants.

A darkened stage, with all of the lights of the house temporarily lowered to the point of black darkness, served as a rather fitting finale to the play.

Into that symbolic darkness Brieux has cast a glow of enlightenment, but it is not as an artist, but as a tractarian, and in that line there is none better. Skilled though he has proved himself with a number of his plays in the principles of dramatic technic, those who have seen "Damaged Goods" will not think of the play as an art-form, but as a particularly logical, interesting, and convincing treatise, cast, for the sake of reaching a wider public, into the mould of drama.

THE ORPHEUM.

The Foy family are continuing the process of shedding joy on a responsive public. The act has been worked up since it first came out in musical comedy, but no working-up process can transcend the simple transplantation of the Foy family atmosphere to the stage. The mere presence of the fresh, smiling, bright-eyed, children, who are a particularly engaging lot, with their wholesome matter-of-factness unmarred by stage make-

up and stage tinsel, is sufficient to arouse pleasure, and the audience is still further tickled by the momentary appearance of the smiling and unpretentious matron who mothers the brood and who has proved herself such a radical opponent of race suicide. It was a noble idea to bring on those seven props to an otherwise weak and tottering act, for the presence of childhood freshens it up and sends young blood coursing through its veins. Eddie Foy himself is still a good deal of a child, albeit somewhat shopworn, but his venerable stage tricks lose their artificiality when they are directed toward bringing out the undoubted talents of the seven little Foyes. Life has been played out as such a continuous joke with Eddie Foy that even paternity enters into it, but his best friends and hackers could devise nothing more becoming to his stage appearance than those momentary gleams of gratified paternal pride and affection which occasionally push their way through the grotesqueness of his stage make-up, giving us that momentary touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Vaudeville is made up of variety, and nothing on the bill could offer greater contrast to the Foy act than Valeska Suratt in "Black Crêpe and Diamonds." This fairly ingenious device of George Baldwin's for exhibiting shapes and the garments which adorn them is termed a fantasy, and apparently has a story told principally in song and dance, but, as in the recent "Neptune's Pool," nobody fashed himself much about the story, but we made ourselves all eyes, and with distended orbs devoured the glittering succession of spectacular costumes with which Valeska Suratt set off her fair proportions. What with the star-spangled, bediamonded gowns, the opulent wraps, the gilded hangings of the stage sets, and the excellent dancers and singers with which the act is diversified, the initiatory expenses of "Black Crêpe and Diamonds" must have gone well into the thousands. Valeska Suratt herself, though only a perfunctory singer, makes an excellent centre for the act, for she is a good dancer, is exotically handsome, and not only rivals but surpasses Gaby Deslys in the number, variety, beauty, costliness, and startling designs of her numerous costumes.

Two interesting gymnastic stunts, one comic, the other straight acrobatics, serve to fill out this frequent department of a vaudeville bill, and James Cullen, "the man from the West," more particularly meets the approval of the confirmed habitués who must have their joke-songs as regularly as the tippler his tippie. Mr. Cullen makes a point of thinking up ingeniously irrelevant titles to his songs, and, with a good deal of silent feature-play, makes the joke penetrate even more deeply than it would otherwise. Mr. Cullen appeals more particularly to a masculine sense of humor, finding himself, in this respect, on sure ground.

The best thing on the programme did not seem to be particularly heralded, but it was, all the same, the most deserving of praise from the point of view of actual bistrionism. In this act there are four people who deserve praise. These are Robert Davis, author of "New Stuff," a particularly clever, compact, and spirited playlet; Irene Timmons, the intelligent actress who plays the leads, and her company of two, consisting of Messrs. Louis Baum and Leighton Stark. The little play has the merit of realism; it moves on oiled wheels, its situations absorb, and its dialogue

crackles with repartee that, while it smacks of the pavement and the café, is still genuinely witty. All three of the players are exactly suited in their parts. Each of the two men looks what he purports to be. Leighton Stark, who fills the rôle of the house detective of a New York hotel rounding up a pair of crooks, is particularly realistic in his impersonation of the man in plain clothes who has learned to distrust all manifestations emanating from the female crook except that dangerous Delilah lure of adulation to the male. Miss Timmons was the Delilah, and a very shapely and well-dressed one, with all the look of a feminine materialist who knew how to trade on masculine weaknesses. The scene between the two when they measured weapons and wits was very cleverly done. There were seen the plucky impertinence of the trapped woman, the settled cynicism and dawning gallantry of the man, and what was particularly admirable in this actress who was so thoroughly mistress of her resources, was the neatness and completeness with which she differentiated between the "soh stuff" and "the soft stuff," introduced to catch the detective off guard, and the expression of emotion which genuine feeling surprised out of the crook's wife.

Walter de Leon and "Muggins" Davies, too, fill the rather stereotyped rôle of song-and-dance entertainers, but they do not do it in quite the stereotyped way. The road has not yet left its stamp on them; the man still looks something of a boy, the woman of a girl. She is of the softly rounded type, the curves of her pretty figure melting into each other with bewitching softness, and the dancing of the two young things, while not absolutely brilliant and startling, was quite charming. Walter de Leon has a talent for imitation, and hits off quite neatly and with a notable ability for burlesque the stage conception of the lover of various nationalities, the dainty "Muggins" serving as a decidedly provocative idol in the shrine of this protean devotion.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Omar, the Tentmaker" at the Cort.

Guy Bates Post will inaugurate his much-heralded engagement at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday evening, June 14, in "Omar, the Tentmaker," a spectacular Persian romance, by Richard Walton Tully, based upon the life, times, and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet and mystic of the eleventh century. This attraction was the dramatic sensation of the past theatrical season in New York, and comes to the Pacific Coast with the original superb cast of 100 and all the elaborate scenic environment that has made the presentation so distinctive.

In the title-role Mr. Post has, by his subtle and commanding performance, firmly entrenched himself as one of the most eminent dramatic artists upon the English-speaking stage. His interpretation of the merry-souled Persian poet bids fair to occupy a most conspicuous niche in the national gallery of notable histrionic achievements.

"Omar, the Tentmaker," is the third triumphant success from the pen of Richard Walton Tully within a space of six years, his other two picturesque plays being "The Bird of Paradise" and "The Rose of the Rancho." Of the three plays "Omar, the Tentmaker," is far and away the most elaborately staged and pictorially beautiful. The lavish settings, depicting rose-howered gardens in old Persia, huddled streets and busy bazaars in the ancient city of Naisaphur, and majestic palace halls, have never been excelled upon the American stage. The story unfolded in "Omar, the Tentmaker," is of unflagging interest, and abounds in beautiful and gripping love scenes interspersed with thrilling and blood-quickenings episodes.

Tickets should be purchased well ahead, as the advance sale is exceedingly large.

New Musical Comedy at the Gaiety.

Sunday night will witness the final performance of the melodious musical comedy, "The Isle of Bong Bong" at the Gaiety Theatre. It will then be sent to Los Angeles, where Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, Will H. Sloan, and the rest of the gay inhabitants of the mythical island will offer the local success to southern audiences, while from the metropolis of the southland will come the much-heralded new version of "A Knight for a Day," which with interpolations, new comedy scenes, and new faces will be seen at the O'Farrell Street house on Monday night, June 15.

When "A Knight for a Day" was first presented to New York theatre-goers it was the musical-comedy hit of the season, and yet when it came to San Francisco it was not provided with the excellence of cast that will be seen when the revised edition of the piece is given in O'Farrell Street.

In the company there will be Daphne Pol-

lard, whose popularity in San Francisco was firmly fixed by her appearance in "The Girl Behind the Counter"; Alf Goulding, who is one of the best comedians on the stage; La Valera, a Spanish dancer and a rare comedienne; Melvin Stokes, who needs no introduction to local playgoers; Inez Audrey, a singer of superior attainments and a graceful actress; Fred Santley, Bessie Franklin, and Joseph Kane, a comedian of unctuous and original methods.

The Gaiety's new régime seems to have encountered the enthusiastic support of San Francisco and a long series of new comedy opera successes and revised versions of popular musical-comedy hits of recent seasons is promised lovers of clean, sprightly, and wholesome entertainment.

Columbia Theatre Continues "Damaged Goods."

Richard Bennett in his production of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" has created nothing short of a sensation at the Columbia Theatre, where he is to offer the interesting play for a second and final week commencing this Sunday night, June 14. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, the final performance being announced for Saturday night, the 20th.

"Damaged Goods" has received no end of criticism from those who have mistaken its message, but the good said in favor of the play has been sufficient to make it one of the big sensations of a decade. A noted critic in reviewing the piece said, "If any human being, sitting in the audience, does not leave the theatre with an awakened conscience to those horrors and a determination, if he has daughters, that no such fate shall ever overtake them, a solemn impulse to chastity and honor, then he is not fit to be called a man."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Valeska Suratt, who is proving one of the greatest sensations the Orpheum has ever known in George Baldwin's tango allegory, "Black Crepe and Diamonds," will enter on the last week of her triumphal engagement next Sunday matinée. Miss Suratt will introduce several novelties, among them being her version of the Brazilian Maxixe and the waltz song, "In Your Arms, Darling." She will also wear numerous new costumes.

A great new bill will also be presented, which will have as a special feature Kajiyama, a clever Japanese artist, who writes upside down, backward, with both hands, and every other conceivable way. To show that he hasn't prearranged words which he has practiced on he allows the audience to pick them for him. To further mystify, he writes with both hands at once, one word upside down and backward and the other rightside up and backward.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, who have been winning golden opinions in the East, will present their "Pickings from Song

and Dance Land," which is fifteen minutes of the most entertaining brand of singing, dancing, and light comedy.

Homer Miles and his company will appear in an elaborate scenic production of the one-act play, "On the Edge of Things," in which Mr. Miles plays the rôle of Pancky Clancy, the janitor of a New York apartment building, who happens to go on the roof one hot day just as a little drama is being enacted.

Miss Willette Whitaker, one of the few artists on the stage with a sufficient understanding of real darky types to portray them, will interpret with wonderful realism the individual emotions of the negro race in folk song. Miss Whitaker possesses a fine contralto voice and is a harpist of great skill. She is assisted by F. Wilbur Hill, a splendid violinist and vocalist.

Next week will conclude the engagement of James H. Cullen, Stelling and Revell, and Irene Timmons and her company.

Strong Bill at the Pantages.

Ethel Davis, a vivacious comedienne, with her jolly little cast of funmakers, will head the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Miss Davis will present her own musical froth, entitled "The Fountain of Folly," which is a mixture of the regulation vaudeville tahlold with an abundance of pretty chorus girls and combination comedians.

Martha Russell, a former leading "movie" actress with the Essanay Picture Company, will be the star in a dramatic incident called "The First Law of Nature." Preliminary to her appearance in the playlet Miss Marshall is shown on the screen in one of her best-known film subjects, "Neptune's Daughter." In the sketch she plays the rôle of a society woman "Raffles." Her cast in support is an admirable one.

Raul Pereria, who was the court violinist to King Manuel of Portugal, and his royal musicians will play a special engagement of two weeks on the Pantages circuit. All of the sextet are accomplished players and their repertory is of the highest standard.

The Namha troupe of Oriental wonder-workers, eight nimble-footed little Japs in acrobatic feats; Dotson and Gordon, a twain of colored funsters; and Early and Laight, character sketch comedians, with exclusive comedy pictures, will complete the show.

All Star Season Opens on June 22.

With such big names as Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittell, Frank Kingdon, Carroll McComas, George S. Christie, Joan Dana, Horace Mitchell, John Raymond, Ada Goodrich, and J. G. Wadsworth, the all-star company opens a limited season at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, June 26, presenting an elaborate revival of Oscar Wilde's most famous satirical comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest." A great opening night is looked

for, as this will be an important dramatic event in the history of San Francisco theatrics. The seat sale opens Thursday. Evening prices are to range from 25 cents to \$1.50 and the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday from 25 cents to \$1.

Cort Theatre Announces Bookings.

John Cort, after a year's absence, has arrived in San Francisco on his annual tour of inspection over the Cort circuit, and announces among the important attractions which he has booked ahead for his local playhouse the following: "The Whip," "A Pair of Sixes," Forhes-Robertson in Shakespearean and other plays, "The Whirl of the World," "Today," "The Marriage Game," "Too Many Cooks," "Under Cover," Harry Lauder, "High Jinks," Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker," "The Things That Count," the Winter Garden Show, "When Dreams Come True," Nat C. Goodwin in "Never Say Die," "The Passing Show of 1914," "The Midnight Girl," Olga Petrova in "Panthea," Grace George in "The Truth," "Help Wanted," "Sari," "Kitty Mackay," the National Grand Opera Company, the Gilbert and Sullivan All-Star Festival Company in revivals, and return engagements of "Peg o' My Heart" and "Everywoman."

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Beginning Sunday Night, June 14

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Audrey, Fred Santley, Bessie Franklin, Joe

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A MERRY COMPANY OF 50

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ored Entertainers; EARLY and LAIGHT, Character Comedians; EXCLUSIVE AT-

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VANITY FAIR.

One of the most important of the lessons yet to be learned from the feminist movement is the exceeding fineness of the line that separates civilization from anarchy. After all, civilization is no more than a common agreement to do certain things, or rather not to do certain things. Anarchy is a refusal any longer to be bound by that agreement. If those who thus refuse are small in number or belong to the coarse and unpleasant sex it is comparatively easy to sick the police on to them and break their heads. But if they are of the sex that is facetiously described as gentle there is an impalpable something that forbids coercion, and then you have anarchy. We are quite willing to break the heads of men for refusing to comply with our ideas of propriety, and the procedure is proudly acclaimed as the march of civilization. But we do not like to break the heads of women, which is curious in its way, seeing how willing we are to break their heads.

These profound and world-shaking comments are caused by the unwillingness of the British House of Commons to pass a law prohibiting women from wearing feathers in their hats. Now the older countries have a salutary legislative practice which forbids them to pass any law unless some way to enforce that law is clearly in sight. Here we often pass laws for no better reason than the impossibility of their enforcement. We call it a concession to public opinion. In this case the difficulty was foreseen by a member of the House, who asked what would be done if women should continue to wear feathers in spite of the prohibition. Indeed, he went farther than this. He ventured into the domain of prediction. He said that if this bill were passed there would be large numbers of women who were not now in the habit of wearing feathers, but who would henceforth make it a practice to do so. They would wear feathers on the general and glorious principle that whatever was prohibited should upon that account be done. Not only would they wear feathers, but they would assemble in their thousands, all of them heckled with the forbidden plumage, and they would parade up and down in front of the House of Commons. And what are you going to do about it? What can you do about it? To prosecute thousands of women would be impossible. Nor can you break a woman's head merely because there are feathers on it, or in it. For a moment the House of Commons was staggered, and then it did the only thing that it could do. It executed a masterly and strategic movement to the rear. It recognized that our glorious civilization is actually upon the thinnest of thin ice and that the cold waters of anarchy are not far away. Obviously there was no conceivable method by which women could be prevented from wearing feathers if they wished to wear them, or indeed from doing anything else that they wished to do. So the bill was changed so that it should apply only to the importers of feathers, who are men and few in number, and whose heads may be broken with impunity. The moral is obvious enough. Governments should never try to do anything until they are quite sure that they can do it. And this means that there must be no legislation in feminine matters so long as there is the present disinclination to break feminine heads.

The American boy may be interested to hear that Prince Henry's pocket-money allowance at school is \$1.25 a week. Moreover, he is forbidden to sell to autograph collectors any of the letters sent him by his father and mother. This prohibition seems particularly hard, since it is well known that King George when he was in the navy and harassed by the financial cares peculiar to the midshipman was in the habit of replenishing his own purse in just this way. It is said that on one occasion, when the financial stringency threatened a positive panic, he wrote to his venerable grandmother and suggested that a tip from the royal purse would not be inappropriate. But Queen Victoria failed to "come through." Instead she wrote him a long letter inculcating the virtues of economy and frugality, which the young prince promptly sold for \$25.

Edipus Rex of Corinth wrote once from Daulis: "Rather an amazing accident happened yesterday on the way. My chariot was run into by a stranger. He was on the wrong side of the road, and, of course, entirely in the wrong. Also, his charioteer was not sober. We shouted, but he ran straight into us, and his chariot was upset. The owner and charioteer were both taken to the Æsculapian house, which is under the management of the Red Serpent. The doctor said it was serious. We did all we could, but had to go on, as I was due at Daulis today."

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican draws the obvious moral. We have moved backward instead of forward from the days when a collision in the street was "an amazing accident," and when a young prince

accompanied to the hospital a man whose own fault was responsible for his wounds. Nowadays we simply drive on.

Every now and then we get a glimpse of the wealth invested in jewels. Max Meyer of London, the well-known diamond and pearl merchant, says that the Parisian dealers are now holding \$20,000,000 worth of pearls and that if they were placed on the market they would have no influence upon prices. But the pearls held by the French jewelers are insignificant in quantity compared with those in the possession of American dealers. "In the great American cities jewelers have pearls whose worth aggregates more than \$200,000,000. There are plenty of buyers, and in view of the fact that pearl fisheries all over the world produce fewer fine gems than formerly I should say that prices will be increased instead of decreased in the near future."

Mr. Meyer was the owner of the famous string of pearls, valued at \$675,000, that was stolen while on the way from Paris to London, and he has just finished another necklace that is worth \$1,500,000. It consists of two hundred pearls perfectly matched in color and lustre, one pearl alone costing \$100,000 and another \$50,000.

When your measure is taken by a tailor (says the *Scientific American*) he lays his tape about your chest, your waist, along your arms and your legs, in accordance with a system which tradition has laid down. However carefully he takes his measurements, the clothes must be tried on at least once, and even several times, if you are a very particular man. It would be more convenient if you could leave yourself, as it were, at your tailor's and proceed about your business, knowing that when your clothes are delivered they will surely fit you.

This paradoxical achievement is the fundamental idea of a German invention which has been introduced in America by a well-known New York tailor. The German inventor has actually devised a means of creating your artificial double, which your tailor uses exactly as if he had your own person to drape.

First of all you slip on a cheesecloth or linen coat, whereupon your tailor proceeds to wrap gummed paper over you with a special contrivance. He wraps the paper around your waist, passes it around your shoulder, and sees to it that the edges overlap. When every part of your trunk is encased in wrappings, like an Egyptian mummy, the first stage in the preparation of your artificial double has been completed. The wrappings dry very quickly, and become hard and impervious to air. When they have reached that condition the wrapping are slit up the back. A cast of your trunk has been obtained, as it were, which is peeled off like an orange skin. The wrappings are then placed upon an inflatable rubber bag of the proper shape and fastened in place. Next the rubber bag is blown up, and the wrappings are filled out and assume the exact shape of your trunk. Your artificial tailor's double has been created.

Once your measure has been taken in this novel and very accurate way, you may cable your order for a suit of clothes from Kamchatka with the certainty that when they reach you they will fit you as if you had tried them on.

The device with which the wrappings are applied is very simple. A reel of special paper passes under a guide roller past a wet sponge and over a serrated guiding edge. The reels, the guide roller, and the serrated edge are held together by a casing which is hinged on one side, so that all the members can be taken apart.

Probably the only man who ever unveiled his own monument and then fired a salute over it, concluding the performance by placing a wreath on his marble head, is Melville H. Freas, a Civil War veteran of Philadelphia. Recently he unveiled a marble monument to himself in Ivy Hills Cemetery to perpetuate the memory of the service and the hardships he suffered in Southern prisons. He marched to the cemetery and over the spot where he expects to be hurried pulled a cord revealing a monument surmounted by a life-size statue of himself. Then Freas prayed for himself, lifted his old musket and fired a salute over his monument, and ended by placing a wreath on his marble head.

The Colonial Diamond Mining Company of German Southwest Africa is probably the world's biggest dividend payer. It has "reduced" its 1913 dividend by 1300 to 2500 per cent, having paid 3800 for 1912. The company's capital is only \$2500. The managing director and chief shareholder was once a humble railway official.

Wifey—Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be? Hubby—Yes, my dear. Wifey—Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then.—*Boston Transcript*.

There are attractive Places of Resort every few miles on Lines of Southern Pacific

Write or call on any Southern Pacific Agent, East or West, and he will gladly arrange your trip.

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Sixteenth Street Station Phone Lakeside 1420
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Excellent Hotels. Auto boulevard to Lick Observatory. Thirty-mile electric line ride through beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Santa Cruz and Big Trees

"By the Glad Sea Waves," Hotels, Casino and Board Walk. Cliff drives. Motoring. Golf links. Sea-fishing.

Del Monte and Monterey

Charming hotel in beautiful park and gardens. 40-mile auto scenic boulevard skirting ocean. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf and Tennis.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs

New Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts

Delightful places amid crags and pines. Hotels, cottages and tents. Excellent trout fishing.

Lake Tahoe

Attractive Hotels and camps in picturesque surroundings. Daily steamer trips around lake. Excellent trout fishing.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake

Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees

Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Comfortable Hotels and auto-stages. Trout fishing.

Paso Robles

Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf. Tennis. Horseback riding.

Santa Barbara

The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea-fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe

In charming surroundings. Easily reached by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The portly lady had taken accidentally a rear seat in the car reserved for smokers. With unconcealed indignation she saw the man beside her fill his pipe. "Sir," finally came in frigid tones, "smoking always makes me sick." "Do it now, ma'am?" said the navy as he proceeded to smoke his evil-smelling pipe. "Then take my advice an' chuck it."

Pat had been engaged to take a trunk across the lake. He placed the trunk in the bow of the boat, with the result that the boat tipped forward. "What are you rowing with that trunk in the bow of the boat for, Pat?" asked a friend. "Sure, an' if it was in the stern wouldn't I be rowin' uphill all the time? An' this way I'm rowin' downhill all the time," he answered.

The number of automobile accidents due to carelessness or incompetent driving causes a great many people to talk like old Cornelius Husk. His little grandson said to him one day, pointing to the horn of an automobile that had halted for repairs: "What's that there thing for grandpop?" "That, sonny," the grandfather answered bitterly, "that is the god darn thing they toot afore they run ye down."

The two Manchester men came running at top speed toward the station, where the train that would run them to town in a few minutes was steaming ready to start. As they reached the station door the whistle sounded and the train was off. Gasping for breath, the one said to the other with cheery good humor, "Eh, Jim, tha dinna run fast enough." "Yea, Ah did," Jim instantly replied, "but Ah didna start soon enough."

Jeems McTavish was a well-known gardener of Peebles, and sometimes he imbibed too freely. It was on one of these occasions that he wandered into the kirkyard one night and fell asleep with his back against a tombstone. At sunrise a coaching party came down the lane. The horn ringing loud and clear awoke McTavish. Half asleep and still somewhat muddled, he started up and glanced about, seeing nothing but the white stones about. "Th' judgment morn and I'm th' only mon that's up!" he exclaimed. "This disna speak weel for Peebles."

A minister one day got into conversation with an Irish soldier who happened to be stationed in Liverpool, and of whom he asked several questions as to what regiment he was in, and so forth. Ultimately Pat thought it was his time to ask a few questions. "Now," said he, "I'd like to know what you are?" "I'm a soldier, too," said the minister. "And what regiment are you in, and where is it stationed?" The minister, pointing towards the sky, said: "My regiment is in heaven." "Oh, man," replied Pat, "shure ye're a long way from the barracks."

At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Georgia, when the minister said in a solemn tone: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered: "I will." The minister looked up very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will." Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said: "She's deaf, parson, an' I'm answerin' for her."

Two globe-trotters met in the smoking-room of a hostel in a part of the world called, by some people, "the outskirts of the empire." They found that they had each spent a week in China, on the strength of which they proceeded to "weigh up" that country to their mutual admiration and satisfaction. From that the talk drifted to sporting events witnessed in different parts of the world. "While I was in Australia," said No. 1, "I saw what I imagine to be the closest race in the world. The winning horse only beat the second by a tongue's length." No. 2 seemed lost in thought. He gazed abstractedly out of the window. At last he spoke. "I have seen a closer race than that," he murmured. "I was once in Scotland."

Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, is generally well aware when he is being seen or heard in public, and he behaves accordingly. In fact some of his political opponents go so far as to accuse him of posing. On a recent trip by steamer from Victoria to Vancouver the premier had as a fellow-passenger the late Rev. Dr. Elliott Rowe, a Methodist preacher, well known in eastern Canada. Sir Richard was sleepy and retired to his stateroom for a nap. He was awakened some time later to find Dr. Rowe's big genial face at the door, and the doctor's

eyes intently gazing at him. The premier, of course, inquired as to the reason for the unexpected visit. "Well, you see, Dick," replied Dr. Rowe, "I just thought I'd look in and get a peep at you when you were unconscious."

The well-dressed, portly man stood for several moments watching the brawny drayman who was laboriously tugging at a large, heavy-laden box, which seemed almost as wide as the doorway through which he was trying to move it. Presently the kindly disposed on-looker approached the perspiring drayman and said with a patronizing air: "Like to have a lift?" "Bet yer life," the other replied, and for the next two minutes the two men, on opposite sides of the box, worked, lifted, puffed, and wheezed, but it did not move an inch. Finally the portly man straightened up and said, between puffs: "I don't believe we can get it in there." "Get it in?" the drayman almost shouted. "Why, you blamed mut-tonhead, I'm trying to get it out!"

Jones lived in South Jersey. He was a Republican of the Republicans, and thought every other political trail was a thousand miles from the straight and narrow path. One day Jones went on the Switchback excursion, in the Rockies. Never before had he seen a mountain, and when he landed in the midst of the rocky zone it was simply a case of stop, look, and listen. "Great!" enthusiastically exclaimed Jones, gazing first in one direction and then in another. "Beats anything I ever saw. And just think of it all going to waste!" "All going to waste?" responded the party who was with Jones. "I don't get you." "I mean," explained Jones, with another admiring glance at the mighty hills, "that there is enough dirt piled up here to make another Republican state."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Road to Heaven.

"If you want to go to Heaven, Fletcherize."—*Dr. Weissmiller of the Y. M. C. A.*

Chew your food and straight to heaven
You will go!
That's the latest way to heaven
Celestial dough.

If Dame Nature you has given
Faulty teeth,
Matters not how you have striven,
"Go beneath!"

"Chew your cud and you'll be saved,"
On the level,
Matters not how else depraved
You'll cheat the devil.

Use your jaws and do not tarry!
You may aspire
In the future life to carry
A golden lyre!

Fletcherize your food and sit
In the choir
Even though you're fully fit
For the fire!

—*R. B. Mayfield, in New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Change in Fashions.

Said she, "What lovely fashions, dear!
They do so change from year to year!"
"There's not much change that I can see
In pocketbooks," responded he.
"They're worn a little shorter, though,
And lighter than a year ago."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Getting Rich Quick.

When I vast riches would acquire
I get some papers and some pens,
Sit down before the kitchen fire
And spend the evening keeping bens.

Next evening I would richer grow
And soon annex the sums to suit.
I get a catalogue or so,
And spend the evening raising fruit.

No use in being poor, my lad.
Just work up to the proper pitch,
Then take a pencil and a pad
And spend the evening getting rich.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The River of Doubt.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River of Doubt
That winds through the jungles of Where;
It rises at Whence and at Whither it flows out
And drains the vast region of There.

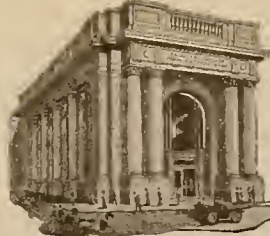
From latitude Which and Longitude What
It cavorts over mountains and hills;
It crosses ten rivers and likewise a lot
Of unnumbered streamlets and rills

So crooked that monkeys in trees all around,
Prenhensile to spy out its bed,
All twist off their tails and drop to the ground
Decaduate and cross-eyed and dead.

From Hither to Thither its flow is uphill
And its depth is as deep as a cup;
It never would answer for turning a mill,
For all of its cascades fall up.

Yes, this River of Doubt is a wonderful stream
And it acts in a wonderful way
Unmatched in tradition, in fiction or dream,
And it's spiked to the atlas to stay!

—*New York Sun.*



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Assets.....\$56,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,494.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 108,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
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American Boy and Argonaut.....	\$4.30
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ernestine McNear, to Mr. George Nickel. Miss McNear is the sister of Miss Einnim McNear and Master George McNear III. She is the niece of the Messrs. John, Seward, and Frederick McNear and Mrs. Philip Bowles, and a cousin of Mrs. Bernard Ford and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr. Mr. Nickel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel and a brother of Miss Beatrice Nickel and Mr. J. Leroy Nickel, Jr. The wedding will take place some time during the summer.

Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Alyse Warner, and Mr. Benjamin Prince Upham, Friday evening, June 19, at 8:30 o'clock, at the First Presbyterian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Aileen Code, to Mr. John C. Wilson, Jr., the son of Mr. John C. Wilson of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Gardener and Lieutenant William Harrison, U. S. A., took place Wednesday evening at the home in Oakland of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardener. Miss Madeleine Treat was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Anita Crellin and Leila Harrison. Lieutenant E. L. Harrison was his brother's best man. Lieutenant Harrison is a son of Mrs. George Harrison and the late Colonel Harrison, U. S. A., and a brother of Miss Leila Harrison. He is a cousin of Lieutenant Ralph Crystal Harrison, U. S. A. After a wedding trip through the southern part of the state the young couple will go to Seattle, where Lieutenant Harrison will be stationed for two years.

Mrs. Willard Wayman was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home in Ross. The affair was in honor of her house guests, Mrs. James Finnell and Miss Mary Helen Finnell of Chico.

Mr. Prescott Scott gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Burlingame Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Selby.

Miss Janet Coleman has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, June 16, in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Miss Katherine McAdam was hostess at an informal bridge-tee Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Hattie Schultz, whose wedding to Lieutenant Keiran, U. S. N., will take place shortly.

The officials of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition gave a reception Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Chevalier Ernesto Nathan, Italian Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States and Commissioner-General to the exposition from Italy.

Miss Dorothy Deane entertained a number of friends at an informal bridge party Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ruby Bond was hostess at a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Mark Regua and Miss Josephine Lindley were the guests of honor at a luncheon Wednesday given by Mrs. Frederick Bradley at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott will give an informal dance this evening at their home in San Mateo. The affair will be in honor of the birthday of their brother, Mr. John Parrott, Jr.

Mrs. George D. Guyer entertained the members of the Five Hundred Club Tuesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. William Chambers was hostess at a bridge-tee at her home at the Presidio Friday afternoon, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Harry Mitchell gave a bridge party and tea Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. Ira Pierce will entertain a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at her home on Jackson Street. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. J. Hendricks of Burlingame.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden entertained a number of friends over the week-end at her home in Ross.

Mrs. James Shea was hostess at an informal tea Friday afternoon at her home on Octavia Street in honor of Miss Aileen Davy.

Miss Beryl Kane was the complimented guest at a tea Friday afternoon given by Miss Ethel McAllister at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave an informal luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of the Right Honorable Sir Saville Branton Crossly of London.

Mrs. H. F. Marsden was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Frank Deering entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann and her fiancé, Baron J. C. Van Panthaleon Van Eck. Miss Tillmann was the guest of honor again on Wednesday, when Mrs. George Lyman gave a luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Harry Withringham was hostess Thursday at an informal bridge-tee in honor of Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn and Miss Mary Jones.

Mrs. Frank Burt gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Edgar Bruce of Manila was the guest of honor at a tea Monday afternoon, when Miss Edith Treanor entertained a number of friends at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer gave a moonlight picnic Saturday evening in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Marion Long.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie ar-

rived last week from the Orient and spent a few days in town en route to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mrs. James C. Jordan has returned from a visit in the East and has given up her plans to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. George B. Willcutt and her son, Dr. George Hayes Willcutt, have recently been visiting the Italian Lakes and are at present traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are en route home from Europe, having been called home by business affairs. They left here in March with the intention of spending the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting have gone to San Rafael to spend the summer.

Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck and his brother, Mr. Sidney M. Van Wyck, left last week for a motor trip through many of the interesting counties of California and will visit the Yosemite Valley before returning home.

Mrs. Selim Woodworth and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, are expected home next week from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson have closed their town house and have moved to Belvedere, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Florence Braverman has gone to Santa Barbara to visit friends with whom she has been motoring through San Luis Obispo County.

The Misses Ruth Winslow, Corennah De Pue, and Helen Garritt spent the week-end with Miss Beatrice Nickel at the Nickel ranch at Los Banos.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Syphen and Miss Genevieve Bothin left Thursday for Shasta Springs, where they will remain a month.

Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray has returned to her home in Piedmont after a visit at St. Gothard's Inn in Napa County.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins has recently been the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, at their country home in Los Gatos.

Mr. Michel Weil is en route to Paris to join his uncle, Mr. Raphael Weil. He will return to this city in September.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and her daughter, Miss Aileen McCarthy, have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a visit in this city.

Miss Amy Bassett is established in an apartment on Union Street near the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett.

Mrs. Selby Hanna has gone East to join her sister, Mrs. Charles Huse, with whom she will spend the summer traveling in Europe.

Miss Cora Smith has returned from Monterey, where she was the guest of Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn.

Miss Elizabeth Murison is spending a few weeks at Etna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and Miss Linda Bryan are established for the summer in their cottage at Shasta Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark have closed their town house and have moved to San Rafael, where they and their children will spend the summer.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Marian Crocker, sailed June 12 from London for New York after several months of travel in Egypt and Europe.

Miss Laura Bates and her brother, Mr. George Bates, have returned from a brief visit in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule and the latter's daughter left last week for a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gersle have returned from Europe and are again established in their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean have returned to San Rafael to spend the summer months. They have closed their town house on Vallejo Street and are occupying the country home of Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to superintend the construction and repair work of any aid to navigation authorized by Congress in the sixteenth and seventeenth lighthouse districts.

Captain Richard Farnival, U. S. A., will sail July 5 for the Islands.

Lieutenant Harry Chamberlain, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chamberlain have arrived at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where they will be stationed for the next three years. Mrs. Chamberlain was formerly Miss Sally Garlington.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Forsyth, U. S. A., spent a few days in town en route to the Hawaiian Islands.

Brigadier-General Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., has been assigned to Fort Totten, New York, and to the command of the Atlantic Coast Artillery District.

Mrs. Frederick Funston and her children have moved over from Oakland and are residing in the Presidio.

Mrs. J. C. Knowlton, wife of Major Knowlton, U. S. A., has recently moved from Fort Barry to the Presidio.

Lieutenant Raymond Vincent Cramer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cramer returned from their wedding trip and spent a few days with Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees before sailing for the Philippines.

Captain Ralph Pope, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pope will spend the next two years at Mare Island, where Captain Pope has recently been appointed lieutenant-commander.

Lieutenant Robert L. Irvine, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea duty, and it is probable that Mrs. Irvine will spend the summer in this city. Mrs. Irvine was formerly Miss Janet Klink.

Lieutenant A. H. Sharp, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty on the U. S. S. California and has been appointed commander of the U. S. S. Paul Jones.

Mrs. Ogden Jones of Stamford, Connecticut, is spending the summer at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

Miss Virginia Pierce sailed from New York for Italy late in April and is now in Milan, where

she will continue her operatic studies for several months.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag, who has spent the past several summers in California, arrived from New York early in the month and is settled at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nickerson Woods has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Woods was formerly Miss Frances Newhall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin White Newhall.

Paul Gavault, one of the foremost literary men of Paris, has been appointed director of the Odéon. The exact terms of his contract for running the theatre have not been divulged, but it is known that they are not those which M. Antoine was obliged to work under. The new director, in addition to being a man of letters, a journalist, a playwright, and a lawyer, is also credited with being a keen business man. He is just forty-seven years of age and the author of several successful plays. As a lawyer he has conducted several important theatrical suits, particularly for members of the Society of Dramatic Authors, of which he is a member. *Le Petit Parisien* prints the terms to which M. Antoine was forced to subscribe, but which M. Gavault rejected. They are called the "cahier des charges" and run as follows: The director of the Odéon was obliged to pay all the repairs ordered by the state architect, and this without having any voice in the matter. During seven years of his directorship M. Antoine spent \$80,000 for repairs, which swallowed up half his annual subvention from the state. The director of the Odéon was furthermore obliged to pay the firemen, machinists, caretakers, and porters during the summer months, when the theatre was closed, which meant an expense of \$1000 a month. This, together with the expense of keeping up a scenery depot outside Paris, absorbed the other half of the state subvention. As to the artistic obligations, they were equally onerous. The director of the Odéon was bound, first, to bring out five big plays a year, one of which was to be in verse. Secondly, ten smaller plays of the ancient repertory, of which three were to be "literary curiosities." Fourthly, during the season he was to bring out one new play a month by a new author, and each work was to have at least one general rehearsal and one first night. Finally, there were to be thirty popular performances between November and May at greatly reduced prices. The result was that as the theatrical season lasted nine months, the Odéon was bound to bring out nine entirely new plays from three to five acts, twelve revivals of old plays, ten short plays, and five great plays of any category chosen by the director. This meant really thirty-six new plays a season, four per month, or one per week.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is coming to this country in Shaw's latest play, "Pygmalion." Marie Tempest will also come for a farewell tour. "Pygmalion" is the London hit of the season. It is impossible to obtain seats for weeks in advance. This play is not only a hit in London, but also in Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin. Mr. Shaw arranged for the first production in Germany in the German theatres before he allowed the production of it in London, as he did not want the London critics to have an opportunity to attack him before the play had proven itself a success on the Continent.

Modest Altschuler, conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York City, has been engaged by George Kleine, the foremost producer of photo-dramas, to direct the symphony orchestra of the new Candler Theatre, Forty-Second Street, west of Broadway. Altschuler, it is asserted, is to receive the largest salary ever paid a musical director in a house given over to motion pictures. His reputation as a musician, composer, and conductor is regarded as indisputable evidence of the veracity of this statement.

Charles Cherry, who is to be one of the big special company to play a limited season at the Columbia Theatre, will make one of the biggest jumps on record to join his company, he having arranged to come here direct from London, England, where he has been playing. Cherry was one of the most popular players some years back with Henry Miller at the old Columbia Theatre.

The advance sale of seats for the special all-star season at the Columbia Theatre will open next Thursday, June 18. Already there are in the office of the Columbia over two hundred orders for seats for the opening bill of the season, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

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It was this condition of readiness which resulted in "Pacific Service" being installed at the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. To be ready with the announcement that light, power, and heat were waiting to be delivered at the grounds and installed in the great buildings meant that every department of the company had been placed long before in position to handle on the instant a task of this magnitude. It scarcely need be repeated that "Pacific Service" has, therefore, turned every wheel at the grounds, furnished all the light and heat and assisted in other ways in making for progress and comfort from the beginning. This same service will continue to lend its great aid to the enterprise until the last minute of the last day of the exposition.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Eki Hicki, newly appointed Japanese minister to China, is quite well known in this country, having been attached to the Japanese embassy at Washington in 1903. Since that time he has been minister to Chile and Peru.

Paul Eugene L. Deschanel, who has just been reelected speaker of the French Chamber of Deputies, is one of the "immortals." Two years ago he was president of the Chamber, a position which he also held for the four years beginning with 1893. He was born in 1836.

Mr. H. Percival Dodge, secretary to the American delegates at the Niagara mediation conference, is former minister to Panama. He is a Harvard man, forty-four years old, born in Boston, and a graduate of Harvard Law School. He was third secretary of the American embassy at Berlin in 1899 and advanced rapidly to second and first secretary at Berlin.

The Right Honorable James William Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, was a member of Parliament as far back as 1883, representing Rutland. He was born in 1853. At Cambridge he took honors in classical and law trips, and in 1879 he became a barrister. After serving as under secretary for foreign affairs he became deputy speaker, an office which he filled for fifteen years, until he advanced in 1905 to his present position. His father represented Westmoreland for twenty-five years.

Judge George Gray, who has resigned as member of the United States court for the third judicial circuit, including Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, figured in all the government's suits against the anthracite coal roads. He was expected to preside in the final argument in October in the government suit to dissolve the United States Steel Corporation. He is seventy-four years old, and it is believed that advancing years influenced him in retiring. He graduated from Princeton in 1859, and later studied law at Harvard. He was a member of the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration at The Hague in 1910. He has been a circuit judge since 1899.

Captain Tillinghast L. Huston, in immediate charge of the squad which cleaned up Havana following the Spanish-American War, is now ranked as the wealthiest contractor in Spanish America. When the war broke out he resigned as clerk in the city water works department of Cincinnati, organized a picked company, and was sent with it to Havana as soon as conditions permitted. His work of cleaning the city, building hospitals and sanitary systems led to the offer of a commission in the regular army, which he declined. So he settled in Havana and engaged in the contracting and building business on a large scale.

Among other things, his company held the contract for the improvement of the nine harbors of Cuba.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Homer S. King and wife were thrown from their automobile Tuesday and badly injured. Mr. King sustained a compound fracture of the right leg. Mrs. King is suffering from a fractured left shoulder blade. The car in which they were being driven collided with a car coming out of the E. J. Pringle place near San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. King were hurled into the road. They were removed to the Peninsula Hospital.

The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision upholding the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission abolishing a switching charge of freight cars switched to industrial or spur tracks, when the shunting is done by the road receiving the line haul. It is said this may save San Francisco merchants \$250,000 a year. Heavy refunds, probably reaching \$1,000,000, may also come to local merchants.

In an opinion handed down by the State Supreme Court reversing the verdict of the superior court, it is held that money lent on bonds stolen from the vaults of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company by J. Dalzell Brown can not be recovered. By this reversal Isaac Kohn will lose \$25,000 loaned by him to Allen Griffiths on twenty-five \$1000 bonds of the Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway Company, the Mutual Savings Bank will lose \$14,500, and the Western National Bank of San Francisco \$12,500.

The Japanese cruisers *Asama* and *Azuma* arrived in port last Saturday, and will remain until June 14. The ships make up the training squadron which is under command of Rear-Admiral Kuroi. Both cruisers are veterans of the Russian war. Since arriving numerous receptions and festivities have been given in honor of the visitors.

Half a block of buildings at the northwest corner of California and Polk Streets were destroyed by fire on Friday night of last week and the lives of fully 150 persons threatened. Half a dozen firemen were sent to the hospital. The property loss will total at least \$250,000. It was the most spectacular blaze since 1906.

A damage suit for \$10,000 filed against Sheriff Eggers has been dismissed. John Pappas, who brought suit, had been suspected of helping a prisoner to escape and was arrested. He claimed that he was beaten at the jail and detained unlawfully for two days.

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circles here, has been endorsed for the office of first vice-president of the American Bankers' Association at the annual meeting of the Washington State Bankers' Association held at Walla Walla.

Morris P. Isaacs, former auditor of the Hotel Bellevue, was arrested last Saturday on a charge of embezzling \$100. Other charges to be made against him, according to the hotel people, allege that he has stolen \$18,000 from the hotel company.

William C. Barnard, prominent San Francisco grain merchant and organizer and president of the Public Welfare League of Oakland, died of shock caused by falling into the icy waters of Gold Lake, near Mohawk, Plumas County, while on a fishing trip. The funeral was held on Monday last.

Work has been resumed on the site of the \$1,000,000 depot at Third and Townsend Streets, with 250 men employed. Officials of the Southern Pacific Company will rush the work as fast as possible, to insure its completion before the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition next February.

After eight years' work Miss Irma Coxie has completed the task of copying 150,000 diagrams of real estate surveys, thereby giving complete history of original surveys of every lot in San Francisco from 1862 to 1906. She has also invented a process by which burnt and charred records can be restored. The diagrams, which since their restoration and copying have been filed in 1000 volumes, are valued at \$100,000, and before the fire of 1906 were the record of the city's real estate surveys for the years previous to that time.

On Wednesday, June 17, the 139th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, appropriate exercises will be arranged by courtesy of the board of park commissioners, and will be held under the auspices of Bunker Hill Association.

Thomas Lundy, board of public works inspector, has been suspended on a charge of allowing Flynn & Tracey, contractors, to do street work not up to specifications. It was found that Lundy had inspected inferior street work in Webster Street, between Green and Union, to which he had raised no objection.

The police are looking for Joseph Fishler, charged with looting the store of the Albert S. Samuels Company, jewelers, at 995 Market Street. He was secretary of the firm and is charged with having on Tuesday night carried off diamonds to the value of about \$35,000.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I likes a good loafer," said Uncle Eben, "better'n I does a man dat tires hisse'f out gittin' in other folks' way."—*Washington Star*.

Claud—But you certainly encouraged me to propose. *Claudia*—Well, I couldn't very well turn you down until you did, could I?"—*Judge*.

"Don't care abaht your dawg," "Wot's the matter with it?" "Legs is too short." "Well, they reach the bloomin' ground, don't they?"—*London Opinion*.

Silicus—What's the matter, old man? You look unhappy. *Cynicus*—I am. I'm almost as unhappy as a woman with a secret that nobody wants to know.—*Club Fellow*.

"Some day," cried the outraged poet, "you editors will fight for my work." "All right," sighed the editor, resignedly, "but if I lose I'll be just as happy."—*Concord News*.

Bacon—I gave my wife a rainhow kiss when I left home this morning. *Egbert*—What in the world is a rainhow kiss? *Bacon*—One that follows a storm.—*Youkers Statesman*.

"Ah!" he sighed, "if you only gave me the least hope I—" "Gracious!" interrupted the hard-hearted helle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave to any man."—*Philadelphio Ledger*.

Mame (an actress)—How do you like me new dress? *Her Fiancé (who has entertained at fashionable functions)*—Some stuff, kid! You couldn't be more immodest if you was well-bred.—*Puck*.

"What's in a name?" quoted the person given to poetry and philosophy. "Most everything—sometimes," retorted the cynic, "particularly if it happens to be the wife's name."—*Canadian Courier*.

Passenger—That last station was my destination, sah. Why, sah, didn't you stop thar? *Conductor*—We don't stop there any more. The engineer's mad at the station agent.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Man at Desk—Why do you claim a trombone player is less of a hore than a pianist? *Man in Chair*—He is because he doesn't get the chance. He doesn't find a trombone in every home he visits.—*New York Globe*.

"Don't you suffer extremely from lassitude here?" asked the city visitor of a villager hack in the swamp country. "Never heerd o' nobody havin' sich a disease. Th' wust we has here is fever an' agy."—*Livingston Lance*.

"So your son could stay at home only a couple of days. I suppose he is husy at college?" "Yes. He's got to get back from the hockey team's Western trip in time to pack his duds for the hasehall team's Southern trip."—*Puck*.

The Cannibal King—See here, what was that dish you served up to me at lunch? *The Cook*—Stewed motor cyclist, your majesty. *Cannibal King*—It tasted very burnt. *Cook*—Well, he was scorching when we caught him, your majesty.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Citiman (to house agent)—I thought you said there was a charming view from the front windows? Why, there are only houses to be seen. *House Agent*—So there is a charming view, sir. In the house opposite lives the most beautiful widow you ever clapped your eyes on, and she's always at the window.—*Life*.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Spring Valley Proposal.

Against the newest deal arranged between the Spring Valley Water Company and the City of San Francisco, under which it is proposed that the latter shall buy from the former for the lump sum of \$34,500,000 (with certain non-water-producing lands reserved to the company), there stands the fundamental argument against any and all schemes of municipal ownership. On the other hand a good deal may be said for it. Probably the price is a fair one—at least it is not more than the authorities have been willing to pay at other times and it is less than the valuation which the Spring Valley Company has hitherto placed upon its property. Whether for good or ill, San Francisco is now definitely committed to the ownership of its water system. This result can only be achieved within the lifetime of the present generation by purchase of the Spring Valley plant, and probably no better bargain can be arranged than that now struck. The matter is to be submitted to popular vote under the charter requirement of two favoring votes to one negative.

In the judgment of the *Argonaut* the best practicable

scheme for a water supply under existing conditions would be an equitable arrangement between the city and the Spring Valley Company, leaving the latter to provide the service under fixed requirements and proper guaranties. This, under the circumstances, is what any wisely administered business organization would seek to do. But unhappily the question of water supply has been made a football of personal politics and has long been a public irritation and a scandal. Public opinion, we think not wisely, has turned to public ownership and is insistent upon it. Therefore the matter has become one which must be adjusted upon conditions of sentiment rather than of expediency. Acquisition of the Spring Valley system is now practically a public necessity, and under this necessity the deal just arranged appears to be a fairly good one all round. We believe the proposal submitted to popular vote will carry; and if so we shall at last have an end to a long-drawn-out and vexatious agitation.

Wriggling Back into the Republican Party

The *Argonaut* knew its man when two years ago it remarked that "Mr. Roosevelt lacks the moral courage to sustain a losing fight." "He has not," it was added, "the stamina to stand against strong currents of political or social adversity. He can not endure to be with the minority; and rather than stay in it he will make any compromise of his principles, any shift in his policies calculated to bring him popular support. He always falls in with the hurrah element of every situation. When the tumult and the shouting die, his spirits wilt, his courage oozes out. Mr. Roosevelt in the last analysis is a moral coward." Those who at the time thought this characterization severe—and there were many—are now respectfully invited to observe the processes by which Mr. Roosevelt is getting away from Bull-Moosism and wriggling back into Republicanism.

Before Mr. Roosevelt started for South America he made repeated declarations of his determination to accept no compromise with the Republican party. In various outgivings he pointed to the returns of the last presidential election as proof of the fact that the Republican party was in extremis and that the Progressive party, of which he, Roosevelt, was pretty much the whole thing, was its natural and inevitable heir. Then the gallant Colonel sailed away with the thinly masked purpose of avoiding responsibility for anything that might happen.

In the months of Mr. Roosevelt's absence many things did happen, precisely as men of cool judgment believed they would. The Progressive party slowly petered out. Registrations and local elections all over the country exhibited the fact that the Progressive movement of 1912 was merely an emotional wave and that it was subsiding much after the manner of its rising. Excepting in California, where it has contrived to create a strong machine of its own, Progressivism as an independent party has practically ceased to exist; and even here, as the registrations of the year show, it is a declining quantity. Progressivism, like every other movement compounded of passion and emotionalism, lacks the essential elements of stability. Its declared principles where they are not utopian are revolutionary and destructive. Its shibboleth—"rule of the people"—in practice would better serve the aims of despotism than those of true democracy. Its moral spirit is all there is of it of practical value; and that spirit finds sounder motives for hope and surer prospects of success in association with the Republican party than in an independent movement.

But even in the face of fading prospects, the more enthusiastic Progressives held fast to their hopes. In every such movement there is an element that is stimulated rather than disheartened by adversity. However

mistaken, they are men of true moral courage. In defeat as in success, in failing as in rising prospects, they stand to their faith. This element had high hopes in connection with the return of Mr. Roosevelt. His coming, they believed, would put new life into Progressivism. With his "splendid vitality," his "steadfast courage," his "uncompromising spirit," he would raise the drooping flag of Bull-Moosism and rally its retreating forces. Sustained by these hopes, the faithful few in some four or five states busied themselves with preparation. In New York arrangements were made for a state campaign, it being fondly hoped that the Colonel would accept the Progressive nomination for the governorship and so give to the movement a vital boost. In Pennsylvania arrangements were likewise made for a state campaign under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt's personal friend, Mr. Pinchot. In Ohio the declining movement was lifted to its feet under the leadership of Mr. Garfield. In California, where under the inspirations of an exceptional success Progressivism has a firm footing, the Progressive party assumed an aggressive attitude. In each of these states the personal support and influence of the Colonel was pledged by his confiding friends.

But Mr. Roosevelt has not responded in the way it was hoped that he would. He had scarcely landed at New York and sniffed the currents of political feeling when with one of his amiable denials he discredited an interview in which he had let fall some indiscreet remarks upon emerging from the Amazonian wilds. He gave forth a few savage comments upon the course of the Democratic administration, but avoided any word which might sound unpleasant in Republican ears. Exhibiting at every stage of his brief stay in the country before departing for Spain an eager interest in political matters, he did nothing or next to nothing calculated to reinspire his associates of the Progressive party. In so far as he made any exhibition of his old-time fighting spirit it was in relation to the Democratic party. To observing eyes, unbiased by faith in the Colonel's consistency or hopes of his help, it was evident enough that he wished no quarrel with Republicanism. In short, it became plain to men of judgment that the Colonel was scheming to get back into the Republican party.

These impressions are now fully confirmed—confirmed to the very considerable embarrassment of the more steadfast element in the Bull-Moose party. Mr. George W. Perkins, perhaps the closest and most sympathetic of Mr. Roosevelt's political cronies, now declares that he, the Colonel, is "too big a man to take the nomination for the governorship." In the Colonel's absence Mr. Perkins is working over the New York Progressive campaign into a movement of protest, not against the Republican party, but only against a certain element in it.

In the early days of his return the Colonel promised his support to the Progressive campaigns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and California. But he made no definite pledges, and the story is current in Pennsylvania that after all the Colonel intends to give his Progressive friends a polite go-by. Irritated by repeated statements made by the Pennsylvania press, certain enthusiastic Progressives sent Mr. Roosevelt a batch of clippings just before he sailed for Spain and asked for some cheering word. The reply was not the blistering denial that was looked for. The Colonel wrote in mild and bland spirit, saying that the fact that he had "arranged to speak at Pittsburgh" should be "regarded as a sufficient answer." And now it is admitted that the Colonel will spend no more than four days in the Pennsylvania campaign—possibly not even that much. There is no suggestion as to what he will do for

dearly beloved friend Garfield in Ohio or his dearly hated friend Johnson in California. Perhaps Mr. Johnson could tell, if he would, just what his assurances from the Colonel are for the California campaign. We suspect that the governor will make no response to this suggestion. This much we venture to prophecy, that when he comes to California he will say not one word that will give offense to any Republican. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's visit to California will be in promotion of the interests of Mr. Roosevelt rather than those of Mr. Johnson. While here—of course this is only the *Argonaut's* guess—he will seek association with Republicans quite as much as with Progressives, and he will not do Mr. Johnson's campaign much good.

In a dispatch from London in the morning papers of Tuesday, this week, Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as saying that when he returns to America, as he will very shortly, he will have "plenty to say about politics." The *Argonaut's* guess is that what he says will not be in the spirit of two years ago. What he will have to say will not be in opposition to the Republican party, but wholly against the Democratic party. He will assail the Wilson administration for its blundering in Mexico. He will assail it for its bargain with Colombia in condonement of the Panama outrage for which Mr. Roosevelt was himself responsible. He will assail the Democratic administration for its course in regard to Canal tolls. He will assail it again for its disturbance of general prosperity. He will seek to re-ingratiate himself with the Republican party and by artful suggestions and easy degrees he will seek to bring what remains of the Progressive forces to the old allegiance. He will declare that regulation of business has gone too far. In short, Mr. Roosevelt will contrive to get himself back into the Republican party and he will undertake to make himself the one figure around whom all elements, including big business, may rally. And probably he will succeed. He has an unequalled gift of catching the drift of every political breeze that blows and of convincing varying elements that he is the particular Moses who may be of supreme service to all.

As the *Argonaut* has already said, we think it possible, even probable, that Mr. Roosevelt may cajole or bully the Republican party into giving him its nomination in 1916. Nevertheless there are those—multitudes we believe—who will not upon any consideration or under any pressure give Mr. Roosevelt their votes. We further believe that even though he should be elected his success would be a disaster to the party, a mark of degeneracy in our political life. The Republican party in 1916, if it be true to itself, will name for the presidency some man who represents, not a shifty personal diplomacy, but the abiding principles which lie at the foundation of our institutions. Such a man preëminently is ex-President Taft. Such a man assuredly is Mr. Root. Such a man (we hope) is Mr. Borah. If it be said that it would be inexpedient to nominate such a man, that the Republican party must consult availability rather than principle in the naming of its candidate, then indeed has the party and the country fallen upon degenerate days. If there be but one man for the nomination, and he a professional trimmer and a selfish demagogue, we may well abandon hopes of sustaining this government upon the lines of its foundation and upon the standards of its professed principles.

Mexico.

It should now be plain to everybody that the mediation in the affairs of Mexico can do nothing. It never had any real authorization from anybody directly interested and there has never been the first indication that its determinations, even if the mediators might agree among themselves, would be accepted by anybody. President Huerta has maintained a respectful attitude towards it, but the northern rebels—the so-called Constitutionalists—have not even paid it the tribute of formal respect. Practically mediation has amounted to nothing more than a pow-wow inspired by friendly intentions.

Now we have a new complication. General Villa, as the prophets all along have foretold, is shaking off the authority of Carranza. Villa is the stronger man, both individually and in his hold upon the allegiance of the classes of which the rebel armies are made up. While Carranza has assumed to be the head of the rebel movement, Villa has been its real force. It is he

and not Carranza who has created the armies and won the victories. Under these conditions it has been inevitable this two months and more that Villa would renounce his subordination to Carranza.

With armies aggregating something like 80,000 men Villa is now approaching the capital city of Mexico. To the northern rebels the City of Mexico represents everything in Mexican life that is most offensive to them. Their disposition will be, under the license of Mexican notions of warfare, to loot, to destroy, to massacre. If permitted they will leave in the wake of their march a zone of desolation and will inflict upon the beautiful capital the extremes of savage vengeance. This outrage ought not to be permitted. Practically the one power capable of preventing it is the United States. Now with intervention failing, with every project of pacification gone wrong, with new aspects of cruelty and ruin impending, the administration at Washington ought arbitrarily to command a halt. It ought to say to General Villa that he shall go no farther; and it should say it, not in polite phrases of suggestion or persuasion, but in terms of stern command. In brief, it is time for the United States to intervene, not with pacific counsels, not with suggestions of conferences, but with whatever force may be needed to stop the riot of blood and rapine which has too long been given free license. Huerta, Villa, and all the rest of the savage crew engaged in warfare should be ordered now to cease their activities. And if they fail to respect this command, then the armies of the United States should advance in sufficient force to support the mandate of Washington. A point has been reached when the United States as the only power capable of enforcing peace in Mexico must be held morally responsible for continuance of this brutal war.

The President and the "Old Soldier."

In California, where the old soldier element is relatively small and where there is relatively little in the way of organized effort to sustain it as a political force, the Memorial Day incident in which President Wilson had an embarrassing part has made little impression. But in and about Washington, and in other localities where the old soldier is a vital political factor, this incident has the importance of a very serious blunder. It all came about as an effect of the President's way of life—of his living in a rarefied and secluded atmosphere. Mr. Wilson's tendencies are those of academic retirement, intensified by long habit. He loves publicity, to be sure, but he wants it in his own way. His idea is to step forth frequently from the comfortable privacy of library life and to lay down the law in refined rhetoric, but with authority. He wants to be heard, approved upon the instant, and obeyed. He has no instinct for discussion and he grows peevish under criticism. Back talk irritates him to the degree of disturbing his digestive processes and keeping him awake of nights. Those by whom he is immediately surrounded long ago became aware of this weakness and it has become a part of their policy to shield him from unpleasant contacts of any kind. He was protected from annoyance by a devoted family before he was President. Now it is the business of the group of courtiers who surround him to save him at every possible point. There is nobody in his immediate official environment who ventures to speak plainly to the President—who does not in fact make it the first of diplomatic motives to save the President from the annoyance of hearing unpleasant things.

Mr. Wilson was probably the last man in Washington to know that a very devil of a row had been kicked up by his refusal to speak at Arlington on Memorial Day. He had declined with apparently sound reason last year. He dislikes such occasions because they interfere with his plans, disturb his arrangements for recreation, consume time for which he has other uses. So without giving the matter any thought or taking advice upon it, he declined the invitation. Probably he did not in his own mind connect this declination with the fact that he had accepted an invitation to deliver an address the following week at the unveiling of a Confederate monument at Arlington. This last invitation had been pressed upon him by men he knew and liked, whereas the former presented itself to him merely as a perfunctory thing involving a disturbance of his plans.

But when it was discovered that old soldierism at Washington and pretty generally all over the country

was in a blue funk over what was interpreted as a slight, and when it was further discovered that Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, had accepted an invitation to speak, the matter took on another color. The situation was pressed home upon the President by a man outside of his official family who now and again takes it upon himself to call upon the President and tell him a few things for his welfare. That man is Mr. Thomas Pence, secretary of the Democratic Congressional Committee, a former Washington correspondent (and a mighty good one), and that rarest of all rare birds, a Democrat who doesn't want an office. Pence is a bachelor fond of the good things of life. He likes leisure, good company, good eating, and moderate drinking, with that comfortable kind of obscurity which, without taking a man clean out of the world, gives him leave to come and go without too close observation. Having nothing to ask from the administration and being in a position to bestow some favors, Mr. Pence upon rare and special occasions assumes the liberty to speak his mind right into the President's ear. He told the President that he had made a mistake in declining the G. A. R. invitation in the face of his acceptance of the Confederate invitation. He also pointed out the crowning blunder of the announcement given out at the White House, that the President would probably spend Memorial Day playing golf. Promptly came an announcement from the White House that the President had changed his mind and would speak at Arlington. There also came a denial from Secretary Tumulty that the President had been moved to change his mind because Mr. Clark had been selected to speak, with the further statement that the President's attitude towards the whole matter had been misrepresented. All this, of course, sounds weak and evasive, but it probably is the simple truth. The President had no intention of slighting the G. A. R. Simply he had given no thought to the matter, nor had anybody else near him, until Tom Pence "broke through," so to speak, and gave the President the facts.

The sequel was precisely what might have been expected. The President was coolly received at Arlington and his beautifully phrased speech was heard with perfunctory applause. Speaker Clark was the hero of the occasion. The chairman who had introduced the President in twelve simple words presented Mr. Clark eulogistically as "a friend of the soldier, one who has shown that he is a man on whom we can count at all times, no matter what personal sacrifice it may involve to him." The applause was vociferous when Clark arose and it literally thundered when he took his seat. There was in it not more a mark of favor for Mr. Clark than an evidence of resentment against the President.

The old soldier element has other grievances against the President, in connection with the dismissal of a number of superannuated ex-soldiers from the Postoffice Department at Washington. Protest became so emphatic that Postmaster-General Burleson has made it the subject of an official pronouncement. His statement shows that current stories of the dismissal of old soldiers have been exaggerated. Of ten dismissals since March 4th, 1914—nothing is said about the preceding year—it is shown that the youngest is sixty-eight years of age. Six of the ten stand on the records as having "resigned," two as having been "reduced," and two as having been "dropped." The G. A. R. people maintain that this report is evasive, declaring that in no instance did the men voluntarily leave the service. Those who were set down as having resigned are declared to have been forced out by one sort of pressure or another. While it is not denied privately that the men had passed the age of service, there is no public admission of this fact. The position of the G. A. R. men is that no man who fought for his country ought to be turned adrift in his old age. They insist that the government should discriminate in favor of ex-soldiers to this extent, namely, that any veteran in governmental employ should either be carried on the rolls as long as he lives or provided with a pension sufficient to sustain him in comfort and decency.

There is still another grievance, a trivial one, but not without its political value in a country much given to sensationalism. On Memorial Day, all the public buildings in Washington save only the White House lowered their flags to half mast. Of course it was just an oversight. There was nobody at the White House

who thought anything about it. All the same this fact, taken with the other incidents of the day, has given a handle to those who will know how to use it in dealing with the old soldier vote.

Washington Topics.

After an interval of several weeks, the President has renewed his formal conferences with the Washington newspaper writers, Mexico and everything relating to it being barred. It goes without saying that with the all-important subject thus eliminated, the conferences have lacked something. Yet they have not been uninteresting. The correspondents have learned that the President does not like to be interrupted or questioned, and being for the most part men of tact they are careful not to spoil their welcome, listening attentively to what the President has to say, and accepting it at their own estimate. At the first of the revived meetings last week Mr. Wilson labored through a long explanation to the effect that the exemption of labor unions in the Clayton bill was no exemption at all. Like everything the President says, the explanation was rhetorically well done. But it did not convince a group of men who understand the English language quite as well as the President himself and who stand a good deal closer to certain phases of congressional sentiment than he. Despite the President's explanation in the forenoon that the exemption clause was not really an exemption, the House in the afternoon proceeded to call the exemption by that very name and to incorporate it in the bill. The surrender to Gompers is complete, probably—although the bill is not yet signed—as complete as the White House as anywhere else.

This bit of special legislation following similar special legislation of last winter raises a question as to where the real authority lies in these United States. Have we or have we not within the responsible government of the country a private and irresponsible government capable of working its will in respect of any matter with which its interest or sentiments are involved? Most certainly we have. A power which may write its own charter of exemption from the laws of the country and force a cowardly Congress and a cowardly President to accept it, is the real master. Today organized labor rules the country, and it will continue to rule it until its exactions shall so arouse the spirit of resentment and resistance as to produce a moral revolution.

It has not escaped the notice of the Washington gossips that while the Wilson family maintains an admirably modesty in its daily walk, it is not averse to turning an honest penny when opportunity serves. The President himself started off thriftily in his book, "The New Freedom," published between the day of his election and his inauguration. Mother Wilson, an indifferent artist, for whose pictures prior to last year there was no demand outside the domestic circle, is doing a very good business these days through a leading Washington art store. True, she has had recently to cut her price from \$300 per canvas to \$150. But she is getting rid of a good many at the reduced rate. Daughter Margaret has a job with an uplift periodical and draws down a regular salary. In addition now and again Daughter Margaret picks up a nice fee for singing into a graphophone. Daughter Eleanor had a journalistic job on the *Good Housekeeping Magazine* until her marriage. Son-in-law Sayres, upon the credit of his new family connection, has enlisted in a financial campaign in the interest of Williams College. And now it is the gossip of financial circles that Son-in-Law McAdoo intends to retire from the Secretaryship of the Treasury and is only waiting until he finds the best market for a man who has been Secretary of the Treasury and remains son-in-law to the President. Verily it is a huxtering era; and verily Brother Bryan is not the only huxterer at Washington.

Men who like to regard themselves as comparatively young can easily remember when religious prejudice was one of the foremost bogies of politics. There were those who saw the fateful hand of Roman Catholicism in a hundred concealed forms, or the equally fateful hand of some other ism in or behind every important candidacy or legislative proposal. But with the growth of liberalism—liberalism being another name for indifference—nobody has given much attention in recent times to the religious bogy. But a matter has now

arisen at Washington tending to stir to new life the dry bones of old prejudices and hatreds. Some seventy years ago there was provided for the navy twenty-four chaplains. Originally the appointments were given to superannuated old gents who live in the navy yards at the public expense, maintaining religious services in the little post chapels to which nobody ever came. Later on the appointments were given to spruce young clerics with a knack for telling stories. Who does not remember a half-dozen such as visiting San Francisco in recent years—fine dressers, good lookers, elegant dancers?

Brother Josephus Daniels, not content with exorcising the demon rum in all its forms from the ships and yards of the navy, has conceived the idea of re-enforcing the moral influences of the service, and to this end he proposes to establish a corps of "welfare workers" to sit around and counsel with the jacksies and otherwise assist in their uplift. At this point the authorities of the Catholic church came forward with an emphatic protest. What the navy needs, according to the authorities of the Catholic church, is not welfare workers, but more chaplains. A few Protestant churches joined in the protest. The result is a bill authorizing increase in the corps of chaplains until the ratio shall be one chaplain to each 1250 officers and men. This will raise the membership of the corps from twenty-four to something more than fifty. In naming chaplains the authorities have in recent years tried to apportion the appointments in ratio with the religious affiliations of the men in the service. It so happens that the Catholic communion has considerably the best of it, and it follows that any increase in chaplains will tend to the advantage of the Catholic church. This has raised something of a storm among those who take small matters seriously. Anti-Catholics all over the country are deluging their senators with telegrams, asking them to beat that provision of the naval appropriation bill which authorizes an increase in the number of chaplains. Several senators to whom these appeals have come have not yet discovered what all the fuss is about. Few, it is believed, will care to take the initiative in a movement aimed directly at the Catholic church, so in all probability the provision as it stands in the bill will remain unchanged.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

With the stubbornness of a man obsessed by a fixed theory, and without the elasticity of mind which experience with practical affairs yields, President Wilson insists that there is no depression in the business of the country. Whatever inconveniences are being suffered by the business world he characterizes as "merely psychological." Mr. Wilson does not comprehend what men practically wise well know, that the element of credit, or full nineteen-twentieths of the working capital of the country, rests wholly upon the mental attitude of the business world—in other words, upon confidence. So, stubbornly and blindly, he insists upon further experimental legislation designed in support of utopian theories of the common welfare.

Mr. Wilson does not merely assure the country that there is no real depression; he goes further to explain why there appears to be one. It is all due, he points out, to the pernicious activity of men of business affairs who have entered into a species of conspiracy to impress the country with the notion that times are hard. Men of business, it appears, instead of minding their trivial affairs and leaving public sentiment to their psychological betters have been meddling with public opinion and so have produced this "apparent depression." The charge is a grave one, truly. Our men of affairs—even our men of big business—are clearly outside the scope of propriety and legitimacy in giving attention to public affairs. To be sure ours is a government of public opinion. But what right, pray, have the men who conduct the affairs of the country—mere business men, so to speak—to discuss public policies or to attempt to influence the judgments of their fellow-citizens as to the tendencies and effects of legislation proposed or enforced? Have we not a President who, by the grace of divine instinct, plus a fine academic insight into all mysteries sacred or profane, knows everything in, above, and under the heavens and the earth—with much besides—quite competent to formulate public sentiment and organize public opinion without impertinent interference on the part of those who

are merely engaged in commonplace activities of practical life?

Seriously Mr. Wilson is doing the country a very great injury, not intentionally, but because he does not understand and can not be made to understand that capital acts under established principles founded in human nature and not in the least degree responsive to sentimental appeals. Capital will not venture upon uncertain conditions and in the face of obvious hazards. Therefore, although primary production is everything that it ought to be, industry is paralyzed and trade falters. If Mr. Wilson were a practically wise man he would adjust his course to the condition. Being merely an academic theorist, he proceeds stubbornly and arbitrarily, employing the powers of his high office, not to reestablish confidence and so promote the public welfare, but to deepen distrust and to further augment a very real and universal distress.

This is what the country gets for putting the powers of the presidential office into the hands of a man who has never had any experience of practical life, whose conceptions of business affairs are theoretical, and who does not know that a "psychological condition" may be as serious in its effects as a material condition—who does not know that the most positive and effective of all realities is the intangible quantity called public confidence.

Editorial Notes.

With nobody able to get within five miles of the Lassen crater, and with observers differing as to whether current eruptions consist of steam or dust or both, one guess as to the character of the outburst is as good as another. In the meantime one group of scientific speculators holds that Lassen is no true volcano. Another holds that it is. In all likelihood the blow-up is a consequence of chemical action brought about by the commingling of elements through underground water courses. It is this sort of thing which produces the many hot springs to be found throughout the region of which Mt. Lassen is a centre. This theory of the present eruption is just a guess, but we see no reason why it is not entitled to as much credit as any other of many guesses. In the meantime it is comforting to remember that the disturbance is full twoscore miles distant from any considerable settlement and that whatever may happen is not likely to hurt anybody with discretion enough to mind his own business and leave this isolated mountain to its own courses. The only practical damage of the outbreak thus far is the rendering of Mt. Lassen unavailable as a site for forestry inspection.

Catholics are not likely to boycott the Fair for so slender a reason as the appointment of Signor Nathan as the special envoy of Italy. It is true that the proposal has been made by a few hot-headed newspapers, but fortunately public opinion is not led by hasty writers who find it difficult to keep their prejudices within the bounds of discretion. If the voice of authority should speak—say the voice, for example, of Archbishop Riordan—the situation would take on another hue. But it is safe to predict that no such voice will be heard. Wise men like the reverend archbishop are not excited by trivialities. Signor Nathan for many years was the mayor of Rome, and he was appointed to his present position, not because of his religion nor because of his irreligion, but because his business capacities were suited to the post, a fact no one has thought it worth while to deny. To resent the appointment of a representative business man from Italy merely because of his supposedly obnoxious theological politics or political theology would be so absurdly inconsequent that we need hardly regard it as a possibility. Nor can it become a possibility until it is advanced by some responsible authority able to speak with the weight which the average newspaper certainly does not possess. And it is safe to predict that no such responsible authority will be heard from.

A striking illustration of the desire for education in the island of Formosa is furnished by the fact that the English Presbyterian mission is founding a high school in Tainan which will cost £12,000. Towards this sum no less than £6000 has been contributed by non-Christian Chinese.

Fresno County, California, produces 94 pounds, or about sixty per cent of the California crop, and nearly twice the quantity produced by

GREAT MEN.

I intend to leave this article without a heading until it is finished, because not until then am I likely to have any clear idea of what it is all about. It is only the stolid order of mind that sits down to write a definite something with a definite purpose, and my mind is not of that stolid kind—at least so I am told by candid friends, who usually continue their analysis in an affirmative and derogatory way that I deeply resent. It seems to me that a writer should do no more than select some jumping-off place, so to speak—and the more trivial the better—and then allow himself to be guided by what the late William James called the subconscious self, which is quite a good name to give to something that is not so.

Now the particular triviality that has caught my eye and that I hereby commend to my subconscious self for elaboration is a casual statement in a newspaper paragraph that some one I never heard of before and whose name I forget is a "genuinely great man." It is quite a large thing to say of any one, and for the moment I feel abashed that this particular genius should have sailed over my head unnoticed. And then by a certain association of ideas I am led to think of great men in general, really great men, and not the little human trout that make such prodigious splashings, and so I remember that many years ago I was walking through Unter den Linden in Berlin when my companion drew my attention to three men who were approaching on horseback and desired me to look at them closely. I did so, and I saw that they were the old Emperor William, the Prince Bismarck, and Count von Moltke. They rode side by side, grim and silent, and they answered my instinctive salute with military precision. And the breath of a score of mighty battlefields and of empires reeling from the death stroke went with them and wrapped them around. When I hear of great men I think of that terrible triad.

Is it not a little suggestive that there is now no genuinely great man upon earth, at least not visibly so, although it may be that the backwoods are nursing and hiding some of that royal breed until the hour shall call. There is none in statecraft, nor war, nor literature, nor art, nor philosophy, nor science. The stage is all ablaze with footlights, but it is empty, and for a space there is silence in heaven. Of course I know that there will be a clamor of denial from the clients and the lictors, who will obsequiously advance the names and claims of their patrons. But I have a favorite test for the great man. I ask myself if he will be considered great in five hundred years' time, and by the majority of the race. If not, then I must ask him to step down. Napoleon can stand this test, and Lincoln. Joan of Arc, and Alexander, and Shakespeare, and Plato, and Paul, and Phidias have nothing to fear. Time will throw no dart at them. Tennyson, Emerson, Goethe, Carlyle, Washington, and some half-dozen others of this age will still be familiar names, but there is no one now living who will compare with them. I am not quite sure about Rodin, and am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, but I think if a vote were compulsory that I must vote against him. And without hesitation I should vote against every other notoriety now living. I do not think there is any name now before the public that will be more than a historical curiosity in five hundred years' time, and I hope sincerely that no one will write to suggest the names of Mrs. Pankhurst, or Dr. Anna Shaw, or Mr. Roosevelt, or the Queen of Roumania, or Judge Lindsey. Now I am so superstitious as to believe that there is some sort of order and design in the appearance of great men. They seem to come in groups, and to usher in some new world light after a darkness. There was such a group in ancient Athens, another in the Elizabethan period in England, and a third in revolutionary America. I am not at all sure that these men do not come in some sort of conscious concert, and that actually they do not know each other well, although of course they never say so. They are like intellectual and moral conspirators, sometimes even pretending a mutual enmity for the better performance of their secret and benevolent designs. Seeing that the law of periodicity prevails everywhere in visible nature, I can not see why it should not prevail also in invisible nature, and in the appearances of genius. I do not see why we should have order and regularity everywhere throughout the universe except in man.

Speaking of human genius, is it not a little remarkable to note the curious way in which nature selects the men and women who are to do her greatest work, and perhaps I may as well say at once that I always look upon nature as a conscious intelligence. Her principle is quite different from ours, but then our selections never succeed, whereas hers never fail. Take, for example, the case of Joan of Arc. Was there ever so amazing a choice for such a work as hers? Now if the task of driving the English invader into the sea and crowning the Dauphin at Rheims had fallen on any of us we should naturally have selected some great soldier with a large amount of political influence to recommend him. And then the English would have remained in France. But nature chose an illiterate milkmaid, who had probably never seen a hundred human faces in her life. One would be inclined to suspect nature of insanity but for the miraculous fact that Joan did exactly what she said she would do. She did drive the English into the sea, and she did crown the Dauphin, and her strategic manoeuvres were always successful, no matter how strenuously her advisers predicted ruin. She always knew precisely what was going to happen, nor can there be any question that she was actually a military genius. There plenty of great soldiers in France at that time, and of statesmen, and far more than enough priests, but

nature, needing that this supremely great work be done, chose a milkmaid to do it.

The case of Napoleon is no less remarkable. If there is any scheme in human affairs—and I think there must be, seeing that we can not even build a cowshed without some sort of plan or blueprint—it was a part of that scheme that Europe should be scourged away from her revolutionary blood feast and lashed back into some sort of obedience to authority. And so nature chose for that task a young man who was not a Frenchman, who had very little education, who had no military heredity to draw from, who was self-conscious, and shy, and poverty-struck, and friendless, and she made him the supreme master of Europe and shook down the thrones and the crowns like ripe fruit under his feet. And when some correspondingly great work had to be done in America the man who was to do it came forth, not from the universities, but from the backwoods of Illinois, and did it in such a way as to win for himself, not the admiration, but the worship, of humanity. Abraham Lincoln had not one of the external qualifications that we now demand from our great men. In point of fact we do not know why he was great. We can enumerate his virtues, but in our heart of hearts we know that these do not explain him. One who is born blind can not form the dimmest conception of what others mean when they speak of sight. It is in just that way that we can not understand Abraham Lincoln. We have not the kind of perceptive faculties that can define divinity. We feel vaguely that it is there, some vast and impalpable force that is beyond our ken, and that is all.

But still we do not learn. Still we pin our faith to the broken reeds that always fail us. On Commencement Day we still tell our young hopefuls that a sad world has been waiting in travail and misery just for their appearance upon the scene, and that because they are "educated" they have the opportunity to be leaders and saviors. And it is just this education that nature has always passed contemptuously by whenever she needs a real man who will do something. Indeed we may almost suppose that nature regards what we call education as a positive disadvantage. She seems to avoid it. Like Luther Burbank, she has no use for the college man. Go back in history and assemble the names of the Titans, like Joan of Arc, and Socrates, and Napoleon, and Lincoln, the men and women who were not only great, not only geniuses, but who had something of divinity about them, and we find that they had not been educated in the strict sense of that word. We should have utterly failed to see that they had any qualifications for the work that they ultimately did. We should not have entertained their claims for a moment, although we can hardly imagine any of them as making claims. They would have seemed to us preposterous. Nor can we even now understand, with all the light of history upon them, how they were able to do what they did. Their powers were not merely extensions of the ordinary human faculties. They were superhuman additions to those faculties, or so it seems to me. And I am inclined to think that the possession of what we call education is actually a bar to those faculties, as though there were some great light behind the mind, a light that is obscured by the too great activities of the mind itself. And in order to forestall criticism let me hasten to confess that the idea is not at all mine since I believe that Professor William James of Harvard put forward some such theory. Speaking from memory, I believe Professor James said that there was a vast area of consciousness that is rightly human, but that lies outside of the brain and that ordinarily we are not aware of it. A small section of that consciousness dips into the brain and becomes the human mind, and the evolution of the race is no more than the absorption into the brain of that consciousness with its unsuspected powers. The great geniuses of the race, said Professor James, are those who have access to a consciousness that is only latent in lesser mortals, and that this consciousness brings with it a certain superhuman wisdom and vision that is independent of the senses. Similarly Professor Elmer Gates said that we actually use, only about ten per cent of our consciousness, and Sir Oliver Lodge ranges himself into line by his suggestion that all men are potential geniuses and that the heroes of the race are those who have annexed, so to speak, a wider area of consciousness than can be entertained by the average brain. But it will never do to wander into metaphysics. At the same time I should dearly love to know why men are great.

SIDNEY CORYX.

Heavy production of sugar cane to the acre is one of the surprises of Peru. Where it is grown the land is level and planting is an easy matter. When the cane reaches the height of two feet further attention in regard to cultivation is said to be unnecessary, and in from eighteen to twenty-four months maturity is reached. That the growth is luxurious may be known from the fact that an average crop of forty tons an acre is obtained, while sixty and even seventy tons is not uncommon. In other sugar-growing countries, including Cuba, twenty-five tons per acre are considered a good average, according to sugar experts.

Ten years ago the knitted goods industry of Japan began in a small way at Osaka. It is now estimated that there are no fewer than 1300 so-called manufacturers of these goods in that city alone.

What is claimed to be the largest electric submarine cable in the world is now being laid across San Francisco Bay. The length is to be four and one-half miles. It will cost \$350,000.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"Long, Long, Ago."

Old friend of mine, you were dear to my heart,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Little did we think of a time we should part,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Hand clasped in hand through the world we would go.
Down our old untrodden path the wild weeds grow!
Great was the love 'twixt us; bitter was the smart!
Old friend of mine long ago.

Patient watch I kept for you many, many a day.

Long, long ago, long ago;
Waited and wept for you far, far away,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Merry came each May-tide, green leaves would start;
Never came my old friend back to my heart.
Lonely I went on my weary, weary way,
Old friend of mine long ago.

Oft as I muse at the shadowy nightfall
Over the dear Long Ago,

Borne on tears arises the dark, dark pall,
Fallen on my heart long ago.

Love is not dead, though we wander apart;
How I could clasp you, old friend, to my heart!
Barriers lie between us, but God knoweth all,
Old friend of mine long ago.—Gerald Massey.

THE MISSION.

Jojug's Brother Points the Road Home.

The missionary's wife, sitting in the veranda of the bleak, whitewashed mission house, watched the dust devils pirouetting down the Grand Trunk road, and gave herself up to thought. Retrospection may be good for the soul, but it is not wise to give way to the malady of thought in India when a pitiless sun is cracking and warping the earth, and the blue of high heaven is bleached to a blinding, white hell of heat waves. Under such circumstances the average white does not think. Sometimes he seeks forgetfulness in whisky pegs; sometimes she forgets the maddening heat in the greater madness of intrigue with the wrong man.

The missionary's wife, because she was a missionary's wife and because the heart of her was innately clean, recoiled from these mental drugs. She endeavored to ward off the abnormal wave engulfing her by a renewed zeal to her religious faith; but she was so young, so untried, and so unaccustomed to viewing the world in its raw nakedness that her faith faltered and she would not be comforted. Perhaps, as the missionary sahib thought, she was a "trifle worldly"; perhaps she was. But she was very young.

Therefore she gave up herself to thought. Day by day she would sit on the veranda and watch the dust devils dancing and whirling along the Grand Trunk road. From her position she could see the road, a white ribbon of dust, stretching its length across a parched, flat country until it was lost in a haze of heat waves. From the haze would appear the dust devils, cones of light, fine dust, whipped up from the roadway by a passing breath of air. She would watch them as they came down the road toward the mission gates, spinning along in fantastic dervish dances, and she continued watching until they were lost to sight in another wall of heat haze on the opposite horizon. Between whiles she thought. Her mind ran to things green and cool; of dainty primroses smiling shyly from a moist earth, of wild violets hidden in the cool shades of Yorkshire woods, of damp moss clinging to ancient rock, of moorland, spongy underfoot, of moist mists on Ingleborough's heights. Then, another dust devil would come revolving from the heat haze, and she would find herself in India again, with its whitewashed mission house, its watching days and worse than sleepless nights.

Separating the mission house from the Grand Trunk road was what the missionary had intended for a garden; but the sun had sapped the moisture from the plant life, leaving it wilted, drooping, and coated with dust. It was merely a plot of caked earth and the futile endeavor at beauty had but intensified its hideous barrenness. It had its purpose, however, in that it gave employment to the sole convert of the mission.

On the mission records he was identified as Joseph; but his native tongue could get no nearer to his baptismal name than Jojug, and Jojug he remained to the missionary's wife. The missionary sahib, who did not quite approve of levity, however, was careful to refer to him as Joseph. The convert, like the plants among which he worked, but accentuated the failure of the mission. He was the result of five years of hard, ceaseless labor, a shambling, woebegone monument in a cast-off suit of European clothes. He was watering the plants while the missionary wife sat on the veranda. It was a hopeless task, for the thirsty earth sucked up his tiny stream in an instant, leaving the surface as dry and as bare as before. Undeterred, however, he would shamble to the well to fill again a dilapidated watering can—minus the sprinkler—and proceed about his futile, useless labor. Once, when passing near the veranda, he salaamed and smiled. She raised her head as he shuffled by, but turned again to watch a new dust devil dancing in the distance.

She awoke from her apathy when her husband walked onto the veranda and threw himself into a chair. He was a big man, was the missionary sahib, with a muscular frame and a dominant jaw hidden by a short brown beard; but the heat had robbed him of his strength and fatigue showed in his every muscle.

"Another fruitless trip," he said with a sigh. "The villagers only mocked me."

It was the old story, and one to which she had listened daily ever since she had come to the mission three years before.

"I can not understand it," he said. He continued in this strain, wondering why he failed and others had succeeded. He went on rather longer than he should have done, but that was because he did not receive the usual words of sympathy and cheer from his wife. She remained silent, her eyes fixed on the heat haze in the distance.

"To make matters worse," he said, changing the subject, "Joseph's brother, the one from Kabul, is here. He spat at me as I passed him today and informed me he had come to wipe out the family disgrace. Poor Joseph! We must see that he comes to no harm."

He paused again, awaiting a reply, but his wife only nodded slightly. "Poor Joseph," continued the missionary; "if I could convert a few more he would not feel such an utter outcast. Why is it that I can not do so? Heaven knows I am sincere enough and that my faith is strong."

This also she had heard many times before and had

comforted him. Perhaps, now, the heat and the thoughts of an English spring had warped her mind, for she asked quietly:

"Have you ever thought that you are not fitted for this work?"

The missionary started in surprise. It was the first time that his wife had questioned his ability. He paused a moment before answering.

"Faith," he said, "will move mountains."

His wife closed her eyes in weariness and lay back in her seat. Her husband watched her anxiously; her actions were rather strange—somewhat queer. He was a just man, was the missionary sahib, and with a great tenderness hidden away under the dominance and rigid determination of his zeal. He noticed her utter lassitude, the dead pallor of her skin, her frail wrists and hands. He recalled that three years ago he had brought her to the mission radiant and sparkling with youth and laid a caressing hand on her shoulder.

"You are tired," he said, as if in apology for this demonstration.

She sprang from her feet and faced him tense with emotion.

"Don't," she said fiercely, "don't touch me." Her body relaxed as she spoke and her shoulders drooped with her weariness. "Your hand," she added, "is so—so—abominably hot."

"This is hysteria," he said quietly. "You must control yourself."

She walked to the end of the veranda and turning faced him with pleading in her eyes and a sob in her voice.

"Let us go home," she said, "back to England. Take me away from here—for God's love take me away."

The missionary fingered his beard and lowered his eyes so that she might not see his agony.

"I can not," he said, very quietly.

"You can not," she replied whipped into immediate anger. "Can't you—even you—see that the mission is a farce and that you are a failure?"

"I know that," said the missionary, somewhat sadly.

"Then do you think it just and right to yourself—to me—to allow your pride and stubbornness to longer perpetuate this failure?"

"I must remain," he replied.

"This is senseless folly. You know that the people at the church at home have given up supporting the mission when the reports could show but one convert. We are keeping it up now out of our private funds. Great heaven! What possible reason can there be for remaining longer?"

The missionary pointed to Jojug, who stood nearby, his back turned to them, patiently watering.

"There's the reason," he said. "If we had ourselves to consider I would have given up the struggle long ago. Do not think that perhaps because I am not demonstrative I do not realize the effect all this is having on you. But we can not leave Joseph."

"And why not?"

"Because," he said simply, "Joseph gave up everything for the Christian faith. He left his wife, his children, his relatives, and home. His people, as you know, have tried time and again to have him return, but he refuses to do so. Now they threaten to kill him. His brother, the one from Kabul, is the most vindictive. So long as he is under our protection he is safe. The natives dare not attack him so long as he is under the protection of the white sahib, but once we go—he dies. In fact, now that his brother has returned, I think it will be necessary for him to stay continually in the mission compound."

"And if I stay," she said, "I die." She laughed bitterly and jerked a contemptuous hand toward the convert. "My life for that. Choose between us."

He paled as he heard her, for in his heart he knew that the coming summer would bring the fulfillment of her words. He rose, however, to his principles.

"There was Another," he said solemnly, "who gave up His life."

"So I am to take the rôle of a martyr for the sake of a miserable wretch in cast-off clothing and—"

"Hush, you must not talk in that strain."

"I hate it," she said vehemently. "I hate it all. I hate your faith, your God—"

"Silence!" Her husband towered above her, his eyes aflame with anger. "Cease your blasphemy. Even hysteria will not excuse that."

Her overstrung nerves snapped and she elung to him, sobbing and afraid. "Forgive me," she said. "I was weak and thoughtless and this heat—and I have not slept—have not slept—"

He led her inside. "Try and calm yourself," he said tenderly, "it will be cooler very soon. The afternoon is passing."

As he walked away his heart was wracked with sorrow; his mind was in a tumult. Her outburst had produced a doubt within him. Was his the right course? Had he, in the fulfillment of his duty, the need to sacrifice her? To send her away was out of the question. He did not possess the means, and then again he knew she would never consent to live apart from him. Black doubt overwhelmed him. His was the choice—the convert or his wife? It was through him that the convert had come to the mission; through him that he had left his home, his wife—

The missionary stopped in his rapid pacing. "I," he

thought, "must follow in the footsteps of Joseph. It was weakness on my part to have hesitated."

He staggered into the mission house and found his wife on her knees; and at the sight of her thin hands tightly clenched in prayer and her crumpled, drooping, tired shoulders he was stricken anew. He knelt beside her and tried to pray.

In the garden Jojug shuffled from plant to plant watering the dead bushes.

"The missionary sahib," he thought, "is a good man, but like all the other sahib log. It is hard for them to understand that we may understand their tongue and yet talk our own. And the remedy is so simple."

He bowed his head on his breast and worked on, calmly, stoically. From the heat haze came what appeared to be another dust devil, larger than any that had passed before and moving with greater rapidity. As it drew nearer Jojug saw it was not a dust devil. At the mission gates it stopped, and Jojug, watching, saw, as the dust fell away and settled, that his brother, mounted on a curvetting horse, was before him—the brother from Kabul, who had vowed to wipe out the family disgrace.

"Ohe, my brother," said the horseman. "There is a little matter between me and thee. It is proper that we should discuss it out of the hearing of the feringhee."

Jojug did not answer. The watering can hung limp in his hands and, as if in abstraction, he watered the driveway. It was noticeable, however, that the flowing water marked a cross on the dusty ground.

"Perhaps thy courage has departed with the faith," said the other through his teeth.

The mission would be closed. The memsahib would return to her home in Belait—England—and would once more laugh as she did in the beginning.

"Wilt thou come?" said the horseman.

"I come, my brother," said the convert calmly, and shuffled toward the gates.

When the cool of the evening had descended on the land the missionary and his wife sought the veranda. "Where is Joseph?" asked he. "We must take care of him."

"He is here," said a voice from the gateway, and looking up the two saw a horseman riding a curvetting horse. Across his saddle lay a limp something. "This," he said, "was my brother. He was set upon by a band of badmashes—bad men and robbers—who slew him." His voice rose in anger. "And—and—sahib, the carcass is thine."

With a kick of his boot he tipped the body in the dust, and turning his horse's head, galloped away.

For a space they gazed at what lay at their feet. Then the missionary turned to his wife.

"We are far from a police outpost," he said, "and nothing can be done. Come, let us go. I will bury Joseph while you pack up our belongings. The mission is ended."

HARRY DAVIDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1914.

One of the most unique conventions of modern times began in Christiania, Norway, on June 16, when delegates from Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, France and the United States met to lay plans for a government for Spitzbergen, a veritable no-man's land, where great mineral wealth is being developed. Seven years ago the modern American explorer arrived there. It is the jeopardizing of his rights that has brought about the approaching conference. It has been found that the islands, especially West Spitzbergen, contain a seemingly inexhaustible supply of coal. Shafts have been sunk to a depth of 500 feet and yet the temperature in the tunnels is 27 degrees. The coal is frozen when it comes up and does not thaw out until well on its way toward the market. The workmen live in iron and cement houses. These houses and the mines are lighted by electricity. There is a wireless station and a dock for steamers. Ships can reach the place only during the warm summer months. Despite the rigors of the climate and the dangers of the work only one man has died there in the last seven years. As soon as the American company had established itself its Norwegian employees began to spread the reports of the wonders of Spitzbergen. There are two shifts of men, one for winter and one for summer, and as they returned to Norway or Sweden they told about the rich mineral deposits. Adventurers were not slow to strike the sea trail for the islands and squatters began to make themselves at home on or near the American company's property. There was no authority to drive them away. It was necessary, however, that something be done so that conflicting claims might be settled, hence the call issued by Norway. Professor William Miller Collier, former minister to Spain, who represents this country at the convention, is quoted as saying recently: "This group of islands is a unique thing in international law. There is no native population, and what population there is is not permanent. Those who work the mines and live in the houses there may not go back again when the shifts change. There is no authority except that of the company officials, and they have not found it necessary to establish even a police force. With the exception of a few marble quarries now being worked by the English there is no property there other than coal mines."

LONDON'S LATEST CLUB.

An Attempt to Cater for the Business Man.

Although more than a hundred new clubs have been founded in London during the last generation the pessimists declare that such organizations are going out of fashion. Certainly a marked change has taken place in the club life of the British capital. It is not so many years since the "principal clubs" of Whitaker's list were almost as exclusive as in the days of the Regency; blackballs were in constant demand and the waiting-lists were of prodigious length. There are still a few institutions of that type. The Guards Club, for example, which celebrated its centenary a few months ago, yet holds the visitor at arm's length, forbidding all non-members to even enter its doors. And there are other clubs which while not quite so exclusive contrive to make all visitors feel that they are trespassing on holy ground. All this is a sore trial to the Londoner who has enjoyed the lavish hospitality of American clubs; much as he would like to make some return for the courtesy of his American friends, he finds his goodwill thwarted by the cast-iron regulations of London tradition.

But that spirit of club caste is rapidly changing. The blackball is going out of fashion, the waiting-lists are shrinking, entrance fees are being suspended, and many a once flourishing institution has had to seek refuge from extinction by joining forces with another establishment. Under such circumstances it might be imagined there was no room for another club in London; for notwithstanding the mortality and changing spirit of the times it would be difficult to name an activity or an indolence which is not represented by its club in John Bull's capital. There are social clubs, and political clubs, clubs for officers of the army or navy, clubs for lawyers, and golfers, theatrical and religious clubs, university and artistic clubs, polo and angling clubs; in short clubs for all phases of modern life. Hitherto, however, one might seek in vain for an institution of that type which made a special appeal to the mere man of business.

That lack has now been supplied. For the Carlyle Club, which opened its doors a few days since, is described as having been "built for business and professional men, and especially for the provincial business man who needs a *piéd-à-terre* and a business home in the heart of London." Although the opening ceremony was performed by one conspicuous member of the Conservative party and notwithstanding the fact that one of its vice-presidents is the leader of that party, the Carlyle is described as a non-political club. It has other negative qualities. It will not, for example, compete with the restaurant, for there is no dining-room; nor will it compete with the hotel, for there are no bedrooms. The absence of a dining-room does not imply that its members must fast while within its walls; on the contrary there will always be on hand a liberal supply of "snacks," which will be provided free of all charge. The Carlyle, indeed, will be London's best and only example of the "free lunch" counter. The "snacks" for male members are to be supplemented by tea, wine, and cakes and biscuits for lady visitors, and while the mere males will be expected to pay for their strong drinks the fair sex is to have its stimulants as well as its tea free of all charge.

Every other service of the club is without cost to those who have paid their twelve guineas subscription, or, in the cases of country and foreign members, four and two guineas respectively. Whether he subscribes twelve or two guineas, the member of the Carlyle will receive excellent value for his money. On the third floor is a suite of business rooms, small alcoves where privacy and quietness are available for making "deals" with customers; in every room is a telephone in addition to sound-proof boxes on every floor; a corps of messengers will be always on duty to carry letters anywhere within the London district; there is a baggage-room for the safe custody of members' baggage; hats and suits left with the porter will be ironed and pressed and sent anywhere at the expense of the club; and there are numerous bath and dressing-rooms for the convenience of those who wish to change into evening dress.

Another attraction of the Carlyle is that its members are provided with a book of cards which enable him to confer the privilege of full membership on his friends, each card being available for two weeks. For the first two days of that period the visitor-member is in a better position than the member himself, inasmuch as during those two days he can have his drinks as well as his "snacks" without charge. That fact alone would make the Carlyle unique among the clubs of London. To a man of commerce even twelve guineas is a small investment for the power to oblige his customers on such a generous scale.

But the Carlyle is much more than a complimentary free lunch institution. It is perhaps the best-planned and best-appointed club in all London. In design and decoration a successful effort has been made to superimpose Georgian luxury and comfort on Elizabethan picturesque. The attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of Tudor days has indeed been carried into minute detail. With the exception of the ladies' drawing-room, the woodwork of which is of modern walnut,

all the timber used is of oak, and much of that oak has been obtained from houses of the Elizabethan period. There are beams, indeed, on which may still be seen the marks of the rough tools used in the sixteenth century. In brief the designers have had in view the furnishings and general appearance of an Elizabethan manor-house, for the walls of the various rooms are wainscotted in the style of that period, the ceilings are of the sixteenth-century open wooden model, and the fireplaces reproduce the spacious ingle-nooks which were common in those far-off days. Even though the lighting is by electricity, that modern illuminant shines down from imitation rushlight sconces and ancient lanterns. The tables of the chief public rooms are replicas of monkish refectory furniture, and the chairs are modeled after the style of Elizabethan furniture. If, however, the latter suggest the era of the Virgin Queen in their shapes and their coverings of undressed hide, they are equipped with the softest down and most pliable springs of modern days.

One of the most fascinating apartments of the Carlyle is the "Buccaneer Room," sacred to the devotee of the weed introduced by Raleigh. Red brick fireplaces with wrought-iron "dogs," models of the ship in which Columbus first crossed the Atlantic and of a Spanish vessel of Armada days, with friezes depicting historic events in Elizabethan times, and old "bull's-eye" windows and the armorial bearings of sixteenth-century worthies, all contribute to the Old World atmosphere of this noble apartment. The "Raleigh Room" is set apart for readers; the "Carlyle Room" is also reserved for the more social uses of the club. For lady callers there is the dainty drawing-room noted above, plus a dressing-room where those favored visitors may avail themselves of an English-speaking French maid.

In short the Carlyle is the most notable innovation in club life ever made in the city of London. It is the first tribute to the importance of mere business ever paid by Napoleon's "nation of shopkeepers." For while, as has been seen, the amenities of clubdom have not been neglected, in the last resort it is designed first and last as the resort of men who have more serious aims than fishing or playgoing or mere social intercourse. Why, however, it should be called the "Carlyle" has not yet been explained by its promoters. The Sage of Chelsea was hardly a clubbable man in the sense of Dr. Johnson's famous definition, nor was he exactly the type of a business man. It may be, however, that his name has been thus honored because he was the prophet and high priest of the gospel of work. And another fact which gives one pause is the locality chosen for the club's premises. They are hardly situated "in the heart of London" as the prospectus avers, for the Carlyle is but a few doors removed from the giddy whirl of Piccadilly Circus. Surely this is to cast temptation directly in the path of the "provincial business man," for how shall he resist the charms of the sirens who flaunt their beauty and rare attire in that delectable Circus? Perhaps the ladies' drawing-room and privileges for female visitors were designed as a corrective of those adjacent perils. Any way it is to be hoped that the business members of the Carlyle may be sufficiently engrossed in commercial transactions to make them indifferent to the temptations of their environment.

LONDON, June 5, 1914.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Russia is within measurable distance of executing well within the projected time the Amur railroad, which is to connect, by means of a line entirely within Russian territory, the Siberian Railway system with Khabarovsk, and thence by the already existing Ussuri Railway with Vladivostok. The formidableness of the undertaking, covering a distance of 1248 miles, is realized when it is understood that the line passes through country much of which was previously untraveled, and nearly all was uninhabited. Natural obstacles in the form of swamps and mountain ranges are met with all along the line except in the Zey-Bureya district; the climate is extremely rigorous, and large tracts lie within the zone of perpetually frozen ground; moreover, it has been necessary to bring the whole working staff from great distances, mostly from European Russia. The difficulties to be overcome were underestimated at the beginning, and the expenditure has exceeded the original appropriations by twenty per cent, or about \$21,110,000.

Although four Americans have won the Epsom Derby only one American-bred horse has ever captured it—Iroquois, owned by the late Pierre Lorillard, in 1881. The classic was won this year by Herman B. Durvea, an American, who raced the French-bred horse, Durbar II. The Kentucky jockey, MacGee, rode the winner. The late William C. Whitney won the great English turf classic with Volodyovski in 1901. Mr. Whitney had leased the racing services of the horse. In 1907 Richard Croker won the Derby with Orby, bred in Ireland. Sir Martin, an American-bred horse, owned by Mr. Walter Winans, was winning the great event a few years ago when he fell at the famous Tottenham corner, and with him fell the hopes of America for that year.

A British syndicate has acquired 5000 acres in the Imperial Valley, California, and proposes to introduce Egyptian cotton and to construct new gins.

IN TERROR OF DEATH.

When the French Took Tarragona.

"You know," said Manuel, "what a sorrowful day for Tarragona was the twenty-eighth of June, 1811. But you can not imagine the horrors attending the taking of the city. You did not see five thousand Spaniards perish in ten hours; you did not see houses and churches in flames; you did not see unarmed old men and helpless women slaughtered in cold blood; you did not see the modesty of maidens, the dignity of matrons, the sanctity of nuns outraged.

"I saw it all! I saw the sick rise from the bed of suffering, dragging after them their sheets, like shrouds, to perish at the hands of foreign soldiers on the threshold over which the day before had passed the Viaticum! I saw lying in the street the body of a woman they had slaughtered, and at her side her infant still nursing at its dead mother's breast.

"Dangerously wounded and unable to take further part in the conflict, I fled for refuge to Clara's house.

"Full of anguish and terror, she stood at the window fearing for my life and risking her own to see me in case I should chance to pass through the street.

"I entered and fastened the door, but my pursuers had already caught sight of Clara—and she was so beautiful!

"They saluted her with a roar of savage joy and a burst of brutal laughter. A moment more and the door would yield to the axe and the flames. We were lost!

"Clara's mother, carrying in her arms her year-old babe, led us to the cistern or reservoir of the house, which was very deep and which was now dry, as no rain had fallen for several months, and there we concealed ourselves.

"The child I have spoken of, whose name was Miguel, was Clara's brother, that is to say, the youngest child of the unhappy woman whom the French had just made a widow.

"In the cistern we four might find safety. Seen from the yard, the cistern seemed a simple well. The French would think we had made our escape by the roof.

"They soon declared that such was the case, uttering horrible oaths while they rested themselves in the shady yard, in the centre of which was the cistern.

"Yes, we were saved! Clara bound up my bleeding hand, her mother nursed Miguel, and I, although I was shivering from the chill which had followed the fever caused by my wound, smiled with happiness.

"At this moment we noticed that the soldiers, wishing doubtless, to slake their thirst, were trying to draw water from the cistern in which we were concealed.

"Picture to yourselves our anguish at this instant!

"We drew aside to make way for the bucket, which descended until it touched the floor.

"We scarcely dared to breathe.

"The bucket was drawn up again.

"The well is dry! cried the soldiers.

"There must be water upstairs! exclaimed one.

"They are going away! we all said to ourselves.

"What if they should be concealed in this well!" cried a voice in Catalan.

"It was a renegade!—a Spaniard who had betrayed us!

"What nonsense!" responded the Frenchman; 'they could not have gotten down there so suddenly!'

"That is true," responded the renegade.

"They did not know that the cistern could be entered by an underground passage, whose door or trap, carefully concealed in the floor of a dark cellar, somewhat distant from the house, it would be almost impossible to discover. We had, however, committed the imprudence of locking the iron grating which cut off the communication between the cistern and the passage, and we could not open it without making a great deal of noise.

"Imagine, then, the cruel fluctuations between hope and fear with which we had listened to the dialogue carried on by those wretches on the very brink of the well. From the corners in which we were crouching we could see the shadows of their heads moving within the circle of light on the floor of the cistern. Every second seemed to us a century.

"At this moment the babe Miguel began to cry.

"But at his first whimper his mother silenced the sounds that threatened to betray our hiding-place, pressing the infant's tender face into her bosom.

"Did you hear that?" cried some one in the yard above.

"I heard nothing," responded another.

"Let us listen," said the renegade.

"Three horrible minutes passed.

"Miguel struggled to get his voice, and the more closely his mother pressed his face into her bosom, the more violent were his struggles.

"But not the slightest sound was audible.

"It must have been an echo!" exclaimed the soldiers.

"Yes, that was it!" assented the renegade.

"And they took their departure, and we could hear the noise of their steps and the clanking of their sabres slowly dying away in the direction of the gate.

"The danger was passed!

"But, alas! our deliverance had come too late.

"Baby Miguel neither cried nor struggled now.

"He was dead!"—Translated from the Spanish of Pedro de Alarcon by Mary J. Serrano.

JAPANESE LIFE AND THOUGHT.

Mr. Okakura-Yoshisaburo Shows That Japan Is Essentially Unchanged by the Western World.

It is certainly not the fault of Japanese authors if there should be any failure to understand the country, its thought, and its people. For the past ten years and longer there has been a steady stream of interpretation, sometimes almost bewildering in its variety and its breadth. Some of it, perhaps most of it, has been apologetic. A good deal of it has been tainted with an air of undue deference to foreign opinion, an exaggerated desire to conciliate that has occasionally degenerated into flattery. Never before in the history of the world has a nation shown so continuous a desire to be understood as has the Japanese, and while this may be gratifying to Western complacency it may leave us still in wonder as to its causes.

The latest volume to appear on the scene is by Mr. Okakura-Yoshisaburo, already known as the author of "The Japanese Spirit." It is largely composed of lectures delivered by Mr. Okakura-Yoshisaburo while he was in Boston, and he says that these lectures represent an attempt to bring about a better understanding of his native land by the Occidental mind. It is a task that demands some courage, since it is not easy for a people proud of their progressiveness to understand a people who are equally proud of their conservatism. Japan, says the author, in spite of modern developments, still remains in spirit very much the same as she ever was in the days of yore. And he seems to hope that the spirit will remain unchanged, and this, he it said, is a refreshing note to strike after a certain monotony of imitativeness.

The author devotes himself to national traits rather than to that literary photography of Japanese life that is doubtless more popular. For example, he has much to say of the Japanese love of cleanliness, which was once inseparably associated with the idea of moral rectitude. Sin was something filthy sticking to the soul, just as though it were a smear on the face, and we find the same idea among the ancient Chinese:

The existence of the love of purity in such a degree naturally presupposes the constant use of water, hot or cold, as an effective means of both mental as well as physical purification. Although the establishment of public baths, as you find them everywhere in Japan today, dates back only a few centuries, the practice of bathing in some form of clear water for religious and sanitary purposes seems to have existed from time out of mind. At present there are over eleven hundred public baths in the city of Tokyo, in which it is calculated that five hundred thousand persons, that is about one-third of its population, bathe daily, the usual charge being about a penny. In addition to this, every respectable house has its own bath-room. Other cities and villages are similarly provided. This may perhaps serve as an excuse on the part of the Japanese of the old school for the lack of any device so perfect as your system of daily renovated linen. "But as the bodies even of the men of the lowest class," so writes Mr. Chamberlain, "are constantly washed and scrubbed, it is hardly to be supposed that their garments, though perhaps dusty outside, can be very dirty within. The Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world." The same writer goes on to relate his experience in a certain village which is famed for its hot spring. Some of the inhabitants of the place excused themselves to the gentlemen for their dirtiness during the busy summer months. "For," said they, "we have only time to bathe twice a day." "How often, then, do you bathe in winter?" "Oh! about four and five times daily. The children get into the bath whenever they feel cold!"

It is actually the love of cleanliness that is responsible for many of the Japanese vices. From this cause arose the stigma attaching to trade, since only a dishonest man would be capable of buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear one, and dishonesty was a stain to be avoided. All traders therefore were necessarily cheats and doubtless learned to live up to their reputation. Even today "money seems a stain, a defilement" to the better classes, and one of the ideals of the laborer is "not to make the day's earnings live longer than the midnight".

The spirit of vindictiveness and the pathetic yearning for vengeance—these are also qualities with which the Japanese mind is usually associated. But, pray, how could it be otherwise, being trained, as we actually are, to look upon slights inflicted, either on our family honor or on the national pride, as so many defilements and wounds, that would not be clean and heal up again, unless by a thorough washing through vindication? You may consider the cases of vendetta so often met with in the public and private life of Japan, merely as a kind of morning tub which a people take with whom love of cleanliness has grown into a passion.

One of the keystones of Japanese life is obedience, a trait that will seem unworthy only to a modern spirit that resents alike a subjection to conscience as well as to external authority. Every Japanese recognizes that he has a superior to whom deference should be given, and from this sense of superiority comes the dutifulness that must be shown to *Kami*. The Gods are *Kami*, and must be obeyed. The emperor is a living God, and must therefore be obeyed. The government represents the emperor, and therefore exercises lawful authority, and in this way family relationships, professions, positions, age, sex, and numerous other social relations are established in infinite gradations, each with its own rights to obedience:

I have thus far been trying to lay before you what I deem the *raison d'être* for the almost innate proclivity of our mind to be ever ready to obey the will of what we consider our "higher," of *Kami*, of the emperor, of the government, and of all authorities. Other theories may be propounded for the mental tendency which is discernible in our earliest progenitors; but the fact remains that this tendency was in existence

two thousand years ago as it exists today, only now in a stronger degree, for the characteristic gains in force as time advances. At present no reasonable wish is expressed, for example, on the part of the government, which is popularly thought to represent the emperor's will, but the people are found assiduously trying to carry it out to its full extent; and, what is remarkable, they take to their work of carrying out the wish without a murmur, nay, with a will, in most cases fully believing in the wisdom of the "higher" that originated it.

The imitativeness of the Japanese, at least so far as the better classes are concerned, is in no way due to servility or a desire to flatter, but is strictly utilitarian. Western habits are adopted where they are distinctly preferable, and not otherwise. It is the idea of *Kami*, or superiority, that causes the Japanese government to advise the people: "Look to the Westerners for more knowledge, they are still our superiors in many respects, try to work up to their high standard of civilization," adding, however, in the same breath, "only be sure to stand firm on your native soil, lest you should lose your footing as a true Japanese":

The hair of men is dressed after the foreign fashion. Women's, too, is very often done in the same way, though foreign hats are not worn except when they go out in foreign dress, which is as yet extremely rare. In the larger towns men are generally seen with a foreign hat and very often with a pair of foreign shoes, even when they are in the native kimono, which they, officials and all, prefer to the foreign attire when at home. But enough! You must surely be tired of the epithet foreign, which stands for the native word *Seiyō*, meaning "Occidental." So am I too, especially when I remember that what we call *Seiyō* is very often "foreign" only in the sense that it is "foreign" to any known form of the really Occidental thing for which it is meant.

The author seems to be sure that Christianity will never make any headway in Japan, and this not because it is lacking in the essentials of morality, but because it is foreign to the native thought. For example, the relation between the living and the dead which has taken form under the name of Shinto is a characteristic of the whole Mongolian race and the substratum of the religious nature. Even Buddhism, which is much the superior form of faith, has been so modified by Shinto that in many respects it has almost lost its identity. Buddhism has secured its admission to the Japanese mind as a doctrine concerning the present, and not as one based on any particular belief concerning the future:

You will see from what I have said how difficult it is for Christianity to be truly understood by the so-called believers among the Japanese people. The Christian theology and Christian moral system can hardly hope to meet with any better result than other moral and religious doctrines in the work of conversion. Its theories and forms can be taught so as to be accepted and practiced by the Japanese, but whether it can ever succeed in touching our heart of hearts, and make us care no more for the spirits of our forefathers hovering the air, is a question which seems not likely to be answered in the affirmative, so long at least as the present state of things continues to prevail. For in our belief in those spirits there are found all the germs necessary for the production of a true Japanese subject, at once loyal, patriotic, and filially dutiful—and what subject is for his country more precious than such a one?—loyal, patriotic, and filially dutiful at the same time, because, by being worthy of any one of these noble epithets, he can not help, from the nature of things, being worthy of the other two!

We have a remarkable description of the system of Buddhist education, a system that should prove interesting to the modern psychical researcher. It consists wholly of contemplation, the theory being that all knowledge is to be found in the heart, and that the mind that is concentrated on this inner knowledge will presently be able to call it forth. The pupils sit in a long hall and in absolute silence, trying to think out, and yet without thought, the abstruse problems previously set them by the patriarch of the temple:

The problems are generally so contrived as to make any definite answer to them quite impossible. One is asked "to hear the clapping of one hand"; another, "to feel the yearning for one's mother before one's own conception"; and a third, to prove that "salt is the sweetest substance with which the tongue is ever brought into contact." When a pupil thinks he has worked himself up, by means of the complete absorption of mind, into a firm conviction about a given problem, the way to it being made somewhat easy by a course of lectures regularly delivered at the temple, he first announces his intention of communicating his solution to the head priest by ringing a small bell that hangs in the hall.

He then leaves the hall to approach another at the end of a long corridor, where the master sits waiting during certain hours every day for any one of his pupils to bring his conclusion to him and get further guidance in the training. On this occasion what is strictly required from the pupil is to concentrate his whole mind on the truth he deems to have arrived at, and proceed, with his hands put palm against palm, to bring the conclusion, safe and undisturbed by any other idea, into the very presence of the veteran patriarch whose trained eyes are sure soon to detect his exact state of mind and who will at once take recourse to some appropriate measures in behalf of the pupil.

The author complains that there is sometimes a confusion between the habits that are distinctively Japanese and those that may better be described as Oriental. Are not the Japanese, he asks, sometimes suspected of some atrocity or malice of which they are quite innocent simply because they belong to the Orientals and therefore have to answer for all the misdeeds that have been committed in the East, far and near?

An American lady once told me how amused she was, when staying in Florence, to hear an Italian gentleman tell her, by way of compliment, all sorts of drolleries and eccentricities supposed to be fashionable in the United States. Thus, he expressed his great admiration of the American national dance, "Your dance is so pretty," he said, "so lively and so full of mirth, and so . . ." "But what do you mean by our national dance?" said the American lady; "we have none." "Oh, yes, you have; of course I mean the cake-walk!"

It need hardly be said that the author deplors the Japanese exclusiveness that for so long barred the doors against Occidental knowledge and civilization, but he says very truly that this was largely the fault of the Western visitors themselves. Had they behaved more wisely and been less intolerant in their dealings with the Japanese they would have done their work better and would have avoided the evils that followed their exclusion and the sentiment of mistrust that still lingers in the popular mind. But it seems that it was actually the medical knowledge of the West that finally won the Japanese heart:

Some might perhaps wonder why we did not shut ourselves up entirely, instead of keeping up a lukewarm sort of intercourse with the West. The reason is very simple and soon told. We wanted to know much about the outer world to keep ourselves abreast of the progress that was being made outside our sea-girt home. We have seen how the same progressive spirit first came to be evoked, and was kept up ever after, by our early contact with the products of the civilization of the Asiatic continent. The attention of our imperial rulers was attracted, in particular, by the heavenly art of curing disease—the "art of mercy," as medical science is called in the East. Chinese medicine and pharmacy were introduced into our country *pari passu* with gradually increasing intercourse with the continent. Already in the reign of the Emperor Mommu in the early part of the seventh century, a medical school was founded in Japan. There were in it special departments for internal medicine, surgery, pediatrics, acupuncture, ophthalmology, dental surgery, etc.

So, when we were brought face to face with a new form of civilization in the sixteenth century, when the so-called "Southern Barbarians (Nanman)," as we used to call the Portuguese and Spaniards, visited us with their attractive novelties in warlike and peaceful arts, our attention was directed, besides the use of firearms, the art of building castles, the manufacture of gunpowder, cotton, tobacco, etc., to the important art of healing, of which the early Christian fathers could show us a new field of wonders unknown to Chinese medicine. This fact did not escape the sharp eyes of Francis Xavier, who found it conducive to his proselytizing work to aid the poor and treat their diseases gratuitously.

It is certainly true that our criticisms of Oriental life are often based on no more than a sense of unfamiliarity. "How dreadful of the Japanese to eat raw fish," a lady is heard to say, while her fingers are busy squeezing a slice of lemon on the shells of fresh oysters before her. Japanese ways seem often to be topsy turvy, and yet whether saws and planes happen to be pushed or pulled the work is none the less done, and done well. And as for the Japanese habit of putting the word at the end of the sentence, that also has its advantages for the young lady, who is thus enabled to keep her definite answer to the last moment:

Besides these considerations pertaining to the Japanese side, did the idea ever occur to you that your own ways might appear to us no less curious and strange than ours do to you? Do you know how amusing it sometimes is to us to see you at your daily performances? Your mode of expressing friendship by a grasp of hands; your manner of imparting affection by an application of lips; your fondness of hopping about on tip-toe in a dancing-hall, with your arm round the waist of a person of different sex; your readiness to wear indoors the same pair of shoes in which you have shuffled about the street—all this and many other oddities can not fail to attract our attention before our senses get benumbed by an immersion in the *Lethé* of habit.

You seem to us strongly convinced of your superiority, very often in a stronger degree than we are ready to acknowledge. You believe in one God, and all are hopeless heathens who do not do the same, as if your God could not fulfill His will in any other form. You belong to the Caucasian race, and all are hopelessly inferior who do not belong to it—so much so that an American authority on Japan kindly proposed to vindicate in his new book the possibility of our being a great nation by pointing to the probable existence of a drop of your blood in our veins through our early intermarriage with the hairy Ainu, the Caucasian aborigines of our islands!

It is fitting that the author should complete his work by some references to the status of women. In the main the Japanese have followed the Chinese view in this as in almost everything else concerning morality:

Both of these systems were, generally speaking, unfair in their treatment of women, for the Chinese sages considered, as one of their proverbs says, that "women and children are the most difficult subjects to deal with," while the religious Indians saw in their wives meshes of the net of human passions which hindered them from reaching enlightenment. Notwithstanding this strong influence to which we were exposed, however, it is quite remarkable that the Japanese should never once in their long career have allowed themselves to ill-treat their women. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters have always stood on the same level of dignity, with only this distinction, that the male members were so trained as to develop themselves along the more positive side of life, while female members were taught to fulfill themselves along the negative side of it. The gay brilliancy of broad daylight represents the one; the calm repose of moonlit night is the symbol for the other. If a mighty rock, fearlessly erecting its head in the sea, stands for the masculine, it is the noiselessly swelling wave, lipping on its breast, that is the counterpart of the feminine. Is unused energy in any way stronger than *vis viva*, because it lies dormant? Latent or active, hidden or visible, the force resides in each. In both the universe is whole, the two elements complementing each other. The moment each should try to fight the other, then both are sure to meet destruction!

Mr. Okakura-Yoshisaburo's book is a distinct and valuable addition to the Japanese literature of the day, not only because it is the work of a scholar, but also because it is written from the plane of sentiment and of idea rather than from the lower plane of custom and habit. The author believes that Japan today is essentially the same as she was in ages past, and he believes also that she will remain essentially unchanged both in sentiment and religion, and it is a belief that her well-wishers will be likely heartily to applaud.

THE LIFE AND THOUGHT OF JAPAN. By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914. net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Women We Marry.

A natural inclination to evade the Boston novel should in this case be resisted. It is true that Mr. Pier lays his scene in Boston, but that is a mere happening. It might just as well have been anywhere else.

We are told on the cover that this is not a sex novel. But all novels are sex novels, and they are either unpleasant or otherwise. This one is otherwise, although it carries a full load of temptations which are successfully resisted. There are two men and two wives who occupy the centre of the stage, and it is at the development of the two wives that we are invited to gaze as they make their way from the experimental stage of marriage to the practical, that is to say to motherhood. Rosamund, who appears first as a particularly jolly sort of girl, has her baby, and becomes just a conventional mother, and we are inclined to wonder if the author intended her thus to degenerate into respectability. Dorothy, who seems to be an equally nice girl, degenerates in another way. She becomes selfish and heartless, and the difference seems to be caused by the fact that Rosamund nurses her baby, while Dorothy, piqued because her husband is so much interested in the baby, refuses to do her maternal duties. We wonder if this could really make so much difference in character, or whether it only called forth the already existing differences. We are a little dubious on this point, but Mr. Pier's story is so exceptionally good that we are willing to accept the idea as a working hypothesis.

THE WOMEN WE MARRY. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Immanence.

Evelyn Underhill, the chief living historian of Christian mysticism, now shows that she herself is a mystic by a volume of poems devoted to the unseen realities and permanences of life that have been forgotten by an age of materialism. She has done something more than verify the perceptions of others. She gives the impression that she herself has had perceptions, and so far as any such perceptions are expressible they are to be found here in a delicate and beautiful form. Perhaps it would be just to say that the keynote to these poems may be found in the opening stanza of the poem from which the volume takes its name:

I come in little things,
Saith the Lord:
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;
Not broke or divided, saith our God.
In your strait garden plot I come to flower:
About your porch My Vine
Meeke, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

We should have more, much more, poetry of this kind.

IMMANENCE. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Napoleon at Bay.

Napoleon will always be a fascinating study, from whatever point of view we may select. Mr. F. Loraine Petre, already recognized as a high authority on Napoleonic history, chooses the military point of view, and so sets himself to determine at what point the Napoleonic star began to set. But for the two months' war in Champagne he might still have retained his throne, and of this war Mr. Petre gives us a minute and vivid account. The allies would have welcomed peace, but Napoleon's hopes had been raised by his success against Blücher and his victories over Schwarzenberg, and he was once more upon that pinnacle of optimism where he was unable to conceive of himself as overthrown. It was this that blinded him to the actual facts and, as the author says, caused him to think that the fall of the conqueror of Europe was an unthinkable contingency. Mr. Petre is already responsible for four substantial volumes on the Napoleonic campaigns, and now comes a fifth that is as valuable as any and as clearly indicative of accurate research and of an eminently satisfactory power of presentation.

NAPOLEON AT BAY, 1814. By F. Loraine Petre. With maps and plans. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Philosophy.

Sir Home Gordon's translation of Emile Faguet's "Initiation into Philosophy" should be welcomed by those who want a terse and condensed history of philosophic thought that may be used as a guide to their own reasoning. The author sketches the history of philosophy from the time of Thales down to the last century, avoiding as far as possible technical language. A few exaggerated statements seem to mar the work, such, for example, as the remark that it needs extraordinary ingenuity to find in ancient wisdom even a few traces of the Christian doctrine. The

author's explanation of the Roman persecutions seems also a little weak. But none the less the work is a most valuable one for the young student.

INITIATION INTO PHILOSOPHY. By Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon, Bart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Heinrich Heine.

A general recognition that poetry is untranslatable and therefore not to be translated except into prose would save us such irritations as are inflicted by this attempt to render into English verse some of the lyric poems of a great master of lyric poems. Evidently Mr. Levy is not a poet, and it is to be feared that he does not even recognize the poetry in the original German, and sometimes not even the sense. For example he translates

Und sterbend zu dir sprecht:
"Madam, ich liebe sie."

into

Say: "Lady mine, I love you,"
And, speaking so, would die.

Evidently Mr. Levy does not recognize the inference in the word "madam," and it was because of that inference that the poem was written. At the same time some of these translations are not without an adroit turn. But why incur the enmity of Heine for such slight cause?

HEINRICH HEINE. Done into English by Robert Levy. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

The chess devotee will find much to his liking in "Chessmen in Action," by W. P. Turnhull (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net). The author gives a large number of problems and also their solutions, but "the reader is strongly advised not to refer to these prematurely."

The American Book Company has published "Dramatic Stories for Reading and Acting," by Ada M. Skinner. The author has made her selection from the classics and made it well. Nothing could be better for its purpose, and it may be said also that nothing could be better than the numerous white and black illustrations.

"Social Entertainments," by Lillian Pascal Day (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net), is described as a book of practical suggestions for entertaining. We are also informed that these entertainments are entirely within the means of people of moderate circumstances. They are arranged for each month of the year and illustrated from specially posed photographs taken for the book.

The American Unitarian Association, Boston, has published "The Ethical Aspects of Evolution," by John C. Kimball (\$1.25 net). The author is to be congratulated on a very precise and graceful presentation of his argument that evolution and religion go hand in hand, although one is disposed to wonder how religion and fact can conceivably be in conflict. Surely ethical conduct can be no more than the behavior that is attuned to evolution—in other words to "the will of God."

Mr. Mitchell Kennerley has published a rather surprising little book called "Book Titles from Shakspeare," arranged under the names of the authors who have gone to Shakspeare for their title pages. It is interesting to note that the play of "Hamlet" exceeds all the rest as a source of inspiration, about one-third of the entire list being taken from that tragedy. "As You Like It" is next in favor, followed closely by "Macbeth" and "Othello." The author suggests that the possibilities of Shakspeare in this connection are by no means exhausted.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of three new books: "Cross Trails," by Herman Whitaker, who has just returned from Mexico; "At the Casa Napoleon," by Thomas A. Janvier; and "Good Form for All Occasions," by Florence Howe Hall. The same firm is bringing out a limited, specially illustrated edition of "The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett.

"Letters of a Woman Homesteader," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart, and "The Ministry of Art," by Ralph Adams Cram, published this spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company, will be brought out in England by Constable & Co., Ltd.

"Juvenile Courts and Probation," which the Century Company will issue in June, has the endorsement of, and is the report of, a special committee of the National Probation Association, of which Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin, who write the book, are president and secretary.

A. Henry Savage-Landor, the author of the two-volume work, "Across Unknown South America," who has been drawn into the controversy over Theodore Roosevelt's South American discoveries, was recently invited to lecture at the Sorbonne, Paris. By conferring

this honor on this famous English explorer France virtually endorsed Savage-Landor and the results of his 13,750-mile journey through Brazil and other South American countries. President Poincaré of France and members of his cabinet, together with ambassadors from the United States, England, and other countries, were among those present, while, according to the Paris press, more than 2000 were stopped at the entrance for lack of room.

Lilian Whiting, the Boston author, has returned to her Boston home from another prolonged visit to England, where she gathered additional material for her autumn travel hook, "The Lure of London," which Little, Brown & Co. will publish.

The University of Illinois boasts of one of the largest and most efficient departments of mathematics in any American university, and the American Mathematical Series of textbooks under the editorship of Professor E. J. Townsend, head of this department, has won a correspondingly high reputation. The series, published by Henry Holt & Co., now includes for college use an algebra, a trigonometry, and a calculus. The latest volume to appear is an "Analytic Geometry of Space," by Professor Virgil Snyder of Cornell and Professor C. H. Sisam of Illinois, published on June 13.

David Potter's novel, "The Streak," is generally regarded as the best portrayal of army life in the Philippines that has yet appeared.

The Century Company announces early issue in this country of "Forces Mining and Undermining China," by Captain Rowland R. Gibson, a military interpreter in the Chinese language, and formerly Chinese inspector under the Transvaal government. Captain Gibson tells "the story of the big loan" and of the rise of the Kailan mining administration, and presents a wide variety of facts regarding railroads, mining, and Chinese labor.

Mme. L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who has published her reminiscences of the diplomatic world under the title of "In the Courts of Memory," is at present on a visit to this country. In addition to her social visits Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone is occupied in writing a new volume of recollections which will be published later. The popularity of "In the Courts of Memory" has been largely due to its musical interest. The author, a singer of international reputation, was on intimate terms with Auber, Carreno, Garcia, Jenny Lind, Rossini, and other famous musicians.

"The Titan," the new novel by Theodore Dreiser, just published by the John Lane Company, is the second in a "Trilogy of Desire," of which the other volume was "The Financier."

A new and profitable way of spending a holiday is opened up by Frederick A. Talbot in his book on "Practical Cinematography." In this new art the amateur has an excellent chance against the professional, and any owner of a unique film can dictate his own terms. "The market is open also to travelers, explorers, and sportsmen," says Mr. Talbot. "These, with a cinematograph camera and a few thousand feet of film, can recompense themselves so well that the entire cost of an

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expedition may be repaid. An Austrian sportsman who roamed and hunted in the North Polar icefields received over £6000 for the films he brought back with him. Mr. Cherry Kearton, who took pictures of wild life in various parts of the world, sold his negatives for £10,000."

The announcement that George Brandes, the illustrious Danish critic, regards Jack London as the leading novelist of this country, comes just as Mr. London's new book, "The Strength of the Strong," is issued from the Macmillan press. Mr. London holds this position, in the opinion of Dr. Brandes, because he is so "distinctively American in ideas and spirit."

"The Return of the Prodigal," May Sinclair's new book, is a collection of stories, not all of them short stories in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, for several occupy seventy-five pages or more, while "The Cosmopolitan," the last piece in the book runs to about one hundred and fifty pages. In all of them Miss Sinclair has ample opportunity for character analysis and plot development. In England, where "The Return of the Prodigal" has just been published, it has been most pleasantly received, going into a second edition almost on the day of its appearance.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Poems of G. E. Woodberry.

"The Flight and Other Poems," by G. E. Woodberry, reminds us of that last little book of Keats, because it contains so many things that the world will some day be glad to remember. We have seen criticisms of this book in high quarters, but as they fail to take notice of the poems which are its supreme achievements, we will name those which seem destined to be crowned with the applause of poets, and poets after all are the final arbiters of their own art.

The highest and rarest of Mr. Woodberry's poems are his lyrics. In them the vision of the poet burns at its highest luminosity and his speech vibrates with overtones of song which can not be heard by ordinary ears. "The Sicilian" is modeled like a portrait of Velasquez. "Orfeo" would have delighted Theocritus: it is such a vision of innocence as Fra Angelico might have painted. "The Festa" is as delicate in coloring as a water-color of Turner. And all three will take their place in the golden treasury of our language.

Of one with these songs in ecstasy of mood, but just below them in the flawless perfection of their art, come "Flower of Etna," "The Winged Eros," "The Reveler," "St. John and the Faun," and "To a Child." A stanza, a line, even a single word—like the dark inclusion suspended within a diamond which relegates it to the second class—is enough to mar the crystalline primacy of a lyric. In "Flower of Etna" the last line of the third stanza is not impeccable, and the sixth stanza was conceived in a momentary dimness of the lights of vision; but otherwise the poem is filled with lyrical breath. The fifth of the quatrains of "The Winged Eros" does not rise above speech, and though the fourth is above this mediocrity it is no match for the glowing intensity of the sixteen remaining lines. A similar descent from the blue of heaven is ruinous to "The Reveler" in the first twelve lines of its third stanza. Ben Jonson might have written them: they have ceased to fly. And the closing quatrain of the first stanza is too ratiocinative for song.

As a tribute to the boyish beauty of Italy, the poem called "St. John and the Faun" might better have been called Amalfi than to unite in the title two subjects which have no concurrence in the poem. There is a loss of lyrical directness from the fact that the two visions which are the heart of the poem are encased between a prologue and an epilogue explaining the psychology of the matter. In the epilogue, the poem ends like a tired bird just fluttering above the ground. Had the order been confined to the second, third, and first divisions, a lovely song would have resulted; though we confess to hearing a false note in the words "inexorably spread," which are a deduction of logic, when all that vision beheld was the wide and widening sea. Something of this same union of unmatching parts may be noted in "The Dirge," all the high song of which is in the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, which do not need the setting that comes before and after. In the lines "To a Child" the essential singing is in the second and third stanzas; the other two were made to match, but they fail; and the fourth introduces itself with a limp that is incurable. All of which, to be sure, are only feathers in the crystal, but they make the difference between a mineral and a gem.

It is little flaws again which detract from the perfection of another poem, elegiac rather than lyrical, "To an Ionian Boy." In these lines to a youthful emigrant aided by the poet to make his way to America, tenderness and ardor have combined with a fine and fundamental treatment to make a poem of high racial import. But what is the meaning of the opening couplet? And the six lines beginning "To this end my father toiled" are superfluous, because their theme is already finished. And the enumeration of the four lines that begin "The old forms gone" is a weak summary and dilutes the thought. The single line, "For plinth and coin, for bust and scroll," is too full of petty things for the effect intended. In the final apostrophe to Greece, the theme should have been held too great and too impersonal for the injection of either poet or boy in the four lines beginning "And still from thee he takes the best." Greece only, as the apostrophe continues, should have been addressed directly; and for the same reason both poet and boy should have hidden themselves at the end.

Song is the latest blooming of Mr. Woodberry's mind. For many years his verse has been noted for profundity of thought. In keeping with this tradition there are poems of this book in which the author expresses his philosophy of life. The first division, indeed, is almost wholly doctrinal. The author has cleared his mind of cobwebs and is eager to define his relation to man and nature. The understanding, or at most the reason of the poet, here holds sway; something of the poetry of philosophy is sacrificed to the zeal of prophecy; the speech outweighs the song. Nor is the speech itself entirely flawless. On

this account a poem like "Demeter," in spite of the sweep and maturity of its thought, will perhaps just miss the certainty of taking a permanent place in the memories of men. Thought itself with Mr. Woodberry is rarely lacking in precision; yet we find it so in his failure to give a rounded completeness to his treatment of the Proserpina legend. Full of the beauty of light and color as this poem is so long as the author is in imaginative contemplation of the Sicilian scene, he is obliged to extricate himself at the end by the introduction of a *deus ex machina* alien to the theme, and the solution is found in a jugglery of words. Mr. Woodberry's excess of sentiment sometimes comes near to eclipsing his reason. It gives to the second half of this poem the tone of preciosity.

For the rest there are poems in this book that will probably find a quicker road to the hearts of all readers than most of those we have mentioned. The lines to "The Delphian Child" are the tenderest picture of poverty, perhaps, in all poetry. "The Isle" has melody and mystery and charm. The ballads, "Calogero" and "The Blue Star," are unusual in the freshness of their themes, in the vividness of their suggestion. Many poets of many lands have fished in Mediterranean waters, but Mr. Woodberry has certainly netted the largest number of souls. A. A. W.

THE FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By George E. Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

New Books Received.

THE SUNKEN BELL. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

MARY GOES FIRST. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

HER HUSBAND'S WIFE. By A. E. Thomas. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cents net. Issued in the Drama League Series of Plays.

TENDER BUTTONS. By Gertrude Stein. New York, 3 East Fourteenth Street; Claire Marie. An example of futurist literature.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

A GREAT ADVENTURESS. By Joseph Turquan and Jules d'Auriac. New York: Brentano's. Lady Hamilton and the revolution in Naples.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, 1914-1915. Volume VIII. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.; \$5 net.

A biographical dictionary of notable living men and women of the United States.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE SAINTS. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Some essays on the saints of Christendom.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By W. H. Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

With illustrations by Edmund H. New.

THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA. By Stanton Coit. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A constructive essay on the sociology of religion.

THE VISION SPLENDID. By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net. A historical novel.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

A discussion of the Monroe Doctrine and Mommensen's Law.

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A volume of lectures and addresses bearing on the question of art as a great language and as an expression of the higher qualities of humanity.

NURSES FOR OUR NEIGHBORS. By Dr. Alfred Worcester. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A history of nursing both here and abroad and

a plea for the infusion of a more personal human interest into the nurse's work.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS. By Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net. A faithful account of a voluntary experience.

THE PLACE OF THE CHURCH IN EVOLUTION. By John Mason Tyler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10 net.

A historical survey of religion.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER. By Eli-nore Pruitt Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net. Letters of pioneer life.

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH. By Giovanni Visconti Venosta. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

Translated by Rev. William Prall, D. D. With an introduction by William Roscoe Thayer.

LOVE AND THE SOUL MAKER. By Mary Austin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A study of marriage and its relation to the problem of modern society.

MIDSTREAM. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A mental autobiography up to the halfway.

CURRENT VERSE.

Fantasy.

I am the priestess of the sun—
I am the goddess of the shade—
When day is new, when day is done,
I haunt the hidden forest glade.
Beneath the shining silver leaves
That tremble in a glow so wan,
Where white and pure, in fairy sheaves,
The sunlight falls—I drink the dawn.
Oh, fantasies, so strange and fair!
Oh, maidens' timid dreams of love!
They thrill me—thrill me everywhere,
When the slow morn is pale above.
And, in the golden dusk of night,
When the last gleam above the trees
Shines, in a yellow flame of light
That lingers on the ev'ning breeze,
I lie, amid the growing dark,
The deeper hush, the afterglow,
And drink the day's last amber spark—
And, oh, the ecstasy I know!
Oh, purple shadows, deep as wine,
Oh, eager lips that close and cling,
Your whispered happiness is mine,
Your throbbing hearts the songs I sing!
I am the soul of morning glow,
I am the spirit of the dusk.
To me all human passions flow
Soft on the air as myrrh and musk!
—Leelyn Louise Everett, in *Life*.

In the Temple.

Before the Altar we were wed
With sacred word and ritual:
A wreath of roses crowned your head,
And one by one the petals fell.
They fluttered to the marble floor,
Making a carpet for your feet:
All this was in a time of yore,
When life was young and love was sweet.

* * * * *
Before a broken Shrine I bow,
Upon my lips a silent prayer:
There is no sign of book or vow,
Nor scent of roses anywhere.

Upon my brow a thorny crown;
Instead of petals troubled blood,
And bitter tears drip slowly down. . . .
And you have never understood!
—Homer Davis, in *International Magazine*.

The New Creation.

There is a something in the out-of-doors
To alchemize the dross of daily life;
There is a something when a swallow soars
To lift the spirit from the stress of strife.
Now unimportant all important things;
The shuttle stops, and falls the weary pen;
There is a something when a singer sings
That finds an echo in the hearts of men.

A zephyr flutters through the aspen tree;
A violet nods gently in the grass;
A deeper blue runs swiftly o'er the sea;
And now the greater wonder comes to pass:
The city fades, again the woods arise,
Again the world is fields and forest lands—
Again Creation and a Paradise,
Again in wonder waking Adam stands.
—Douglas Malloch, in *American Lumberman*.

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"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER."

Philosopher, sensualist, or saint, or all three in one? Which was that Persian poet who celebrated in quatrains at once sad and merry "many a brave carouse" on the juice of the grape? Mr. Richard Walton Tully has tried in his "Omar, the Tentmaker," to give us a many-sided view of the poet-scientist, who, turning his back on title and office, lived and died in Naishápúr, devoting himself to the attainment of knowledge. The circumstances of his life, and the trend of his verse seem more plausibly to bespeak the philosopher, and it is easier to believe that he who wrote of the world,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast;
amused himself with a pretense of making the most of materialistic pleasures as a means for forgetting "this sorry scheme of things entire."

I find, like Richard Tully, that it is quite impossible to write of Omar Kháyyám without falling into his phraseology; for all through the play perpetuating his memory, quite aside from the several quatrains so musically recited by Guy Bates Post, we hear the melancholy music of his words; a music to which men, more than women, have listened with a heedful ear. Men are franker than women, and, I think, more fatalistic, in spite of the greater energy with which they attack the problems of life. They like the spirit in which old Omar facing this truth, that we are but

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this checker-board of Nights and Days;
sings with valiant gayety,
Drink for you know not whence you came, nor
why:

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.
Still, I find myself quarreling with Mr. Tully's too literal conception of Omar's love for the intoxicating juice. It is difficult to believe that the man of whom it is related that the boon he asked of his old school-friend, become in later life a Vizier, was, "Let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity," became to enamored of the bowl for the fleshly gratification thereof. According to the play Omar had long years of sorrow and strain before he attained to this blessed period of repose, and during those hapless years, while separated from the love of his youth, he was as one who said to his accepting soul,

But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.

So it is that Richard Tully, after beginning with a recital of Omar's idyl of young love, tells the tale of the long years intervening between the poet's acceptance of a pension from the Vizier and his peaceful old age. During these years, as seen in the play, he lived still in his native city, Naishápúr, as a tentmaker, and he is depicted as always at strife with the bearded disciples of the Prophet, who liked not his clearness of mental vision and his fearless candor.

Mr. Tully has revived that picturesque episode in Oriental history which Maurice Hewlett also introduced in his "Richard Yca-and-Nay." I refer to the organized murder of that Persian sect of Ismailians, who, under the name of Assassins, spread terror throughout the territory occupied by the Mohammedans. These picturesque scoundrels, whose tribal name of "Assassins" came, we are told, from their use of hashish to inflame them to the pitch of murder, figure in "Omar, the Tentmaker," as a perilous and dreaded band whose track is usually marked by bloodshed or death.

Mr. Tully also introduces in his play the pledge recorded between the three school-friends, fellow pupils under Iman Mowaffak, one of the illustrious teachers of the wisdom stored in the pages of the Koran. Omar Kháyyám, Hasan Ben Sabbah, and Nizám-ul-Mulk make mutual vow that "to whomsoever fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no preeminence for himself." It was thus that Omar, during the troublous years of his misfortunes, was protected from the worst perils that threatened him by his powerful classmates, one of whom became a governor of Naishápúr, and the other Vizier of the Shah.

The play in its entirety covers a period of some sixty years, and as the identity of the various characters, as they reappear after lapses of time, is somewhat obscured by the make-up due to age, and by the Persian robe and turban, I, for one, would have been very glad to have been able to read in advance a *résumé* of the play. It is a habit which many adhere to, on account of the poor acoustics of many theatres, and which seriously interferes with any surprises the playwright may intend to afford us. I remember, however, being exceedingly thankful when I saw "Kismet," that I had read the play in advance. In "Omar, the Tentmaker," as in "Kismet," there are plots and counterplots, disguises, attacks, outcries, and all the confusion and shrouded identities attending the commission of crimes in the dark. For this reason, without having read a *résumé* in advance, it is rather difficult to follow the course of events understandingly. I would also advise theatre-goers who intend to see the play to read over their Rubáiyat first. It is just as well to refresh the memory, and thus gain a clearer understanding of the scene in which Omar symbolizes human pottery, and that other one in which his disembodied soul rides "naked on the air of heaven."

Of the performance as a whole the keynote is stagecraft. The production is gorgeous and beautiful, and the lights are handled with such mastery that we pause to remember that Mr. Tully, who has a natural bent for studying up richness of atmospheric effect, has secured the services of Wilfred Buckland, for ten years art director with Fred Belasco, in order to give this play a suitably impressive and beautiful setting.

The first scene is a Persian garden within whose tracery of silver moonlight and velvet shadow we see reach toward its consummation the tender idyl of Omar's young love. The scene is, from an artist's as well as a theatre man's point of view, truly beautiful. Under the spell of music, whose hushed rhythm affects the sensibilities sweetly and soothingly, we see a walled garden, brooded over by a sunset sky of dim and darkened turquoise with lights of rose. A dusky avenue leads to a carved stone gate bowered by dark foliage. And the faint gray wall of the stone mansion that is scarcely visible is pierced by a lighted latticed window, shining like a jewel in the gloom, through whose richly designed framework come the murmurings of love from Shireen to her young poet.

The streets of Naishápúr and the Temple of Zoroaster form two other notable settings, in both of which the same skillful and artistic manipulation of the lights is noticeable. The costumes are rich and imposing where they should be so. The venerable, bearded priests look as if they came from a dim and forgotten life instead of drama, and Nazim the Vizier and Hasan Ben Sabbah are an imposing pair who might have stepped out of one of the thousand nights. Shireen and little Shireen are garbed respectively in the costume of a daughter of wealth and a child of humble condition, but each, in her different state, is graceful, maidenly, and Asiatic.

The drama, generally speaking, plays itself out in a dim light, although in the garden scene parting gleams from a dying sun kindle a vagrant glow in dusky places. In the last scene, which is not much more than a tableau, Omar, gray-bearded and calm in the repose of old age, sits in the Persian garden safe under the shelter of the Vizier's powers, and under the shade of the tree that witnessed the awakenings of his youthful passion clasps his long-severed love to his breast. Here the color scheme is changed from the garden as it first appeared, irradiated by the glow of youthful passion. A gray-silver light sleeps over its quiet corners and its grayer shadows no longer suggest the rich mysteries of young love and destinies unsolved. I think that this brief scene expressed more of the poetry of the piece than any other passage in the play.

There has been a great effort to make the spectator surrender himself to the poetic influence. But in spite of—perhaps because of—the beauty and elaboration of costuming and settings, there are scenes and passages in which both the sense of dramatic tension and of poetic charm are overshadowed. One continually hears beautiful music and the faint, languid throbbing of some Persian instrument. One listens to beautiful poetry, watches the passage across the stage of beautifully clad figures, rich with Oriental stateliness of mien. But one does not always succeed in keeping hold of a taut thread of interest. There is too great an abundance of material, not enough simplicity. I find, after seeing the play, that I am unable to give a straight, simple *résumé* of it. Others have said the same thing, when the play was traveling through the East.

There are very striking effects here and there which we must enjoy as detached incidents, so difficult it is in such a rich profusion of material to keep the thread untangled. I think also that the explosive delivery of the players during many scenes, re-

garded as necessary, perhaps, because of the violence of the acts represented, interferes, as it did in Kismet, with the spectator's perfect comprehension.

We witness, by the way, a scene in which Omar is bastinadoed, and this is the occasion when we see a representation of his soul detaching itself from his suffering body and floating with philosophical calm quite away from that "clay carcass crippled." It is evident that the same device that was used in "Peter Pan" to show the flight of the children is employed here. The stage is darkened during this scene in order that a faint light may play over the head and shoulders of Omar, which picture to us the disembodied soul of the poet, and as he calmly moralizes, we share with him material vision of a lurid bell, a pale, ringed Saturn, and a vision typical of the pleasures of the flesh. One can not say too much of the beauty of the light effects employed, and I think Mr. Tully was well advised to have a play of this nature acted largely in a half light. It is perhaps teasing at times, but in a play so largely given over to poetic effect the softened light furnishes assistance in our strivings to idealize the characters. Voice and elocution help largely in this respect also, and here Guy Bates Post shows his suitability for the rôle. His voice is sonorous, his speech refined, his elocution good. The character of Omar, as represented in this play, has been called lovable, but it would be more so if the poet had been granted, like Hajj in "Kismet," the saving grace of humor. For humor and poetry are perfectly reconcilable. Humor, however, speaking generally, has been crowded out. There are, of course, other faults. I think Mr. Tully pressed the old conventions of the drama a little too hard; making the two lovers on top of the stone canopy, well lighted by the beams of the setting sun, appearing to be as though invisible to the occupants of the garden below; and later causing the sonorous speech of the three carousing students, snugly disposed on the same canopy, to be unnoticed by the slave who passes to and fro in the garden. And in the temple of Zoroaster the dark, mysterious figure of the older Shireen, presumably silhouetted against the light of the huge windows giving on the gardens of the governor, was apparently unnoticed by the suspicious and fiercely wrangling group below.

But Mr. Tully, speaking generally, has done a big thing in the matter of stagecraft. His tastes incline that way, as shown in his previous plays. He has succeeded in pleasing our eyes and our ears—delicious music steals or swells on the ear all through the performance—and if he didn't quite reach the responsive spot in all our hearts, which crave the thrill of genuine emotion, he must have greatly pleased the admirers of old Omar's quatrains, and they are legion.

AT THE PANTAGES THEATRE.

There are any quantity of popular delusions from which humanity is suffering inconvenience, or the loss of a proper return on its investment, and one of them is as to the amount of music one should take at a sitting. Operas are too long. Concerts are too long. I dare assert it. And I will be an unhonored prophetess, and foretell the shortening of operas in the future; in the far future, perhaps, but it will come. Whether people enjoy music too ardently or too calmly, too much or too little, they should not have more than an hour's duration of the feast. The nerves, the muscles, the brain sometimes, being so lengthily played upon, grow too fatigued, without the listener to the dulcet strains knowing the how or why.

Take a spoonful of music at Pantages this week and prove it. We strolled in the other day. I remembered there was something on the bill that called me and that I subsequently found. I knew it wasn't the "Namba Japs," although they are an attractive sextet of miniature acrobats, consisting of two men, two tiny women, and two fearless boys. Their bodies have the small-boned, symmetrical finish peculiar to the Asiatic, and the faces of all of them except the men show the downy outlines of extreme youth. They do some clever tumbling and balancing, some pretty pyramidal grouping, and one of the men shows us something new. Progressing up a short flight of shallow, padded stairs on his unassisted head—yes, I give you my word—he jumps, but on his head, not his feet, from step to step. The other one of the two men does some of that clever foot-juggling that Japanese acrobats have familiarized us with; coaxing open a paper parasol, with two dextrous feet delicately manipulating or pedipulating it into several positions, causing it to rotate on its edges, etc. And he introduced the trick of holding erect on these same prehensile feet a perfectly balanced pole, on the upper extremity of which one of the fearless boys proceeded to dehumanize his poor little body by the appalling contortions with which he exhibited his skill, his nerve, and his perfect balance.

There was a playlet, and a musical-comedy act, and a dreadful "comedy conceit"—unhappily preceding the choicest act on the programme—and we heard at last the act given by Raul Pereira and his "royal musicians," which turned out to be the spoonful of music I had come for.

The "royal musicians" consist of half a dozen uniformed men—including Raul Pereira himself—one of whom is a pianist, two cellists, and three violinists. Whether or not these musicians have played at the court of Portugal is probably known only to their press agent. But the main fact is that they are musicians. Although they bear the stamp of Europe on their faces, some canny adviser has given them the right counsel as to their choice of music for American audiences. It would not do on a vaudeville circuit to depart too far from popular standards, and so all of their music is popular, familiar, but good. They gave "The Love Tales of Hoffman," and the six instruments made the air throb with the delicious sweetness of those love-burdened measures and with the dreamy wave-beats of "La Paloma." The burden of that exquisite berceuse, "Jocelyn," was borne by the cello, its deep, mellow tone peculiarly expressive of the brooding tenderness of the piece. They played the Hawaiian "Aloha," and gave us the Beethoven "Minuet in G," and a charming composition, "Careless Thoughts," by Raul Pereira himself, who, by the way, showed by his superior bowing, the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the sweetness with which his instrument murmured delicate sentiments that he is a master of the violin. They were not wonders, you understand, but they played with taste, and skill, and sentiment. We had had our spoonful of music; it tasted good, and we came away happy, because we had not over-eaten of our sweets to the point of surfeit.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The final performance of "Damaged Goods" by Richard Bennett and his co-workers will be given at the Columbia Theatre this, Saturday, matinee and night.

Fritz Kreisler was recently decorated with the cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor during a concert in Berlin.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

All-Star Players at Columbia Theatre.

San Francisco is to have an opportunity to enjoy a season at the Columbia Theatre to be played by a galaxy of stars, including no less popular names than Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittell, Gladys Hansen, Frank Kingdon, Carroll McComas, and others. It will be a season during which a series of plays from the pens of the world's most brilliant writers will be played by the "starriest" company in America.

The first performance will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, June 22, and the play is to be Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," with a brilliancy of lines and a series of adroitly written situations which make it one of the best of this writer's works.

Wilde at the present time is a much read writer and there seems to be great interest today in his works, occasioned no doubt by the revival in London of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and of "Lady Windermere's Fan" in New York City. The production at the Columbia Theatre will be adequate in every sense and promises to start the all-star players' season in splendid fashion. "Pop" matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturdays, prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.

Second Week of "Omar the Tentmaker."

At the Cort Theatre Sunday evening Guy Bates Post begins his second and final week in Richard Walton Tully's magnificent spectacle, "Omar, the Tentmaker," in which he has captivated a series of capacity audiences during the past week. There is an enormous advance sale for the second week of the engagement, and prospective purchasers of tickets should not delay their visit to the box-office. The final performance is scheduled for Sunday evening, June 28, and there will be a popular-priced matinee next Wednesday.

"Omar, the Tentmaker," is woven around the engaging love-life of Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet of the eleventh century, whose immortal quatrains as rendered into English verse by Edward FitzGerald, constitute one of our most precious literary heritages. Many of the most popular quatrains have been introduced into the play by Mr. Tully as a natural part of the dialogue, and these passages are read with much beauty by Mr. Post.

Nat C. Goodwin in "Never Say Die" follows.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Dainty Marie, who is announced as "Not What She Seems to Be," will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. There may be different opinions as to the perfect

woman, but Dainty Marie is as exquisitely formed as one of Rodin's statues. In fact, incased in a suit of white fleshings, she resembles one of his pieces of marble. Dainty Marie doesn't, however, rely upon nature's gift for her success. She is as clever as she is attractive, and as versatile as she is either. She sings and dances, and on a flying trapeze is the personification of grace.

Laddie Cliff, England's boy comedian, who is as popular in this city as in his native land, will introduce new songs and eccentric dances. He is today one of the greatest favorites in vaudeville and meets with enthusiastic recognition whenever and wherever he appears.

An act that abounds in thrill and excitement will be presented by Jackson and McLaren, the champion woodchoppers of Australia. The methods of lumbering in the Antipodes is first shown and then the two strapping men engage in a tree-felling contest that creates great enthusiasm. The trees are especially imported for the purpose, and from the way the axe sinks into them at each perfectly directed blow one would think the timber was as soft as butter. As a matter of fact it is really extremely hard. These mighty hewers also give a marvelous exhibition of axe-hurling, throwing their blades across the stage and sinking them on a given mark on a tree stump.

McMabon, Diamond, and Clemence will introduce in a conceit called "The Scarecrow," an original assortment of songs, dances, and conversation.

Next week will conclude the engagements of Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, Homer Miles and company, and Willette Whitaker. It will also be the last of Tameo Kajiyama, the ambidextrous Japanese writing marvel, in his most astounding demonstration of mental alertness and manual dexterity.

The Week at the Pantages Theatre.

Harry Cleveland and company in a breezy tabloid musical comedy, entitled "The Love Chase," will head the new bill of seven acts which opens at the Pantages at Sunday's matinee. The production carries a big cast of clever singing and dancing principals and a bevy of pretty show girls. Cleveland is the star of the company with an irresistible style of quaint comedy.

A "crook" sketch with all of the required "punches" for vaudeville patrons is "Smithy and the Eel," to be presented by Harry Cornell, Ethel Corley, and company. The plot deals with a pair of rival society "Raffles" who are on the trail of a society woman's jewels.

Clayton and Lennie, a duo of comedians who achieved a wonderful hit in their laughing success here last season, are back again with a bunch of new witticisms.

The Five Gargonis, acrobatic whirlwinds, Bob Finlay and the Yates Sisters, a charming

trio of song-and-dance performers, and the "Cycling Brunettes," with a couple of reels of comedy motion pictures, will round out the rest of the bill.

Motion Pictures at the Gaiety

Sunday night will witness the final performance at the Gaiety of "A Knight for a Day," the musical winner that has been entertaining large audiences ever since the opening night last Monday.

Beginning on Monday there will be a brief season at the Gaiety devoted to feature motion pictures, and the offering will be the remarkable set of films exploiting the dangerous and thrilling sport of hunting wild animals in Africa. These pictures are the result of the Pathe enterprise and were taken at enormous expense and at tremendous risk to the hunters, who surrounded by their native guides and hunters track the most ferocious beasts to their lairs and kill them in most intrepid manner. There is nothing gruesome nor repellent in the pictures, but much that is educational, thrilling, and always most entertaining.

There will be the usual matinees of "A Knight for a Day" Saturday and Sunday, and the final performance Sunday night promises to be a gala event wherein all of the principals will be seen to great advantage in the merry musical play.

Testimonial Performance of "Omar."

Monday night's performance of "Omar, the Tentmaker," at the Cort Theatre will take the form of a testimonial to Charles Newman, the popular treasurer of that playhouse. John Cort has arranged with the management of the "Omar, the Tentmaker," company that the theatre's share of the receipts for that performance shall go to Mr. Newman.

The gift is intended as a reward for long and faithful services on the Cort circuit. Mr. Newman served in several of Mr. Cort's northern theatres for something like six years, and he has been identified with the local Ellis Street playhouse ever since it opened in September, 1911.

During the special engagement of the all-star players who will present a series of delightful comedies the Columbia Theatre prices will be as follows: Evenings, entire orchestra, \$1.50; balcony, \$1 and 75 cents; second balcony, 50c and 25 cents; Wednesday and Saturday matinees, orchestra, \$1; balcony, 75 cents and 50 cents; second balcony, 25 cents.

Bronson Howard's celebrated play, "Aristocracy," and considered a play of unusual brilliancy, is to be revived during the all-star players' season at the Columbia Theatre.

The home of Rubens near Villoorden, in Belgium, was recently offered for sale. The

house as it stands is still the same that the artist inhabited; and in the country around several views can be recognized by the amateur of art who is familiar with Rubens's landscapes. In the house the old massive table is still to be seen at which the painter used to work. Even a copy of the printed notice announcing the sale at which Rubens, in 1635, purchased the estate, is also extant.

Karl Vollmoeller, the young author of the gigantic mystery spectacle, "The Miracle," which will be presented in New York's Madison Square Garden with the backing of some of New York's wealthiest lovers of drama and music, is now in Berlin. He has with him plans and diagrams of what Madison Square Garden will be when by next December the interior has been converted into the semblance of a vast Gothic cathedral. "The Miracle" at Madison Square Garden will be a \$250,000 production.

It is probable that the Shuberts will complete arrangements for Willy Ferraro, the wonderful boy conductor, who is the sensation of Europe, to tour the United States, provided the authorities give permission for him to appear.

Since 1597, careful estimate puts it that more than 30,000 operas have been staged in Europe and America. By a liberal estimate, of all the operas ever composed, not more than seventy-five are now alive and more or less popular.

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By Richard Walton Tully
Author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise"

Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2. "POP" WEDNESDAY MAT., 25c to \$1.
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LAKE TAHOE

Mark Twain said of Tahoe, in comparing it with Como, "As I go back in spirit and recall that noble sea, reposing among the snow peaks 6000 feet above the ocean, the conviction comes strong upon me again that Como would only seem a bedizened little courtier in that august presence. . . . A sea, whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts 9000 feet above the level world; a sea whose every aspect is impressive, whose belongings are all beautiful, whose lonely majesty types the Deity!"

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VANITY FAIR.

Wu Ting Fang, once Chinese ambassador to Washington, has written a book about us. He was sure to do that. They all do it, even though they never venture to travel from New York into those great unexplored wildernesses that stretch between the metropolis and the Pacific Ocean. The reporter meets the visitor somewhere in the vicinity of the Statue of Liberty and asks him for his impression of the land of the brave and the home of the free, and when the visitor sees himself in print, and a good deal that is not himself, he is naturally emboldened to write a book and continue the good work. But Wu Ting Fang is not at all in that category. Veritably he was the chief among us takin' notes, and now he has printed them. Now at last we can see ourselves as others see us, and we can only wish that our censors were always so benevolent.

Wu Ting Fang can not understand why Americans so love a title, but he need not perplex himself on that point. Every one loves a title, whether he is an American or an Esquimaux. We all like to stand on some kind of a platform that will raise us a little above the heads of our neighbors. The love of distinction can not be extinguished by a constitution or by democratic declarations. These things only cause it to shine out in weird and eccentric forms. It is the same love of distinction that causes one man to give himself a title and another man to give some one else a tip. And so Wu Ting Fang says that "mister is too tame and flat for the go-ahead Americans. Hence half of the people whom you meet have some prefix to their names such as general, major, president, judge, etc." If a man is a lawyer it will always be safe to call him judge, and if he has served in the army you may call him colonel. He will not resent it. He will purr. Under the effete systems of Europe a man may get a title from the government, or he may inherit one from his father, or he may even purchase one if he is adroit in the cash payments, but no one will ever think of using a title that does not belong to him. But it is quite certain that where there are no legitimate titles there will be an amazing medley of illegitimate ones.

But this distinguished Chinaman does not merely comment on facts. He suggests improvements. He would have us change the name of the President to that of Emperor. He says there is no reason why he should not be so styled, seeing that there are very few emperors who have half his power, and then how gratifying it would be to elect an emperor every few years. It is certainly unbecoming that a "sovereign people" should elect a mere Mister, but on the other hand the plain voter—and how plain some of them are—who was called upon to cast his ballot for an emperor, or even to recall an emperor, would think no small potatoes of himself. Wu Ting Fang says that he makes this suggestion seriously and he hopes that it will be adopted.

But our critic does not confine himself to these high matters of statecraft. He does not like the way the human form divine is displayed on the theatrical stage. In point of fact he says that the human form is not divine and that a little clothing greatly improves it. He says that with few exceptions the human form is a "devilish spectacle" unless it is properly made up. A chorus girl's bare leg, he informs us, is infinitely less beautiful than the same leg when duly disguised by "petticoats and things."

Of course a good deal depends on what he means by "things." Personally we are not competent to give an opinion on such matters, since we are not allowed to go to shows unless they are of a highly moral order.

We are indebted to an Eastern newspaper devoted to the interests of women for a de-

scription of a new and delightful way to beautify the home. We all know what an ugly thing a telephone is and how instinctively we shiver as we approach it. Well, we shall shiver no more, thanks to the ingenuity of that toil-worn sex whose noble ambition it is to purify and to redeem whatever is base and unlovely—that is to say us. Procure a bisque doll, whatever that may be, of the feminine sex. Her legs should be of the height of the telephone instrument, and of course the body should be of proportionate size. We are carefully warned on this point, so presumably it is important, although we can hardly imagine ourselves as raising this question for the consideration of the young woman who usually presides at the doll counter. Moreover, we are quite sure that she would ask us what we meant by a bisque doll, and then we should be covered with confusion, as has happened to us more than once when we have been beguiled into this sort of an errand. The dress of this doll should be of the old-fashioned kind, and presumably the writer means that she should wear a crinoline, although why she does not say so we can not imagine, but it really is amazing the way women spread themselves when they sit down to write to the newspapers to describe some invention that is so extraordinarily silly as positively to make us weep. We assume that she means a crinoline because she says that "the cage is made of stout wires curving from a base like the crown of a hat but slightly bent near the front." Now probably you can not see any connection between this thing and the telephone. Well, it is simple enough. You just put this doll to straddle herself over the telephone and then when the bell rings all you have to do is to separate the split skirt, take off the receiver, and put it to your ear. Now what do you think of that? Is it not enough to wring the heart? And the writer of it is so proud of herself that she just romps into her story and begs us to picture to ourselves the appearance of this winsome little lady standing on the hall table. She chuckles to herself at our assumed perplexity as we wonder what the little lady is doing there, and then suddenly comes a tinkle from beneath the skirts and some one runs forward to answer the summons and discloses the telephone, and so we know all about it and thank God for the women who are straining their hearts and brains to make the home a thing of uplifting beauty while we men are frivolous our time away downtown.

After many years the theory of Dr. Samuel Pierpont Langley has been vindicated. Within two weeks his flying machine, long ago designated "Langley's Folly," has gone aloft with Glenn Curtis at the wheel. The flight was made at Hammondsport, New York. Few changes were made in the old machine. The surface of the wings, which had suffered from long storage, was replaced. Other minor parts repaired were duplicates of the originals. The machine was driven by the old motor built by Charles Manly. Dr. Langley made the fatal error of trying to catapult the flyer into the air with the aid of ponderous springs, but he only succeeded in wrecking the machine and tumbling into the Potomac River. Had he tried the method pursued today of running the machine along the ground and allowing it to rise gradually in the air, there is little doubt he would have made the first flight in a heavier-than-air machine.

Hall Caine has recently taken a large house in Hampstead; over the fireplace in the living-room he has had painted the legend, "To my wife. Built with the proceeds of the American edition of 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me.'" This very successful writer has not given up the Isle of Man as a residence, but like most successful British authors, finds a stimulus in the life of London for part of each winter.

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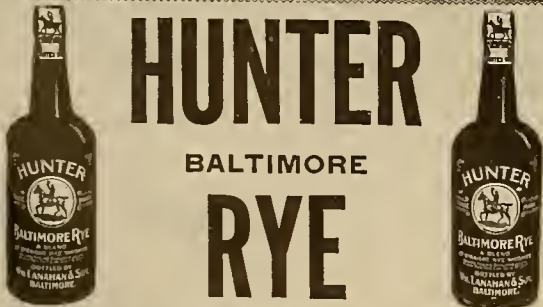
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two negro men were employed in tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them. When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head. Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, nigger? You make me bite my tongue."

Thomas B. Reed was noted for his quick retorts, satirical as well as humorous. When he was "Czar" of the House of Representatives he and Congressman Springer of Illinois had many parliamentary tilts. Reed one day said of Springer: "He never opens his mouth without subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge." In protesting against one of Reed's decisions Springer closed a speech in the House with Clay's well-known words, "Mr. Speaker, I would rather be right than President." "The gentleman from Illinois will never be either," said Reed.

The young Scotchman never liked his mother-in-law and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill. Calling her husband to her bedside, she said to him: "Sandy, lad, I'm verra ill and I think I'm aboot to dee, and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise." "I'll promise," replied Sandy. "What is it?" "Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll hae a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' ma mither." "Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that'll gang back on that, but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spilt the day for me."

The late Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, who had many supporters for the Democratic nomination for President, was asked what his attitude on the matter was. "Why," he said, "I can best explain my attitude by telling you about a man I knew out West who went to town one night and imbibed very freely at the various bars. He was weaving an uncertain way homeward along the road when he almost ran into a large rattlesnake, that was coiled in the road and rattling ominously. He looked at the snake for a moment and then drew himself up as well as he could. 'If you are going to strike, strike, drat ye,' he said. 'You will never find me better prepared.'"

Some twenty to thirty fishermen were engaged in an angling contest on the Severn, when one of them who had brought with him a stone gallon bottle of beer, suddenly thought himself of a friend who was sitting some distance along the bank out of sight. In a moment of generosity he called a boy and handed him the jar, with instructions to take it to his friend, Mr. Brown, and to tell him "to have a pull." The boy departed, and some time elapsed before his return. The angler seized his bottle and eagerly raised it to his lips—to find it empty. He had not realized that his friend had such a cubic capacity, and asked the lad if he had found Mr. Brown, and why the jar was empty. "Please, sir," came the reply, "they was all Mr. Browns when I asked, so I went along the bank till the beer was finished."

Some time ago a pretty little baby girl arrived at a happy suburban home and immediately the entire family, including aunts, cousins, and mothers-in-law, were busy selecting an appropriate name. "Harry," joyously cried mother when the father returned home one evening, "I have decided on a name for the baby. We will call her Gwendolyn." For a moment the father did a hard piece of thinking. The name Gwendolyn sounded to him like a fire whistle out of tune, but he knew better than openly to oppose mother. Therefore he grew foxy. "Gwendolyn! Gwendolyn!" he musingly replied. "I like that a whole lot, dear. Long before I met you I had a girl named Gwendolyn, and she—" "Who said anything about Gwendolyn?" icily interjected wife. "Your hearing must be defective. I said we will call the baby Mary, after my mother."

The street-corner orator had gathered around him a group of urchins. Why they listened so attentively he didn't understand; nor probably did they know themselves. Simply nothing doing. But the orator took full advantage of his opportunity and delivered an improving lecture on the value of kindness to dumb animals. At the end he sought for some illustration to point the moral and adorn the tale. It was there at hand. Across the way walked a lady, leading two little dogs in leash. The one was black and the other white. "Now," exclaimed the

tub-thumper, "after what I have said, supposing those two dear little dogs were to start fighting, what would be the first thing you would do?" No answer came at first; but one little arab turned to look at the dogs critically and thoughtfully. "Well, guv-nor," he answered, at last, "I fink I'd 'ave tuppence on the little black 'un!"

A hospital surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him on his rounds. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them came to the conclusion that it was not. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow." "No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient, as he rose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority. Gimme my clothes."

The late Captain Charles Barr, the famous yachtsman, was almost as famous for his neatness as for his seamanship. As the story goes, Captain Barr one summer took a cottage in the country. It was a marvel of neatness—velvet lawns, bright flower beds, red fences—and the cottage was snow-white, with green shutters. An old shipmate was invited down in August over Sunday. On Saturday night, after their wholesome supper of hot brown bread and baked beans, the two friends sat on green wicker chairs on the tidy piazza, smoking good cigars. The visitor, on finishing his cigar, tossed the butt down on the grass. "What did you do that for, George?" said Captain Barr. "Look at it smouldering down there. Don't it look nasty on the nice green grass?" George turned red. "I don't think anybody would notice a little thing like that," said he. "George," said Captain Barr, "it's just these little things that make neatness and order, and neatness and order are a big part of success." George, who had never been a very successful man, smiled sarcastically. He said nothing. But a little later he got up and hurried down the neat white path and out of the gate. He was gone over a quarter of an hour. "Where the dickens have you been?" said Captain Barr uneasily, on his return. "Only just down to the hollow," said George, "to spit in the river."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Serenaders.

A fiddler tried a serenade;
She didn't smile on him.
She scorned the music that he made,
Zim-zim.

A fellow with a hanjo came.
The damsel didn't think
It worth emerging for his tame
Plink-plink.

The third arrival won the girl,
Although his tune was punk.
He drove up with a noisy whirl,
Honk-hunk!

—Puck.

Off the Key.

There was a man of earthly mood
Who chilled enthusiastic glee
By asking questions rather rude,
All practical, but off the key.

We warbled of the blossoms bright
That love the sunshine and the shower.
Said he, "The roses are all right,
But how about the cauliflower?"

Of the melodious birds of spring
We caroled lightly now and then
Till he inquired, "Why don't you sing
About a rooster or a hen?"

Unto a picture he drew near,
He almost made the artist faint.
He said, "I'd take you long, I fear,
To give a house a coat of paint."

Thou man of practical design!
In wisdom's way your footsteps run!
And yet, oh, honored friend of mine,
You surely miss a lot of fun!

—Washington Star.

Our Apartment House.

The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall seem very small when the singers hawl
And the pianolas play.

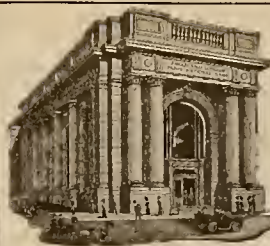
—Kansas City Journal.

A Rhyme of Regret.

I loved her so much when I met her,
I fell at once glance from her eyes!
I knew I could never forget her
Whatever her form or her guise.
Her name was Miss Brown! Like an ointment
Those soothing and wonderful tones!
But oh! My condign disappointment—
She's now Mrs. Jones!

O phantoms we erst used to fish for!
O hobbies we formerly rode!
O fairy tales once that we wished for!
O seeds of the posies we sowed!
O cash that in vain we deposited!
O ghost that unceasingly groans!
O skeleton hid in the closet!
(See? I'm Mr. Jones!)

—Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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Of San Francisco

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Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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(The German Bank)

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Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
DECEMBER 31st, 1913:
Assets.....\$36,823,670.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 166,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.
Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concession in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Boy and Argonaut.....	\$4.30	Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.85
American Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.65	Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.80	Outing and Argonaut.....	6.00
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	7.15	North American Review and Argonaut..	6.90
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Century and Argonaut.....	7.10	Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut ..	6.00
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Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.15	Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.15
Delineator and Argonaut.....	4.75	Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.15
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.90	Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.60
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.90	St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.10
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	5.85	Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
International Magazine and Argonaut..	4.30	Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.85	Weekly New York Tribune Farmer, and Argonaut	5.25
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	7.85	Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut ..	7.50
Life and Argonaut.....	7.85	Youth's Companion and Argonaut.....	6.00
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut....	5.15		
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10		
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20		

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Fries, to Mr. Jesse W. Lilienthal, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal of this city. Miss Fries is the sister of Mr. Frank Fries. No date has yet been set for the wedding, but it will take place some time during the summer.

Mrs. J. Walton Hedges has announced her engagement to Dr. F. A. Stoddard. Mrs. Hedges is the daughter of Mrs. Emma Butler and a sister of Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden. The wedding will take place in July at the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Breeden.

The wedding of Miss Alysse Warner and Mr. Benjamin Prince Upham took place Friday evening at the First Presbyterian Church. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home on Franklin Street of the bride's parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner. Mrs. Ralston White and Mrs. Charles Merrill were the matrons of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marie Brewer and Helen Ashton. Mr. Isaac Upham was his brother's best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Upham will reside in Mill Valley.

From Madrid, Spain, comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Belle Wyatt Willard and Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, son of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Willard, the American ambassador to Spain. Miss Elizabeth Willard was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Princess of Thurn and Taxis and the Misses Katherine Page, Tilone le Venour de Tiliers, and Vivian Christian. After the ceremony, which took place in the chapel of the British embassy, a reception was held at the American embassy.

The wedding of Miss Marian Richards and Mr. Francis Vincent Curtis took place Wednesday evening at St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Vera Talbot was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Edna Shores, Isabel Bannan, and Helen Sinclair. Mr. Peter L. Curtis was his brother's best man and the ushers were the Messrs. William J. Gray, Jr., Alfred Baxter, and John N. Connolly, Jr. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home on Washington Street of the bride's father, Dr. Harry G. Richards. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Curtis will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin gave a house party over the weekend at their home in Ross. The affair was in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann and her fiancé, Baron J. C. Van Pantheleon Van Eck.

Miss Vera Talbot was hostess at a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening, when a dozen friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Miss Franc Pierce entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Palace Hotel in honor of her house guest, Miss Wynne Maxon of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga gave a luncheon to-day in honor of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Woodberry.

Count Albrecht Mongelas was host at a tea Wednesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. C. A. Marwedel was hostess at a tea recently in honor of Miss Flora Dietrich, whose engagement to Mr. Winslow Dwight has recently been announced.

Miss Aileen Burke was the complimented guest at a matinee party and tea Tuesday afternoon given by Miss Mary Tormey.

Mrs. Walter Bliss entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at her residence on Green Street.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. Benjamin Prince Upham was the guest of honor at a dinner Friday evening given by the "Young Turks" of the Bohemian Club. Among the hosts were the Messrs. Charles Tripler, William H. Smith, Jr., Isaac Upham, Leroy Ryone, and Spencer Grant.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess recently at a thé d'ausant at the Santa Barbara Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, who have taken one of Mrs. Graham's cottages for the summer.

News comes from Coronado of the dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels at their home on the boulevard.

Mrs. Philip Bowles was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home, the Pines, at Claremont, in honor of Miss Ernestine McNear, whose engagement to Mr. George Nickel has recently been announced.

Miss Nora Davis and her fiancé, Professor William Bray, of Berkeley, were the guests of honor at a house party recently given by Miss Helen Shafter at her home at Olema.

Miss Eugenia Masten entertained a number of friends at tea Friday afternoon at the home on Washington Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Masten. The affair was in honor of Miss Aileen Code, whose engagement to Mr. John C. Wilson, Jr., has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck gave a dinner at the Hotel Oakland Thursday evening, when a coterie of friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was hostess at an informal luncheon and bridge party Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Hendricks.

Mrs. William Miller Graham entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Graeme McDonald was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Thirty-Third Avenue in honor of her sister, Miss Ethel Bacon, of Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Martineau of Eng-

land, who were the complimented guests at similar affairs given by Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson and Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn was the guest of honor at a bridge party given Monday afternoon by Mrs. Charles Cook and Mrs. Robert Spain Woodward at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John Breckenridge was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Martineau.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve entertained a number of young people over the weekend at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst entertained a coterie of friends at a bridge party and tea Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Ralph Kingman was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Tuesday at her home at the Presidio.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a reception Wednesday afternoon at their home at Fort Mason. The affair was in honor of the officers of the visiting Japanese cruisers.

Mrs. William Chambers entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of their house guest, Lady Florence Campbell.

Mrs. Ord Preston was the complimented guest at a tea Tuesday afternoon given by Mrs. John Burke Murphy at her home at Fort Mason.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home at Fort McDowell.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin is established in an apartment on Clay Street near the home of her sister, Miss Dorothy Baker, who with her aunt, Miss Kate Stone, has recently rented a house on Presidio Heights. Since Mrs. MacGavin's arrival from Europe two weeks ago she has been staying at the Hotel Monroe. She will leave in September to join Mr. MacGavin in Canada, where they will reside indefinitely.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and Miss Helen Keeney have been spending the past two weeks in Woodside, where they have been occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Saba, Miss Leontine de Saba, and Mrs. Cleurent Tobin departed last week for New York, from where they sailed for Europe. In Paris they will join Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne, who sailed June 4. According to their present plans they will return home in October, when Miss de Saba will enter Miss Spence's school in New York.

Miss Helen Dean has returned to the Fairmont Hotel after a month's rest cure at the Fabiola Hospital in Oakland.

Miss Ethel Bacon has come from Louisville, Kentucky, to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. George Tyson, and Mrs. Howard Holmes are a congenial party of friends who motored to Bartlett Springs for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Davis and Miss Murison have returned from a visit to Etna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood left Tuesday for a motor trip to the Yosemite Valley. They will later go to Shasta Springs, where they have rented a cottage for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Alexander of Santa Barbara has been enjoying a visit with Mrs. Willis Goodwin at her home in Woodside.

Mrs. Raoul Duval has arrived from Paris and will spend several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Mary Tobin, and her sister, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean will spend the summer in Sonoma County, where she has rented a cottage.

Mrs. J. R. Laine and her daughter, Miss Otilla Laine, have recently been visiting friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse R. Lilienthal have moved to San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norris K. Davis for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their two little daughters will spend the next few months at Miramar.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, and Mrs. John Drum are expected home shortly from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past three months. They were recently in London.

Miss Agnes Tillmann and her fiancé, Baron Van Eck, spent the weekend in Ross as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer arrived Sunday from

Europe, where she has been spending the past two months, and has joined her brothers, the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr., in this city. They will leave in a few days for San Rafael, to remain during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody and their sons the Messrs. Joseph and Francis Moody departed Monday for Webber Lake where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. Raymond Ashton has gone East for a month's visit.

The Messrs. Russell Wilson, Covington Janin, Osgood Hooker, and John Breckenridge arrived Monday from their Eastern schools to spend the summer vacation with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Miss Louise Janin, and Master Covington Janin will leave July 1 for Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Marion Baker, who has been spending the past month with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton in San Diego, will remain south several weeks longer.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile and her granddaughters, the Misses Ethel and Elaine Speyer, have returned from a visit at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo.

Mrs. Charles Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham have closed their town house on Vallejo Street and have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer in their country home.

Mrs. Edward McCutchen will spend the summer at her villa on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Arno Dosch arrived last week from New York with her little daughter, Betty, who will remain with Mrs. Dosch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, in Woodside during Mr. and Mrs. Dosch's absence in Europe.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant has returned from Colusa, where she was the guest of Mrs. Charles Tuttle.

Miss Marie Louise Black has returned from a visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and Miss Marion Zeile have returned from New York. Mrs. Cowdin and Miss Zeile went East to meet Mr. Cowdin, who recently returned from a brief visit in Europe.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale returned Monday from San Rafael, where she spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore of Detroit have rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. Richard Tobin for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell will leave Monday for the Grand Cañon, where they will be joined by their son, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., who will come from Hill's School to spend his vacation.

Messrs. George H. Howard, Jr., and Mountford S. Wilson arrived Thursday from Yale and will spend the summer in Burlingame.

Among those who have recently returned from the Yosemite Valley are Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, William Sproule, George H. Lent, Atholl McBean, and the Misses Helen Holman and Marie Louise Baldwin.

Mrs. Willis and her son, Mr. Gloucester Willis, have taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass have joined Mrs. A. H. Small at Napa Soda Springs, where they will remain until August.

Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas have returned from the East and are again occupying their home in Ross.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., arrived Thursday from college and will spend the summer vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper are established for the summer in their cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., are anticipating moving into their new home on Russian Hill, which is rapidly nearing completion.

The serious illness of Mrs. Robert L. Coleman is causing great anxiety to her relatives and friends. For the past six weeks Mrs. Coleman has been under the care of trained nurses and consulting physicians at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher has returned from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart.

Colonel A. C. Sharpe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sharpe are established at the Hotel Cecil, where they will remain during Colonel Sharpe's duty in this city.

Captain Wilson B. Burt, U. S. A., will be the commanding officer of the students' camp of instruction which the War Department is to conduct at the Presidio of Monterey from June 26 to July 31. Captain Burt is the inspector-instructor of the organized militia of California. Lieutenant C. R. Bennett, U. S. A., who is on duty at the state college of Washington, will be adjutant, and Lieutenant H. C. Fooks, U. S. A., and Lieutenant E. E. McCammon, U. S. A., will be property and tactical officers.

First Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., has been transferred from the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth Company to the One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery.

First Lieutenant Charles E. Ide, U. S. A., has

been transferred from the One Hundred and Sixty-First to the Ninety-Third Company, Coast Artillery.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman have been entertaining Lady Florence Campbell of England at their home in Burlingame. Lady Campbell is the widow of Sir Charles Campbell, R. N.

Mrs. John J. Pershing and her children, who reside in the Presidio, have gone to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to visit Mrs. Pershing's parents, with whom they will spend the summer.

Mrs. John L. Chamberlain, wife of Colonel Chamberlain, U. S. A., left recently with her children for the Presidio, Monterey.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter will soon take possession of their new home on Pierce and Green Streets. Their niece, Miss Dorothy Lassiter, who has been spending the past few months with them, will leave shortly for her home in Washington, D. C., accompanying her brother, Mr. Benjamin Lassiter, who arrived Tuesday for a brief visit.

Mrs. Charles Humphrey, wife of Captain Humphrey, U. S. A., is visiting friends in the Presidio.

Colonel John Biddle, General Staff, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the General Staff Corps.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott has returned to Mare Island after a visit with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Furnished House to Let.

Period of 12 to 15 months; furnished house, library; 2 blocks from university; 13 rooms, sleeping-porch, 4 baths, laundry, furnace; corner 100 by 140; garden, fruit trees. Prof. Gayley, 2328 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley.

A Marvel of the Future

With increasing population it is claimed that the food supply of the world is rapidly decreasing. Scientists see in this cause for alarm, and point rather doubtfully to what may happen at some time in the future, unless greater skill be employed in the cultivation of the soil, upon which the hope of all mankind rests. City dwellers, generally speaking, know little how greatly their very lives depend on the fertile country sections. No city in the world could withstand a siege for any length of time. At best the city lives from day to day, depending on the outside country for its food, and as the great centres of population increase in density, so must the question of supply become radically greater.

The scientist, though alarmed at the decreasing food supply of the world, is hard at work solving the problem of increase without adding materially to the labor attached thereto. He sees in electricity the great hope of the future, for recent experiments prove conclusively that this mysterious force can work veritable wonders in the vegetable kingdom. Water and electricity will go hand in hand to produce foodstuffs and fill the world's granaries.

What has electricity proved? Vegetable growth has been increased 75 per cent over normal by the use of electricity at night. It is by such experiments that the men of electrical science are striving to solve ahead of time what will eventually be the greatest problem of the race.

Plots have been sown with radishes and lettuce seed. Portions of the plots have been excited by high frequency currents. The vegetables in the plots so affected showed a 75 per cent increase in yield over the plots left to the ordinary ministrations of the sun and rain.

This result opens a vista of unlimited proportions, in which the mind's eye may picture undreamed-of things to be in the future when electricity shall have become commercially cheaper, so that it can be applied to myriads of uses not now apparent. For instance, the frost-terror will be removed forever. The orange grower, the prune, the peach, the apricot grower, and the melon grower will no longer live in dread of a sudden cold snap against which he is unprepared and which may lead to complete loss of crops, to indebtedness and bankruptcy. The smudge-pot will be banished forever, the bonfire will be unknown. Electrical wires will connect with heating towers at intervals through the orchard and automatic regulators will start the flow as the temperature begins to approach the danger point.

Thus will the orchardist add to his financial returns, and who knows but electricity may yet also be applied to trees in such a manner as to produce larger crops and even finer fruit? True, this will come about only when electric energy can be more cheaply developed, but the time will come when it will be within the reach of all for every purpose, and it is only the pioneer hydro-electric companies which can hasten that eventful era. California has seen wonders performed in the hydro-electric field since the Pacific Gas and Electric Company blazed the way for others to follow, many wonders remain to be performed, and the institution which already supplies two-thirds of California's population with perfect "Pacific Service" is accomplishing its full share in the field where, indeed, it has worked wonders itself in the furnishing of light, power, heat, water, and railroad transportation. Wherever it has entered it has made the cities, towns, and rural districts brighter, more comfortable, and better places in which to live.



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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, to whom Pope Pius X recently in an unusual step presented a gold medal, is chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. Judge Gary is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but he gave \$50,000 a short time ago to further the work of that church at Gary, Indiana, and this is said to be directly responsible for the honor.

Henry Higgins, who is reported in line for a peerage, is head of the London Covent Garden Opera. His successful promotion and management of the gala production recently held in honor of the Danish royal pair on their London visit is said to have been the deciding factor in the case, though his services embrace a long period of dignified and successful connection with the Covent Garden Opera.

Aristides Agramonte, on whom Columbia University has just conferred the honorary degree of doctor of science, is the sole survivor of a famous group of scientists and public servants, who, in order to test the theory of the transmission of yellow fever by mosquitoes, began the experiments on themselves. He is a native of Havana, a doctor of medicine of Columbia University, and for some years past has been professor of bacteriology and experimental pathology in the University of Havana.

John L. de Saulles has resigned the post of minister to Uruguay, to which he was appointed in March, and will engage in the real estate business in New York. He will step out of the United States diplomatic service without having discharged a single official duty. As his appointment was confirmed by the United States Senate, Mr. de Saulles is entitled to full dignities as a one-time representative of this country to a foreign nation. It is believed he is the first in the history of the diplomatic service to win his title without having left his own country.

Mme. Y. Ozaki, wife of Japan's minister of justice, is English on her maternal side, her mother having been a Miss Morrison before her marriage. Her grandfather was a profound scholar and linguist, and was the tutor of many of Japan's great men who were sent to England to study. Mme. Ozaki went to Japan at the age of sixteen, and two years later began to write on Japanese topics for English periodicals. Among her works are "Buddha's Crystal" and "Warriors of Old Japan." She is now completing for the publishers a collection of love stories and tragedies of Old Japan.

Professor Albert A. Michelson, head of the department of physics in the University of Chicago, was recently given the high honor of being included among the first twelve men of science in America by a vote of the thousand

foremost men of science in this country. Professor Michelson was the first American to be awarded the Nobel prize in science and the only one to receive the Copley medal of the Royal Society of London. His earliest investigations in the velocity of light were begun while he was still an instructor in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and many of the best years of his life have since been given to the subject of spectrum analysis.

Dr. William Williams Keen, the newly elected president of the next congress of the International Surgical Association—the highest compliment within the power of the organization to America—is a resident of Philadelphia, aged seventy-seven years. He is the first American who has ever been elected to the presidency of the international surgeons. Dr. Keen has served as president of the American Surgical Association, the American Medical Association, and other important bodies. He belongs to the leading medical associations of France, Belgium, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. He is the author of important books on anatomy and surgical complications of typhoid fever and the editor of half a dozen medical works.

Edward T. Stotesbury, successor to the late George F. Baer as president of the Reading Company, the holding corporation for the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, did not, like his predecessor, come up from the ranks of working people. He was born in 1849 in Philadelphia and entered the banking house of Drexel & Co. at the age of seventeen. He is a director in many railroad and steel manufacturing companies as well as of financial institutions, among them the Girard Trust Company. Mr. Stotesbury is very wealthy and his hobby is music. He has been a patron of grand opera in Philadelphia for years and personally guaranteed to make up the deficit of one season himself. He has been a member of the Reading board for years.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The construction of the \$2,500,000 drydock at Hunters' Point by the Union Iron Works was assured Tuesday when the House of Representatives, by a vote of 137 to 93, decided to ratify the provision providing for the local drydock in the naval appropriation bill. Work may begin within two months.

By a decision in Judge Cerf's court Claus Schilling, 2210 Vallejo Street, will have to tear twenty feet off the thirty-foot fence between his home and the Michelson flats. This is the first test of the California law recently raised against spite fences.

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agent of the Southern Pacific Company and a pioneer in California railway development, passed away in the Southern Pacific Hospital. He entered the service of the company as general passenger agent in 1868 and served continuously in that capacity for forty years. He was eighty-three years old at his death. He was retired in 1905 on pension.

Thomas Lundy, street construction inspector, was dismissed by the board of works last Monday on charges of inattention to duty. His trial was the outcome of the allegations of faulty work made against Flinn & Treacy, contractors, in laying concrete on Webster Street from Green to Union.

Henry Ralston, pioneer in the steel business in San Francisco, died last Sunday morning at his summer home in San Anselmo, after suffering from a complication of diseases for two years. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage. Ralston was born in Greenock, Scotland, November 22, 1842. He came to San Francisco, by way of Australia, in 1866, and engaged in the iron business, founding the Ralston Iron Works, of which he remained the head until his practical retirement in 1904.

Joseph Fishler, the trusted employee who looted the safe of the Albert Samuels Jewelry Company last week, was captured near Boulder Creek in Santa Cruz County. He is held in bail of \$25,000 cash. Much of the stolen jewelry was found on him.

Captain Thomas Harris, South Sea island trader and navigator, was fined \$100 by United States District Judge Dooling on Saturday for having attempted to smuggle seven pearls appraised at \$2000 when he arrived in San Francisco on the *Willochra* Friday. In addition to the fine, Captain Harris will lose the pearls, as they have been confiscated by the government.

The home in New York of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has been brightened by the advent of a son, who has been named Theodore Roosevelt III. Mrs. Roosevelt was formerly Miss Eleanor B. Alexander, daughter of Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander of New York.

The home in Paris of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gailliard Smart has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Smart was formerly Miss Thelma Parker, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Knight of this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Young has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—Is your uncle good at golf? She—Mercy, no! He's very profane.—*Boston Globe*.

"You should aim high, my boy." "I do. At the stars. No chorus girls for me."—*Town Topics*.

Fairfax—What kind of a plant is the Virginia creeper? Harrison—It isn't a plant; it's a railroad.—*Club Fellow*.

Dyer—Why did they make Higbee a delegate to the Peace Congress? Ryer—He's such a good fighter.—*Town Topics*.

"What luck?" asked the wayfarer of Diogenes. "Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."—*Life*.

He—Do you think that money is necessary to happiness? She—Not if one has unlimited credit.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"It takes two to start a quarrel," said Mrs. Gabb. "Oh, no, it doesn't," replied Mr. Gabb. "A man and his wife are one."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Aged Uncle—I've insured my life for \$5000 in your favor. What else can I do for you. Nephew—Nothing on earth, uncle.—*Livingston Lance*.

Imp—Where will your majesty summer? Satan—I think I'll stay in town; I notice a lot of people are coming from the country.—*New York Sun*.

The Colonel—Did your son play in the 'varsity football match? Mrs. M.—Indeed he did. Why, he was the star drawback.—*Princeton Tiger*.

"What is a caharet?" asked the new arrival. "It is the thing," said the city man, "that put the din in dinner and took the rest out of restaurant."—*Popular Magazine*.

"I thought you told me that Jones was a piano-finisher," said the Old Fogey. "Why, I saw him driving a moving-van today." "Well?" interrogated the Grouch.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Woman (popping into the mourning shop)—That's a nice little 'at in yer winder, my dear. Yer might put it hy for me, will yer? 'E's not gone yet, hut you never know, do yer?—*Punch*.

"Mary, why didn't you sound the dinner-gong?" "Please 'm, I couldn't find it." "Why, there it is on the hall table!" "Please 'm, you said this morning that was the breakfast-gong."—*Sketch*.

"An' you were at MacDougal's last night—what kind o' man is he?" "Leebral 'v' his whusky—but the quality o' it's that indeeffrent that after seven glesses or so I verra near left some.—*London Opinion*.

"That prima donna must love music thoroughly." "Oh, I don't know," replied the manager. "She doesn't seem to get a hit of pleasure out of hearing anybody else sing well."—*Chester (Pa.) Times*.

"Shan't we go now, Emma? I feel cold here, and I've got a cough." "You sit still and keep your mouth shut. I've got to finish this book on 'The Secret of Making One's Husband Happy.'—*Megendorfer Blätter*.

"Wasn't there something about a promise to love, honor, and obey me in that marriage ceremony?" asked Mr. Meekton. "My goodness, Leonidas! You are like some of those politicians who never quit talking about a party platform."—*Washington Star*.

"In choosing his men," said the Sahhath-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Seed Merchant (giving information)—I should say a foot between the radish and onion rows will be quite sufficient. Prospective Amateur Gardener—Think so? I think I'll be on the safe side and allow three or four feet. I don't want the radishes to have a heastly onion flavor.—*New York Advertiser*.

Judge—What is your occupation, my man? Prisoner—I am a hus-driver, my lord. Judge—You mean you are the driver of horses attached thereto? Prisoner—Yes, sir. Judge—You are charged with hitting this man on the face. Did you do it? Prisoner—Certainly not! Judge—What did you do, then? Prisoner—I hit him on the nasal organ attached thereto.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Clarence," said the American heiress hesitatingly, "I think that you should be told at once how my father made his money. Our business men in this country have methods which to one of your pure soul, whose motto is 'Noblesse oblige,' can not but—" "Cease, Mamie, cease," said the young lord reassuringly, "tell me no more. However he made his millions I can forgive, for your sake. But —er—has he still got them all right?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



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THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Fortunate Decision.

The United States Supreme Court holds in a test oil land case in favor of the patent holder (the Southern Pacific Company) and against the contentions of the government's attorneys, that a United States land patent is an official and final declaration of title. In other words, when a patent has been regularly issued by government officials, free from any taint of fraud, subsequent discoveries or developments do not operate to invalidate title as conveyed by such patent. Until this decision was reported on Tuesday morning there were few who realized the full significance of the movement on the part of the Attorney-General's office to oust the Southern Pacific Company from its ownership of certain lands in the central California oil fields. Only when the decision came to be analyzed was it seen generally that success of the government's contention would have thrown titles everywhere into confusion, since all lands held under United States patent would have been

subject to reclamation by the government under any change of conditions other than those known when patent was issued. There would have been no limit to the confusion involved in such disturbance of vested rights. It would have made uncertainty everywhere; and it would have destroyed values of untold magnitude, likewise of incalculable importance to the orderly business life of the country. The case, now that its full significance is comprehended, is seen to have involved, not merely the right of the Southern Pacific Company to its patented lands, found subsequent to the issuance of the patent to be oil-bearing, but the rights of all landholders to lands anywhere resting upon government patent. It is gratifying to be able to say at a time when the Southern Pacific is subjected to many forms of onslaught that in this instance it has performed a signal public service in fighting to a conclusion satisfactory to everybody a case upon which a multitude of interests, public and private, have hung in suspense. This case was an outgrowth of a sensational and vindictive spirit on the part of certain governmental agents founded in the wish to make personal and political capital through prosecution of oil landholders. This spirit, by the decision just handed down, has been rebuked, as it deserved to be. It is to be hoped that the lesson will be heeded—that it will put a crimp in that malicious and mischievous spirit which in recent times has appeared in so many forms and which has so tended to destroy public confidence in the integrity of many things in California and elsewhere.

Failure of Mexican Mediation.

There is small profit, and certainly no pleasure, in trying to keep tab of the Mexican chessboard as the play changes from day to day and hour to hour. The mediation has failed, for several obvious reasons. First, the Washington government was insistent for conditions the effect of which would have been to oust Huerta and make Carranza the dominant figure in Mexican affairs. This proposal involved an exercise of favoritism repugnant to every normal instinct of justice, and of course offensive to the South American mediators, who entered the conference free from the motives and the bias which influenced the Washington government. Second, the Washington government was insistent upon a definite acceptance, real or pretended, of some plan under reorganization of the Mexican government to alienate lands now held in large tracts and distribute them among the peon class. In other words, the Washington government insisted, not merely upon peace, but upon a fundamental recast of the Mexican property system. This untimely proposal might have disconcerted any group of mediators, and it was particularly and peculiarly an obstacle to any adjustment when presented to a board of mediation three of whose four members represented countries organized under the Mexican idea, themselves individually belonging to the aristocratic land-holding class.

Under any conditions the work cut out by the mediators would have been difficult. When the Washington government under partial and whimsical motives, and in contempt of established rules of international diplomacy, dragged in its prejudices, its resentments, and an utopian project of land reform, the whole scheme fell flat. The failure is just one more natural effect of that fool idealism combined with stubbornness which has marked our dealings with Mexico this past year.

The one practical effect of the mediation—and on the whole a good one—has been the elevation of the three leading South American countries into the sphere of international diplomacy and authority. Now that Argentina, Brazil, and Chile have been formally recognized as having a legitimate part in Pan-American councils they stand in a position where they must be

consulted in all future affairs related broadly to the interests of the Western Hemisphere. It takes something of the cockiness out of our old Monroe Doctrine and adds something to its justice and common sense. On the whole it strengthens the Monroe Doctrine as against any future challenge on the part of Europe.

Turning to the immediate Mexican situation, it is now evident that Huerta is a weak and declining force. Likewise, through the developments of the past ten days, it is certain that the so-called Constitutionalist party is broken and divided. Carranza continues to maintain high pretensions, while Villa appears to hold the mastery in a military sense. The so-called Constitutionalist now seem as likely to divert their energies into a factional war as to combine them in an assault upon Huerta. It's a sad mess.

The one fact in the situation clear to the eye of common sense is that Mexico can not now pacify herself, since the one man who might have dominated the situation has been broken by the policy of the Washington government. The men now at the front of affairs do not want peace. They are professional fighters; their propensity is for war; their interest lies in continuance of chaotic conditions. If peace is to come to Mexico before a time of universal exhaustion, it must be imposed from without—that is by alien authority. Practically the United States is the one power competent for the work. Even the United States can not now do it by any means short of positive intervention. It would be idle now to talk about what might have been done. The practical issue relates to what may be done. If today there were judgment, resolution, and plain common sense in control of the Washington government, our forces would march from Vera Cruz and from El Paso to the City of Mexico. We should take possession of the Mexican government and give the law of peace alike to Huertaists, Carranzaists, and Villaists. We should, if there should develop a disposition anywhere to resist us, treat the resistants with a strong hand. We should pacify Mexico by the forces of moral repression if possible, by armed power if necessary. Then we should set about the business of reorganizing the country precisely as we did in the case of Cuba, much as England has done in the case of Egypt. This is the only practicable, the only possible course. It is not what anybody would like. Probably it is not within the competence of those who have control of affairs at Washington. But, unpleasant task as it is, difficult as it is, it is what we shall have to do in the end. It is not an agreeable reflection that we may have to wait until the present weak and whimsical régime at Washington shall be succeeded by one of more judgment and more strength; and it is not a pleasant reflection that in the interim Mexico may have to welter in the blood and chaos of savage, remorseless, and purposeless contention.

Senatorial Debate.

The movement of which, curiously enough, Mr. Bryan, the most frequent, fulsome, and persistent speechifier on the face of the green earth, is the chief sponsor, to limit debate in the United States Senate, is by no means the first attempt to "gag" the one open forum of the country. Ever since the cloture was enforced in the House, some twenty years ago, there has been persistent effort to apply it to the Senate. The theory is that the privilege of free debate is a hindrance to the despatch of legislative business. There is, indeed, something in it; but there are those who still think that the cloture would be more harmful than beneficent. More than once in recent years the opportunity which free debate gives to a few men has saved the country against the folly of too precipitate senatorial action. Most important of many instances,

perhaps, was that of 1890, when prolonged debate prevented the passage of a bill already accepted by the House of Representatives taking Federal elections from state control and placing them under Federal authority. This was the famous "Force Bill," so bitterly resented by the South, and which in its effects, it is now seen, would surely have revived much of the sectional bitterness which time has effaced. It is now seen that the force bill was unnecessary and that its effect would have been anti-patriotic—a mistake from every point of view.

Since debate was practically shut off in the House of Representatives—and there was need for it there—the Senate remains the one open forum in the country. There are times when senatorial debate is a bore. Sometimes it is a real obstruction. But on the other hand it is one, perhaps the chief, among the great educational influences in American life. It is far better occasionally to have too much discussion of public issues than to have none at all. It is practically the only means available for bringing out the fullest information on all sides relative to any given issue. To eliminate it would leave to the presidential office the virtual monopoly of the greatest of all forces in the political life of the country—a monopoly obviously dangerous to the public welfare.

Without exception, so far as we can discover, men of large political experience and with no personal axes to grind oppose the movement to limit senatorial debate. It is contrary to the spirit and desire of the Senate itself. It has truly been said that a Senate gagged is no longer a Senate, but a mere register of a will higher than its own. And it is further argued with point that if the advocates of cloture wish to see the executive clothed with the despotic power of making the country's laws, the very first and most practical step to that end would be the shutting off of debate in the Senate. Mr. Bryan, after his usual habit of slapdash, has characterized senatorial privilege of debate as "plutocracy's last stronghold." Those who have given the matter closer consideration than Mr. Bryan is able to give to anything regard a free, open, unawed forum of debate rather as a bulwark of liberty.

The Go-to-Church Movement.

There is on foot a general movement to revive popular interest in churches and church-going. All over the country the go-to-church propaganda is being stimulated by appeals sentimental and material. In many of the communions ministers and clergy are being urged to take up "live topics," to avoid "doctrinizing," and to make the services "entertaining." Schemes of social attraction are being tried out; even moving pictures are being introduced. All of which is well intended, but we think vain as related to the purpose in view. The churches are empty because there is a distinct mental change in the attitude of the public. And in truth, since we have ceased on the one hand to hope for heaven and on the other to fear hell, the churches have not much to offer in competition with popular athletics and the growing taste for out of doors. The Catholic church, indeed, by a more sustained discipline and under a clever policy which enables worshippers to get through with their religious duties at an early hour, leaving an unbroken Sunday for other things, contrives fairly well to hold the allegiance of its communicants. But the churches which "spoil the day" by insisting upon a midday service are empty and likely to remain empty. A hard-working world, eager for fresh air and exercise and relieved at last from the hopes and terrors of the old theology, will not give up its one free day in the week to hear dogmatic avowals about things no longer seriously believed.

The drift away from the churches, just now especially marked, is by no means new. It began many years ago in the seats of the old Puritan settlements. Unitarianism was the first device by which it was endeavored to sustain the church-going habit on the part of those who had lost the old-time faith. But Unitarianism was above the heads of the multitude. Nowhere did its appeal get below the level of those possessing some degree of "hical culture." Brilliant as was and is the Unitarian pulpit, its propaganda somehow lacks the power which only a profound spirituality can yield. We are still assured by the church authorities that Unitarianism is a growing communion; but we have

been unable to discover one Unitarian society as strong in the devotion of its members as it was twenty years ago. Only a few months back the foremost Unitarian pastor (if that designation be allowed) in the historic Unitarian church of San Francisco abandoned his pulpit to become a professional undertaker. The Unitarian, like all the other churches, is still well sustained on the financial side. But it doesn't bring its nominal membership to meeting on Sunday and as a spiritual influence it is very far from being an expanding force.

In the midst of the obvious decay of church spirit and influence there has developed an anomalous fact—the rise and growth of Christian Science. Its temples are rising everywhere. Its communions grow by leaps and bounds. Its stated meetings are largely attended, not only by women, but by men. The reason, we think, is not far to seek. Christian Science, even though criticism may deny it the character either of Christianity or science, requires of its communicants no adherence to outworn creeds. The Christian Scientist may believe what he likes. He may accept or reject all or any part of the old conventional faiths. There is no requirement that anybody shall swear to anything that he doesn't believe because some convention of theologs gave to it sanction and mandate three hundred or five hundred years ago—or further back. Furthermore, Christian Science offers something to the individual. It employs the vital principle of personal reward, lost to most other churches in the decline of faith in a future heavenly career. Everybody or pretty much everybody suffers or fancies that he suffers some form of physical distemper. Christian Science pledges him surcease; and although it has never yet mended a broken skull or substituted a natural leg for a wooden one, it does in multitudes of instances yield a revived spirit and a cheerful temper where before there was physical suffering and the worry habit. He or she who goes in for Christian Science seriously does get a certain spiritual and moral uplift—something to the individual good. Think of it as we may the fact, in the face of everyday observation, must be admitted.

There are those who declare, and with sincerity, that Christian Science is destined to encompass and possess the earth. We doubt it; and for the reason that there is in its practice a too close alliance with the rules of thrift. That phase of Christian Science faith and practice which makes it profitable on the financial side is more than likely to be its undoing. Its beneficence is too openly a matter of sale and purchase. The system turns out upon society to many eagerly thrifty "practitioners," it has too many overpriced books to sell, to sustain permanently the character of a spiritual force. The principle of Christian Science is in truth as old as the race. Its practice goes back to ancient Hindostan—and no doubt beyond. A less distant avowal of this principle is found in the familiar Scripture which declares that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." But in its modern developments it sustains a practice too closely allied with business to continue to command upon the present basis its present rate of growth. Christian Science, we suspect, must if it is to sustain itself, involve less of the spirit of money-making and embody more of the spirit of sacrifice and of brotherly sympathy. This is the vital force in all religions, so far as the rank and file is concerned. True, other churches have not been weak on the side of worldly prudence, but their great development and their spiritual hold upon the world was a product of times less skeptical, tending more to faith, than our own.

A Petition for Pardon.

It is a pitiable comment upon the popular intelligence that over a million persons should have signed a petition to the President for the pardon of the thirty dynamiters recently convicted at Indianapolis. Of course we do not know what sort of people they were who signed this petition except from the fact that they did sign it. Presumably it contained the usual proportion of forgeries interspersed among the signatures of illiterates, degenerates, and incompetents. But evidently these people themselves would be proper objects of a little unobtrusive police supervision.

These dynamiters are plain murderers. They were parts of a conspiracy that accomplished the death of a number of innocent persons belonging to their own class at Los Angeles. They were always callously in-

different to the destruction of human life that might have followed any one of the eighty explosions that they produced in different parts of the country. They were not themselves the "victims" of an industrial system, since nearly all of them were labor-union officials and many of them were comparatively wealthy. Their one grievance, if it can be dignified by such a name, was the employment of men who did not happen to belong to a particular organization and in resentment they laid the whole country under a network of murderous outrage by dynamite. Intent upon securing monopoly of labor for their own caste and class, they showed a contempt for human rights and for human life that was only equaled by the cowardly cunning with which they protected their own rights and lives. A merciful law, or perhaps an incompetent law, held them guiltless of the crime of murder that had been committed morally by all of them and awarded to them a scale of punishments wholly inadequate to their offenses. And now we find that one million people are of opinion that a nation-wide campaign of dynamite and the actual murder of some twenty people in Los Angeles are not crimes that ought to be expiated and that the members of this hideous Mafia should be liberated.

But perhaps something may be said even in defense of those who signed this petition. Possibly they did so under the inspiration of the congressional and presidential affirmation of labor-union exemption from the operations of the Sherman Act. If labor unions are to be exempt from the consequences of one crime, why not of another? And the President himself has now an opportunity to show that he will not haggle over petty details of definition and that the path of labor-union immunity is to be exactly as broad as the criminal law itself.

The Always Amusing Colonel.

When the Colonel started for the Amazonian wilds he remarked with clenched fist between his impressive teeth that there would be "no compromise." The Progressive party would fight it out on the original line till hell froze over, or words to that effect. When he emerged, after his great discovery of the What-do-you-call-it River, his first declaration was that he would not be a candidate for the presidency unless both the Progressive and Republican parties should unite in demanding the sacrifice at his hands.

Under the exhilarations of his home-coming the Colonel assured "the boys" all along the line that he was with them boots and breeches—wholly at their service in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, and elsewhere. He would go anywhere, speak anywhere, write anything, that would help the cause. Then at a moment when the cause in New York was in extremist need of a candidate for governor he sailed for Spain. After his departure it was given out by his confidential friend, Mr. Perkins of the Harvester Trust, that the Colonel was "too big a man" to waste himself on the governorship of New York, and that the Progressive party would have to look elsewhere. By this time it had become evident that the Progressive party was a declining quantity, tending to an ultimate and not remote disappearance from the face of the earth; and concurrently it was bruited about that after all the Colonel might not find time to leave New York during the campaign for the round of minor state campaigns for which he had promised himself. When the Colonel was asked point-blank if he intended to "fill" on his campaign engagements previously made, he replied, gentle as a sucking dove, that the definite announcement that he "would speak in Pittsburgh some time during the coming campaign" ought to be a sufficient answer to these vile, unmanly, and slanderous campaign fabrications.

Then came the final triumph of a personal diplomacy in the discovery of an English doctor that something was the matter with the Colonel's thorax, imperatively requiring a long period of rest and making it impossible that he should speak in public—at any time that he does not want to or anywhere that does not suit him. True, if the Colonel must speak, why then he must. But without precisely saying so, the intimation is plain that there would be especial hazard to the Colonel's thorax in speaking in Pennsylvania, where Progressivism is petering out; in Ohio, where it has already petered out, and in California, where it has become a scandal. Particularly it would be dangerous for the Colonel to make

anything like a general campaign in the fierce climate of California.

In the meantime the Colonel was not to be interviewed—he gave this out as the word with the bark on. And if he were interviewed he would say nothing about politics, so help him Jehosephat. Being interviewed on a Southampton steamer, where as some of us remember the airs are famously soft for an inflamed thorax, making talk easy and even soothing, the Colonel declared to a Hearst reporter that much as he would like to speak "to that fine audience which Mr. Hearst has won for himself," he should not and could not say a word about politics—"not a word, my good fellow." Then the Colonel proceeded to discuss politics for a full hour—of course on the protected side of the deck, where talking is easy. What he said was very much to the point—so much to the point, in truth, that the *Argonaut* guessed it in advance, and as some of its readers may remember, wrote it out and printed it a full month ago. There was the Colombian treaty which apologizes for an act done in the spirit of righteousness and actually proposes to pay the handy sum of \$25,000,000 in confession of damages, when according to the Colonel there was no damage done. Then there is the Mexican business affording ample scope for eloquence. Then there were the terrible faults of the Taft régime. Then—and here we have the real milk in the true cocoanut—investigation and regulation "have gone too far." The business of the country is being "hampered," enterprise is being "stifled," trade is being "ruined," prosperity is being "destroyed" by Democratic experimentation and blundering. Curiously, not a word about the divine mission of Progressivism; not a word that even the hardest heart could construe in affront to Republicanism. Of course it was an accident that this one and exclusive interview was given to a representative of Mr. Hearst, the owner of some seven or nine newspapers. Of course everything that the Colonel has said or done since his return from Brazil has been accidental, even including this innocent little flirtation with Mr. Hearst.

Now, it may be asked by those not wise to the Colonel's peculiar powers, how will all this buncombe go down with those ardent Progressives who hang upon that gentleman's words and blindly follow wherever he chooses to lead? Answer may be found in a familiar story:

"Will yez," asked a perfervid agitator, "be free-men—"

"We will, Mr. Riley, we will!"

"—Or will yez be slaves?"

"We will, Mr. Riley, we will!"

Which in turn recalls a bit of eccentric philosophy which declares that it is easy to propagate any kind of a propaganda when you have found the proper geese.

A New Peril.

There is a news item from the textile districts of New England that we would willingly see suppressed in the interests of orderly government. Doubtless it will be read by short-sighted people with the satisfaction that marks the bovine intelligence, but minds alert to the dangers that threaten the commonwealth may see in it a certain portent that it would be well to note.

The item in question is to the effect that the textile industry has been vastly stimulated by the passing of the sheath skirt. The new fashions demand at least another yard of material in the building of the costume, while the coming prevalence of the flounce promises an almost indefinite consumption of fabric. Moreover, the generous amplitude of the new modes permits the wearing of a certain amount of the underclothing that is said by married men and others who know the facts to have been wholly discarded during the rigors of the late régime. As a result we have a distinct improvement in the cloth and linen trades in order to meet the new and unexpected feminine demand for clothing.

Now on the face of it this seems to be good news, and it may actually be good news if a militant femininity should fail to recognize the value of the weapon within their grasp. But of this there is small hope. Vigilance is the watchword of their campaign and opportunity its ammunition. They are not likely to neglect so clear an indication of a coercive method by which they can enforce their demands upon the tyrant and the oppressor. Evidently they have it in their power

to cripple one of the most important of all our industries, and to threaten alike capital and labor with the calamity of unemployment. Possibly they will use their power with moderation. Let us hope so. They are not likely to resort to extremes—to strip themselves, so to speak—on the first provocation. The pressure will be applied slowly, inch by inch, garment by garment. Upon the continued refusal of the vote we may expect to see waist and hip measurements slowly dwindling while the anguish of the textile trades slowly increases. Circumferences will gradually diminish under the stress of corsets and politics, while the presence of what may be delicately described as the sub-surface garments will become more and more obviously impossible. Metaphorically speaking, the militant feminist will shake unmentionable garments in our faces and warn us that clothing and votes must stand or fall in company. And then surrender will of course be inevitable.

Possibly the Sherman Act might help us in this emergency, or it might be amended to that end. Combinations in restraint of trade are clearly forbidden under the law, and there can be no doubt of a general interstate agreement under the name of fashion for the restraint of the textile trade. The women might of course reply that combinations are precisely the things that they are resolved to discard, and this would open up a legal question of some nicety and one that a jury of men might find themselves incompetent to decide. But the problem as a whole is certainly a vital one.

The Spanish-American Treaties.

A veritable complication of interesting conditions exists in connection with pending treaties between the United States on the one hand and the republics of Colombia and Nicaragua on the other. Both these treaties have been negotiated by the State Department and have been stamped with the presidential approval. The business of pushing them through the Senate is in the hands of the Secretary of State. Last week Mr. Bryan appeared before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to urge the ratification of both treaties, submitting completed copies of the Colombian treaty and a temporary draft of that with Nicaragua. In the one Colombia is to receive an apology for what was done under a previous (Republican) administration, along with a cash indemnity of \$25,000,000. In the other, Nicaragua is to receive a lump sum of \$3,000,000 for certain privileges granted to the United States. Mr. Bryan was accompanied in his appearance before the committee by his personal friend, Mr. Charles A. Douglas, a well-known lawyer of Washington, who supplemented the argument of the Secretary for ratification of the treaty with Nicaragua.

Mr. Bryan did not have an altogether pleasant time of it in his two hours with the committee. Many direct and some embarrassing questions were asked. In connection with the Colombian treaty there was opposition within the committee, first to the apology offered to Colombia, and second in connection with the amount of the indemnity or gratuity, whichever it may be called. Mr. Bryan met the first of these objections by quoting from a proposed treaty offered by the United States during the Taft administration a paragraph practically identical with that contained in the present proposal. To the second he had no answer other than that the amount of the proposed indemnity (\$25,000,000) seemed to him equitable under all the circumstances. In former negotiations Secretary Root had offered an indemnity or gratuity of \$250,000 a year for ten years, or \$2,500,000 all told. Mr. Bryan was manifestly embarrassed by the wide difference between the Root offer and his own—a little matter of \$22,500,000—and he hastened to point out that in a subsequent effort to patch up the difficulty with Colombia a tentative offer of \$10,000,000 had been made, and that it would undoubtedly have been accepted but for demands that the sum should be increased so as to provide for the payment of attorneys' fees.

This matter of attorneys' fees contributed to the unpleasantness of Mr. Bryan's conference with the committee. Asked directly what he was to get for his part in negotiating the treaty with Nicaragua, Mr. Douglas (the Secretary's friend) admitted that he was acting professionally, but did not state the amount he is to receive—understood, however, to be \$50,000. One member of the committee said that he had been told that

Mr. Hannis Taylor, another Washington lawyer, is to receive a million-dollar fee if the Colombian treaty is ratified. Mr. Taylor was not present to speak in reply, but when asked later if he had any explanation to make he replied that in his contract with the Colombian legation no specific sum was mentioned, but that his fee was to be mutually satisfactory—"nothing like the rumors about a million dollars." One senator remarked that he understood that fully one-third of the proposed \$25,000,000 for Colombia was to be divided among American lawyers who had been selected chiefly because of their presumed friendly relations with the administration.

From all of which it becomes evident that there is to be hard sledding in the Senate for these two treaties. It is going to be very difficult to bring Congress to write into the history of the United States a confession—even though it be a fact—that acquisition of the Canal Zone was an act of perfidy and dishonor, only to be atoned many years after the event by a humiliating apology and salved over with a colossal cash indemnity. It is further going to be difficult to secure ratification of these treaties with their large grants of money without knowing precisely where the money is going. If anything like the sums named in common gossip of Washington is to go to American attorneys, it is certain to have a restraining influence upon the acquiescence of Congress. Then there is the lion of Oyster Bay to be reckoned with. The apology and the indemnity offered to Colombia are alike offensive to ex-President Roosevelt, since they are in condonation of an act done under his authority, indeed by his direct orders. He has already spoken in bitter resentment against the proposal, and it goes without saying that he will employ all the powers at his command, even though it may still further inflame that infirm thorax of his, to bring political pressure, likewise to array public sentiment, against the treaty.

There is still another interesting phase of this complicated matter. Ratification of the Colombian treaty is urged by Mr. Bryan on the ground that it will tend to create friendly sentiment toward the United States on the part of Central and South American countries. But there are those who think the effect will be precisely contrariwise. Venezuela, Ecuador, Panama, and neighboring republics, it is declared, fear that Colombia may have dreams of territorial aggrandizement if she shall come into possession of a great sum of ready money. There is danger under this theory that the payment of the proposed \$25,000,000 will rather inflame than conciliate the resentment now universal against the United States on the part of the Spanish-American republics.

Regarding the situation in all its phases, the outlook is not good for the ratification of the Colombian treaty. It is certain to be stiffly opposed, and the probabilities are that it will be beaten.

Editorial Notes.

Ex-President Taft continues his notable service to the country in lectures and books dealing in judicial spirit with the fundamental principles and the traditions of government and with the tendencies of events. There is no other voice in the country of such poise and weight. Others, indeed, notably one other, have "plenty to say" on public questions, but always under the inspirations of personal ambition or of personal resentment, and of course always bitterly personal in matter and spirit. But Mr. Taft speaks and writes like the gentleman and statesman that he is. He has taken upon himself the task of recalling to the American people the abiding principles of their governmental system and of reviving our traditions as they stand impersonally related to current events. The latest instance of Mr. Taft's activity—his book entitled "The United States and Peace"—is reviewed at length on another page.

It was estimated by the authorities at Washington that the income tax would bring in \$54,000,000, and to that extent offset the loss of income under the reduced tariff. But it turns out that the income-tax assessments are only \$30,750,000 and that a large proportion of this sum goes for costs of collection. The position of the Treasury Department is voiced by Secretary McAdoo in the remark that "the department is convinced that many liable to the income tax have failed to make returns, and that many have made inaccurate returns. Active steps will be taken to discover all evasions."

the law, and a large additional amount of income tax will undoubtedly be collected from these delinquents." However this may be, the tax as at present assessed and collected does not meet the deficit, and now something has to be done about it. Just what, nobody in authority even ventures to guess as yet. But probably the next proposal will be a stiffening of the income-tax rate with an extension of the assessment to incomes of \$1000. And if this shall be seriously proposed it will be interesting to observe how it will strike the multitude who thought the new tax a fine thing so long as the assessment affected only those with incomes of \$4000 and over.

In the industrial centres of the country—New York, Pennsylvania, and thereabout—there is depression and lack of employment. Many thousands are out of work, and some thousands declare themselves to be hungry. The Brotherhood Welfare Association, an offshoot of the I. W. W. society, represents the last-named phase of a distressing situation. In Kansas, a thousand miles away, there is a great harvest to be reaped, and the harvesters are few. There is a cry from Kansas, like that from Macedonia of old, "Come over and help us." Last week certain charitably disposed persons conceived the idea of serving two grave conditions by a single stroke. They made terms with the railroads to charter a train of box cars to take some hundreds of the workless free of cost to a land where there is work and wages in waiting. But this good purpose can not be made to carry through. First because the wage offered is only the beggarly rate of \$2.50 per day, and the transportation is not luxurious. One O'Carroll, speaking for the jobless, sneers at the whole business. "We'll go to jail," he said in a mass meeting at New York, "before accepting less than \$3 per day, and I for one don't believe in going as freight. Pullman cars or nothing for us." Then there was a call for a show of hands on the part of the workless who would accept the box-car proposition. In an assemblage of five hundred workless not a hand was raised. "That settles it, I guess," remarked Mr. O'Carroll.

Mr. Amos Pinchot, with the open support of brother Gifford, has read Mr. George W. Perkins of the Harvester Trust, of the Insurance Trust (before the reform), chairman of the Bull-Moose executive committee, and chief "angel" of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign of 1912, out of the Progressive party. Mr. Pinchot declares that there is "an element in the party leadership, headed by Perkins, which favors the protection of private monopoly in American industry, and since the party's formation has taken active steps to commit the party to that policy." Again, "The chairman of the executive committee (Mr. Perkins) is actively opposed to recognition of labor's right to organize and deal with capital, to labor unions, and has frequently gone on record to this effect." Mr. Perkins's reply to all this is that "Mr. Pinchot is privileged to think as he pleases, and I shall certainly cling to my opinions." But this is not all. The Live and Let Live League of New York, whatever that may be, has asked permission to hold a mass meeting in front of the sub-treasury "to protest against the efforts of George W. Perkins to chloroform the Progressive party to insure a success to the Republican party in 1916." Here is a pretty mess, truly. Perkins, the Colonel's closest friend, his chief financial backer, his chief aider and prompter, trying to "chloroform" the Progressive party and play up to the Republican party! We shall never believe it—never! How could Mr. Perkins so violate the Colonel's wishes as to seek alliance with Republicanism? The thing is impossible. When the Colonel (if his thorax will permit it) goes to Pittsburgh to keep that famous engagement to speak in behalf of Mr. Gifford Pinchot's senatorial candidacy, we shall no doubt hear a lie nailed as it deserves to be. Thorax or no thorax, this slander must not go unrebuked.

The city of Prague and the closely attached suburban municipalities of Karlin, Smichov, Weinberge, and Zizkov, with a total population of about 500,000, have just completed one of the world's largest underground waterworks systems at a cost of \$5,000,000. The water is applied by 575 small and by seven large artesian wells. These wells are fifteen miles from the city of Prague. As the water is pumped out of them it runs gravitation through pipes into a reservoir. Enlargement is possible by the location, on the same strip of land, of more wells.

MORITURI MORITUROS SALUTANT.

It seems that there are always a number of people ceaselessly on the watch to make themselves conspicuous and willing to interrupt the very harmonies of heaven with their bellowings of self-advertisement. Take, for example, the premier of New South Wales. Now there is no particular reason except the aforesaid love of publicity why this surprising creature should think it necessary to cable to London his reflections on the loss of the *Empress of Ireland*. No one outside of New South Wales can conceivably care what he thinks about anything, or even know of his existence. "I expect," says this absurd person, "that the inquiry will end in the condemnation of some unfortunate second mate or seaman. There will be no safety for the traveling public until the directors of the companies which send fifteen hundred people to sea in a ship capable of being destroyed in fifteen minutes, are put on trial as accessories to manslaughter. I hope that the Canadian government will deal with the calamity in that spirit. I am not saying who is innocent or who is guilty, but if the disaster was due to a human failing, the people who make money by gambling in human lives ought to be punished." Now the accident to the *Empress of Ireland* was not due to "people who make money by gambling in human lives." The premier of New South Wales knew quite well that it was due to collision. If he has the intelligence of a human being—rather a wild surmise—he knows that when two ships strike each other they are likely to sink, and that no human constructive skill can prevent it. He knows also that no money is spared by steamship companies to prevent such disasters, and that they will occur at intervals until we are all as wise as colonial premiers, which, thank heaven, will not be this week. As a matter of fact the premier of New South Wales saw a chance to strut about and make a noise like a democrat and he took it quickly. That is the sort of man that he is.

There are always certain stereotyped phrases sanctioned by long usage that make their appearance at times of catastrophe such as this. We hear much about ruthless nature red in tooth and claw, and the cruelty of the ocean. Our newspapers seem to keep editorials ready written for such occasions, while from the pulpit comes the usual flood of nonsense about the inscrutable ways of Providence. Now I would not suggest for a moment that such an occurrence is not an awful one in the exact meaning of that term. It is sobering by its very immensity and arresting by its suddenness. But then nature works always in awful ways, and we have grown used to them. They do not appal us any more. Actually it is the unexpected and the unforeseen that stagger us. It is shock that bewilders us. That a thousand people should go to the bottom of the sea in a few minutes seems a horror too great for words, and yet be it remembered that nature would presently have killed all these people in some other and more usual way. Not one would have escaped. Another half-century or so would have done that fatal work as effectively as it was done by the ocean. The cruelty of nature! Let us rather say the mercy of nature! But for the waves those people would have died lingering and painful deaths, most of them. Some would have gasped away their lives in consumption, others would have burned to death in fever and delirium. Some might have perished from poverty and want. Certainly the sum total of their sufferings was far less than it would have been by nature's more customary processes. At this moment there is more continuous and abiding pain in any large hospital than during those few minutes that preceded the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*. Why should we be so blankly indifferent to the one and so filled with horror by the other? And if we are to talk of the inscrutable ways of Providence we shall find more of the baffling and the mysterious in disease than in shipwreck.

Probably when we become civilized and scientific—and now we are neither the one nor the other—we shall revise all our ideas about death. Indeed I am rather inclined to measure the actual civilization of any people by the extent to which they fear death, and therefore I should have to put our own civilization at a very low point, as I believe it to be. Of course this decadence is due mainly to religion, which has always found it profitable to magnify the terrors of death and consequently the cash values of its own specifics. The clergyman who ejaculated "God forbid" when told during the storm at sea that in a few minutes he would be in the presence of his Maker was fairly representative of the results of modern theology. I remember once reading a denunciation of the practice of cremation. It was written by a great cardinal, who disapproved of the burning of bodies on the ground that it tended to "lessen the fear of death." I remember at the time wondering why the fear of death should not be lessened. It seemed to me an eminently advisable thing to do. What shall it profit a man to fear anything, and why should we believe that nature has condemned the whole human race to some culminating and concluding misfortune? At least we may remember to our comfort that we cry when we are horn—and doubtless with good reason—and that we smile when we die—doubtless with an equally good reason.

Civilization will one day have to face disaster through its fear of death, a fear now carried to a point never before equaled in human history, and through the superstitious values that it places upon the mere fact of living. Mr. Francis Grierson, the American essayist and musician, foreseeing the day when East and West will meet on some world-shaking battlefield, asks if victory is not likely to rest with the Oriental, who thinks it better to die than to live. We

forget the Oriental when we use such phrases as "the universal dread of death." The dread of death is not universal. It is the cold and brutal truth that the frantic fear of death, the deification of life and health, is to be found only in Christian countries, where any abomination of tyranny and cruelty is held to be justified if it can be shown to advantage health. It was the contempt of death that made the Turks invincible until they began to rot under European contact, under the blight of civilization. It was the contempt of death that gave Japan the victory over Russia. No man and no nation can be really strong until they have learned to look upon death as an incident, an insignificance, a triviality. I think it was Mr. Andrew Lang who said that among the aboriginal inhabitants of Europe a promise to pay a debt in some future life was considered to be a sufficient discharge. It would hardly do to revert to that Arcadian simplicity and trustfulness, but none the less there is something admirable in a faith like that. Those men must have been tough customers on a battlefield. I would rather have to deal with the more modern forms of piety when it came to trouble.

It is strange that so many books have been written on the way to live and so few on the way to die. Nothing is more remarkable than the undignified way in which we shuffle off this mortal coil. The animals heat us fairly out of the field when it comes to the last act. But then they are our superiors in so many ways and in most of the virtues. Generally speaking, an animal never suffers pain until it dies, and we may doubt if it suffers much even then. A rat will die with more dignity than a human being. It will fight for its life, but when the fight is seen to be vain it dies tranquilly, and certainly without fear. Assuredly we have not yet acquired the art of dying, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that we have not acquired the art of living, although it must be admitted that dying is much the easier of the two. When we receive our first warning we greet it with a veritable panic. There is no reform that we are not willing to undertake. We reconstruct our whole manner of living and do abject homage to the great god of hygiene. And then we usually get some sort of a false reprieve and the dread gradually dies away. We grow used to the shadow. And then comes a second warning, and it is a more imperative one. Once more we are plunged into a veritable fever of terror and we wildly submit to operations, inoculations, vaccinations, blood transmissions, and the whole cargo of futilities carried by the modern medicine man. It may be that life is prolonged for a few weeks or months, but at what a cost in human dignity and self-respect. And so at last we are beaten from the field, fighting, struggling, kicking, and praying, shamed, exhausted, and humiliated. Here at least we might imitate the animals to advantage, for they are not afraid. They accept death as a part of the scheme of things, and, because it is a part of the scheme of things, as a beneficence. But nature never seems to be quite so beneficent as when she brings death suddenly, without warning, and by one of those fatalities that we call accidents.

I have never been able quite to understand how there can be any such thing as an accident, but perhaps that is because I am unscientific. I have never been able to understand how the universe came to be built from a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as one of our scientific pundits has told us, although I believe that method of accounting for things is not now so popular as it used to be. It seems to me that if the world was built by chance it ought to go on existing by chance and to move in a disorderly rather than an orderly way, as is so obviously the case. On the other hand, if the universe was constructed by some sort of law I can not understand how anything unlawful, such as the sinking of a ship, can happen in it. But then again I am not scientific. It appears to me that we must either have everything governed by law or everything governed by chance, and that law and chance can not exist side by side in the same solar system. If it was a part of the scheme of things that Napoleon should be overthrown at Waterloo then it must have been a part of the scheme of things that Napoleon's messenger to Grouchy, or whoever it was, should have been misdirected on the road. If it was a part of the scheme of things that the Roman Empire should be mistress of the world then it must have been a part of the scheme of things that the Capitol geese should have cackled at the approach of the barbarians and so have saved the city. There is no event in history so colossal that it can not be traced back to some happening so small as to escape attention, and if the colossal event belonged to a scheme of things then the small happening from which it sprang must also have belonged to the scheme of things. And so perhaps the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland* belonged to the scheme of things and only a lack of perspective prevents us from seeing the beneficence of it. Of course we may be living in a world ruled wholly by chance, but I have a difficulty in believing it so long as Bode's law governs the planetary distances and so long as electrons continue to behave with their present orderly precision. And if we are not living in a universe of chance then there can be no chance anywhere in that universe. Why, then, should we fear death? Surely it would be the better part to welcome it with dignity. *Morituri morituros salutant.*

SIDNEY CORN.

Ten of the new stamp-printing machines invented by R. B. Stickney and recently installed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington, will turn out 3,500,000 stamps each day, which is the number required by the Postoffice Department for daily distribution. The machine will perform the function of printing, gumming, perforating, and coiling postage stamps.

THE GIFT-WOMAN.

Napio Offers His Rescuer a Wife.

Two hours before the scheduled departure of the *Empire*, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, for Peace River Crossing, Snag Pulver closed and locked the door of his ranch house and with luggage in hand hurried along the foot-trail which threaded its way through green fields to the company's wharf. At the Mission he was joined by Napio, the Indian hunter. Napio's inquisitive mind had got him out of bed at an early hour to see the steamer, the crowd at the wharf, and to stand in open-eyed wonder as the big boat, shrieking like devils, slipped away from her moorings into the eddying cross-current that defies navigation at Vermilion-on-the-Peace. Napio never grew tired of watching this white man's canoe, though no amount of coaxing could ever induce him to set foot aboard her.

"Where you go?" asked Napio, gazing suspiciously at Pulver's impeding.

"I go on steamer," said Pulver, speaking simply in order to be understood. "Steamer take me to Dunvegan. Pony take me from there—eight hundred miles in all."

"What you do then," asked Napio in an awed voice; "get whisky?"

"No whisky this time," laughed Pulver. "No whisky any more."

The Indian was evidently disappointed.

"What you get, then?"

In spite of himself Snag Pulver's tan face became very red.

"Napio," he said guiltily, "you listen me. I have big ranch—ponies, horses, cows. I have big house and plenty within it to eat and drink. I am strong and well—but I have no wife."

"Wife me," boasted Napio. "One wife, one little boy."

"I go outside," continued Pulver, "to get me wife." Here he blushed painfully. "Maybe little boy, too—sometime."

Plainly Napio could not understand the need of traveling eight hundred miles for the purpose of getting one's self a wife. A wife was one of those inconsequential necessities to be picked up any time at any place and banged around one's tepee or harassed on the trail.

"Plenty woman here," observed Napio. "All want to get married."

Pulver laughed. "See," he cried, "the steamer."

By now the two were within a short distance of the wharf. The path turned to the left and in a moment they were tramping down the dusty roadway. A hundred feet ahead lay the steamer. Plodding deck-hands carried boxes and parcels down the gangplank. The pilot, a tall halfbreed in skin-coat and moccasins, stood near the pilot-house watching a flock of wild geese crossing the valley. Occasionally one caught sight of the captain, a gray-visaged, untiring person who wore a blue-visored cap and blue coat, rumped at the back.

Snag Pulver and his companion walked to the end of the wharf and sat down. The day was entrancing; a light steady breeze blew over the water; the sun, hours high, threw its warm, vitalizing rays over the land; on the opposite shore Phantom Creek bubbled and boiled as it came tumbling down into the Peace.

The two had been sitting there only a few minutes when Napio, quick as a cat, arose to his feet with a startled exclamation. Pulver, glancing up, beheld a strange occurrence. Three deck-hands raced madly across the pier, stumbling over boxes as they ran. Appeared presently three others. Behind them came the captain, terror-struck, fighting in his hurry to get away. A black cloud of smoke settled around the steamer. There followed a terrific, terrifying crash.

Through the smoke Pulver saw the pilot raise himself to his knees and creep away over the shattered upper deck. Next his attention was called by a splash at his side. Napio, struck by a flying splinter, had toppled backward into the river. The heavy inert mass was floating straight away on the smooth surface of the water, gaining momentum as it was being carried out gradually toward the central channel.

Removing his coat, Pulver sprang after his companion. He was conscious of the first contact with the water—the icy thrill, the cold shivers that ran down his back. He was also conscious of putting every ounce of strength into his cramped muscles and forcing them into action. He struggled ahead, was caught by a swifter current, was whirled round and round, and finally, when weakness and exhaustion seemed tearing away at his last remnant of endurance, he overtook the Indian and with almost superhuman effort pulled him ashore.

The thing was over and done with. Sergeant Renick of the Mounted Police, Constable Carson, and a few others assisted the crew of the *Empire* in recovering the dead bodies. Of the fourteen men who had composed the crew, only seven were accounted for. The steamer was utterly destroyed. Casks of powder stored carelessly in the hold had in some manner become ignited. Explosion had followed. Property and human life were swept away as though by the hand of God.

The captain of the *Empire* tore about like a madman. He had reason enough, for in the town there was neither doctor nor undertaker. At first the bodies of the dead and injured were laid out on a sheet, but later, through the kindness of Sister Delphine, these were transferred to the Mission, and that day and for many days thereafter the Mission became a temporary hospital for the sick and suffering.

Snag Pulver did what he could. At nightfall he left his comrades and walked slowly back to Sunside Ranch and slipped in through the same door he had barred and bolted that morning. He had not expected to be back. But here he was—and about him was the litter of yesterday and the dirt of many weeks. On the table were dishes unwashed and the remains of his hurried breakfast.

Outside he could hear the ponies stamping in the corral; a prowling husky mourned in the coulee beyond; in the distance the faint sound of lowing cattle.

Everything was the same as before. Tonight he was no nearer his coveted goal than yesterday or the day previous. And somewhere back East in the province, which was now only a memory to him, she would not know that he had failed to come. For weeks and possibly months she would watch and wait—as only women watch and wait—and every hour that passed would bring fresh hope and a new and bitter disappointment.

He slung himself on his bunk and tried to sleep. Sleep failed him; whenever he closed his eyes he beheld the incomparable vision of a haunting face reproaching him, or else the grewsome sight of dead and mangled river men laid out in sheets.

In the end he got up, lit a lamp, and paced forth and back trying to drive away the phantoms of fancy which, like maggots, obsessed his mind. His slipped feet never paused in their journey. The short night of the northern summer disappeared. The first light of early morning shot streaming through flaming windows.

Looking at his watch Pulver saw that it was four o'clock. Conscious of hunger—for he had eaten no supper the night before—he kindled a fire in the kitchen range and made ready to get himself a meal. He ate dejectedly in spite of the merry twittering outside, the warming earth-sounds, the happy awakening of a family of chipmunks just beneath his window.

Presently still another sound came to his ears. But this new sound was different from any he had ever heard before. It was a low chant, a weird, disconnected song, guttural, mournful, set to a changing rhythm as though to suit the fancy of the singer.

Pulver sat very still and listened. Then, impelled by curiosity, he moved to the door and opened it. There on his own doorstep was the singer: An Indian woman of his own age or thereabout, clothed in bright raiment, rocking to the rhythm of her song.

The woman's head was bent forward, and when Pulver appeared she did not look up. But the chant continued. It became the vehicle of an inspired mind. The singer arose to her feet and glided about through the intricacies of a strange dance, paused, and resumed her seat.

Mystified, Pulver watched her a moment and then went back into the house. He was ignorant of the woman's identity and could not understand why she had chosen to serenade him in this manner. As he went about washing his breakfast dishes and putting things in order he puzzled over the matter not a little.

"What is the meaning of the woman's song," he asked himself, "and what is her purpose here?"

Search as he might, he could find no answer to the question.

At noon when he returned from work he was surprised to see the woman still sitting on his doorstep. The sight of her annoyed him. This thing must stop, he told himself. He approached the singer and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"What do you want?" he asked coldly.

The woman, looking up at him, smiled a queer smile.

"Come," he said, motioning. "Come."

Obediently she arose to her feet and followed him. He led the way across the rectangular field which separated the house from the corral; he opened the heavy swinging gate; he pointed at the road, dusty and travel-beaten, which led away through the hazy summer distances.

"Go," he said, quickly. "Go."

The woman hesitated, looking up at Pulver with quiet, troubled eyes. Her sallow face flushed as though his sharp command had brought shame upon her. In her dumb, inoffensive way she was pleading with him.

"Go," said Pulver.

Again he pointed in the direction she must take. Even the wretched, unhappy look of the woman could not possibly deter him.

"Go," he repeated.

He turned his gaze full upon her so that she might understand he was in earnest, that he meant not to be trifled with. He shook his head to indicate more clearly his displeasure. But all to no purpose. The woman returned his look and finally sat down very deliberately as though awaiting some further manifestation of his strange humor.

Not knowing what else to do, Pulver returned to the house. Before going within he glanced back and was

annoyed to find that the woman had arisen to her feet and was following him.

So for the remainder of that day and for many days thereafter Pulver's peace of mind was rudely disturbed. His unbidden guest pursued him as valiantly as his own shadow. She was ever near him except when the call of hunger or sleep became too persistent. He grew familiar with every detail of her dress and the arrangement of her hair, and sometimes he imagined that he, too, could sing the weird Indian song which had at first appeared so strange and complex.

At length, firmly convinced that the woman would not leave of her own accord, he decided that he must take steps to remove her. But how? By what means? He could think of no feasible plan. The use of force or persuasion occurred to him, but were immediately rejected. One can not persuade unless he be understood. As a possible means to an end force sometimes adequately serves its purpose—though more often it does not. When pitted against a woman, force is a mighty poor instrument, being too blunt, heavy and unwieldy and, besides, the world or, to be more exact, your neighbor, looks not kindly upon force when practiced outside his own immediate establishment. On such occasions there is always more or less unfavorable comment and frequently intervention. Pulver fully realized his difficulties.

Then the happy thought. He would engage Napio as an interpreter and Napio would induce the woman to go away. Napio would do this out of friendship for him and would keep his mouth shut afterward—which is one thing about an Indian. Thus Pulver's friends would never know what had happened.

So he went to see Napio late one night just as darkness came slipping into the valley. The Indian sat outside his tepee after the manner of his kind, his dark eyes staring mournfully at the red embers at his feet and at the one remaining stick which crackled and sputtered where only a short time before had been a lively bed of flame. He greeted Pulver with a friendly nod and moved over in order that his guest might get a seat near the fire.

"What you want?" he asked Pulver.

"Napio," said Pulver, hurrying at once into the subject which had brought him thither, "I am in great trouble. Night or day I get no sleep. Woman trouble me all the time; woman stay at my house; no go away."

The Indian, who had been crouched forward, now sat up straight, pricked with sudden interest.

"No you like wife?" he asked with astonishment.

"Wife?" in equal astonishment. "I have no wife. What you mean, Napio?"

"I give you wife," said Napio quietly. "She good woman. You say you want one—I get her," he explained. "No need go to Edmonton now. You save my life—I help you all I can."

Pulver, beginning to understand, laughed uproariously. The situation was funny—so very funny. He, Snag Pulver, presented with a wife—a good-looking Indian wife.

Napio waited patiently until his visitor's mirth had subsided. Then he continued:

"She good woman; work all the time—cook, sew, bake, keep house clean. She bring you healthy children. They grow up—work, too."

"Who is she?" asked Pulver a trifle curiously.

"She my wife two years now," Napio went on, not heeding the question. "All the time she good woman me."

"Good God!"

Pulver looked up, a startled look on his face.

"Napio," he demanded, "did you give me your wife because I saved you from drowning?"

The Indian nodded his head.

For a moment Pulver sat quite unable to speak. Then he arose and patted the lonely hunter affectionately on the shoulder.

"Listen, Napio; you come get your wife. Bring her here to your tepee. Be good to her—" he paused.

The Indian was watching him as a lynx watches a bird.

"No want woman?" he asked.

"No," said Pulver.

Napio arose, stretched his cramped muscles, and kicked a stick back into the fire.

"Maybe little boy wants mother."

As he spoke the Indian pushed aside the tent-flap and looked down anxiously.

"See," he said.

In the half-light Pulver made out the shadowy contour of a little body.

"Yes," agreed Pulver, "little boy wants his mother. We go get mother. You bring her back."

Side by side the two men hurried away through the darkness.

MILTON OBLINGER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1914.

Of the total world production of commercial cotton in 1913 the United States contributed 60.9 per cent. Next to corn, cotton is the most valuable crop grown in this country and it is the largest single item of export. The value of cotton exported during the year 1913 amounted to 22.5 per cent of the total value of all articles of domestic merchandise exported during the year.

COLUMBIA AND BRITANNIA.

How They Danced to Celebrate the Treaty of Ghent.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, drawing a moral from the catastrophe which overtook the deacon's one-hoss shay, assured us that

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

He made two exceptions in favor of "a tree and truth," but his list must be amplified, for the treaty which was signed at Ghent has attained its hundredth birthday in a robust condition. Of course the stickler for accuracy will object that the centenary is not due until Christmas eve, but as Uncle Sam and John Bull are not likely to fall out during the interval, there's no harm in anticipating the celebration.

At any rate the British Peace Centenary Committee decided to take the risk. As America was represented on the ladies' section of that committee by Mrs. Ambassador Page and Great Britain by the Duchess of Teck it may be presumed that their inner knowledge of international politics was intimate enough to assure them they were taking no risks. Besides, it is necessary to increase the funds for that climax of the centenary of peace between Columbia and Britannia which is to insure the purchase of Washington's ancestral home at Sulgrave and its endowment as a shrine of pilgrimage. The peace celebrants also hope to found a permanent chair of Anglo-American history, in addition to rearing some sculptured memorial of the event. All these practical objects were excuse enough to warrant a huge dancing festival in the Albert Hall. Such an occasion would give opportunity to paint a large canvas commemorative of Ghent and at the same time "raise the wind" for Sulgrave and the rest.

One of the first problems to be solved was how to decorate that vast building. It would be difficult to secure novelty, for the famous Shakespearean, Versailles, and other balls of past seasons have set an exacting standard; yet it may be questioned whether the building has ever been decorated in a more artistic manner than for last night's brilliant gathering. Its harmonious appearance was a lesson in the effectiveness of simplicity. For the organizers decided to limit the color scheme to the red, white, and blue of the American and British flags, and the result of that decision was to show how with those three shades it is possible to secure a charming effect. All the dark crimson hangings of the hall had been replaced by soft drapery of white sateen; the boxes and tiers were adorned with festoons of red, white, and blue; lamps shaded in the same colors lit the interiors of the boxes; baskets of flowers in the three tones were hung at frequent intervals; the huge arc lamps were shaded in the same colors; and all round the grand tier were soft transparencies in gilt frames proclaiming the names of the great cities of the two countries. The only other decoration consisted of shields of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. In its total effect the scheme provided a delightfully restful background for the more glowing costumes of the dancers.

As striking the keynote of the whole, in front of the great organ had been built a most realistic model of the *Santa Maria*, that tiny ship of destiny on which Columbus sailed for the discovery of the West. This model owed its existence to the reproduction which Spain sent to the World's Fair at Chicago and provided the festivities of last night with an admirable point of focus. For upon the poop of the *Santa Maria*, which loomed dimly through the lowered lights, stood Lord Arlington in the guise of Columbus, with two colleagues representing the two captains of the great explorer's other ships. To that central point marched one by one the diverse processions which summed up the history of the great republic of the West. First in order came a band of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, typical of the men Columbus would have seen had he landed on the shores of the Indians' home; then followed, in garbs which were a high relief to the barbaric attire of the red men, Sir Walter Raleigh and the Virginian settlers, who, in turn, gave place to processions of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Dutch pioneers of New York, the Quaker colonists of Pennsylvania, and the French immigrants of Louisiana. In the rear of these representatives of the original states came a group typical of the signatories of the Treaty of Ghent, whose Georgian costumes accentuated the evolution of attire from the Elizabethan garb of the Virginians through the sobriety of Pilgrim and Quaker contingents to the more graceful mauve toilets and powdered hair of the French colonists. The sequence of this history in costume was charmingly sustained by the playing of Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian music as each procession wended its way to the poop of the *Santa Maria*.

Two other processions prepared the way for the grand climax of the ball. The leader of the first of these was Lady Maud Warrender in the panoply of Britannia, her flowing dress of white crepe with bands of gold and a gold helmet being as typical of the effigy of British coinage as the reds and blues that relieved her costume was symbolical of the British flag, though, as a deliberate design to eliminate all thoughts of war, the defensive shield of Britannia gave place to the

more peaceful palm branch. In the wake of Britannia followed other groups representative of the home states of the empire, Scotland with sons and daughters in tartan, Wales with its children robed as Arch-Druids, and Ireland with equally suggestive costume. Then came the processions of the overseas dominions, Canada with its delegates in gold and green and maple-leaf emblems, Australia with its deputies in the hunting garb of that continent, South Africa with its substitutes arrayed in ostrich plumes, and India with its representatives in the gorgeous attire of the East. As each group reached the *Santa Maria* and saluted Britannia it passed to its appointed place in her retinue to await the chief guests of the night.

And now, as the band discoursed "Hail, Columbia," or "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," Mrs. John Astor was seen leading onward the procession of *E pluribus unum*. Needless to say, Mrs. Astor made a handsome and dignified representative of Columbia, her dress of gold tissue being draped with blue and white satin starred to symbolize the flag of her native land. In her train followed the representatives of the forty-eight states of the Union, these deputies including the Duchess of Marlborough, Cora Countess of Strafford, Lady Newborough, the Countess of Craven, Lady Decies, Lady Lister Kaye, and Lady Randolph Churchill. Each lady's dress was similar in design to that of Columbia, but the states they typified were indicated by shields bearing the coats of arms of the different commonwealths. As the last procession advanced to Britannia's dais, she and Columbia clasped hands in the greeting of peace amid a thunder of applause. It added notably to the effectiveness of the tableaux to remember that the various participants were in every case natives of the lands they represented. The festivity was, indeed, symbolical of a new "Era of Good Feeling," for save for the inevitable suffragette disturbance the festival was dominated by the careless happiness which is engendered by the spirit of peace.

To what extent the funds of the peace committee will benefit by the ball has not yet been revealed, but as such entertainments are usually productive of large profits it may be that a substantial contribution will be made to the £50,000 still required for the objects in view. Whatever else fails, the best friends of both countries must hope that the Anglo-American professorship will be established on a sure basis. In both lands there is need for a new historical text-book, which shall correct English prejudice and American misunderstanding, and, given the right man in each country, the lectureship in American and British history which the committee hopes to found ought to have issue in such a volume. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, June 11, 1914.

Scale insects of the group *coccida* are responsible for one of India's most interesting exports, lac, the export value of which amounts to nearly \$9,000,000 annually. Lac is the resinous exudation of the insect. The insects live upon the twigs of certain trees, and soon become covered with a resinous secretion that increases in thickness, protecting the body and the eggs. When a colony, consisting of a few adult females and one or two males, find their way to a new branch, they attach themselves to the bark and, having pierced it with holes through which they draw up the resinous juices upon which they feed, they become fixed or glued by the superfluous excretion, and after a time die, the females forming by their dead bodies little domes or tents over the myriads of minute eggs which they have laid. In a short time the eggs burst into life, and the young, which are very minute, swarm over the twig in such countless numbers as to give it the appearance of being covered with blood-red dust. Generation after generation dwells upon the same twig until it is enveloped in a coating of the resinous exudation often half an inch thick. In the beginning the insect was much collected for the dye it contains. Later, when the use of the resin became known, the demand for the dye began to diminish, until now it has been almost completely displaced by coal-tar colors. After separating the resin from the coloring matter the former constitutes the shellac of commerce.

A great many experiments have been made by Ing. Ulivi, the Italian inventor, with an apparatus designed to explode deposits of powder without contact by means of the so-called "F" rays. In time of war such an invention would be of inestimable value to the nation in possession of the secret, but more interesting is the part which the apparatus may possibly play in everyday affairs of the world. However, the inventor has stated that the greatest value of his invention will ultimately be found in a purely commercial field, namely, the locating of mineral deposits in the earth. In the course of his experiments Ing. Ulivi has discovered that the various metals encountered by the rays each has a distinctive tone on the resonators, which tone varies in accordance with the character, volume, and density of the body of metal encountered. The inventor believes that an apparatus of the type now used by him, perfected with a view to accurately classifying different metals and their volumes, could be employed with certainty in the exploration of mineral lands and in locating ore-bearing ledges.

OLD FAVORITES.

My Ain Wife.

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
A honnier yet I've never seen,
A hettier canna he—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

O couthie is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheerie is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's gude wi' a' the neehors roun'
An' aye gude wi' me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

An' O her looks sae kindlie,
They melt my heart outright,
When o'er the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight;
She looks intill its honnie face,
An' syne looks to me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.—Alexander Laing.

"If Thou Wert By My Side, My Love."

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My habies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when hy Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course he onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

—Reginald Heber.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in her sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

The government of Chile has established an aviation school near Santiago, Chile, where army and navy officers are being trained with good results. It is proposed to fly over the Andes to Argentina, which calls for a sustained flight for an hour or more at an altitude of about 15,000 feet.

THE UNITED STATES AND PEACE.

Four Lectures by William H. Taft Constitute a Notable Plea for the Peaceful Settlement of World Difficulties.

Mr. Taft's new volume of essays, or rather of lectures, comes opportunely at a time when the war clouds both here and abroad are more than ordinarily high above the horizon. In his preface to the volume Mr. Hamilton Holt reminds us that while all Presidents of the United States can be quoted in favor of peace—and nothing is easier than the peace platitude—no President has made more strenuous or more practical efforts toward its attainment. It is therefore appropriate that these four lectures should turn upon war perils and their avoidance and that they should be the work of one so extraordinarily fitted by experience and capacity to speak with the weight that their subject demands. Mr. Taft devotes himself first of all to the Monroe Doctrine, and then to the status of aliens under the conflicting jurisdiction of Federal and state governments. The third lecture confutes the claim of the Senate that it has no power to consent to general arbitration treaties, while the concluding chapter elucidates the history and conception of a world federation—"the highest court of appeals this side the bar of Eternal Justice."

It need not be said that Mr. Taft deprecates the recent attacks upon the Monroe Doctrine, not upon the grounds of the narrower patriotism, but because the Monroe Doctrine is a guaranty of peace. He points out that there are definite limitations of the Doctrine to which sufficient weight is not always given. In the first place the Monroe Doctrine is a policy of the United States, and is not an obligation of international law binding upon any of the countries affected:

The second great limitation of the Monroe Doctrine is that it does not contemplate any interference on our part with the right of an European government to declare and make war upon any American government, or to pursue such course in the vindication of its national rights as would be a proper method under the rules of international law. This was expressly declared to be a proper term in the statement of the Doctrine by Mr. Seward during our Civil War, when Spain made war against Chile.

Mr. Taft reminds us that the Doctrine is one hundred years old, that it has never led to the firing of a shot, and that it has been maintained with the support of some of the European powers and with the acquiescence of others:

Were we to abandon the Doctrine and thus, in effect, notify the European governments that, so far as our remonstrance or interposition was concerned, they might take possession of Santo Domingo, or Haiti, or of any of the Central American republics, or of any South American republics that might be disturbed by revolution and that might give them some international excuse for intervention, it would be but a very short time before we would be forced into controversies that would be much more dangerous to the peace of this hemisphere than our continued assertion of the Doctrine properly understood and limited.

Mr. Taft touches upon the coöperation of the A B C powers in upholding the Monroe Doctrine, and this is especially interesting in view of what has now actually been done in the matter of Mexico. He confesses that he would like to see such a relationship, although he is doubtful of its success:

If action in respect of any republic of South America were necessary under the Monroe Doctrine, the joining of the A B C powers with the United States might involve suspicion and jealousy on the part of other South American republics not quite so prosperous or so stable as the A B C powers. Thus, instead of helping the situation, the participation of part of the South American governments might only complicate it. I know something about the character of those countries myself, not from personal observation, but from a study of the character of Spanish-descended civilizations and societies, and I venture to say that, sensitive as they all may be in respect to suspected encroachments of the United States, they are even more sensitive as between themselves and their respective ambitions.

The present situation in Mexico is used by the author as an argument in support of the Doctrine, since the European powers seem to be willing to leave the matter of adjustment in American hands:

In spite of the discouraging conditions in Mexico, however, the present situation illustrates the influence of the Monroe Doctrine on the attitude of the European powers, which, in spite of the injury to the property and persons of their nationals, look to the United States as the guide whom they are willing to follow in working out a solution. The condition of Mexico is bad enough, to be sure, but if it had involved us in European complications, such as would have been likely to arise had there been European intervention, its consequences might have been a great deal worse.

Perhaps the most interesting of these four lectures is the one wherein Mr. Taft defends the arbitration treaties that received such short shrift at the hands of the Senate. He himself was willing to leave all questions to arbitration, including those affecting the national honor. Who, he asks, shall determine whether a question does or does not affect the national honor?

The Hay treaties of general arbitration, as I have said, excepted from the issues of a legal nature to be arbitrated "questions of national honor and vital interest." Who could tell what were not questions within these exceptions? It left a discretion in each party to insist that any question concerned its honor or vital interest. Lord Russell, when first approached as to the possibility of arbitrating the issue growing out of the Alabama claims and the mulcting of Great Britain for her failure to perform her international duties, said that she could not admit that she had ever failed in that regard, and that it was a question of national honor which she would not submit to arbitration. And yet she did,

and not only did she submit it to arbitration, but she paid the judgment of \$15,500,000 rendered against her by an international tribunal.

Mr. Taft tells us of his suggestion to Mr. Knox that either party to a dispute might present its complaint to the court, which would then determine whether such dispute was arbitrable, and if so found would then proceed to arbitrate. But Mr. Knox believed that so radical a proposition would not find favor in the Senate:

Such objections grow out of the unwillingness of the men who suggest them to enter into any arbitration by contract or treaty in advance of the happening of the event which gives rise to the difference. Consciously or unconsciously, they are not sufficiently in favor of a judicial decision of questions between nations to be willing to lay down a general law for arbitration or to make a general classification of subjects for arbitration and abide by it. They insist on knowing all the circumstances with reference to a particular issue before they are willing to bind themselves to arbitrate it at all.

Why should there be any exclusions at all to an arbitration treaty? Why should the admission of aliens be excluded, seeing that this whole question is already governed by international law? The education of aliens is already settled by treaty and therefore need not have been excluded:

The third exclusion was of any question of "the territorial integrity of the several states or of the United States." Well, suppose a question of boundary had arisen and the issue was whether land claimed by a state or the United States under a previous treaty belonged to us or belonged to the other country, why should it not be made the subject of arbitration? Didn't we arbitrate the Alaska boundary? If we have somebody else's land, if it does not belong to us and a correct construction of the treaty shows that it does not belong to us, what objection is there to our parting with it under a judgment of the court?

Mr. Taft seems to think that the real reason for the opposition of the Senate was hostility to the principle of arbitration itself or at least to any arbitration of which the outcome was not clearly in sight:

With deference to those who oppose these treaties I must be allowed to say that the real reason for defeating them was an unwillingness to assent to the principle of arbitration without knowing something in advance of whether we were going to win or lose. That spirit is not one that will promote the cause of arbitration.

It is to be hoped that these essays will be read as widely as their extraordinary merit deserves. They are the expression of a political wisdom that is rare enough and, still more important, they mark the efforts of a benevolent sagacity that can not fail of its effect upon the public mind.

THE UNITED STATES AND PEACE. By William H. Taft. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Will Levington Comfort Tells the Story of Thirty-Five Years of Life.

A well-known publisher said recently that one day a man would write his autobiography—his real autobiography—and that it would be the literary sensation of the day. That publisher was probably right. Autobiographies are notable chiefly for their reservations, for the rooms that we are not allowed to enter, that are not supposed even to be there, although we all know that they are there, and that all the essentials are packed away in them. Marie Bashkirtseff wrote an autobiography of a woman, although even that had its undisclosed privacies, but no man has yet done the like if we except the book that has now come from Mr. Will Levington Comfort.

But Mr. Comfort's book, remarkable as it is, has its limitations. Chief among them is Mr. Comfort's age, which is only thirty-five, but this he can not help and will outgrow. It may be that in another thirty-five years he will wish that he had not written this book, not because he will regret anything that he has said, but rather because, having said it, he can not say it all again with that sense of rotundity that comes only at the end of things.

None the less it is a book to be read. It is more interesting than any of his novels, and that is to say a great deal. Mr. Comfort always writes autobiographically, but none the less the sight of the playbill and of the cast takes the edge from the reality. But here we have autobiography in its perfection, and a narrative that wonderfully balances the things that he did and the things that he thought and the things that he is. He hides nothing, or at least there are no evidences of concealment, no feathers on the floor, so to speak. He is not ashamed either of sex or of alcohol. He is not ashamed of failure, if indeed there is any such thing as failure where all experiences are transmuted into character by the spiritual alchemy of nature. To quote this part of the narrative would be to spoil it. It must be read in its entirety, and indeed it is hard to quote at all from so varied a story and from such a mingling of the seen and the unseen. But here is at least one sample of the things that happened. It occurred at Manati after the author had been arrested for disobedience of military orders:

I find in this old story, too, my terrors of the night after my cell was locked:

"Did you ever bear a cat step on dry brittle leaves? It is just such a sound as this that a multitude of cockroaches make, dragging their heavy abdomens across a stone floor. It will keep you awake. You will sit erect, and things will become distorted in your mind, eyelids stretched wide apart,

darkness shadowy and moving. The shrill snarling 'peak, peak' of ravenous rats can be borne, but the clicking rattle of the cockroach hordes is maddening. If you shut your eyes, spiders will dangle before you. A strong pipe will soothe some."

But we are much more interested in Mr. Comfort himself than in the things that happened to him or the things that he did materially. Here is a sample of his psychology and a suggestion on the nature of inspiration. Of course the psychological researchers in their dull and stupid way have said the same thing before, but not like this, not in such a way as to make us believe it:

A man must rise above the self to utter for the world, must rise above the brain, if he is to be the instrument of the forces which drive the world. In the same way that one's vanities and one's emotions throw out the purpose of a production, so does the brain with what it knows, and what it hears and reads. The brain's uppermost thought is an obstruction that invariably breaks the line of the still higher instrumentation. The brain's business is to receive. This is the old law for the attainment of the higher life—the yielding, the submission of self; the *Thy Will be Done* of matter to spirit.

And here is a denunciation of the gibberish that calls itself art talk and that masquerades profanely as art itself. The man who knows the soul, says the author, does not feel the soul, because he is the soul:

There is a devil in the room where art is being discussed. Art has ceased to parallel reality. An art of today is named for the degree of its tangent from reality. So often has a man been clamped to mediocrity from listening to other men, from long discussion of effects, and long brooding upon methods. Real talk is about the thing—not how to do it. So often the result of these gatherings of artists—is that tragic turning to art as aim. Before God, we are not here to be artists, but men.

The dominant note of Mr. Comfort's philosophy seems to be the duality of human nature and the possibility of transferring consciousness from the animal to the god. And this leads him to say a good deal about women:

All the progress of the individual is toward this liberation of consciousness; this transfer of the office of consciousness from the animal to the angel; the fusion in one being, of the divination of woman with the militancy of man; the union of spirit and flesh which means the end of self-consciousness and the beginning of world-consciousness; finally which means the glorious integration of spiritual life that prompted the inspired Lao-tze to say to his people: "I shall be standing at the Gate until the last one has passed through!" and brings the same immortal significance to the words of Jesus: "Lo, I am with you always—even unto the end of the world."

Women, says Mr. Comfort, are not understood, and they can not explain themselves. For ages they have been looked upon as bodies, and now at last we have lost the power to see the star:

It isn't that men are not ready to see the greater things of women, but that life betrays them; the world bardens; systems that men have made darken the vision. Women can not tell that which they are. Men must see, and men do not see, because life calls them constantly to contend with one another. They live in routine and different problems—and they bring this sordid training to the white presence of life. Men have demanded the body of women so long, that four parts of the world have strained to satisfy the demand. But the epoch of the great children—the superb realization of parenthood—shall come to those alone who realize that the human body of itself is intolerable. This realization is not for the coolness of age, when the body has lost its red beaming. It must come in the high tides of flesh-power—this vision to perceive that the physical vesture is but the purple background of a star.

The temptation to quote extensively is a strong one, but it must be resisted. But read the book. It is autobiography in its perfection. It shows more of the realities of a human being, more of god and devil in conflict, than any book of its kind.

MIDSTREAM. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Coca, from whose leaves cocaine is produced, was known among the Incas as the "divine plant" long before the Western world was thought of in the East, and it played an interesting part in their lives. The young men of the tribes engaged in athletic contests, and among the most coveted rewards the victors could expect were little pouches filled with certain dry leaves. Accompanying the pouch of leaves, or chuspa, as they called it, was a small gourd known as the popora, containing lime; the leaves had been carefully plucked from the "divine plant," while the lime served to make them more pleasing to the taste. The two substances combined formed a strength-producing element of wonderful power. Subjects of the Incas who thus fortified themselves by chewing coca leaves believed their bodies possessed super-human endurance. The original home of the coca plant is in parts of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil, while it is now cultivated in the West Indies, Ceylon, India, Java, etc. The plant, *Erythroxylon Coca*, somewhat resembles the blackthorn bush of the United States, and grows to a height of six or eight feet, according to altitude and climatic conditions. When the plant reaches a height of two feet it is transplanted to larger spaces, and it becomes productive in about two years and remains so for forty years or even longer. In pound packages the best leaves are worth from thirty-five to forty-five cents at the seaport. In 1912 Bolivia exported \$300,000 worth of coca leaves, while Peru, where cocaine is manufactured, exports annually about \$350,000 worth of product.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Philippines.

These two substantial volumes by Dean C. Worcester contain so much valuable and authentic information that they are not likely to be neglected for many years to come. But that they deserve the high name of history may be disputed by those who think that the historian should conceal his own prejudices and that he should make at least some effort toward impartiality and the judicial attitude.

Mr. Worcester's acquaintance with the Philippines is almost unrivaled. His first visit was in 1886, and he returned to the islands in 1890. He was sent out again in 1899 as a member of the First Philippine Commission and he was also a member of the Tait Philippine Commission. In 1901 he became Secretary of the Interior, and he served in that capacity until 1913, when he found himself at variance with the policy of the present administration.

To a large extent Mr. Worcester's work is contentious. In fact it is a sort of brief for a particular policy, and this is not said in disparagement of the work as a whole, but only of its historical character. Thus we have a heated defense of the retention of the Islands, and an extended argument intended to prove that Aguinaldo had no reason for his expectation that the Philippines would be independent. Perhaps he had no specific reason except the fact that the cause of the war with Spain involved the Philippines only by chance, as it were, and that there was no cause to suppose that they would receive different treatment from that accorded to Cuba. But having embarked on the defense of retention, Mr. Worcester naturally finds himself similarly involved in hostility to what may be called Philippine home rule and to all who advocate it. That American occupation is good for the Filipinos seems to him sufficient justification for the occupation, and he appears never even to consider the idea that possibly we have no right to make people happy against their will or in ways that are repugnant to them. A considerable part of Mr. Worcester's book is taken up with refutations of statements and arguments to be found in Judge Blount's "The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912," who wrote, of course, from a diametrically opposite viewpoint.

As has been said, Mr. Worcester has not written a history, but he has given us an extraordinary collection of vital facts that must prove indispensable to the student of Philippine conditions.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6 net.

"Unto Caesar."

Baroness Orczy has more than one good novel to her credit, but she has not added to the number by her latest work. "Unto Caesar" is a story of Christian persecutions under Caligula, and it belongs not so much to the class of historical novels as to those caricatures of Roman life intended for the edification of village piety. The hero, Taurus Antenor, prefect of Rome, becomes a Christian as well as a lover, and under the double inspiration he does the usual things that are intended to contrast the old faith with the new to the disadvantage of the former. The author is of course a practiced writer, but she seems to be unfamiliar even with the commonplaces of her subject.

"UNTO CESAR." By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

Browning.

Miss Clarke has already done so much notable work in connection with Browning that no recommendation is needed for whatever she may write on the poet—or indeed on any other topic to which she may be pleased to devote her competent pen. In this volume we have a general consideration of Browning and his environment, the effect of the times upon the man and of the man upon the times. Miss Clarke almost leads us to believe that the influence of Browning will wax rather than wane as humanity is led by stress to perceive that the creation of an earthly democracy can never be more than a chimera unless the road he first paved by an inner and spiritual change. Browning was neglected by a proletarian movement which advanced headlong toward the materialism from which it is now receding, but there may yet be a day when his gospel of the worth of the individual soul and its limitless possibilities will receive the recognition that it merits.

BROWNING AND HIS CENTURY. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Price," by George Broadhurst and Arthur Hornblow (G. W. Dillingham Company; 50c net), is a novelization of the play of the same name and which uses for a plot the worn theme of a woman's past, although why a woman's past should be so much more serious than a man's it is hard to say. In this

case our sympathies are with Ethel, who is deserted by her husband when he finds that she has had relations with the artist who once employed her. Of course it all comes right in the end, although we may doubt if the husband realizes quite what an ass he has been.

The quarrel between the ranchmen and the sheepherders has formed the basis for many good stories, and now we have an addition to the list in the form of "Flying U Ranch," by B. M. Bower, already the author of a full shelf of Western yarns. The story is published by the G. W. Dillingham Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

A late addition to the Home University Library is "Euripides and His Age," by Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt., F. B. A. The work is a particularly good one even in a library so rich in good things as this. Possibly there is no other obtainable volume that gives so clear a sight of the poet and the age in which he lived. The publishers are Henry Holt & Co., and the price 50 cents net.

The artist who takes his walks abroad should on no account overlook the admirable series of art books now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. The series is entitled "New Guides to Old Masters," and the two volumes now to hand, "London" and "Paris," are all that such hooks should be. Every important picture is mentioned with indications of its admitted status in the art world. The author, John C. Van Dyke, shows full competence for his task and an ability to meet the needs of students of all ranks. Seven volumes have already been issued in the series and others are in preparation, and it may be said that they are limply bound and of comfortable pocket size.

The Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries have placed the literary world under an obligation not easy to estimate. The New Standard Dictionary is likely to hold the field indefinitely, and now we have an abridgement for general purposes which defines and explains 48,000 words and phrases and with 1000 pictorial illustrations to elucidate the text. The work contains an exclusive compounding system which clearly indicates how and when the hyphen should be used, and it shows at a glance which words should be written with capital initial letters. It is of convenient size, printed in exceptionally clear type on good paper and is in every way a desirable addition to the shelf. Its price is \$1.

The wisdom of paraphrasing the Bible story for children may well be doubted, and for obvious reasons. It is likely to lead to a neglect of the book itself, and it necessitates a choice between conflicting narratives and the consequent suppression of the fact that there is such a conflict. But if such a work is to be done at all it could hardly be done better than in "The Bible Story and Its Teaching for Children," by Baroness Freda de Knoop. The book is in the form of a continuous narrative of nearly four hundred large pages and with forty colored illustrations chiefly from the masterpieces of medieval art. It is printed in hold type and is altogether an impressive volume. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co. and the price is \$2.50.

New Books Received.

FORCES MINING AND UNDERMINING CHINA. By Rowland R. Gibson. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

An analysis of railroad, mining, and labor conditions in China.

THE ART OF SPIRITUAL HARMONY. By Wassily Kandinsky. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

Some considerations on art. Translated with an introduction by M. T. H. Sadler.

AT THE CASA NAPOLEON. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

An account of Latins whose New York is as unknown and foreign to most of us as a European town.

THE SISTER OF THE WIND. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A group of impressions of the vast outdoors of Oregon.

GRAY YOUTH. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

WHAT IS IT TO BE EDUCATED? By C. Hanford-Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into the deep things of education.

CLARK'S FIELD. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Leighton Graves Osmon. New York: Sully & Kleinschick; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

SYRINX. By Mitchell S. Buck. 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York: Claire Marie.

A collection of "pastels of Hellas."

MEMORIES OF TWO WARS. By Frederick Fun-

ston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A chapter of autobiography.

THE HAPPY IRISH. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A new story of the new Ireland.

BOBBY. By J. J. Bell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

The story of a boy.

CORNWALL'S WONDERLAND. By Mabel Quiller-Couch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A collection of Cornish stories.

CROSS TRAILS. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE LEAGUE OF THE LEOPARD. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel of adventure.

MUNICH, FRANKFORT, CASSEL. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Issued in New Guides to Old Masters.

BERLIN, DRESDEN. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Issued in New Guides to Old Masters.

STORIES OF RUSSIAN LIFE. By Anton Tchekoff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Twenty-four stories translated from the Russian by Marian Fell.

GOOD FORM. By Florence Howe Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A manual of dress, manners, and entertainment.

BROKEN MUSIC. By Phyllis Bottomo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel of modern musical Paris.

THE BUSINESS OF FARMING. By William C. Smith. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A clear and untechnical presentation of the principles of agriculture.

A HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT. By George L. Clark. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

Its people and institutions.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING. By Alice V. V. Brown and William Rankin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25 net.

With numerous illustrations.

THE TEST. By Burt Estes Howard. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1 net.

A discussion of the situation in religion.

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO. By Harold E. Porter. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A story.

THE A B C OF SALESMANSHIP. By Thomas D. Rust. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

Observations and experiences of over twenty years as traveling salesman, salesman, sales-manager, and employer.

ROMANCES OF THE PEERAGE. By Thornton Hall, F. S. A. New York: Brentano's.

Stories of great English houses.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK. Edited by Frank Moore Colby, M. A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A compendium of the world's progress for the year 1913.

FRIVOLE. By Kate Horn. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

A suffragette novel.

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THE SISTER SUPERIOR,
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Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

A collection of written religious confessions, their analysis, and a conclusion.

Yale's Babylonian department has announced several new discoveries made in deciphering some of the inscriptions of the recently acquired collections which were found by Arah at Larsa, a city known in the Old Testament as Ellasar; and at Erech, one of the cities of Nimrod's kingdom, mentioned in Genesis. One of the tablets proves to be an important list of kings who ruled over Larsa in the third millennium, B. C. Among other results obtained from it is the fact that Rim-Aku is not a variant reading of the name known as Arioeh, but that it is the name of a brother who was the last king of the Larsa dynasty. Eri-Aku is Arioeh, the contemporary of Abraham, one of the four kings routed by the patriarch with strategy in the night. His rule preceded that of Rim-Aku, his brother. Another important inscription, written upon a terra-cotta cone in the shape of a large nail with a huge head, is a votive inscription dedicated to the goddess Ishtar by this king, Arioeh. In it the king recounts his pious deeds in the form of temple-building and city improvements.

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Studies in Stagecraft.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton gives us the comfortable conviction that in him we have a writer on the drama who has no fads or fancies to defend and who can be depended upon for ideas that are always sane and illuminating. Indeed he almost persuades us that something may legitimately be said in defense of Brieux, and that in itself is no small feat. The only valid criticism of his twenty-four essays is that they are too short.

Mr. Hamilton is perplexed, like the rest of us, to find a definition of the drama. Anything is dramatic, he says, that represents imaginary persons on a theatre stage in such a way as to interest an average audience. This seems to place the onus of judgment on the average audience, but we can not for the life of us see why the average audience should be thus entrusted with the making of dramatic standards. But then why try to define things?

One of the most interesting of the author's essays is entitled "Organizing an Audience." Mr. Hamilton gives deserved praise to the work of the Drama League in presenting the great public with dramatic work that they ought to like. The public, he tells us, must be educated, and that part of it that is already educated must be fed with appropriate food. The public must "arise and ask" not only for good art, but for good criticism, and that seems to be just where the difficulty comes in. If the public would arise and ask for good things we should at once be out of the wood, not only artistically, but politically, socially, and morally. But the public does nothing of the kind, and so we may be excused for wondering if the public wants good things at all of any sort and if Mr. Hamilton's model audience waiting to be summoned forth like spirits from the vasty deep is not an imaginary one. At the same time we feel more hopeful after reading his essays.

STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The United States Department of Agriculture has notified the J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers of Henry Chase's "Game Protection and Propagation," that it will supply the inspectors in the government service with this book. The author's stand in regard to the unconstitutionality of the migratory bird law has been vindicated by legal decisions, thus proving that the work is authoritative and to be depended upon.

On June 17 was issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. one of the most original and remarkable stories ever written, "Tarzan of the Apes," by Edgar Rice Burroughs. It concerns a white man of noble birth, who, when a tiny babe, was adopted by a giant female belonging to a tribe of anthropoid apes, and brought up as her own. Combining the intelligence of his civilized ancestors with the strength and cunning of the brute creation, he becomes lord of the jungle—or as his proud boast ran, "I am Tarzan of the Apes—mighty fighter. None in all the jungle may face Tarzan of the Apes in battle and live." Then come people of his own kind, and the primitive man, half human, half brute, because of his love for a beautiful girl, tries to learn the ways of civilization.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, have in press for early publication a love story of the fourth dimension entitled "As If." In this "Philosophical Fantasy" two mated lovers are sundered after they have advanced inconceivably beyond known stages, and the narrative is an account of their effort to find one another again across infinite space. The author is Cora Lenore Williams, M. S., author of "Involution," and principal of the A-to-Zed School, Berkeley, California. This publishing house will also bring out very soon "Bamboo," a collection of pastels by Lyon Sbarman, born and resident for many years in China; and also Dr. David Starr Jordan's book of nonsense, "Eric's Book of Beasts," in a new Naturalist's Edition.

The John Lane Company will wind up the publishing season about the end of the present month by bringing out the spring special number of the *International Studio*, a separate volume dealing with "The Art of the Book" here and abroad, with the American section prepared by no less an authority on the higher book-making than William Dana Orcutt; and three novels, "Louis Norbert," the first novel to be written by the widely known essayist Vernon Lee (Violet Paget); "Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels," by Marion Bryce; and "Hunt the Slipper," by Oliver Madox Hueffer, author of "A Vagabond in New York," who is now war correspondent of the London *Express* in Mexico.

June 20, the last publishing date of the Houghton Mifflin Company for the present season, was marked in the book world by the appearance of the following volumes: "When Thoughts Will Soar," a romance of peace, by Baroness Bertha von Suttner, win-

ner of the Nobel peace prize; "No. 13 Washington Square," a lively story by Leroy Scott; "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills; specially illustrated Visitor's Edition of T. B. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy"; "William Gray of Salem, Merchant," a record of one of old Salem's merchant princes, written by his descendant, Edward Gray; "The House of Cecil," by G. Ravenscroft Dennis; "The Seymour Family," by A. Audrey Locke; "The Cavendish Family," by Francis Bickley; and "The La Tremoille Family," by Winifred Stephens. These last four are the first of a series of books which purposes to cover the influential families of England and the Continent.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announce the second printing of "The Education of Karl Witte," translated by Professor Wiener. An English edition has also been sold of this important hook. The same publishers announce the twentieth printing of "Mind, Power, and Privileges," by Albert B. Olston, and the sixth printing of "Self-Investment," by O. S. Marden.

The Century Company reports new printings of Jack London's "John Barleycorn" and Richard Wightman's "The Things He Wrote to Her." "John Barleycorn," which is Jack London's own story of his life, is soon to be shown in moving pictures.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has completed arrangements with the Houghton Mifflin Company for the publication in book form of "The Street of Seven Stars," one of the most popular serial stories which the *Saturday Evening Post* has published in many years.

Gilbert Parker has again reached the high level of romance which he touched in "The Right of Way" with a new tale of love and sacrifice and the broad wheatlands, called "You Never Know Your Luck." In "You Never Know Your Luck" Gilbert Parker has joyously come home to the land he loves best, to America and the open prairie. The book is published by the George H. Doran Company.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has in preparation for early autumn publication a very remarkable novel by an English author, who is as yet little known in this country. She belongs to the same original group as Gilbert Cannan, Conningsby Dawson, and W. B. Maxwell. The book is "The Three Furlongers," by Sheila Kaye-Smith, and English critics believe that this story will place its creator in the front rank of the younger British authors.

The *Bookman's* June report lists "The Fortunate Youth" first of the best-sellers, with 223 points, "Diane of the Green Van" second with 194, and so on down to the sixth, with ninety-four points, "What Will People Say?"

There was never a more genial critic of human follies than Socrates Potter—that shrewd, surprisingly up-to-date and perversely old-fashioned Yankee lawyer whom Irving Bacheller introduced to the world in "Keeping Up with Lizzie." And Socrates has never talked better than in Mr. Bacheller's latest story, "The Marryers," one of the Harpers' spring publications. The tale flows irrepressibly on, bubbling with quiet glee.

Lord Redesdale, the distinguished traveler and diplomat, said the other day that he had never read a better historical novel than "The Shadow of Power," the first book of Paul Bertram, whose second, "The Fifth Trumpet," has just been published by the John Lane Company. Under a different name this author is well known and successful as a painter.

The increasing interest in the work of Frank Norris, whose death in 1902 checked a remarkably promising career, has caused a renewed demand for "The Third Circle." In consequence the John Lane Company has prepared a new edition of this work, which is a selection of Norris's best short stories.

Among the books announced for publication by the Macmillan Company before the end of June are three novels—"The Story of Duciehurst," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Murfree); "Faith Tresilion," by Eden Phillpotts; and "They Who Question," which is anonymous—and also Graham Wallas's application of the principles of psychology to everyday life, which he has entitled "The Great Society."

"At the Casa Napoleon," the posthumous book of Thomas A. Janvier recently published, may be considered as a memorial volume to that writer. There is a photograph frontispiece—the first picture of Mr. Janvier which has ever been made public—and Ripley Hitchcock has contributed a preface containing an appreciation of Mr. Janvier's literary career and a short account of some of the incidents of his life.

There are very few parts of America still unexplored. Stanley Washburn in his "Two in the Wilderness" describes a country which had been little known until within the last

year or so. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad is now running its tracks across the wide plains of Western Manitoba, and such incidents as those described in Mr. Washburn's novel will soon belong as completely to the past as do most of the adventures in Owen Wister's "Virginian." "Two in the Wilderness" was published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Scottish Garden

Lowland garden,
Sunk in heechwoods,
Lichen-walled,
Espaliered, ivied;
Where the wee burn,
Bridged and arboled,
Winds through blue-bells:
In its dulcet
Wave, reflecting
Rhododendron,
Oleander:
Here at even
Dimly wandering,
Shadowy forms
Of olden ladies
Pass and hover:
Soft the trail of floating panier,
India muslin:
Faint the scent
Of heaping baskets,
Sweet geranium,
Cinnamon roses:
Silver fall
Along the heechwood,
Mingled voices,
Hidden calls
And dream-like laughter:—
"Arabella!"
"Theodora!"
"Juliana!"
"Leonora!"

—Sarah N. Cleghorn, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Sicilian.

His golden face, un tipo,
Was minted like a coin;
On the reverse un toro,—
So stood his neck and loin.
The hull of Agrigentum
A thousand years had ploughed
The furrow of his fathers,—
Per Baccho! he was proud!

To the beautiful old ages
His line ran straight and true;
His blood coursed like the clover-tops
Beneath his cheeks' bronze hue;
And all his skin was polished brown,
And muscled hard with toil;
And when he turned his back, Ecco!
A classic of the soil.

—From "The Flight and Other Poems," by George E. Woodberry.

The Inn.

There came three travelers to an inn,
And they were Joy and Grief and Sin.

They sat them down about the board,
And meat was brought and wine was poured.

And there from peer of dawn sat they
Until the purple shut of day.

When forth they fared, were seen no more,
For Death had closed that hostel door.

To all that knocked in peace or strife—
The portal to the Inn of Life!

—Clinton Scollard, in *New York Sun*.

The Last Demand.

Life, you have bruised me and chilled me; Fate,
You have jeered at my pain;
Dreams, you have mocked while you thrilled me—
So I turn to the battle again.
Love, you have blessed me and led me; the lips
That have kissed you, you smite;
Hope, you have urged me and fled me—but left is
The joy of the fight!

Never was I a coward! Now must I prove my
worth.

World, I will give you my courage; not tears but
a hard-bought mirth.

Work of my hands I grant you, labor and toil of
brain,

But heart and soul shall be wanting—for they are
dead of pain!

Forward! A fight to the death, then! Life is a
sorry jest.

Ahead! To the thick of tumult! Fate is a fool
at the best.

Courage! The war gods are greatest! Love is a
false, fair light.

To arms! For Dreams are frail bubbles, and
Hope but a song in the night.

World, I cast down the gauntlet, for you were
made to defy!

Own me a foe for your mettle! Ah, fighting let
me die!

Love, Hope, and Dreams I give you; Life I fling
at your feet;

I will drink to the dregs of the bitter—for once I
had tasted of sweet!

Of one last taunt I shall rob you; stern, I will
claim my due;

One recompense you shall give me, halm I will
snatch from you.

'Tis neither Fame nor Glory—toys to break and
regret:

I demand to conquer Memory! I demand that I—
forget.

—Faith Baldwin, in *Smart Set*.

The throne of Japan was once wrestled for.
In the ninth century two rival claimants, sons
of a deceased Mikado, instead of waging war
against each other, decided the succession by
a wrestling match.

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THE ALL-STAR PLAYERS.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" is an airily delicate huddle of social satire that requires the very lightest treatment. That is to say, it demands profound gravity and absolute seriousness, conveyed under ponderousness, and with delicate yet ample humor in the players, whether they are retailing the fatuities of drawing-room conversation or squawking earnestly over cucumber sandwiches and toasted muffins. In fact there can be no doubt, from the felicitous manner in which this "trivial comedy for serious people" was presented at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night that the group of players were thoroughly permeated with a sense of the importance of being earnest.

I saw this play once before during a Henry Miller season, and yet I have never seen it before. That is, memorable and enjoyable as were those summer Henry Miller seasons, I had not seen it acted as Oscar Wilde intended it should be acted. Which reminds me again of the title. There is always something interpretative about the dramatic work of gifted players who are also very intelligent; for the two do not always go together. I can think of a hemi-demi genius on the American stage today who is not really intelligent, but just temperamental and dramatic. This group of star players penetrates the intention of Oscar Wilde, which was to satirize the British tendency to over-emphasize the importance of being earnest. So there are a good many trifles satirized—the British heaviness of social festivities, dinner parties, and the deadly conversation thereunto attached; the social ritual prescribed for a marriage-proposing male and a marriage-accepting female; the desolating conversational formulas expected of and furnished by a Church of England clergyman; the charming inanities decreed by rigid decorum which go, or went in Oscar Wilde's time, to the making up of a well-brought-up young lady, and so on.

The dialogue, of course, is thoroughly Oscar Wildian; that is, it is one continuous procession of sparkling witticisms, which flash all the more brightly from the air of insular unconsciousness with which the characters produce their self-satisfying remarks.

Only very clever people are able to reproduce these brilliant imbecilities in the appropriate manner, and the all-star company proved itself worthy of its descriptive title. The group is complete, down to the actors that fill the least important rôles; that is to say, every rôle is important. The opening conversation reveals this, for George Stuart Christie is delightfully telling in the rôle of Algernon Moncrieff's man-servant, a correct and impeccable being whose mournful decorum charms the soul of the lover of bright satire.

Charles Cherry and Charles Richman, in the rôles of two young Londoners of fashion, then proceed to regale us with some characteristic Oscar Wilde dialogue, which they do so perfectly as to emphasize the truth that dramatic talent can assume protean aspects. Having seen Charles Richman through two seasons of "Paid in Full," it was the various phases of the millionaire hero who somehow retained his dignity even when unsettled and degraded by drink that we best remember him. Yet this sometime suave, sometime violent personage has become, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," a delicately travestied type of London imbecility.

Charles Cherry represents a character that has some modicum of brains, in contrast to John Worthing's rooted literalness, and has a mellow voice, an easy manner, and a social charm that makes the farcically swift subjugation of the pretty Cecily almost credibile.

Two charming young actresses, Gladys Hanson and Carroll McComas, fill the rôles of the two English beauties who start the heart-heats of the young men to pumping with the automatic love-regularity prescribed by the English décorum which Oscar Wilde satirizes, each one shining in her own orbit with a lustrous proving her fitness for the rôle. Miss Hanson impersonates the Honorable Gwendoline, a town beauty whose conception of what is expected of her runs in more fixed grooves than that of the rural Cecily. The two young players differentiated very intelligently, very subtly, and very humorously the two types, Miss Hanson showing a pronounced gift for

polite satire, while Miss McComas portrays the more impulsive country beauty who keeps a diary and allows her more expansive, though well-regulated sentiments greater freedom of expression. Miss Hanson was more splendid and imposing, as became a town belle, while Carroll McComas exhibited the pretty little graces and naïvetés of the rural lass toward whom her whole small world shows a friendly and admiring face.

Charlotte Tittell was pressed unexpectedly into service in the rôle of Miss Prism, an excellent governing lady whose name indicates the perfection of her propriety. The rôle thus unexpectedly assumed was played with a cleverness that kept pace with the general satiric spirit of the performance, as was also that of the vicar, whose sacerdotal unction was delightfully represented by Frank Kingdon.

The centre sun of these revolving stars was, however, Rose Coghlan, who was richly humorous in the rôle of one of those delightfully British matrons that are the typical fruit of the English social system. All the brilliant British men and women of letters in the realm of fiction, Thackeray, Dickens, George Meredith, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Reade, and hundreds of others of a later date have satirized them, have held up to polite ridicule their rooted faith in themselves, their veneration for caste, their conviction of being able to play Providence to their sons and daughters, their glassy-eyed scorn of the outsider, their worship of the family fetic, and their sublime conviction, which they share with kings, of their own absolute infallibility and semi-divinity. This impenetrably complacent, awe-inspiring, and socially powerful being is typified in the person of Lady Bracknell, and richly and rarely did Rose Coghlan interpret to us all the wicked satire that Oscar Wilde leveled at her and her kind. Not a single saying of Lady Bracknell's that left her lips but had its prompt and delighted recognition from the audience. Into that broad, expressive face of hers, which has something of the Celtic adaptability for conveying fine shades of comedy suggestion, Miss Coghlan put that density of mental outlook, that confirmed inaccessibility to outside suggestion, that utter absence of such a thing as a conception of humor, as has always made that social hulk, the typical British dowager, fair game for the satirist. A comedienne subtly conveying with the richest and raciest humor a character conception that is absolutely without that gift of the gods—can anything be more delightful?

Yet I confess, much as I enjoyed this puff of sparkling nonsense which lives because of the brilliancy of its dialogue and the easy certainty of its aim toward the types satirized, that I look forward with as great, and now enhanced, anticipation to seeing these interesting people in that other specimen of peculiarly individual humor, "His Excellency the Governor." As I dimly remember, there was something fantastic, but also something very human in that fascinating play. Robert Marshall writes no more of those plays which had some special *cachet* of their own, but this romantic farce should be worthy to stand among the more brilliant revivals promised us by Wallace Munro, who directs the all-star stock company.

THE ORPHEUM.

Variety is the spice of life. That's why the whole world is beginning to find vaudeville indispensable. I even heard the other day a kind of an intellectualist express a preference for vaudeville over all other species of theatrical entertainment, because of the various sorts and kinds of people and performances to be seen in one show. Well, I won't go quite so far as that, but I do say that vaudeville is far more steadily entertaining—week in and week out, I mean—than the average medium-grade theatre. But give me plays, every time; that is, every time that they are good plays.

This week the Orpheum offers the usual playlet, and it is really an interesting little affair; but the players do not measure up to the standard of acting that has been within a year or two established at that house. However, there are plenty of other good things, even beginning at the top of the bill. They have placed Miss Willette Whitaker there, on the principle, I believe, as practiced in vaudeville programmes, that it is wise to begin with something cheerful and stimulating. Miss Whitaker's demeanor is that of an established favorite, yet I almost believed at first, in spite of her richly exuberant personality, her mellow dark intonations, and her fine, strong, effective, almost masculine voice, that she was only going to win the moderate approval of the house; and that simply because she was indistinct, for a vaudeville audience, thank heaven, must and will have distinctness. But evidently, in spite of all that abundance of gesture and multiplicity of generous smiles, she hadn't quite warmed up to her work. The warming-up process didn't take long, and in the mean-

time Miss Whitaker repaid scrutiny, partly because she was dressed beautifully, although I think she doubled her attractions when she removed the Indian-war-whoop headdress. By the way, I wonder why women will wear those detestably ugly geyser-in-eruption headdresses? I think it must be because at present it is considered *chic* to introduce a shriek somewhere in the costume, and this one generally succeeds in outcrying the good looks of the wearer. Miss Whitaker's voice, however, and her clever way of using it, and her darky speech, are her principal claims to consideration, although she ripples off a very pretty number on the harp. She eventually captured her audience, routed them entirely, with her "Hallelujah," a song which was full of unctuous darky abandon and touched up with the cleverest little half-yodeled shouts of piety from the old colored preacher, who, animated by the emotional piety of his kind, is supposed to be singing the song.

They had also on the bill a totally different order of singing comedian, in the shape of Laddie Cliff, "England's clever hoy comedian." Laddie, however, in spite of his small stature, slender shape, pink complexion, plummy blonde hair, and youthful costume, is now very much grown up. One has only to observe the sophisticated expression of his countenance, as well as his legs, to realize that. Laddie Cliff, in spite of his pronounced English flavor, is very much to the taste of his American audience, which is a triumph when we remember that Marie Lloyd fell comparatively flat. He is very finished in the sort of entertainment which is his specialty, which consists in telling disjointed, jokeful, self-interrupted, half-chanted stories, which generally terminate in a dance. Laddie Cliff is an excellent dancer, as perfect in the instinctive rhythm which was born in him as the Orpheum orchestra, which is saying a good deal. There is the neat finish of an expert to everything he does, if it is only to clap his hat on his head or slap the seam of his exceedingly slender trousers.

Tameo Kajiyama, the handsome and intelligent Japanese who was featured on last week's bill, still keeps his audience wondering at his faculty for septupling cervical and manual feats of skill. He is a marvel in the line of concentration, a purely Asiatic feat. With him, saying one thing and writing another simultaneously is a mere airy nothing. He can pause in the middle of his deliberate, delicately jocular discourse, look at seven names (volunteered in writing by the audience) each five letters in length. Then he visibly concentrates, but for a moment or two only. Then this astonishing youth rapidly and unerringly writes the seven names in this wise: the first letter of the first name, the first letter of the second name, the first of the third, and so on until the whole seven names are written out in one continuous scree. Only there are some other deviations, the letters being written, in regular sequence, some upside down, some rightside up, some backward, etc. Tameo Kajiyama also writes different words simultaneously with his two hands. Evidently this Japanese marvel has trained himself to visualize not only words, but phrases, upside down, inside out, and hindside before. It is a matter of training, of a kind to which the mysterious Asiatic mentality, with its curious faculty of "going into the silence," unknown to the nervous, restless Occidental, peculiarly lends itself. We have many men among our business magnates who have wonderful powers of concentration, but, unlike the Orientals, the continuous exercise of this gift seems to result in wrecking the nervous system. However, perhaps it is well to remember that Mr. Kajiyama's specialty is exercised in one little corner of his brain. Perhaps if he concentrated on running a Japanese railway he also might develop a nervous system.

The Australian wood-choppers, two personable young athletes, gave us the pleasant sense derived from seeing two mighty men of muscle exercise their strength for our entertainment. Humanity has always loved to sit back and see the other fellow work, more especially when he employs unusual skill in the doing. And more and more do we grow curious to see the specialist working at his specialty. Jackson and MacLaren are the world's champions in the rapid hiection of logs with saw and axe. They had a race right before us, in both of these tasks, and I may mention that they made the chips fly in a highly spectacular manner.

"The scarecrow" act, which began tamely, ended well, as always tickling the audience, but far be it from me to spoil the point of this original conceit.

There is, of course, on this week's bill a song-and-dance team—a youth and a girl. There always is. The audience wants what it wants when it wants it; and this it always wants and always gets. The youthful element loves to see its replica humorously making love.

The feature act this week is that of "Dainty Marie," a plump, good-looking, and suavely curvilinear young woman who makes her appearance in a long-skirted, rather high-

throated lavender costume, trimmed with pearls and swan's-down. Marie sings in rather a flat, girly-girly voice, but this is merely a beginning, a preliminary to a somewhat highly stressed acrobatic act which follows. For Marie is not dainty at all. That word applies only to her costume, which she speedily sheds, appearing in a startlingly "altogether" effect. Clad in skin-tight flesh-colored welhing, Marie is revealed, every inch of her, as a powerful woman of generously moulded proportions, who is just as cheerfully and unconcernedly at home on the flying rings suspended from the centre of the stage as the average citizen in his armchair. She is a woman of robust build, robust strength, and robust nervous system, but with her big, vigorous body she has, what one so often sees in women constructed on a physically generous scale: I mean a childlike nature and a baby manner. This is very alluring to the soft-hearted male, and the masculine element fell a victim, I think, to "Dainty Marie," who played with the rings and swung by her head or her feet, or any part of her anatomy that fitted in them, singing the while, teasing her assistant, and manifestly enjoying her skill, her physical freedom, the exhibition of her plump proportions, and the absorption of the house with the utmost candor. Marie, however, has the objectionable trait of being too conscious of the completeness of her physical revelation. She says things bearing on it, assumes a jocular, mock-modest air as she peeps with affected coyness through her fingers, and these things, in conjunction with the voluptuousness of the incidental music and the generosity of Marie's contours, causes one to feel that Marie and the act together are, as our English friends would say, "a bit thick." And you may take that both literally and figuratively.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The film depicting the battle of Gettysburg was made on the historic field. Parts of the great conflict were reenacted by 2500 men, dressed in old Civil War uniforms and dragging old Civil War guns. Hundreds of horses were used. Thousands of dollars' worth of powder was burned. An old soldier went to see the battle film. He sat rapt, as the pall of smoke half concealed Pickett's famous charge and the men and horses went down in realistic heaps. His friends looked at him to see how he took it. "Do you know," said he, "I didn't know they had these machines as long ago as war days?" Profits of the moving picture are enormous. The total business last year was upward of \$300,000,000, involving five million paid admittances to 20,000 shows.

One of the most interesting discoveries by Egyptologists throws new light on the relative origin of copper and bronze in the Mediterranean countries. At Ortu Comidue, alongside some ancient copper mines of great prehistoric age, a foundry has been uncovered with all the furnaces for smelting and molds for casting just as it was abandoned thousands of years ago in the transition periods between the ages of stone and bronze. The methods then obtaining in the Sardinian foundry industry as here demonstrated were most ingenious.

Sir Joseph Swan, inventor of the first incandescent lamp, died recently in London. He was eighty-six years old. Sir Joseph was also well known for his photographic appliances. He perfected the carbon process and the dry plate, which revolutionized photography.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Nat C. Goodwin in "Never Say Die."

The announcement that Nat C. Goodwin will make his appearance at the Cort Theatre in a farcical comedy by William H. Post, entitled "Never Say Die," is bound to cause more than passing comment. The engagement opens Monday night, June 29.

Mr. Goodwin, always a warm favorite in San Francisco, has this time provided himself with what is pronounced by the critics as his best vehicle since "When We Were Twenty-One."

"Never Say Die" has just completed a year's run at the Apollo Theatre, London, where it played to capacity business, though, as a matter of fact, it originally has twenty-one weeks in New York to its credit.

The story is woven around one Dionysius Woodhury, an American millionaire bachelor living in London, who, having been given only three weeks more to live, marries the beautiful fiancée of his struggling artist friend, by special arrangement, so that he can legally leave her his fortune. She can then marry the man of her choice and enable him to pursue his chosen profession.

The doctors having erred in their diagnosis of his ailments, instead of dying, he grows more and more healthy, despite his reckless mode of living and disobedience of the doctor's orders.

His friends' efforts to terminate this business marriage and the complications arising from the attempts to "get Woodhury with the goods" so that divorce proceedings can be instituted, cause no end of laughter and amusement.

To establish values even in the interminable question of relative merit as to acting Mr. Goodwin has surrounded himself with a group of actors and actresses selected with a first appreciation of artistic excellence and ability.

Miss Margaret Moreland has been selected as leading lady for the organization, while Gladys Wilson, Charlotte Lamhart, and Jennie Bidgood play the important women's parts. Dennis Clough, Stanley Harrison, Dan Moyles, Isadore Marcil, Walter Cluxton, Frank Lynch, and Master Bidgood will handle the male assignments.

Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker," will be seen for the last time Sunday night.

"His Excellency the Governor," at the Columbia.

The brilliancy of the playing of such stars as Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Charles Cherry, Gladys Hanson, Carroll McComas, Charlotte Tittell, Frank Kingdon, and the others of the all-star players at the Columbia Theatre could only result in just that great triumph achieved by them in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." This great cast and play have made an epochal hit in this city. The final performance of "The

Importance of Being Earnest" is announced for Sunday night. The closing performance of each week during the present season will be given at "pop" prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.

The second week of the company's stay, commencing with Monday, June 29, will be devoted to Robert Marshall's farcical romance, "His Excellency the Governor," and it will be cast to the full strength of the company. It is a strong, brilliant, and interesting comedy dealing with British colonial life, and when presented here some seasons ago proved a most delightful attraction. In the hands of the all-star players it should take on an added interest. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The next play is Eugene Walter's greatest success, "Fine Feathers."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Everett Shinn's new "meller drammer," "Wronged from the Start," will be the headline offering at the Orpheum next week. It is a successor to his immense hit, "More Sinned Against Than Usual," and if possible is proving more successful. In "Wronged from the Start" Mr. Shinn has dug up an entirely new set of characters. The most particular one being the "opry house" manager, who serves in every capacity known to the theatre. "Wronged from the Start" is stocked with the characters so familiar in the thrillers. There is the long-suffering heroine, the deep-dyed villain, the noble hero, the village constable, and all the other members of the ten, twenty, and thirty family.

Henry Lewis will introduce his original novelty, "A Vaudeville Cocktail," which is an entirely new monologue and includes song, dance, travesty, and dialect mimicry.

If there is any doubt about the accuracy of Professor Darwin's theory Romeo, the chimpanzee who by brain development accomplishes everything a man can do except talk, should dissipate that doubt. Romeo's remarkable training is the result of Professor Albert Drowiskey's patience and ability in training quadrupeds. Nothing in the form of animal training in the history of the stage has ever engendered the enthusiasm the American public has displayed over this truly wonderful simian.

Doris Wilson, assisted by Dot and Alma Wilson and Jack Teague, will appear in a singing surprise, entitled "Through the Looking-Glass." The surprise is a decidedly mystifying mirror illusion. Miss Wilson and her two sisters so closely resemble each other that they are mistaken for triplets. All three girls are exceptionally handsome and clever.

The Gardiner Trio, two girls and a youth, will offer one of the finest novelty dancing acts in vaudeville. The young man is said to be without an equal as an exponent of the ultra modern dances, and his pretty associates attain the highest hallroom terpsi-

chorean standard. Their programme includes "The Love Waltz," "Turkey Trot," "Flirtation Polka," "Tango Solo," and "The Cowboy Texas Tommy."

Langton and Lucier, assisted by Eddie Allen, will present an amusing act, entitled "Heaps of Hilarity."

Next week will be the last of Dainty Marie and Laddie Cliff.

Pantages Theatre Presents Strong Acts.

A sensational pantomimic tragedy, entitled "A Night in the Slums of Paris," with a company of ten genuine French Apache dancers, heads the new bill of eight acts which opens at the Pantages on Sunday. Mlle. Minni Amato, a Parisian danseuse, who is under the management of A. Coccia, a noted pantomimist of Paris, takes the principal rôle in the production. Mlle. Amato is known to patrons of the cafés in Paris as the "Girl of the Golden Helmet," on account of the wealth of golden tresses she possesses. In the production Mlle. Amato and her dancers will present in two scenes dances savoring of the quarters of these underworld habitués. One of the numbers is a thrilling spectacle called "The Dance of the Dagger," while the other is a semi-comedy offering entitled "The Dance of the Beggars."

Another pleasing feature on the bill is a beautiful idyll of the mountains entitled "The Village Priest," with Charles King and Virginia Thornton in the leading parts. King is the kindly old rector who saves two lives from being wrecked when the tempter enters.

Boh Alhright, the "Male Melha," is back again with a basket of new ballads. His lyric tenor is as sweet and melodious as ever.

George Wilson, the original "Waltz Me Again" black-face comedian, and one of the few that is left of the "old guard of minstrelsy," is one of the big numbers.

Romano and Crame will show their little singing skit, "The Singer and the Harpist"; Kumry, Bush, and Robinson, three comedians of merit, and McDevitt and McDevitt, the funny clowns, will round out a good bill.

Cort to Present Mimi Aguglia in Repertory.

The Italian actress, Mimi Aguglia, will be seen at the Cort Theatre following the engagement of Nat Goodwin in "Never Say Die." Unusual interest attaches to this engagement, for Mme. Aguglia's fame has traveled far. Her success in New York and Chicago has been quite as great as it was on the other side of the Atlantic. Although Aguglia speaks in Italian, it is not necessary to understand that language in order to enjoy her acting. The repertory for her first week is as follows: Monday, "Zaza"; Tuesday, "Fedora"; Wednesday, "Jorio's Daughter"; Thursday, "The Little Chocolate Vendor"; Friday, "The Midnight Supper of the Fairies"; Saturday matinee, "Jorio's Daugh-

ter"; Saturday, "Camille"; Sunday matinee, "Zaza"; Sunday night, "Francesca da Rimini." Mme. Aguglia will be supported by an excellent company. The Eastern critics have been enthusiastic in her praise.

"Fine Feathers," Eugene Walter's play of modern American life is to be produced by the all-star players with a cast that will rival the one seen in it here last season and promises to give one of the finest performances of the day. The revival of this play will be opportune for many who were unable to secure seats when it was formerly staged at the Columbia. This will be the first time this piece will have been seen at less than the two-dollar scale of prices.

Among the notable attractions due at the Cort Theatre in the near future is the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company in revivals of the world's most famous comic operas. It will be remembered what a success was scored by this organization at the Cort a couple of seasons ago.

It is not unlikely, owing to their success in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Columbia Theatre, that the all-star players will appear in another Wilde comedy in the near future.

When the Leasow Lighthouse, England, was built on the sandy Wirral shore the builders were puzzled by the lack of a suitable foundation for the masonry tower. An ingenious way out of the difficulty was effected. In the vicinity an incoming ship, laden with a cargo of cotton, had gone ashore and had become a total wreck. The cotton was useless for its intended purpose, so the bales were salvaged and dumped into the sand at the point where the lighthouse was to be erected. The fleecy mass settled into the sand, and under compression became as solid as a rock, while its permanency was assured by its complete submersion. The stability of this strange foundation may be gathered from the fact that the tower erected thereon stood, and shed its welcome light regularly every night, for about a century and a half, only being extinguished two or three years ago, as it was no longer required.

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"His Excellency the Governor"

"POP" performances Wed. mat., Sat. mat. and Sun. night, prices 25c to \$1; all other evening performances, prices \$1.50 to 25c.

Next play—"FINE FEATHERS."

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Beginning Monday Night
America's Foremost Actor

NAT C. GOODWIN

In the Three-Act Farcical Comedy

"Never Say Die"

Nights, 25c to \$1.50; "Pop" Wed. and Sat. mats., best seats \$1.

PANTAGES MARKET STREET
Opposite Mason

A. Coccia presents the famous Parisian danseuse and her company of Apache dancers, Mlle. MINNI AMATO, in "A NIGHT IN THE SLUMS OF PARIS"; CHARLES KING, VIRGINIA THORNTON, and Company, presenting "THE VILLAGE PRIEST"; GEO. WILSON (waltz me again); BOB ALHRIGHT, "THE MALE MELHA"; KUMRY, "The Singer and the Harpist"; ROBINSON, Three Men of Comedy; ROMANO and McDEVITT, Clowns; ROMANO and Crame, "The Beggars"; and the Singer; Comedy Motion Pictures.



LAKE TAHOE

Mark Twain said of Tahoe, in comparing it with Como, "As I go back in spirit and recall that noble sea, reposing among the snow peaks 6000 feet above the ocean, the conviction comes strong upon me again that Como would only seem a heddenized little courtier in that august presence. . . . A sea, whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts 9000 feet above the level world; a sea whose every aspect is impressive, whose belongings are all beautiful, whose lonely majesty types the Deity!"

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VANITY FAIR.

The amusing asininity of the popular scientist when he stoops from his lofty perch in order to instruct the applauding masses is never sufficiently to be admired. And his asininity is never so great as when he deals with the peculiarities of women.

For example, here is Professor Schlessinger, who is described as the "well-known German scientific writer and psychological investigator." When a man is described as "well known" you may be fairly sure that he is either a nonentity or a charlatan. No one speaks of Kipling, the "well-known" author, or of our own Mr. Bryan, the "well-known" vaudeville performer. Professor Schlessinger says it is quite easy to understand the eccentricities of women if we will only take the trouble to study the history of the race. For example, why does a woman get off a street-car backward? In the first place she does not, and in the second place she does so because it is natural to face in the direction one wants to go, that is to say toward the rear of the car, and a certain amount of experience which women have not yet acquired is necessary to correct that heresy. But the well-known Schlessinger is not satisfied with the obvious. His kind never are. He wants to show his erudition, and so he tells us that in primitive times women were violently stolen by their ambitious lovers, who threw them across their shoulders with their faces toward the domestic cave from which they had been rived. As a consequence women have turned their faces ever since toward the place from which they came. How does that commend itself for sheer unadulterated silliness?

But the well-known Schlessinger has something more to say. Nothing is beyond his penetrating vision when he once gets it going. Nature has no secrets from the well-known Schlessinger. And so he tells us why women are small in size and why they like to have small feet. It seems that in those prehistoric ages with which the well-known Schlessinger is so familiar it was the habit of women to run away from the marauding male. It was the small women and the women with the small feet who got caught, while their more athletic sisters escaped. The result was a race that was bred only from the small women. But how was it that the men also did not have small feet? Did not they also inherit from their mothers? And this is the sort of drivel that is peddled out as "science."

Now the well-known Schlessinger may be a great authority on prehistoric humanity, but he seems to know mighty little about women. Does he really believe that when the aboriginal woman ran away it was with the intention of evading pursuit—or of stimulating it? Personally we are inclined to the latter hypothesis, and to the conviction that feminine agility was never carried so far as actually to prevent an ultimate capture. Women do not now run away physically. A certain coy reluctance has taken the place of actual flight, but the reluctance is rarely found to be insurmountable. The militant suffragette, says Schlessinger, is the reproduction of the women of the Stone Age who escaped capture and who spent her days reviling her sisters who had been carried off by the marauding males. Now the conception of the militant suffragette, as one who has escaped capture is not to be lightly passed over. It would seem that the attempt at capture was not of a very determined kind. If there was any pursuit at all it must have been of a very perfunctory order. These particular women, like the wicked, may be said to run when no man pursueth. There, in fact, is the whole philosophy of the militant movement. The ladies are suffering from what may be called suppressed matrimony.

An hotel manager tells a reporter of the New York Times that the chief duty of the hotel detective is, not to discover crime, but to do what he can to prevent the women guests from losing their property by their own carelessness. The average woman is convinced that her valuables are never safe unless she is holding them in her hands or carrying them in her little bag, and she might almost as well throw them into the street as do either the one or the other. When she goes into the washroom she lays her property aside and forgets it, while the bandbag is invariably dropped on a chair or a restaurant table. The detective has to see to it that she does actually carry her property about with her so long, as she insists upon trying to do so.

Of course there are actual thefts, but a great many of them may be described as unprompted. The woman who finds a piece of jewelry is as much attracted to it as a magnet. She simply can not give it up. She wants to take it home and look at it, of course with the intention of returning it when she has satisfied her curiosity, but in a large number of cases it is never returned.

More than 99 per cent of the jewelry that is reported as stolen has been simply mislaid, and the worst of it is that when the owner discovers her loss, which may not be for many bours, she usually accuses the last person with whom she has been in contact. Perhaps she does not miss her property until she is on the train and then of course it is the luckless porter who gets the credit, or the discredit, for the theft.

Another curious feature is the apparent indifference that many women show toward their losses, although this may be due to the fact that they possess so much jewelry that it may be a long time before they miss any particular article. A pearl and diamond earring and a set of valuable links were found in an hotel bedroom not long since, and weeks afterwards they remained unclaimed. In the same hotel some valuable jewelry was left unclaimed for four months while the management was writing letters all over the country to discover its owner. A reply was finally received from Los Angeles, in which the owner said that she had only just discovered her loss and had attributed it to the Pullman porter. Of course there are many cases of deliberate theft, but they are insignificant in comparison with the cases of sheer carelessness.

Gossip is busy at London with the story of a card scandal that may have as sensational developments as the Gordon-Cumming case at Tranby Croft, in which King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, appeared as a witness in court (according to a special dispatch to the New York Times). The new affair has already had remarkable consequences, among them the abstention of a number of guests who had been invited to attend the king's dinner at Buckingham Palace on Derby night, and the decision of the king to remain in town over the Whitsuntide holiday in order to confer with the persons concerned in the case. His majesty is doing his utmost to keep the affair quiet and prevent anything in the nature of a public scandal; but so far only a compromise has been reached, which certain parties interested refuse to accept as final. The person against whom the charges of cheating at cards is made is a member of the royal household who has been winning considerable sums at poker in the St. James's and Marlborough clubs. His chief accusers are two well-known men. It was in order to hear their charges that the king remained in town on Whitsunday, and last Monday his majesty had a long interview with them at Buckingham Palace. The first reports of the affair reached the royal ears on the first day of the Epsom race meeting, and it was intimated that until the matter was cleared up several members of the Jockey Club would refuse to meet the man in question. As he was one of the guests invited to the Derby night dinner, it was suggested to the king that his invitation be withdrawn, or the intimation sent to the undesirable guest that he would be well advised to make some excuse for not appearing. This King George flatly refused to do unless absolute proof of the charge of cheating was produced. The result was that every royal personage asked to the Derby dinner, including Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Teck, and nearly every prominent member of the Jockey Club remained away from the dinner. After the interview at Buckingham Palace on Whitsunday the king suggested to the member of his entourage who was accused, or at all events suspected of cheating, that he leave England, at least for a time; but this the courtier in question point-blank refuses to do. He denies that there is the slightest truth in any of the charges made against him, and declares his readiness to fight the matter out in a court of law if his accusers will formulate their indictment in such a way that he can take action for libel against them. The king will not allow this to happen if he can possibly prevent it, for several members of the royal establishment are involved in the scandal, among them a woman who is one of Queen Mary's most intimate friends. At the king's request the affair has been compromised for the present by the courtier and his two accusers agreeing not to enter the cardrooms of any of their London clubs; but the matter can hardly be left at that.

Restoration of Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, London, has been carried out. It is a noble old piece of Queen Anne architecture, and in stripping the walls of their surfeit of paper and canvas and stuff the restorers came across several quaint old cupboards, and these have all been preserved with their original handles and mountings, and add enormously to the domestic verisimilitude of the place. At the top may be seen the spacious garret, where the doctor kept his six clerks slaving away at the dictionary which first brought him fame; and alongside the house and the caretakers' lodge, which has been specially built so as to diminish the risks of fire, is the tiny garden which Carlyle in his essay on Johnson describes as rather larger than a bedquilt.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said of the late Frederick Townsend Martin that, seeing a number of extreme gowns for the first time at a ball in London, he stroked his moustache, smiled, and murmured to his hostess: "I've often heard young ladies say they hadn't a stitch to their back, and as I look round tonight the statement hardly seems to be an exaggeration."

She weighed close upon 250 pounds, but she insisted on entering the crowded car, and as she stood and swayed with the movement of the car she waxed sarcastic. "If there is any gentlemen in the car," she said, "they would not allow no lady to stand." And then little Dobbins got up from his seat with a sigh. "Don't be cross, ma'am," he said. "I'll make one toward it."

A lunatic was being escorted to an asylum some distance away, and consequently journeyed to it by train. It was raining hard, and as they passed a large field the lunatic noticed several men grouped together. Some of them had umbrellas raised over their heads, and these were looking at two men "putting." Turning to the attendant by his side, the "soft" one remarked, "What are the people doin'?" "Playing golf," answered his burly guardian. "Then," said the other, after a pause, "hadn't we better stop for them?"

Mr. G. A. Storey, the well-known English artist, who has just been made R. A., once told of a family group he painted one year for the Academy. The picture was accepted and was hung "on the line," and he arranged to escort the family to the Academy to see how it looked. They were all grouped round the picture, each silently admiring his or her own portrait, when two other people drifted up to have a look. Mr. Storey was appalled to hear one of the newcomers say to his companion, "What an exceedingly ugly-looking lot of people!"

An admiring constituent gave Congressman Legare of South Carolina one of those vest-pocket edition lilliputian Mexican dogs to take home to his children. He was leading the dog along by a cotton string when a South Carolina mountaineer stopped him. "Is that a sho' nuff dawg?" the man asked. "Yes, it's a Ch— Well, I can't pronounce the name of it," said Legare, "but it's some kind of a Mexican dog." "Jest a pup, I reckon?" "No, it's full grown." "Wall," opined the mountaineer, "that's the least dawg I eveh seen at one time."

One Sunday morning Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly at Moody, asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back, indignantly. "Then why in hell don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

In a business men's club in a Western town there sprang up two factions, one which criticized the steward because he did not provide the members with good meals, and one which defended him hotly. The dispute got fiercer and fiercer. Half the club wanted to fire the steward at once. The other half said he was efficient. Then, without warning, the steward himself decided the momentous question. One day at lunch time a member of the club asked a waiter: "Where's the steward?" "He aint here," replied the waiter. "He said he was going down the street to get something good to eat."

Into the police court of Mobile there had been haled for the fourth time a negro boy, charged with chicken-stealing. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father. "See here," said his honor to the parent, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I am tired of seeing him here." "I doesn't blame yo', jedge," said the father, "an' I's tired of seein' him here." "Then, why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way, and he won't be coming here." "I has showed him de right way, jedge," said the old man, very earnestly. "I has cert'nly showed him de right way, but somehow dat wuthless nigger keeps gittin' caught comin' away wif de chickens."

Mr. Samuel Sothorn, the English actor, says the worst moment of his stage career was passed in a state of mental paralysis owing to a trick played on him by another actor. This actor, who had a passion for practical joking, and Mr. Sothorn were

appearing in the same play. It was a sentimental comedy in which Mr. Sothorn had to make a long and effective speech with the stage all to himself. The practical joker got an alarm clock, timed the alarm very carefully, and set it upon a sideboard upon the stage. "At the very moment I opened my mouth to declaim," Mr. Sothorn says, "it went off. I stood before the footlights literally gaping, whilst the blatant hell rang and thrummed and clattered through an eternity. It was a nightmare! I wanted to run, and could not; I wanted to speak, and could not. Suddenly from the gallery a piercing voice cried out: 'Say, boss, I guess your line's engaged!'"

Senator Simmons of North Carolina served one term in the House of Representatives, away back in 1886, and was defeated for reelection. This is why: Simmons had secured a postoffice for James City, a solid black town, got an appropriation for a public building at Newbern, across the river, and an appropriation for a road to the national cemetery near by. A negro was nominated against Simmons, but early in the campaign Simmons went to James City and had a big meeting. All the colored brethren were for him. Simmons's opponent said nothing during the campaign. He didn't make a peep until the night before election. Then he held a meeting, and this is what he said: "Mr. Simmons is all right. He has sure 'nuff influence at Washington. One maw'nin' be went up to the White House and he says: 'Maw'nin', Mistuh Cleveland.' 'Maw'nin', Mistuh Simmons.' 'Mistuh Cleveland, I want seventy-five thousand dollars for a postoffice over at James City.' 'Go right over to the treasury and git it, Mistuh Simmons.' Pretty soon he goes up and says: 'Mistuh Cleveland, I want twenty thousand dollars for the road to the national cemetery in my town.' 'Go right over to the treasury and git it, Mistuh Simmons.' He's got plenty of influence, plenty, but lemme tell you niggers they's such a thing as too much influence. Some day Mistuh Simmons will go up to the White House and say: 'Maw'nin', Boss Cleveland.' 'Maw'nin', Mistuh Simmons.' 'Mistuh Cleveland, I want all them niggers down in my district put back in slavery, and he'll do it, and then where'll you niggers be, I ask you?' That settled it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The British Solomon Grundy.

Solomon Grundy
Left London on Sunday,
Did New York on Monday,
Boston on Tuesday,
Chicago on Wednesday,
The Yellowstone Thursday,
The Southland on Friday,
Sailed on Saturday,
Wrote a book of us Sunday,
Had it published on Monday;
For this is the way of this
Johnny Bull Grundy.—Town Topics.

Modern.

When Enoch Arden, after years
Upon the desert isle,
To find his wife and home again
Tramped many a weary mile,
And stealing in the garden gate
Through twilight shadows gray,
Before the cottage window stood,
He started in dismay.

"I recognize the room," he said,
"The carpet worse for wear,
The cuckoo-clock that never went,
The same old rocking-chair,
The worsted motto on the wall,
These things I oft have seen;
But that is not my wife, because
That woman's hair is green."
—Minna Irving, in *Life*.

Not Helpful.

Lives of young men show us plainly
How few places they can get
When their fitness showeth mainly
Skill to roll a cigaret.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

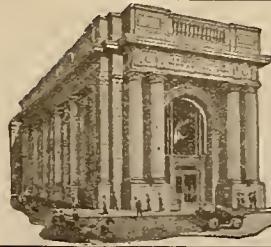
What Ails Them.

John Bull's in such a nervous state
The smallest noise upsets him;
And Uncle Sam is just as bad,
The least disturbance frets him.
Each one is victim of a "plague,"
Bad as tuberculosis;
Poor John has got Ulsteria,
And Sam has Mexicosis.
—Frederick Moxon, in *New York Sun*.

To Woman.

Backward, turn backward, dear ones, in your flight,
Make yourself girls again just for tonight;
Drop the sex question, suffragette, sport,
Blow us one kiss of the old-fashioned sort.
—Life.

"I've been watching that little thin man with the tall, stout woman for about two hours. First he walks on the right, and then on the left of his lady friend." "Yes, he likes to keep in the shade this hot weather."
—Meggendorfer Blätter.

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco

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Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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Mission Branch, S. E. corner Mission and 21st Streets
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31st, 1913:

Assets.....\$36,823,600.56
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,807,404.18
Employees' Pension Fund..... 166,570.12
Number of Depositors..... 64,639
For the 6 months ending December 31st, 1913, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8.

CLUBBING LIST

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concession in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

American Boy and Argonaut.....\$4.30
American Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.65
Argosy and Argonaut..... 4.80
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut..... 7.15
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut... 6.45
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House Beautiful and Argonaut..... 5.85
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Judge and Argonaut..... 7.85
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut..... 7.85
Life and Argonaut..... 7.85
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Littell's Living Age and Argonaut..... 9.10
Mexican Herald and Argonaut..... 9.20
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut..... 4.85
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Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut..... 6.00
Puck and Argonaut..... 7.85
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Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut..... 5.60
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Theatre Magazine and Argonaut..... 6.30
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Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut..... 4.25
Woman's Home Companion and Argonaut 4.75
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hellman have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Selden Hellman, to Mr. Francis Joseph Berndt, son of the late Mr. Herman Berndt of Chicago. Miss Hellman is a granddaughter of Mrs. Selden S. Wright and the late Judge Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Hammer of New Haven, Connecticut, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Delcina Livingston Hammer, to Mr. Carlton Earl Miller of Santa Barbara. Mr. Miller is the son of Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller and is a nephew of Miss Caroline Peterson and Mr. Ferdinand Peterson of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emmons of Alameda have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Emmons, to Mr. Albert Joseph Coogan of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elise Stern, to Mr. Walter Haas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Haas.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Barron and Mr. John Gayle Anderton took place Wednesday at the Catholic Church in Mayfield. Miss Evelyn Barron was her sister's only attendant and Mr. Anderton's brother, Mr. Leicester Anderton, came from the East to act as best man. Following the ceremony Mrs. Edward Barron entertained the relatives and a few intimate friends at an informal reception at her country home near Mayfield.

The wedding of Miss Ada Cline and Mr. Frederick Ellsworth Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmer, took place Tuesday at the home in Santa Rosa of the bride's parents, Dr. J. W. Cline and Mrs. Cline. Miss Serena Maddux was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Elder of this city and Miss Lauretta Boyd of Sacramento. Mr. Palmer was attended by Mr. Ralph Bundschu. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Tillmann and Baron Van Pantheleon Van Eck will take place Tuesday evening at nine o'clock at the home on Washington Street of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tillmann. Mrs. Duval Moore will be Miss Tillmann's matron of honor, and Miss Marian Zeile will be maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids include the Misses Elva De Pue, Ernestine McNear, Beatrice Nickel, Gertrude O'Brien, Gertrude Tower, and Miss Janet Coleman.

Mrs. Willard N. Drown entertained a number of the young people at a luncheon in honor of Miss Marie Louise Black and her house guest, Miss Evelyn Carey, who has since returned to her home in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Agnes Tillmann gave an informal tea yesterday afternoon at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. James Otis was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home in Belvedere, where she entertained several friends from town.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker will give a dance this evening at their home in San Mateo complimentary to their niece, Miss Elizabeth Shreve, who will be formally presented to society next season. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and a sister of Miss Rebecca Shreve, who made her debut last winter.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Amundsen and Mrs. William Haupt, who were entertained the following day by Mrs. Gordon Blanding, who gave them a luncheon in Belvedere.

Miss Augusta Foute was the complimented guest at a farewell tea given at the Palace Hotel by Mr. Maurice Hall, consul for Turkey. Miss Foute will leave tomorrow with her mother, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, for an indefinite visit in Europe.

Miss Minerva Lovell was hostess Saturday evening at a dance at her home in Piedmont complimentary to Miss Lucille Johns of this city.

Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a bridge-luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Florence Orr, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Virgil Jorgenson.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mrs. Frank D. Madison, Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard, and Mrs. Starr Keeler were hostesses at a dance Saturday evening at the Marin County Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wollman gave a tea Saturday at their home in Sausalito complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Waterlow Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waterlow Ford.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Frederick W. Sharon, Mrs. Sharon was obliged to recall the invitations to a luncheon which she was to have given Thursday in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Amundsen, and her cousin, Mrs. William Haupt of Virginia.

The Misses Lillas, Olive, and Elizabeth Wheeler were the guests of honor at a luncheon Friday, when Mrs. Walter Ivan Hechtman entertained a number of her young friends, who extended their congratulations to the three sisters, whose engagements have recently been announced.

Miss Janet Coleman was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy entertained a number of friends at a tea at her home in Fort Mason. The affair was complimentary to Mrs. Od Preston, and Miss Margaret Ayleshire of Washington, D. C., who are visiting General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler gave a dinner Saturday evening preceding the dance at the Marin County Country Club.

Miss Helen Hamilton gave a dance recently at her home on Broadway of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton, and entertained a

large number of guests. The occasion was a farewell to Mr. Eduardo Lageretto, who will spend the next six months in the Argentine.

Miss Marie Louise Black gave a luncheon last week at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Evelyn Carey.

Mrs. John J. Brice was hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Murray. Mrs. Murray was formerly Miss Ila Sonntag.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst entertained a number of her friends at a bridge-luncheon at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday preceding the lecture on "Gardens" given by Mrs. Philip Martineau-Fellow of London at the residence of Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Mrs. John Ward Mailliard entertained a number of the young friends of her daughter, Miss Marian Lee Mailliard, at a luncheon Thursday at her country home in Belvedere.

Captain Frank S. Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at their home at Fort McDowell in honor of Mrs. Robert Campbell Van Vliet and Miss Marguerite Van Vliet.

Mrs. John V. Rounsefell was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Miss Marian Brooke, daughter of Paymaster Jonathan Brooke, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brooke.

Major Arthur Chase, U. S. A., Captain Louis Chapplear, U. S. A., and Captain H. W. McCauley, U. S. A., were hosts at an afternoon dance and tea at the Presidio in honor of Lieutenant Tobin, U. S. A., who has recently graduated from West Point.

Mrs. Ralph Kingman and Mrs. William Bennett were hostesses at a luncheon at the latter's home in the Presidio complimentary to Miss Marian Long, fiancée of Lieutenant Charles K. Nulsen, U. S. A.

Mrs. John E. Morris, wife of Captain Morris, U. S. A., entertained a number of army matrons at a luncheon at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. E. D. Warfield, wife of Captain Warfield of the Sixteenth Infantry, was hostess at a luncheon last week with her guests attended the matinee.

Colonel W. H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Mrs. Bowen, and Miss Gladys Bowen gave a reception recently in Yountville, where Colonel Bowen is commandant at the Veterans' Home.

Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., Mrs. Tobin, Miss Virginia Tobin, and Lieutenant Howard Tobin, U. S. A., entertained their friends at a progressive dinner Thursday evening to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the wedding of Captain Francis Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson and Mr. Frank M. Madison have returned to their homes in San Rafael after a brief visit in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore have closed their home on Russian Hill and have gone to their ranch, Montesol, in Mendocino County, where they will remain several months.

Mr. Dudley Bates is rapidly recovering from his recent serious illness at his home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin are contemplating spending the winter abroad. They will leave July 1 for two months' stay in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson has returned from a brief visit in Europe. From New York she was accompanied by her son, Master Gordon Johnson, who attends an Eastern school.

Miss Evelyn Carey has returned to her home in Portland, Oregon, after a visit with Miss Marie Louise Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre entertained a number of young people over the week-end at their home in Menlo Park. Among their guests were the Misses Isabella and Miriam Beaver and the Messrs. Marshall Madison and George Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark and their children will spend July at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned from Europe and have since been occupying their home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have closed their town house on Sacramento Street and are established for the summer in their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith were at last accounts at the Hotel Maurice in Paris and were planning to leave soon for London, where they would make a brief visit before sailing for home.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown will leave July 1 for their home at Lake Tahoe, where they will join their children, who are already established at the lake for the summer.

Mrs. Lewis Meyerstein and maid have gone to Bartlett Springs for the summer.

Mrs. W. H. Avery has just returned home from Paso Robles, where she has been sojourning for the past three months, and has completely recovered her former health. The Averages are occupying their apartments at the Fairmont as usual.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker arrived Thursday from Europe, where she has been traveling during the past three months with Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Mrs. John S. Drum. She was accompanied from the East by her son, Master Osgood Hooker, who is a student at the Pomfret Preparatory School in Massachusetts.

Mr. Arthur Fleming of Pasadena has rented the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook for June, July, and August during the exposition year.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff and their infant son are established in Belvedere for the summer. Mr. Wolff has recently returned from a month's visit in the East.

Miss Marian Baker, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton in San Diego for the past month, will remain south several weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz von Schrader spent the week-end with friends in San Rafael.

Miss Sara Coffin has returned from Europe, where she has been traveling with Mrs. Hannah Neal Hohart.

Miss Ethel McAllister has been spending the past week with her cousins, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, who are established in Belvedere for the summer.

Rev. Edward Morgan is en route to Ireland to visit his relatives, with whom he will remain until September.

Mr. Henry Hazard of San Diego is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lally and their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Kelly, have gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Martineau of London spent several days recently in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her daughter, Miss Arabella Schwerin, have returned from an extended visit in New York and are again occupying their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Mary Beach has returned from Colusa, where she has been visiting her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant Harrington.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Mr. Warren Spieker, and Miss Nieta Breckenfeld are en route to Europe to spend the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West have returned to their home in Stockton after a few days' visit at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Marian Huntington, have gone to Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall are established for the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Paul Selby and her children have arrived safely in South Africa, where they have recently joined Mr. Selby.

Miss Maud O'Connor spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at their home Sohra Vista in Sonoma County.

Mrs. George Carr departed Thursday for Alaska planning to be away until September.

Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller have returned from a visit in Napa County, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and her daughter, Miss Augusta Foute, will sail July 4 for Europe, where they will spend several months. They will be accompanied by Miss Helen Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle has arrived in New York from Europe, where she has been traveling with her sister, Mrs. Laura Best.

Mr. and Mrs. William Poole of Virginia will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague at their home in Menlo Park. Mrs. Poole was formerly Miss Isabelle Donahue Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills have moved to San Rafael after a two months' visit in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham were at last accounts in London. The Misses Cunningham have been traveling in Europe during the past eight months and have recently been joined by their parents.

Miss Margaret Nichols is visiting Miss Isabelle Beaver at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., returned from the East Saturday and will spend the summer vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Virginia

Jolliffe arrived Tuesday after a two months' visit in Honolulu. Owing to the quarantine on the *Siberia* Mrs. Wilson was unable to be here to welcome her sons, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., who returned from Yale, and Master Russell Wilson, who is home from the Pomfret Preparatory School.

The telephone cable which is to connect Aldeburgh, England, with Walcheren, Netherlands, is to be seventy-nine nautical miles in length, making it the longest submarine telephone cable in the world.

Wanted.

Quarters for woman's club, including hall seating 300 people, reception room adjoining, with kitchenette attached. Telephone Fillmore 1359, or write Mrs. W. H., 2410 Steiner Street.

Furnished House to Let.

Period of 12 to 15 months; furnished house, library; 2 blocks from university; 13 rooms, sleeping-porch, 4 baths, laundry, furnace; corner 100 by 140; garden, fruit trees. Prof. Gayley, 2328 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley.

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\$6,955,817 in Wages.

When a California concern pays out in one year the sum of \$6,955,817 in salary and wages, it is evident that its business must have attained vast proportions and that it looks to the future with every confidence of steadily increasing its business yearly.

During the year of 1913 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company paid the sum mentioned above to its employees, and saw its payroll increase \$798,289 as against 1912. Business was good, and the number of employees would have made quite an army, for the average number on the payroll for that period was 6778 as against 6110 in 1912. The average annual compensation per employee during 1913 was \$1026 as against \$1008 in 1912. In this respect it is well to remember that wages paid in the gas and electric industry in California are far higher than elsewhere in the United States.

The gas department shows seventeen gas plants in use, of a total daily capacity of 44,710,000 cubic feet. The distribution system develops the surprising fact—to the general public—that 2374.18 miles of gas mains and 182,914 gas services were laid during the year. Thus enough pipe was laid to reach from one end of California to the other and back again, with a very liberal allowance left for lapping over. Business warranted the undertaking, and fair dealing with the public played no small part in the increased demand for "Pacific Service."

Statistics for the past six years show that in that period the number of consumers of gas has increased from 122,304 to 208,269; of electricity from 53,704 to 132,355; a gain of 70 per cent and 138 per cent respectively by these two most important branches of the company's business. Interest in the consumer, meeting him fairly and squarely every time, giving instant attention to complaints, no matter how trivial, has been a factor in this growth, for it hardly need be said that unsatisfactory service in any line of endeavor can not be forced on the public, which, after all is said and done, regulates the demand for any article or commodity. What is particularly noticeable is the great increase in consumption of electricity. This is particularly attributed to the recent branching out in the agricultural field, "electricity on the farm" calling for a rapidly growing demand upon the company's resources. It is estimated that this branch of the company's business increased 114 per cent last year. In every farming district the company has made a thorough campaign, instructing in the uses of electric energy and demonstrating its cheapness and simplicity over other forms of power. The result has been that wells have been sunk and electric-driven pumps installed on hundreds of farms and garden tracts, enabling country people to obtain large and profitable crops of many kinds from land which hitherto produced little or nothing. This field is practically without limit, and the next ten years will see such astonishing strides made in equipping the country with electric pumping plants that drought will be as little feared as a spring shower.

It is interesting to learn that "Pacific Service" is at the present time being supplied to no less than 115 types of industries in the fields of agriculture, mining, manufacturing, and transportation. Eleven electric railway systems, operating 594 miles of road, derive their power from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's plants. The connected load on the entire system increased by 56,108 horsepower in 1913.



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Frank J. Symmes, receiver of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, has brought suit against John Treadwell in New York for \$2,000,000. Symmes alleges that John Treadwell borrowed the money from the institution, giving his promissory note for the amount, and that since the bank failed Treadwell has been spending his time in New York and London.

Maria Josefa Cebrian, sister of the late Maria C. de Laveaga, has been given approximately \$500,000 from the latter's estate by decision of Judge Coffey.

Oregon E. Morris, proprietor of the Hotel Victoria, has filed suit in the superior court against the City and County of San Francisco to recover \$52,802.82 damages, which, it is alleged, the plaintiff sustained by reason of the construction of the Stockton Street tunnel. Alleged loss of custom plays a most important part in the suit.

The R. E. Cowan collection of California documents, presented to the Golden Gate Park Museum, has been placed on exhibition in the pioneer room at the museum. The collection consists of four thousand books, manuscripts, pamphlets relating to exploration, colonization, settlement, missions, gold discovery, pioneers, all in the history of California and adjacent territory. This is the largest private collection in the country, containing many items of great importance not to be found elsewhere.

Announcement is made that work of construction on the Southern Pacific's Third and Townsend Street passenger depot will follow without delay. Plans are complete for the structure, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. It will have a frontage of 260 feet on Third Street and 111 feet on Townsend Street. It will be in the mission style of architecture, with a plaster-finished exterior, three stories high, and capped with a red tile roof. Provision is made for a capacious room for ladies and a smoking-room for men, and also for a restaurant sixty by forty-six feet, with kitchen and service rooms. The Southern Pacific Coast division headquarters will be in the new building.

The funeral of Attorney Albert A. Moore, Jr., was held last Monday from the family home at Piedmont. Mr. Moore was killed when his automobile plunged through a bridge near Califa, Madera County.

Mrs. Kate Waters, one of the pioneer educators of California, died shortly before midnight Wednesday at a sanatorium at 501 Cole Street. She had been suffering with paralysis

for the past year, the third stroke coming just before her death. In the passing of Mrs. Waters San Francisco loses probably its oldest educator, dramatic critic, and newspaper woman. She was born in Brownville, New York, in 1842, and came to California by way of the Isthmus in 1857.

Construction of the Stockton Street municipal railway is under way by Contractor F. Rolandi, who has started work in the four blocks between Market and Sutter Streets and is putting in the track crossings at O'Farrell, Geary, and Post Streets.

Burglars entered the home of Mrs. Jeanett Pirie of 1272 California Street Wednesday night while she was entertaining visitors, and stole \$600 worth of the guests' belongings.

Max Popper, prominent for years in the political and business life of San Francisco, died Wednesday night at the Broadway Sanitarium, Alameda. He had been in poor health for two years. He was a leading figure in the Democratic party for twenty-five or thirty years. In the business world he held the government draying contract for many years, as well as being engaged in the general drayage business. He also held the street-sweeping contract for years. Popper was a bachelor. He leaves two sisters, one of whom is in Italy and the other in England.

The Grape-Growers' Convention.

The State Board of Viticultural Commissioners is to hold a grape-growers' convention at Scottish Rite Hall on Tuesday evening, June 30, which promises to be very interesting from an educational standpoint. Mr. C. E. Bundschu, State Viticultural Commissioner of the third district, which includes San Francisco, San Mateo, Alameda, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Benito, and Monterey counties, will preside.

The programme, which covers every phase of the raisin, table grape, and wine industry, includes the following addresses: "History of the Grape Industry," by Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith of Los Angeles; "Economic Effect of the Proposed Initiative Amendment on the Wine, Table, and Raisin Grape Industries of California," by Viticultural Commissioner Frank T. Swett of Martinez; "The Raisin Grape of California," by James Madison of Fresno; "Grape Growing and Home Industry," by A. C. Rulofson of San Francisco; "Table Grape Situation in California," by E. M. Sheehan, secretary of the Viticultural Commission; and "How the California Grape Industry Will Be Exploited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition," by State Commissioner H. F. Stoll of San Francisco. The latter address will be supplemented by moving pictures, showing



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viticultural scenes in practically every section of the state.

No admission will be charged and the public is invited to attend.

Dinner to Herald New Era.

A Prosperity Dinner is to be held Monday evening, June 29, in the nave of the Ferry Building under the auspices of the retail trade committee of the Chamber of Commerce. The primary purpose of the function is to herald the dawn of a new era of prosperity in San Francisco and to create a spirit of greater optimism among all classes.

Four of San Francisco's leading organizations—the Rotary Club, Home Industry League, Advertising Association of San Francisco, and the Downtown Association—are coöperating in arrangements and it is expected that fully sixty-five commercial and civic organizations will be represented.

Charles K. Field, the toastmaster, will be introduced by George Q. Chase, chairman of the retail trade committee. The speakers will be Mayor Rolph, President C. C. Moore of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, John A. Britton, William Sproule, P. H. McCarthy, Andrew Gallagher, and Milton Esberg. Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick will offer the toast of the evening.

The dinner will start at 6:30 p. m., and will be informal. Evening dress will not be worn. Tickets may be procured at the office of the Chamber of Commerce, room 1304, Merchants' Exchange Building.

Army and Navy Notes.

Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt have returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after a visit with Mrs. Pratt's parents, General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray. During the past week they have been entertaining Mrs. Ord Preston and Miss Margaret Ayleshire of Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Curtis Nance, U. S. A., is expected to arrive next month from Manila and will visit his parents, Colonel John T. Nance, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nance in Berkeley. Lieutenant Nance will be married in September to Miss Olive Wheeler.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace are planning an automobile trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Robert Campbell Van Vliet and Miss Margaret Van Vliet, wife and daughter of Colonel Van Vliet, U. S. A., have recently been visiting Lieutenant David P. Woods, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woods at Fort McDowell.

Captain M. A. Elliott, Jr., U. S. A., has arrived from his post at Nogales, Arizona.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Beatrice and Eudora Clover will spend the summer as usual at their country home in Napa County.

Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield have recently been entertaining Miss Charlotte Winston of Los Angeles at their home in Mare Island.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is he a credit to his family?" "No; a
debit."—Concord Herald.

Kriss—Who stood up for him when he mar-
ried? Kross—Nobody. They all called him
an idiot.—Smart Set.

"Have you been able to meet all the de-
mands of your creditors?" "Meet them? I
haven't been able to avoid them."—Buffalo
Express.

Jinks—What sort of a chap is Johnson?
Binks—Well, if you ever see two men in a
corner, and one looks holed to death, the
other is Johnson.—Puck.

Horper—Foolie has a great scheme and he
invited me "to get in on the ground floor."
Carper—Don't forget that that is where the
trap-doors are.—Town Topics.

"Take my advice and mind your own af-
fairs. No man ever got rich fighting other
people's battles." "I don't know. How about
a lawyer?"—Boston Transcript.

The Barmaid—You wouldn't be always
broke if you saved up for a rainy day. The
Other—I often do, miss—but it always rains
the next day.—London Opinion.

Doctor—You are suffering from a compli-
cation of diseases, sir—at least six. Patient
—I suppose you'll allow me a discount on half
a dozen, doctor?—Boston Transcript.

Saltoir (on fishing trip)—We're still drift-
ing. Did you throw the anchor overboard?
Landsman—Yes! But I cut off the rope. I
thought you'd like to save that.—Life.

Tommy—Do fairy tales all begin with
"Once upon a time"? Mother—Not always;
sometimes they start. "Dearest, I sat up with
a sick friend last night."—Konsos City Star.

"It looks like rain, sir," observed the talka-
tive waiter, laying down the soup. "The soup
may look like rain, waiter, but it is too thin
for that," replied the hungry guest.—New
York Globe.

Sportsman (ossisting jockey, who has been
knocked out)—Stand back, please, a little
more air! And hurry up with that brandy!
Faint Voice from Potient—Never mind 'bout
the air.—Stray Stories.

First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discuss-
ing a new officer)—Swears a hit, don't 'e,
sometimes? Second Trooper—'E's a master-
piece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it
say wot it likes.—Punch.

Mr. Needmore—If you refuse me my life
will be filled with bitterness and gall. The
Widow Bullion—I don't know about the bit-
terness, but you're there with the gall, all
right.—McNolly Monarch.

Mrs. Proudmom—Our Willy got meritori-
ous commendation at school last week. Mrs.
O'Bull—Well, well! Aint it awful, the num-
ber of strange diseases that's ketched by
school children?—Tit-Bits.

First Passenger—I understand that your
city has the rottenest political ring in the
country. Second Passenger—That's right.
But how did you know where I'm from? First
Passenger—I don't.—Tolledo Blade.

"Yes," said the dealer in antiques, "this is
of historical interest; that is the identical
fiddle Nero played while Rome was burning."
"Oh, that is a myth." "Yes, it is; and
Myth's name was on it, but it has got worn
off."—New York Sun.

"She ought to drop dead for the awful lies
she's telling," said the plaintiff excitedly,
listening to the witness for the defense.
"Don't say that," admonished the judge. "She
ought," repeated the plaintiff. "Don't say that
again!" warned the judge. "Well, I won't,
but she ought."—Topeka Journal.

"Get away from here or I'll call my bus-
band," threatened the hard-faced woman who
had just refused the tramp some food. "Oh,
no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because
he aint home." "How do you know?" asked
the woman. "Because," answered the man,
as he sidled towards the gate, "a man who
marries a woman like you is only home at
meal times."—Dallas News.

"Good gracious, man," the doctor said to
the cannibal king, "you're in a dreadful state.
What have you been eating?" "Nothing,"
groaned the sick man, "except a slice of that
multi-millionaire whose yacht was wrecked on
Cocoonut Reef." "Merciful powers! And I
told you under no circumstances to eat any-
thing rich. George, get the saws and axes.
We must operate at once."—Judge.

"Noo, John, what hae I to bring ye frae the
toon?" said a good wife to her husband as
she was leaving to catch the train. "Hey,"
replied John, "ma snuff's all gone, an' I wad
like ye to retch me half an ounce." "Nay,
nay," said the wife, "ye mustn't be extrava-
gant; ye know ye've been off wurk a week,
so ye mustn't use nae snuff. Jest tickle yer
nose wi' a straw instead."—Glasgow Record.



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